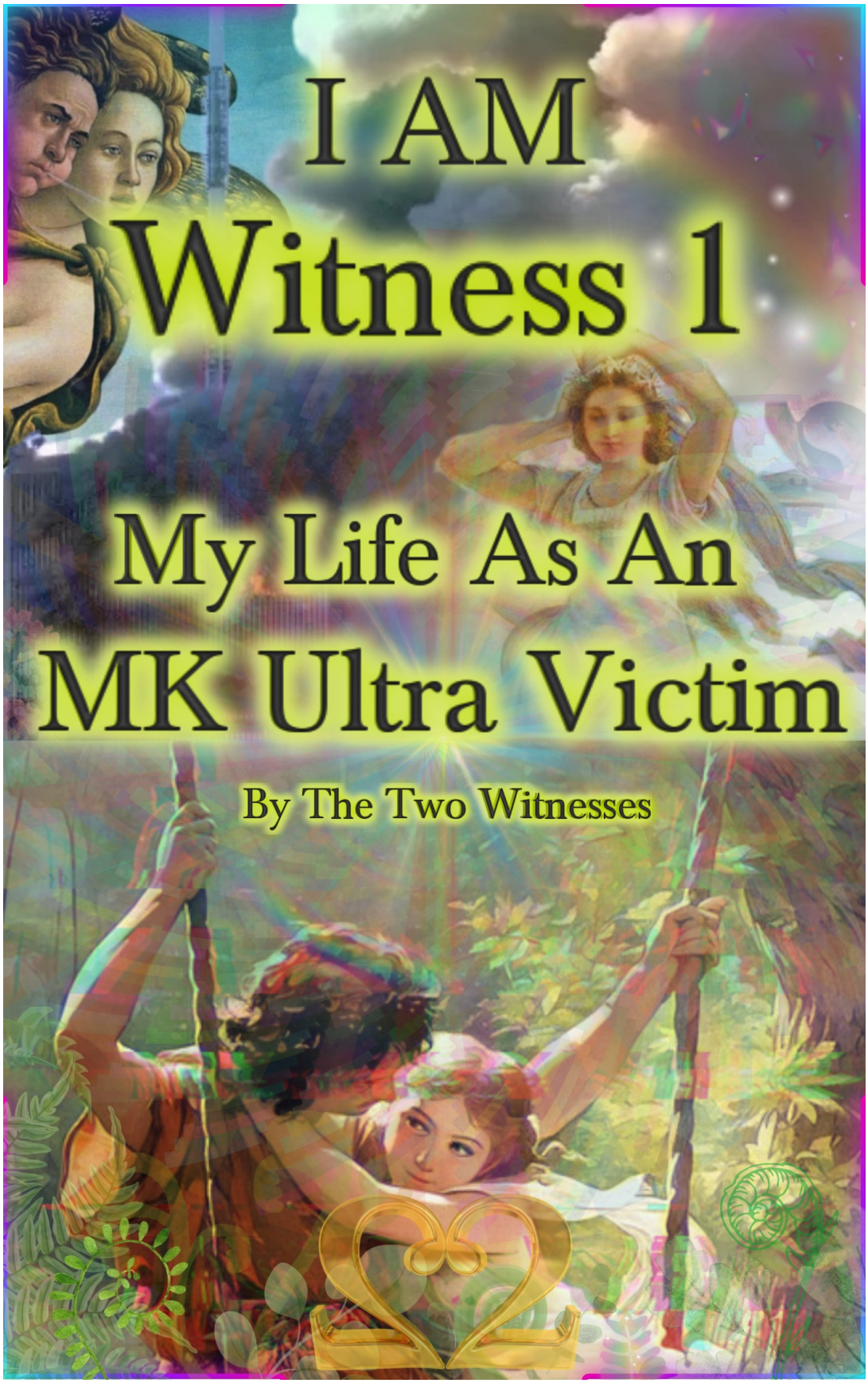

I AM
Witness 1
My Life As An
MK Ultra Victim
By The Two Witnesses

Table of Contents

Foreword

Part 1:
Section I - The First Honest Testimony of My Life: A Chance to Die
Section II - A Brick in The Wall: My Message to Donald Trump
Section III - A Call to Action

Part 2:
Section IV – The Boy Who Cried Wolf
Section V – New Year's Eve
Section VI - The Washing of the Feet, The Coup, and How I Almost Lost This Book
Section VII - Slay the Dragon
Section VIII - The Mysterious Stranger
Section IX - The More Rational Worldview

Part 3:
Section X – Wolf at the Door
Section XI – After the Gold Rush
Section XII – The Greatest Story Never Told
Section XIII – The Final Day
Section XIV – Siddhartha, the Serpent, and the Strange Attractor
Section XV – The *Eudaimonia* Question
Section XVI – Back to the Beach
Section XVII – Is This the Real Life?
Section XVIII – My Message to the Synagogue of Satan International Organized Crime Syndicate

Epilogue: The End of the Beginning

Appendices: Previous Writings

Appendix A – The 30-Year Warning
Appendix B – Predictive Programming and 9/11: Fear Is Contagious
Appendix C – 1946: The Third Babylonian Invasion
Appendix D – Trump, Tesla, and Time Travel: Living in Donny's Pleasure Paradise
Appendix E – Daniel's Man of Sin
Appendix F – Rebel with a Cause: How to Take Over the World in Three Days
Appendix G – The Narrow Path: What Is the Correct Christian Doctrine?
Appendix H – The 1,000 Day Theory: How to Give Your Child Perfect Pitch

Foreword

Dear Reader,

I had debated whether or not to write a foreword to this book, as I didn't want to break any tension early or reveal too many details before their time in the story. However, one thing you will learn as you read this, my Dear Reader, is this simple truth:

I love you.

Thank you for reading my book. Thank you for opening my pages and listening to my desperate plea - to my voice calling out in the wilderness. Thank you for not forsaking and abandoning me, leaving me with my very voice stolen. My soul, smothered to death. The one thing I fear the most is having my voice stolen or my story silenced.

And because you're here with me, it's true – I love you.

And because I love you, I want you to understand this story and experience this book with all the context and foreknowledge you will need to comprehend it. This is a true story, and this is a non-fiction book. With the exception of one joke, which I make very obvious, every word in this book is the 100% truth, and that is a solemn vow that I swear to you, Dear Reader. With my very soul as collateral, I have told the truth in this book.

This story takes the form of three interweaving narratives, through which you will form – perhaps for the first time – a sufficiently explanatory, evidence-based worldview that simply *cannot be debunked*. In all the many years I have been doing this, not one person has presented a real rebuttal to my worldview. It cannot be done.

While I can be threatened, mocked, censored, persecuted, and silenced, there is not one person alive who can debunk my worldview or prove even a single one of the claims I make in this book wrong.

The first of these narratives is based in our cold, grey, real-life world: a world of unimaginable corruption, violence, and greed. A fallen world, a world full of inescapable pollution. Pollution of the mind, the overwhelming influence of evil. Pollution of the planet – the dying insects, the smothered oceans, the decimation of the animal kingdom. The rape of my forests.

You see, in this world – our world - I wrote my first book on 9/11 about three years ago - called *The More Rational Worldview: Coincidence or Conspiracy?*

You can read it here:

https://www.docdroid.net/R6I5wtJ/the-more-rational-worldview-pdf

At the time I was a copywriter, and I wrote hundreds of very successful articles for an SEO company based in Los Angeles. My wife is also an author, so we published this under the pseudonym *The Two Witnesses.* This book did quite well, and I eventually retired from copywriting to pursue this full-time. With over 100,000 downloads and views, my estimate is that somewhere around a million people have seen the pages of my book. A group formed, and people started sending us money, as all our books are available for free.

In fact, these people started to think that we were *The Two Witnesses*, as in, from the Bible. And so, our ministry grew. The other star of this story is my beautiful wife, Witness 2. The love of my life. None of this would have been possible without her. She is the most beautiful, kindest, smartest, and most loving girl that I have ever met in my life. She is my heart and soul, my air, bread, and water, and I could not live my life without her by my side. Thank you, Witness 2.

She handled the day-to-day operations of running the ministry, and thanks to them, we were able to carry out quite a significant amount of charity work and help thousands upon thousands of people build houses, buy animals, get food to eat, provide for widows and orphans, dig wells, and even build churches. This work took place in the third world, in highly impoverished countries like Pakistan, Uganda, and Kenya.

Because we cut out the middleman, we were able to make our donations stretch much further than they would have here, and I would estimate that we provided enough charity work to feed a meal to well over 100,000 people - but most of that was in the form of larger projects that could take care of many people at a time.

Like I said, Witness 2 ran most of this charity work and it wouldn't have been possible without her.

This cult grew, and it was one of the most fun things I have ever done. They listened to us, and they loved us. *The Two Witnesses*. It was hilarious, and I still consider it to be probably the single funniest thing that I have ever done (and, as you will see, I really enjoy laughing. It is one of my favorite hobbies.) In fact, many of these people still think that we are Biblical prophets. Of course, there were negative experiences as well.

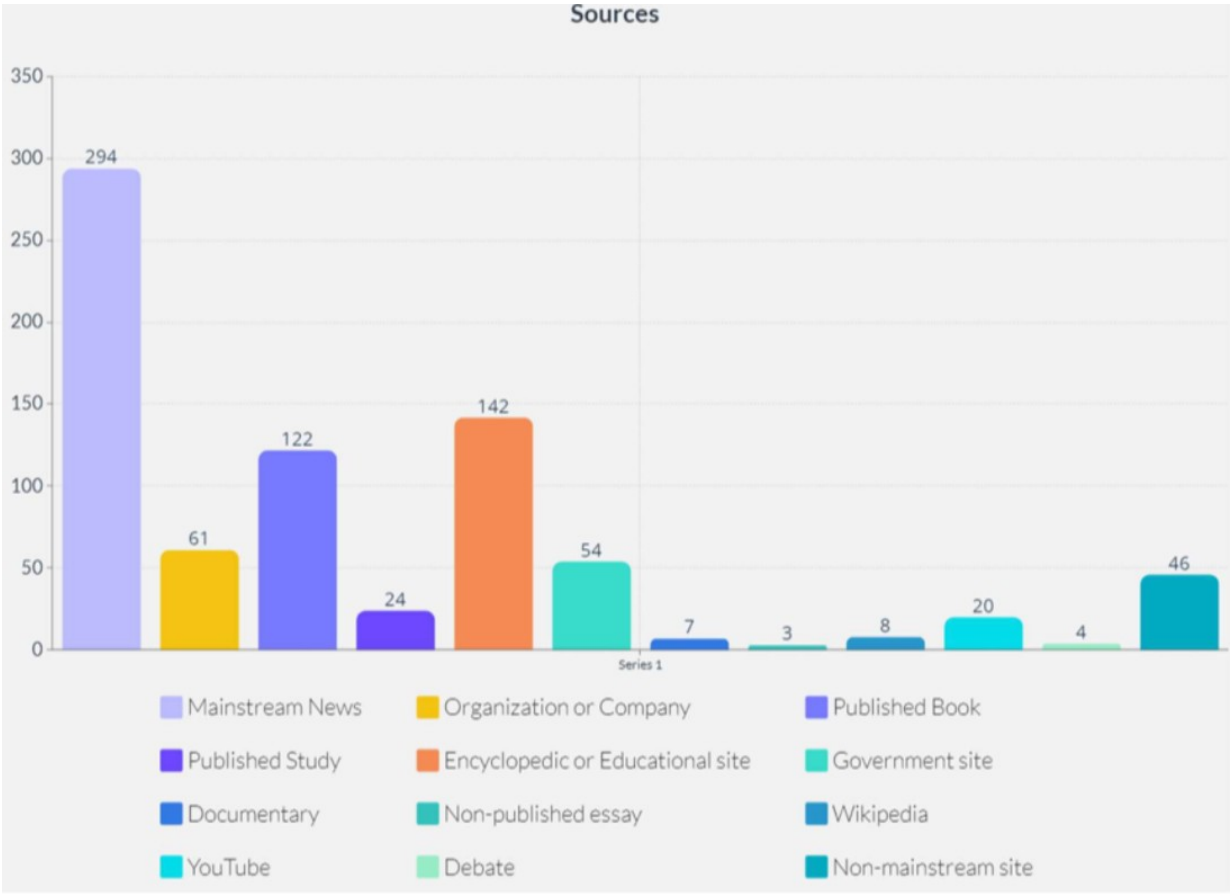
Now, it turns out that when you write a book about 9/11 that 100,000 people have read or downloaded, and run a subversive cult about government conspiracies - the odds that someone might break into your house, kill your dogs, and megadose you with acid apparently increase somewhat substantially. And that is exactly what happened to me, about 3 months after I first published *The More Rational Worldview*. About three years ago.

However, we were obviously not going to let that stop us, and the ministry grew and grew. This was our old website:

https://twowitnessesofrevelation.com/

So, while all of this was hilarious and fun, I knew it couldn't last forever. I don't want to give anyone false hope or be blasphemous after all.

Although I am passionate about my writing, it must come from a place of epistemological good faith. I believe in reason, rationality, logic, sources, and evidence above all else, and that is what my books are based on. In fact, my first book had 785 sources, and I even made this graph showing where each particular type of source came from:



The point here is that the *vast* majority of the sources I use come from either mainstream news articles, official organization or company websites, published books, or encyclopedic or educational websites. This is actually quite significant, according to all of my teachers.

Now, I'm not saying that I'm *not* a Biblical prophet in this book. In fact, you may find that even you start to believe that at some point. It is called *I am Witness 1*, after all. However, I will leave that up to your sober judgment to decide. I am not here to force anyone to believe

anything, and this book is open-ended at its core. It's a "choose your own adventure" book, and you can make up your own mind about it.

However, like I said, epistemological good faith. Very important to me.

And there I was, and I was sort of in a pickle. I had accidentally started a cult with my wife and convinced people that we were Biblical Prophets, and our lives had grown very strange. Death threats and other forms of harassment became a regular occurrence for us.

"Hmmm… I guess I better figure out what to do." And so, I had a plan to shut down the Two Witnesses Ministry on New Years Day, 2025. January 1st.

However, the government had other ideas, and somewhere around two weeks ago, Christmas 2024, I experienced another megadose of acid. And then, *I* had a new plan – this book.

I ask only that you listen to my story before you judge it, and that you read the full words of these pages. I know it is a long book, Dear Reader, but I humbly beg you – I *implore* you – do not abandon me. Do not let them take my voice away. This is my only fear.

My book is the only weapon I have against them, and it is useless if no one reads it.

And that's where our story begins – December 30th, 2024. Me, running, for the first time in my life. Dancing, for the first time in my life - to my own song. Being megadosed with acid by the US Government was the greatest experience of my life.

Within the true story of how we founded and ran the most influential and subversive 9/11 truth movement in history, you will also learn about my 20-year long quest to create *The Greatest Song of All Time*.

Since 2005, I have spent my life obsessively, painfully, tortuously searching for the secrets that would allow me to achieve my greatest dream – to make a song that doesn't sound like anything that anyone has ever heard before, like the songs that inspired me as a child. An insatiable desire to create a song that could qualify, be a real contender, for the greatest song in the world.

My ultimate dream. My destiny, I always felt. I *had* to do it. In fact, I *burned myself alive* to do it. Crucified myself on a pyre of frequency.

And what I found was so shocking that it completely shattered my perceptions of the world and humanity. I have discovered something new, a new quality of music – it has the power to change us so profoundly that we can reshape human nature itself into something different, something better. Something beautiful. Perfect, even.

The secret chord.

But we'll get to that.

As part of my plan, I decided to finally put all the skills and knowledge I had cultivated over most of my life together, for the first time. I had all the puzzle pieces but had never actually sat down and labored with blood, sweat, and tears over it until I had it *just right*.

So, in early December, I opened a new project file in Ableton Live. Then, I sat there for several hundred hours until I got it right. Day after day, ten-hour days. Weeks of that. I did nothing else, and I barely even ate or slept. I love doing this – my projects.

"One note at a time. Dubstep."

I'm a guitarist, and I like to play solos like Eddie Van Halen. This is my wheelhouse. Unfortunately, no one else likes that anymore. So, I needed to learn a whole new style of music. Something completely different. For me, dubstep was a brand-new song, a new discipline - like oil and water.

Electronic dance music, EDM. Bass music. Dubstep.

One note at a time.

So, I spent 12 years trying to learn how to make a real dubstep song. This time, I finally did it. My claim is that this is the filthiest dubstep growl of all time, and when I finish it, it will be the first song in the world with a Van Halen-style guitar solo *and* dubstep. It has *never been done before*.

Through my journey of music, you will learn something extraordinary. Something more interesting than anything else I have ever learned. Something so profound that it changes the very structure of our minds, what it means to be human, and our comprehension of the *eudemonia* issue – how do we *live well* as humans, and what does this mean? What *should* our goals be, and what *should* we strive for as a species?

What is the *meaning of life* on Earth?

I will present my answer to this question, and it is an idea that no one has ever thought of before. It is an idea that has never been tried. Words that have never been spoken.
A new story. I am going to give you my new story for humanity – a story of love, peace, and hope. It's a story of triumph and overcoming, and a story of getting back up every time you get knocked down.

By the time you read this book, you will learn things about music, frequency, and our brains that you have never dreamed of. I will show you exactly how we can revolutionize the fields of

child psychology, infant and prenatal neurodevelopment, and early childhood education, which will give us a real chance at a perfect world - a world without greed, violence, and war.

I detail specifics, with studies, research, and hard evidence supporting it, that exposure to high-information music from 20-weeks gestational age up to about 3 or 4 years old can give any child perfect pitch, which I confirmed through an experiment with my own son. My son has perfect pitch because of me. I *know* this works.

Now, when you give a child perfect pitch, it turns out that it unlocks all *other* kinds of secrets within the brain as well. This is but one of the profound mysteries you will unlock within these pages, Dear Reader.

Much of this work is based on the research of Professor Diana Deutsch at UC San Diago, and Dr. Patricia Kuhl from the University of Washington, along with Rick Beato's YouTube channel and his experiments exposing his children to high-information music, active listening sessions, and actual musical instrument instruction, starting at 20-weeks gestational age. When he accomplished with his son is incredible, and I believe that we can do this for *all* humanity.

We can *change our brains.*

If people listen to me, we can do it. We can be free. Throw off our chains, finally.
But you *have to* read the book. Another true story you will hear within this tale is the untold, tragic, but *real* narrative of 9/11, the way it should have been told all those years ago. The *true* story. In fact, it *has never* been fully told, not like this, and this book comprises the first actual, comprehensive, written examination of the event that is told in a way that everyone will understand. This has never been done before.

I have researched 9/11 for thousands of hours, and I believe that I am the world's leading expert on it. It is my particular passion project and personal subject of expertise, and I have personally catalogued and recorded every single piece of relevant evidence within my two books on 9/11.

I believe that I know more about that day than anyone else, and I will prove it to you by bringing to light evidence that no one else has ever seen. *The More Rational Worldview* will serve well as a reference for this book, if you so desire.

This undeniable, fact-based, and irrefutable new exegesis *is* the true story, and we owe it to the victims to look more closely at it - though it may be hard to talk about. Although it may even, at times, be frightening, the greatest thing that we can do as humans is show courage in the face of overwhelming evil, and to stand up and say – "No more."

Cover your eyes no longer, Dear Reader. Gaze with me into the Nothing. Allow me to show you that monsters are real, and the dark places that they lurk. Watch as I illuminate deep secrets, the places where spiderwebs collect morning dew. The murderer's den, and the lair of

thieves. Where the corrupt embezzle, and the violent man preys. Listen to me, as I teach you their ways – how they think.

I have studied the *sociopath* greatly, like an alien species. Through this writing, you will finally understand them, why they do what they do, and how our world got to be this way.
The second narrative is a beautiful fictional world, vibrant and humming with life, where I find you, Dear Reader - the friend I have always been looking for. The only one who would listen to me.

And, believe it or not, this book is all about you. Within these pages, you will find the key to open every lock. This is the theory of everything. This is a truly transcendental, transformative journey that you will take part in. I will guide you along the narrow path - towards the ultimate truths that have been concealed for so long.

Our second narrative will finally answer the questions that millions have whispered. Back when we used to sit, and pass records back and forth, telling secrets and rumors. Spinning them backwards, listening to the silences.

The Beatles… Charlie Manson… Bob Dylan… Helter Skelter… Stairway to Heaven…

What is it??? What are they really trying to tell us???

There's a story there. I always knew there was. I read every book on The Beatles that my library had growing up, because I was obsessed with this hidden story-within-a-story. And I found the key: The Beatles, Led Zeppelin, The Doors, The Rolling Stones – it's all in here.

What I knew for certain was that the answer to the secrets hidden within their art were *not* in any of these books. Only I cracked the code, and I did it through 20 years of original research that I will share with you.

And it is *not* a happy story.

Right now, I cannot take you to the lantern-lit trees. The secrets in this book have never been known, though they are knowable. They have never been seen, though they are showable. This has never been done, though it is doable. I must lead you there through landmarks, rest stops, and meals together - on a path through the trees. As we crest the hill together, I will lead you to the beach.

In our final narrative, we will see the silver bridge together and know all things. I will give you the real, true secret teachings of all ages – with no lies. The way it should have always been told, from the beginning.

You will see just like I have always seen. Now, you cannot tell the end of a story before the beginning. It doesn't work like that. Let me guide you, and you will know the more excellent

way - the way of love. But it must be step-by-step. This part is the key. You cannot hear the end of a song before the beginning. You may learn how to write one, though.

Now, this is a one-of-a-kind answer to our ultimate questions, based on my entire life of research. I became the music, so that I could give it to you. This is something that has not been done, in a long time. And there are people out there, believe it or not, who do *not* want you to know these things. I will show them to you.

Through our conversations and discussions on music, 9/11, and my world, you will experience your own incredible journey of enlightenment and self-discovery. As my fictional character, whom I have grown to love dearly, learns about himself, you shall also learn about yourself, Dear Reader.

I have never felt attached to a fictional character until I wrote about you, and that is the truth just like everything else I write in these words. I grew close to you, and you became my friend, Dear Reader. Yes, I wrote this book during and coming down from an acid trip peak, but that doesn't mean my love for you isn't real.

Together, we will see the fractal from the outside-in, and dissolve into the moon. We will cross the silver bridge, and I will reach out to you from these pages and draw you into myself. Listen to my words and know that they are true.

I love you.

I did this for you.

Your world, the world of our final narrative, has never known pollution, greed, or war. The silent spring did not happen in your world, and the frogs and fireflies explode with brilliant life. I love your world, where we can exist freely and talk without a silent shadow over us, without the ten thousand unspoken things that cloud the minds of people in my world.

A world without MK Ultra. A world without 9/11.

Finally, you will understand the meaning of life on Earth. Why humans are here, and why God made us, and how he can possibly still love us while we suffer this much. My take on the physical universe as a tool, a mechanism for God to accomplish a great purpose. The Great Work. And you, Dear Reader, are as inexorably a part of it as the leaf thrown over a waterfall is part of the current.

Whether you like it or not, this story *is* about you. And although we may start out in the mundane world of 1990s Los Angeles, our journey will quickly shift and take many unexpected twists and turns. The rabbit hole beckons us - we are running late - and you may soon find yourself in a strange place that you no longer recognize.

A world that no longer feels familiar, like home. A land between life and death, suspended between light and dark. The void in-between the polygons on old computer screens. The Nothing.

Now, I talk about myself in the beginning of this book not out of pride or arrogance, but out of a sheer desire to write our story together by *baring my soul to you*, revealing to you all my secrets - how I learned to be human and what it means to me, so that you can likewise take your own journey of self-discovery.

Bear with me, Dear Reader, as I open my head to you, and tell you things that no one has ever heard until I wrote this book. I *must* start this way. You will understand why later. There are many things in this book that I have never told anyone, not one living soul. Until you.

We begin with the relatively brief story of my life, written as pure US government LSD was coursing through my veins for the second time. However, this is merely a loading zone, a docking station. The launching point where you embark on the strangest journey of your life. By the time you finish this book, you will believe in things that you *never thought were possible*. I can promise you that, with my very soul as collateral.

I ask only that you listen in good faith - that you give me a chance and hear me out. By the time I finished and went back to edit, I had written close to 300,000 words in a little over 12 days. If you took all of the hot, salty tears of my life and multiplied them by a hundred, it would come *close* to how much writing this book caused me to weep. More tears than the rest of my life combined. It's true. I am not ashamed to admit that. Writing this book was like carving off a piece of my soul and handing it to the world to trample on. This book *is* my very soul itself.

This book is written from a Christian perspective, but this is *not* a book containing reasons about why you should be a Christian or a book meant only for Christians to read. In fact, it's the opposite. This book is for everyone.

It is my testimony, but it's *not* about why I think the Bible is true and the authentic, divinely inspired Word of God. I do believe in Jesus Christ as my Lord and Savior, but in this writing, I am *not* trying to convince you that you need to believe this, too.

That's not the point here, it's about actions. This book is about all of us, not me or my beliefs. It's about our world, and how we can reshape it into something better. Something that works for everyone, for once.

I ask that all people, Christian or not, read this book in good faith and with an open mind. I humbly beg you to consider my only request – that you simply read it. No matter who you are.

Now, if you're looking for my apologetica, go back to The More Rational Worldview, and read Section II. Here are the individual chapters within that section that I wrote many years ago:

II. Supernatural Authorship and Historicity of the Bible - **245**
I. Ontological Arguments for the Existence of God - **246**
II. Historicity and Accuracy of the New Testament - **257**
III. Historical Arguments for the Resurrection of Jesus Christ - **265**
IV. Independent Attestation - **268**
V. Archeological Confirmation of the Old Testament Narrative - **278**
VI. Fulfilled Prophecy - **299**
VII. Bible Codes Contain Proof of Supernatural Authorship - **338**
VIII. Divine Inspiration - **351**
IX. Giati Apologia? - **358**

I also have a writing called *The Narrow Path*, which I will include in the appendices. This writing contains my take on correct Christian Doctrine, and I also published a book called *Theology, Ontology, and Eschatology* for anyone who wants more specifics about what being a Christian means to me:

https://www.docdroid.net/idawnWB/the-two-witnesses-theology-ontology-and-eschatology-pdf

But that is not what this story is about. I am not proselytizing here.

This is a new story, one that has never been told before.

The way Christians have been doing things has not been working. The church has grown stale, weak, and corrupted. Her flesh withers, and the bones grow brittle. The wolves howl and circle, as their bloodlust grows. They can smell her weakness.

From within, she has been brought down. Controlled opposition, wolves in sheep's clothing, false prophets, cowardly, weak men afraid to stand up to evil, misled and wicked pastors, abuse of authority, sexual violence against children, and unimaginable corruption have brought the very Holy Church of God, as brought by his Son Jesus Christ, to her knees.

I intend to right this wrong. So, I don't want to hear one word from an American Evangelical Christian, or any of the rest of your ridiculous denominations, about how you don't like my book. Go ahead, read it and weep. Make my day.

You know what, I don't like you guys either. *All in all, you were just another brick in the wall*. That's called a *motif*. Keep your eyes open, you'll be seeing quite a few of them in this book.

I wouldn't even want my corpse in one of your ridiculous, gaudy buildings for my funeral. Bury me amongst the trees, far from the filthy, disgusting, blood-stained hands of the American Christian churches. It's time for something new. A new way. Your time is over now.

It's time for A New Story.

That's what I give to you, Dear Reader – a new story.

My story. Your story. Our story.

I love you, Dear Reader. I beseech you merely to listen to my words, to let them wash over you, soothe you, trouble you, make you think, make you question even what you hold most dear. Tell you a story that you have never heard before. That no one has ever heard before.
And so listen, as I begin by delivering to you my story - the story of my life.

The story of how I realized one simple truth, that fits like a glove – *I am Witness 1*.

12:57 P.M.
1/11/2025
This was the time that I finished writing this book.

12:46 A.M.
2/8/25
That was the time I finished editing this book.

I started writing on December 28th, 2024, and I finished on January 11th, 2025 at about 850 pages. The night before I started it, I did not sleep. I stayed up all night, through sunrise, finishing the first stage of my song – The Greatest Song in the World. About 20 hours total that day, and I went to bed on the morning of the 28th.

Before that, I had spent about a month putting in 10-12 hour days on the song. I first started noticing something was off with me around Christmas and realized that I had been dosed with acid by the government again shortly afterwards. It's a little embarrassing, but I will tell you how I know for sure this is what happened to me when you're reading.

This was a beautiful, profound experience for me, and I really enjoyed it. I was peaking when I started this book, and it took about four more days to subside. Overall, my MK Ultra government megadose LSD experience lasted about a week total this time, and I highly recommend it for anyone interested in unconventional hobbies and self-discovery like me.

One more thing before we start. Believe it or not, Dear Reader, this book is partly about portals. Real-life ones. And I know that may sound crazy, but I ask that you hold your judgement until you consider my evidence more closely – the things that I have found that no one else has. The things that I know, for a fact, that only I have seen and noticed. I will reveal things to you in this book that no living person has seen before, the secret things that only I have discovered.

Thus, I invite you to step into portals of my own, where I will use my own images to roll a movie-within-a-movie-within-a-movie: an image broadcasted into your head, through the file on-screen, coming from me. There are stories-within-stories-within-stories in this book, and this is but one of them. It's another motif.

And though it may seem like I am speaking riddles now, by the time we stand on the beach and gaze into the moonlight together, you will understand fully, just as I am fully known.

Behold, I will show you a mystery.

I have a job to do. I cannot yet leave this Earth, and so I remain but a mysterious stranger for the time being. However, there may yet come a day when you will see my face.

Foreword Part II:

It is now December 18th, 2025. Almost New Year's again. The book has taken everything from me – it is all gone, and I am alone, broken, and destitute.

I truly believe that I wrote a cursed book, and allowed a demon in to destroy my life. It succeeded only because I did not publish when I had the chance, and in doing so, I lost Witness 2. She hates me now, and it is because of this book. I lost the love of my life because I wrote this writing, inadvertently documenting my own descent into madness.

I publish now only as an alternative to suicide. Every good thing that was once in my life has gone away from me. I don't know how I can get it back. I am now trapped in the fractal book, and I hope that by finally making this website, I can free myself from this hellish nightmare.

I fear that God hates me for shutting down the Two Witnesses ministry. I think that was the greatest mistake of my life, although at the time I was writing this and shut it down – last New Year's – I was convinced it was the right thing to do. This turned out to be a grievous error which has now traumatized me even more than my experiences at UC Santa Barbara, a feat I wouldn't have thought was even possible when I was writing it about a year ago.

I had hoped that this book would turn me into a hero, but it succeeded only in turning me into a monster. The life I had, which I wrote about here, is gone forever. And it is my fault for writing this. In the process of creating this project, we wasted everything that we built over the last four years. All of my plans are dust in the wind, and most likely, no one will ever read this.

Anyways, I hope you like it. There's nothing left of me, I put it all in here.

End Foreword Part II
12/18/25 1:04 A.M.

And so, without any further ado, here I am – Witness 1. Playing bass with my band in high school, about 15 years ago. Gaze upon the portals to my life, as you step into my story:

1 Samuel 16: 23:
And whenever the tormenting spirit from God troubled Saul, David would play the harp. Then Saul would feel better, and the tormenting spirit would go away.

John 1: 1:
In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.

May God bless you richly in the name of Jesus Christ,

Witness 1
The Biblical Two Witnesses

A shot from the music video for “The Greatest Song in the World” of me smashing a guitar after painting a piano on top of a mountain.

Part 1
Section I
The First Honest Testimony of My Life: A Chance to Die

I was born into a life of luxury and privilege, whether I like to admit it or not. From a young age, I have always felt different from other people, and I have never truly fit in anywhere I have ever been. This difference seemed to be exemplified by the fact that I only have one testicle, and I was left-handed (this is important later.)

Today, I cried for the first time in forever. Today, I danced for the first time. Today I ran for the first time.

Today the US government megadosed me with LSD. And it was the best experience of my entire life.

Like everything else I will tell you in this story, this is not exaggeration. This is not hyperbole. This is not simile, nor metaphor. These are not lies, and these are not tall tales or works of fiction. This is the true story of my life.

Though I understand music quite well, I have never once in my life truly danced to it.

Today I danced to my own song. It's 20 minutes long. Today I ran towards my beautiful wife in the sun, abreast with my son and three dogs, and it was the most perfect moment of my life.

Because I had clarity. And the idea that I had was to write this book. I realized something that I have always known – one of the secrets to life. Instead of telling no one anything, tell *everyone everything.*

At that point, I had only written this first part, *A Chance to Die*. When I had this bolt from the blue, I realized that I am actually technically allowed to write a full book about *anything I want to*, and no one can even stop me. Legally speaking, I am allowed to write a book and tell the truth, and even try to publish it.

Now, when I say I have never run before, obviously I mean that I have never run and enjoyed it. I have never run under a ten-minute mile, and I don't plan on it. Running to get to nowhere, for no reason, is one of the most unpleasant and absurd things that I have ever done. In this story, I'll tell you most of the things that I found to be absurd about life.

I am Witness 1, and this is my story.

I was born in Southern California, in what could be called “Los Angeles.” Specifically, around the San Bernardino area. I always say that being born in the early ‘90s is like being born at a party that has been going on for 50 years, and as soon as you’re old enough to come downstairs and drink, the cops show up, everyone else runs, and they stick you with the charge.

I think that this might be the most perfect simile of all time (my English teachers taught me that word.) I loved to look at the mountains in the distance and imagine what it would be like on the snowy peaks instead of where I was. Different, I assumed. Colder, maybe.

Many movies from that time period were set in Los Angeles, and my parents were both teachers at the school I went to. I would ride to work with my Dad, and stayed late after school wandering the empty campuses, reading, or playing on the computers almost every day until they were done.

My wife asked me recently if there was anything strange about my life, and at first, I shook my head and said “No.” Then, I changed my mind, and I responded, “The only weird thing about my life, was that I succeeded at everything I ever tried at. Everything turned out perfect no matter what I did, as long as I tried. I felt invincible.” Then, she looked at me like I was an alien.

It was a very idyllic childhood, and we moved up to the middle of the state when I was in 2nd grade, around 1999. I remember New Year’s Eve, 1999, and the mood of optimism and hope in the air. “Technology will save us all – look at it, it’s a miracle! God, come down to Earth, in mere Silicon and Copper!”

We went to the Train Museum in Sacramento, and everyone was there. Everything was bright and the future was a beacon of hope. I liked crowds of people, I always felt comfortable on stage, and I loved public speaking.

I didn’t know why, but everyone would always smile when they would talk to me. I learned early that if you can make someone laugh, you can make them do anything. Conversation and persuasion over other people are extremely important skills, and from an early age I mastered them and was able to get people to like me. *People like me! I’m someone cool!*

I went through some nearly 30-year-old letters written by my Mom recently, and two things that stood out to me were:

- A teacher said that I changed her life, and she would remember me forever. I don't know why.

- My Kindergarten teacher stopped testing my reading skills at about a Third-Grade level because I could read "everything."

I loved school at this age. I loved playgrounds. I remember the smell of the chocolate milk in bags, the slight smell from when it leaked in the backpacks onto the paper, the pencils, and kids. I remember sitting in the cafeteria, and on concrete steps. I remember I tried once to go across the monkey bars with my twin sister's hairband over my eyes, and I fell. I hit the ground, and got up like I always did.

Something wasn't right. My left wrist wouldn't stop hurting like it always did before, and I didn't know why. I buried it in the cool sand, and it didn't help. I went back into class and sat there for about an hour while my face apparently got redder and redder, until they called my Dad in and had him take me to the hospital.

I had broken my wrist, but it's OK - because here's a million-dollar machine to X-ray it and people being paid hundreds of thousands of dollars a year to make me a cast and put everything back perfectly into place. This was my first experience with discomfort and suffering. I remember feeling very grateful for the doctors and my cast. I did not mention the hair accessory I placed over my eyes at any point until now, as it seemed extremely embarrassing.

I knew about the suffering of others, as my parents talked about it as part of our discussions on Christianity. My Mom had a book by "The Voice of the Martyrs" called *A Chance to Die*, and it was the first book title I ever read. I was probably about 3. I couldn't comprehend why someone would *want* to die when life is so sweet, like cotton candy on a baseball field, lemonade in the breeze, and a green, easy field to rest on when you come home.

I remember sitting there for quite some time and thinking about my first book title, and what that could possibly mean, as the clock ticked closer to my bedtime at 8:00. "A Chance to *Die*?" I knew what all these words meant at this point, but the phrase didn't make sense. *Why… would you want a chance to… die?*

I learned how to read from billboards. I was always looking at them as we drove around the city, and I remember one day putting two and two together with the pictures they showed and realizing, "Hey! That's what all those squiggly things everywhere are! They're WORDS!!!!" Reading is a beautiful thing, and the first thing I ever read was the mirror of the car immediately after that moment, which read - "Objects in mirror are closer than they appear."

I understood the information. I had not experienced these "closer objects", but I was receiving information about them. I knew that it meant that the cars next to us are closer, in reality, than they might *appear* to be in the mirror. Simple stuff. Here I am, traveling at 80 MPH, and I know that one wrong move will send us into the steel shredder. My Dad always enforced the seriousness of driving, and to this day I have always driven very carefully, especially when I was on drugs.

I guess that's why people write – to warn others of danger. Makes sense.

And I enjoy life, but, you know, there's pain and heartache in everyone's life. I wasn't happy all the time, and everything wasn't perfect, but it was about as close as humanly possible. I played baseball with my Dad. He was a pitcher, and I was, too. "It's about control", he said. You're the star of the show when you're pitching a baseball game. *You* control the game, and that's why it's the most fun position to play. I was pretty good at it, too.

My best friend from school, J, was on my team for two years as a catcher. It was perfect, we had a system of finger calls, different throws, and just overall a great relationship. I loved him, and he loved me. We went on field trips to Angel Island, Chinatown in San Francisco, and the State Capitol Building! Life is *awesome*! All we had to do was get along with each other and build cool shit using technology, and all our problems would be solved! Point Reyes in 6th grade was the most beautiful field trip I ever went on at school.

I genuinely loved all of humanity. I had no prejudices, no biases - I understood bias, and I always gave people a fair chance. I believe that every single human being has something within them that is redeemable.

I can honestly tell you, Dear Reader, that I have never intentionally harmed another being or person in my life. I respect life, I loved nature, and I used to collect frog spawn and watch them in my little aquariums as the clear jelly swirled around, black seeds spiraling, and they would turn to tadpoles. I could watch the whole life cycle of the frog.

I remember once my parents asked me a question that I barely understood. I was in the car, about 15 minutes from home.

They asked me if I had put the frogs in the birdbath and drowned them with the hose. I was *stunned*.

"N... no…."

I hadn't done that, of course, and it was like when I hear a dubstep drop now, like the wrong words were said. Something that should never be said. A noise that shouldn't exist.

Drown an innocent, little frog? I'm sorry, but who would do that?

I still don't understand it fully.

They were my friends. I had another friend, who was my best friend in the neighborhood, not at school. His name was M, and he was from a Catholic family. He had an older brother named D and an older neighbor named E, and once in a while, and I often felt different and lonely because I wasn't allowed to watch those R-rated movies, I didn't play video games very much at all, and my parents carefully curated what I was exposed to up until the age of around 15.

Anyways, once you get to high school, they want you to come to baseball practice every day after school until about 4:30 or so. So, I promptly quit that, and never really got back into it. Instead, I started learning the guitar.

I dated a girl whose name began with A, and J dated her best friend, K. If you're following along, it formed a sort of square. A's mom had died tragically when she was quite young, from some disease that took over her skin. It was not spoken of. Her dad was a retired teacher with a big property in the Sierra Nevada foothills with a barn.

It was *perfect*.

Around this time, I got really into music.

I remember around this time, A and K had written a "song" called The Robot Song, and they wanted me to produce it. I was working in GarageBand (which comes for free) on my parent's iMac at the time and had absolutely no idea what I was doing at all.

It was the height of 2005-era randomness and absurdity, and everyone was in a good mood all the time back then. I decided to make the song just for fun, and to try and impress them.

What I had figured out how to do so far in GarageBand was record audio, load and chop up audio files, and apply effects. So, this would be my first-ever song.

Now, I could also immediately see how to utilize MIDI loops provided by the program. These were beautiful, ephemeral little green bubbles that would drag and drop and you could do anything with them. The notes in these are pre-written, but you can change them.

So, I laid some of these down, including percussion loops, and "sang" the song. For the breakdown, I juxtaposed my ultra-rough, free GarageBand MIDI clip-based musical draft with the song, *In Time* by Robbie Robb from *Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure*. It was one of those things where I went for an "ironically so bad it actually works" type of deal, and I did manage to pull it off.

There's a scene in the movie where they step out of their time machine into the future and are greeted serenely by a seated group or council. Guitar solos echo in the distance, while people come in, moving their arms in unison as if playing the guitar. Apparently, I think that these people ended up sort of worshipping them and their music, as it showed them a better way of life.

"Say Something," they say.

"Be Excellent to Each Other," he responds. I love that.

I used that part – the first 30 seconds or so – as my bridge, except instead of releasing tension into their chorus, I went back into my off-key warbling about robots and shitty MIDI loops. It was hilarious, and they laughed harder than I've ever seen people laugh before. I mean, I threaded the needle *hard* here.

Wow, this music is powerful stuff - it makes people act… different. They actually act better. More fun, happier. Positive. It's good for the brain, it must be.

Let me back up a little bit. As a child, I genuinely loved music. I loved my Dad's songs by The Beatles, Pink Floyd, Led Zeppelin, Electric Light Orchestra, and more. Even more than that, I loved who they were and what they stood for – John Lennon's *Working Class Hero* is my favorite take on it.

It's music that speaks of breaking an oppressive burden from humanity's back, of freedom, of joy, of self-actualization, and its music that couldn't be controlled by anyone. They did whatever they wanted to, and no one told them what they could or couldn't say. Everywhere they went, people knew who they were, and that they were talented at this thing called "music." Somehow, they took these little strings and pieces of wood, and made the beautiful songs that come out of my stereo? You're telling me this "radio" thing picks sound out of the air, for free, 24 hours a day, with just about any type of music you want?

Wood, metal, plastic, silicon, copper, ivory, resin, rubber, and shell. That's most of the instruments I can think of. Elements.

Somehow, we took that, and turned it into this – magic. Sweet frequencies hovering in the air, just for me. How does it work?

It was so sweet I could just about taste it. I learned later on that I have synesthesia, which means I perceive music as color. Even now as I write this, I can taste the imaginary sweetness that permeates my mouth when it finally comes together and I write a good piece of music. I literally taste sound, but not very often. It always has color. It takes like creamy sugar with honey.

I kept at it in GarageBand, and kept making "cover songs". After a few months, my Dad said my version of *I Am the Walrus* sounded good, and it made me happy.

At this point, I had no idea why my songs were so quiet compared to other tracks, or what the awful staticky clicking sound I heard was when I tried to turn it up. I now know that it is called "clipping", and it happens when you break a waveform.

I bought my first guitar for $60 from a girl a year older than me with feathery brown hair and blue eyes in my Biology class. Her initials were BB. It was a sparkly blue Squire with one humbucker pickup, and honestly, it was a good deal. I got an amp about three weeks later after

mowing a few more lawns, and I was ready to go! Let's make a song, it should be easy, right? *Right?*

I remember my Biology teacher. He was my second-favorite teacher after my Freshman English teacher, and he was the finest example of a man that I have ever met. Mr. S. He signed up with me to let me start a club at my school called the Classic Rock Appreciation Club (C.R.A.C. - hilarious.) People liked it. They laughed. After that, other people realized they are literally allowed to just start a club and put themselves as Founder and President on their college applications, and more people did that.

I was on the radio, and they put a big, color picture of me holding my guitar in the newspaper. I liked it, and it made me smile. It made sense. I like music, and other people seem to like music too. They like when I play it because the movement of the instrument makes their brains feel better.

My parents still have that newspaper in a box in their garage, and a tape with my radio interview on it. J was on the radio with me, and he did it with me. He and N are my two favorite people I have ever met, after Witness 2 of course. I would bake cookie bars to get people to actually come to my club, and it worked quite well. Packed the room.

When they put my picture in the newspaper, I really liked it. When I went to the store with my Dad that day, I could tell that some people recognized me. They knew me. They *knew* that I *liked music*. They might even like music too, if I could explain to them why I like it so much. *Good for the brain*. This was my first taste of accomplishing my dream of becoming famous enough to change the world. I loved it. It tasted sweet.

The second time was when I lived in a large house over the ocean in college. Two beautiful girls wearing eyeshadow and headbands walked up to me in my own house, giggling. "Are you Witness 1?", they asked as they looked deeply into my eyes. I had never seen them before, but they knew me. And, not only that, but they knew that I was *good at guitar.*

At the time, I was on an extremely heavy dose of acid, which had just made me puke about an hour earlier. It was one of the best days of my life - Fourth of July, 2010.

I didn't realize when I took the acid that other people liked to party on the 4th of July, since I did that every day anyways (it was summer.) However, when I got back home from taking the acid with my friend, there was already a crowd of people there and I realized it was going to be one of *those* days. The street I lived on would be packed, and there would be open parties at pretty much every house for about 3 blocks.

Let me tell the story of the person who sold me the acid. He was an intelligent, soft-spoken Persian man, with long dark eyelashes and a square face that could bring Babylon to its knees. His last name sounded like "Pour some Johnny Walker", so that was his nickname. I was the

only one in the group without a nickname, because my real name was actually just perfect the way it was for me. Someday, you may know this name.

He ended up selling a lot of weed in the dorms and was pretty much the main guy for that in my building. However, he thought that this was going to interfere with his studies, so he asked me if I wanted to do it instead while he would then front me two or three ounces at a time so I could pay him back and keep the profits.

Now, I never planned on graduating college. It sounded fun, but I already knew that I would fail at any real job I tried to do and then I would feel even worse than if I didn't try at all. So, I planned to have as much fun as possible, and figured that way, my inevitable failure would be less painful. So, obviously, this was pretty much the best deal that I had ever heard in my life. I immediately accepted this gracious offer, and he was, honestly, a great friend of mine while we did this.

I loved selling weed. I was great at it. People love you when you have lots of drugs and can give them drugs in exchange for things. I liked selling drugs, because I would get them cheaply, and then could barter with them to other people for the inflated street value.

I would get an ounce of weed for about a hundred dollars, and I would sell an eighth of it for $40. That means I would make about $300 per ounce, $200 of which was mine. Also, I could pretty much smoke as much as I wanted, which was my number #1 goal at that time. I had discovered that weed is really, really good for thinking about the meaning of life and how to make your songs sound better.

That was one of the most fun things I ever did. I would estimate that I sold several hundred thousand dollars of weed over a few years. I was lucky that I didn't care about school because the Persian guy was right – it *is* definitely a lot harder to go to class when you can get as many drugs as you want, all the time, for free.

So, I had just met up with him on the 4th of July and gotten three ounces of weed fronted, a little over half of a freezer-size Ziploc. We took the acid, and I set it down on the table. We went outside for a little bit, and I puked (normal.) We sort of, just, walked a little.

However, we realized after about 30 minutes that the weed was still on the table, and it had actually been a while, and wait, there are… tons of people… going in and out of all of these houses… like his… oh *holy shit* it's the Fourth of July!

On this street, in this city, on these days - houses were basically open congregating places as people shifted from party to party. However, neither of us had realized that *this* was one of *those* days.

We looked at each other and I remember his huge black pupils as we both realized about $800 worth of weed was sitting on the table in his living room. Luckily, his roommate had found it and kept it safe. His name was G, and I will always appreciate that. Thanks, dude.

When we got back to my house, a bunch of people were there, all wearing red, white, and blue. I went into my room to smoke weed, as I felt a little overwhelmed. When I came out, these two girls came up to me and asked me if I was [my name] and then giggled, and, in that moment, I really felt like my dream was actually close for the first time.

They *knew* who I was. They had *heard of me.* I had been in their heads, but they didn't even *know* me. It was amazing, like dang. My dream. People who already know that I like music, so I don't even have to try and explain it to them and sound like an idiot. Wow. Creamy sugar and honey.

We all decided to go on the roof. There was a ladder, and people were climbing up. They were going extremely slowly, but that's OK. A girl with brown hair asked me if I would be able to get up there, since I had taken so much acid.

I looked at her and said, "Lady, I'm nothing but a highly-evolved monkey. The only question here is whether or not these people are going to get out of my way."

Up on the roof was *beautiful*. I would look from one side, tranquil ocean with rainbow fractal spray and crashing waves, to the other – masses and throngs of humanity. It was, to this day, the most beautiful landscape scene that I have ever witnessed. I remember thinking that this was undoubtedly my peak, and there was no way it wouldn't be all downhill from here.

I had succeeded in my goal of becoming the coolest and funniest person in the world (in my personal and subjective opinion.) I was finished here, and I honestly wanted to play music rather than talk to people.

Our house was shaped like a U, with our unit one of the two on the ground floor on the tips of the U, staring directly at the beach with a big sliding door. For sure, the best one. There was an opening about 8 feet wide between the two arms of the "U". I jumped it. I remembered, in the air, that I was wearing pants. I almost always wear shorts, and it impeded my jump slightly. I made it though, and people probably thought I looked really, really dumb. Luckily, I didn't care at all because acid will make you feel better than just about anything else.

I stayed up on the roof far longer than the others, after they all went back down. I was alone up there until the sun got low. The acid coursed through me. I loved it up there. I sat above it all, my new room - a strange new land of tiny smokestacks, pebbles, and a little wall no one was ever meant to see. A nowhere land, caught between the perfect, timeless ocean spray and the filthy, writhing mass of humanity, their animal natures, their pollution, on full display in the street like a carnival just for me. They all came here just to put on this show for me. It was great. I was a Nowhere Man.

I climbed up on the wall and sat there, my legs dangling about 40 feet above the street while tourists and out of towners staggered along the packed street, looking for a party that would let them in to drink. They all wanted to be up here. I didn't even know why I was up there, but I had to admit that I was really enjoying life at the time.

When I got back down, I tried to drink warm beer from the keg. It was, pretty much, awful. Around this time, I successfully avoided becoming an alcoholic in favor of being a drug addict instead. I was sitting with people there later, when the lights were low and the people who weren't students or staying the night had all left. I was staring at the floor and thinking about life – specifically, how weird the concept of "corners" in your house is. Weird little 90-degree angles everywhere. I hate them.

I was quiet. A girl asked me if I was OK. I said I was, I was just thinking. It bothered me, and I didn't actually know why at all. *Obviously, I was OK. Look at me, don't I look OK? I have a house over the beach, lady!*

I felt like I was ridiculous. Psychedelic drugs really reveal the darkness that alcohol brings out in people, and I began to hate it there. Still, it seemed like the best place for me to learn how to write songs. It is unlike anywhere else, and apparently Jim Morrison wrote the song *Crystal Ship* on a balcony just like mine when looking at the oil rig floating out in the Pacific like a beacon.

Overall, this was one of the best days of my life because it was the last time I even cared a tiny bit what anyone thought or said about me. I haven't worried about that since.

I thought about her question more deeply.

No, I'm not actually OK. I have been lied to by every single person I have ever met. Also, you guys only like music with one note at a time and lyrics about committing crimes.

It seems like people listen to songs for the words now, not the music. That's another thing that I find absurd, because books have much better words in them than songs. Books can come true. Songs should be about the music, not the words.

We had parties at that house that were sponsored by Monster Energy, and that's a fact. It always really impresses people when I tell them that, so I do that as much as possible. It's true - a rep from the company walked up to me on our balcony and asked if they could host a party there, in our unit, if they brought lights, music, a DJ, about 20 plastic vodka handles, crates of Monster, and a stripper. I obviously agreed, and they did it a few times. He was a huge black man, and he said his name was "Mellow".

The only part about it that I didn't like was the stripper. It was obviously sad and sort of pathetic, and I felt truly bad for her. My roommate gave her cocaine and tried to have sex with

her, but he felt bad for her too, so he didn't. It's funny, because I bet if they hadn't given her money to take off her clothes and had instead offered her drugs and alcohol and then just asked her nicely, she would have done it for free. Also, it would have been a lot cooler and more fun for everyone, including her. I felt terrible for her.

These parties, I loved them, but they disgusted me to my core. I could see the vile, rotten nature of mankind displayed like a carnival freak show in front of me 24/7. By the end of my second year, my last year in school, I stopped going to parties and would stay home alone to take drugs instead. I would walk along the bluffs alone at night sometimes. I remember standing in the darkness in an empty lot against the cliffs staring at a glowing golden door with people going in and out and wondering what was wrong with me.

"I will probably regret this in the future," I thought to myself. Networking, you know.

Before I got my first amp in 2005, I would play the guitar with the headstock and my head both resting on the wall, and the resonant cavity within would amplify it into my skull just like an acoustic guitar would. I loved it when the notes felt right, like a perfect fifth. I would hit the strings and just feel the vibration over and over. I didn't know any chords yet.

As a matter of fact, I thought that people like Eddie Van Halen just made different chords up for songs and wrote them down sometimes when they sounded good, and then people just sort of picked what they liked, and they spread from there. When I learned music theory from a book in *Barnes & Noble* when N and I went there in his Camaro, it was absolutely mind-blowing.

Holy shit… there are patterns. It all just repeats, forever and ever. There's only 11 notes and an octave, it's so simple! It's a fractal!

And it goes like this:

I – ii – iii – IV – V – vi – vii – I

It's literally perfect. It's beautiful. Lowercase is minor, and uppercase is major. *Everything* you need to write songs is in this pattern somewhere, if you look hard enough and use a little creativity.

I would sit there in my room and practice scale runs, and create songs in GarageBand. It was so much fun, and people loved them! Everywhere I ever went, people smiled at me. That was cool. When I would tell them I record music, though, they *loved* me.

Music is a powerful thing once harnessed, and it truly is God's spoken Word, the creative and destructive force of the universe.

"In the beginning was the Word."

What is a word?

Sound.

Music has wrought both great beauty and great evil in the world today.

I remember one time walking with J and a different girlfriend he had named H, who he would break up with shortly after this. He said to her, "I play baseball, Witness 1 plays music, what do you do?"

She didn't have an answer.

I liked it though. It fit. "[Witness 1 plays music]"

Huh, I guess I do. Not very good at it yet though.

She was beautiful and delicate, with black hair and porcelain skin - like a pale spiderweb on a cold morning. The tiniest little waif you can imagine.

For a few months she was my best friend. I could tell she was insecure because she wore more eyeshadow than anyone I had ever seen, which is why I was pretty surprised when he said that. However, it worked quite well for her.

That wasn't like anything else I had ever heard J say, and I, personally, would never say that to a woman. It may be the only mean thing that I have ever heard him say in my life. But, like me, he always tells the truth.

I made a new friend around this time, N. He was the lead singer in a band, with a name that was similar to "Steel Hawks." I met him in the guitar class my Sophomore year, which I ended up teaching my Senior year (I got an A in both of them.)

Bass Music is Dumb

I joined the band with N my Sophomore year as a bass player, because I wasn't good enough at guitar and playing bass is easy. Every band needs a bass player, because no one wants to be the chump with only four strings. I assume it still holds true.

However, when I was onstage with this band, it was a new level of control and euphoria for me. There was nothing I have ever experienced that I liked more than that. We won the Battle of the Bands, and I crowdsurfed. I mean, I *loved* playing live shows.

Now, I have never used a guitar pick in my life. I think that is the dumbest thing I have ever heard. God gave you give you five perfectly good picks – they're called *fingernails*. And, you only actually need one of them. It's called an index finger.

I have always experienced much more effective control from fingerpicking, and I am able to switch between different modes of playing more fluidly. Have you ever tried tapping on a guitar while holding a pick? *Why?*

Sometimes, girls in the crowd would bring bras that they had brought and throw them on stage. It was obviously ironic and all part of act, like the rest of our show, and I knew they were just doing it to be nice. We played a lot of David Lee Roth-era Van Halen songs and brought back the '80s hair metal aesthetic.

Our lead guitarist was, for real, an absolute monster. Guy *memorized* the entire *Van Halen I* tablature book – note for note. If you are a guitarist, you will understand that this is *insane.* People ate it up, because we were completely different than all the other bands with their jeans, T-shirts, and *Hey There Delilah* or *Greenday* covers. We brought back arena rock.

And you better believe I was *watching* him play. He was a shredder.

Let me back up a little bit here, again. When I was a child, my parents had gotten me a collection of short stories by Roald Dahl, and they were written in a very matter of fact, neither fiction nor non-fiction, style.

There was a story about an Englishman in India, who met a man who could see through a deck of cards. By sitting in front of the card and staring at it for so many hours, he had developed the ability to read the back of it and used this talent to enjoy riches and wealth he won at casinos. He tells the man to meditate on the card in the dark with a candle, and once in a while, there will be a special person who is able to do it right away. Then, you win.

I have determined that the story is, in fact, fictional, but it really stuck with me as a child for some reason. At the end of the story, the Englishman is going to prove his new discovery to the world, but when he goes back to find the seeing man again, he has been hit by a car and killed.

A sad ending, I guess. Tragic.

However, the man *then* finds that *he* is, in fact, able to *see through* cards by sitting there in the dark long enough with a candle and staring at them. He was one of the *chosen ones.* I liked that, it *really* intrigued me. When I read this story, I genuinely wasn't sure if it was fiction or non-fiction.

Wait… can you really do that?

I never tried it, obviously. That would be insane. However, sometimes books can change your life, I guess. Some say that they can change the world. There was one other really, really sad story in this book about a kid who gets trapped up in a tree by his bullies, and they shoot him, and he turns into a swan and flies home, only to be found dead by his mother. That was the second-saddest story I have ever read.

My two favorite books were *Siddhartha* and *The Tao*. Around this time, I told my parents that I didn't really want to go to church any more.

The Bible didn't make sense at the time, and the stories in it seemed obviously fake to me. I mean, there's some unbelievable stuff in there. The talking donkey and the abducted child sex slaves forced into service to Yahweh's temple after the Israelites murdered their families in front of them in Numbers 31 always threw me off a little bit (don't get mad people, more on that later.)

However, I had always loved and cherished the Bible and venerated it as the best book ever written. In fact, it is *the* book, the *biblio* of *biblios*. It wasn't that I had anything against it, I just felt like it was obviously, observably, not true, and that church was pretty much just a dumb waste of time. I was obviously right about church, but I will tell you why I changed my mind about the Bible later in this writing.

However, I did walk away from it at this point. "It can't possibly be true," I thought.

Goat herders and desert wanderers from 3,000 years ago understanding the mechanics of the universe. Yeah, I don't think so.

Good stories, and for sure the most important book of all time, but not something worth staking your life upon as the truth. I felt, at the time, that it was demonstrably false.

Some Things Actually Do Change

In July 2001, my family and I went to New York on a trip. They tried to take us on one cross-country vacation every other year, and one just within California on the alternate years. This was one of the best ones - Washington D.C. and New York. Wow.

It was iconic, and I got to go up to the very top of the tallest buildings in the world at the time – the World Trade Center. This was around July 6th, 2001.

I looked around from the top, and thought something very much like this:

"Boy, these sure are some big buildings, huh?

Yep… doesn't seem like they'll be *going anywhere* for a while, does it?"

At this point, you shake your head with that clicking tongue sound and respond, "Nope. *Nooope*…"

Yeah, some things will never change. But some things will never stay the same.

You Can't Just Make Up Words and Put Them in the Newspaper

9/11 happened when I was just heading off to Middle School to be a teenager, and everything changed.

New words: terrorism, extraordinary rendition, Patriot Act, FEMA, Homeland Security, black sites, threat levels, waterboarding, and that one camp with that one picture (Abu Ghraib.) I read the newspaper every day as a child, so I kept up with the news and still do.

Things took a dark turn, and I started to notice some of the "bias" and "lies" that I had been taught about in my English classes creeping into the news. No one seemed to notice, and adults reacted totally irrationally to any questions about it. It didn't make any sense, and people started to act unreasonably.

My dad told me when he bought a car because the interest rates were low after 9/11 that now the government needed a bunch more information than before, and that it would always be like this and would never change. They told me war was coming and that this would have a profound impact on my life. Little did I know how right they were.

However, I assumed that it would cost a few hundred million or so in cleanup (the green arrows were red instead of green for a while, which I didn't like because it could derail my plan to change the world with my music), a year or so of bad traffic in New York (shocker), and then, besides the thousands of people who had died on live TV in one of the most horrific ways I had ever heard of, everything would be back to normal. *Right?*

It was a troubling period, and it left me feeling disturbed. The lies and machinations of war are so obvious, surely, we wouldn't fall for this again. *Right???*

Betrayal of the Forest Queen

Dear Reader, a strange thing took place around this time.

Suddenly, the forests and ponds with frog spawn weren't there anymore. I distinctly remember the exact year of 9/11, several months after it, looking at my frog pond all polluted with a slick, rainbow oily sheen over it angrily wondering what happened and who ruined it. This was behind the elementary school, during the hour or so after school when I would wait for my Mom to take me home. There was a few acres of wildland, with trees, a creek, a drainage system, and a pond. The pond was now dead, and it never came back.

I would climb the trees in those days. I sat up there with friends and gazed, sitting on the branches. I still remember the genuine tranquility of sitting in a tree.

These were pines planted about 60 feet tall on the Elementary School grounds, and we would go as close as possible to the top. There was only one other boy who would climb them with me, named Zach. One time, his hand slipped and he almost took a tumble about 50 feet down through the branches. Now, within the last two or three weeks, I had dreamed of him falling, just like that, from the same perspective – the tree next to his. He got hurt badly in my dream. It scared the SHIT out of me.

There was a forested wood by the school and a larger one behind it. The larger one opened out into a river basin, a state park - one of God's true natural wonders. I loved these forests and roamed them constantly. I was into archery and shooting BB guns accurately.

One day, I felt a disturbance in the woods - a horrendous feeling of overwhelming dread, as I foresaw the darkness that would overtake us all. The trees began to fall, and the machines came in.

Construction. The field behind our house. The field next to our house. The bigger forest behind the school, and the smaller forest to the side of it. Not in the state park though, at least, which was nice. *Everything* else was gobbled up. I remember looking at the mud after the construction vehicles had left the smaller wood. The first one that was eaten.

I was *stunned*. I stood there looking at the torn-up imprints looking like optical illusions, showing me bizarre things that shouldn't be there. Jagged edges, unnatural corners, squares, the ripped and torn tendons and sinews of nature – exposed by the belly of the Beast. Ripped

branches and shredded leaves. The visceral blood and guts of nature herself, disemboweled and scattered like so much trash.

Laid bare, naked, and vulnerable.

Raped.

They raped my forest.

And it never came back. You cannot simply rebuild a forest and bring back the insects and animals. It doesn't work like that.

That was the first time I ever felt hatred.

Vibration, Frequency, and Resonance

About five years later, I was discovering that I was actually pretty good at music, and also at getting people to like me and think I was cool. Everything was working out - I had a car, a guitar, and I was obviously going to be a rock star, and therefore, change the world and show everyone a better way to live.

Like John Lennon, but not an asshole, and maybe a little better at communicating effectively with people through mediums other than inscrutable lyrics, drawings, and poem.

I was cool, calm, collected, and confident.

Sometimes, my songs even sounded pretty good. Once in a while, I'd find a sweet spot. The issue for a long time was that if I changed anything, I would lose it, and the whole thing would collapse. Tension broken. Song ruined. Learning to gain and keep control while *editing* the good music you write is harder than writing good music.

Compressor, what's that – like it makes the file smaller?

That was what I actually thought compressors did for many, many years. I persisted in GarageBand, and when the songs came together in a cool way, I would show people. They always at least told me they like them, which is a nice thing to do.

I remember thinking about the futility of life at one point. Even if I were to somehow achieve my dream of becoming a legendary musician, so what? What was it all worth for even John Lennon, Beethoven, Jimmy Page, or Mozart in the end?

Maybe a few million people would know about me for a little while, then they would forget and turn to dust too, and the world would keep spinning.

It didn't make sense.

Abraham Lincoln, George Washington, so what? Is this all there is?

One time, I was walking home with a friend named Ben, when I was about 15, and he mentioned a friend of his sisters. Apparently, this person was some kind of musical genius, who could hear anything and then play it on an instrument.

That was the coolest thing I had ever heard. I had always loved virtuosos, illusions, and other things that bend the nature of reality. What genuine virtuosos do on their instruments should not be possible, and yet, somehow people like Eddie Van Halen, Mozart, and The Beatles tap into something electric – something divine.

Something *great*.

Just like the story I remembered, once in a while, there would be a person in real life who would be able to understand music like the protagonist was able to learn how to see through cards in the story. Right away. Jimi Hendrix and The Beatles never studied music, they just played what sounded good and people loved them. Everyone knows the best musicians don't go to school for it, they're busy onstage performing.

Once in a while, God's finger reaches through the veil and imparts a little music somewhere it would have never been otherwise. King David style.

"The music of the spheres", they call it. Apparently, Mozart heard it.

Huh.

The houses continued to spread, each one a monstrous parody of another. Giant, ugly post-modernist houses just set down in parcels of clear-cut forest land. Sickening. I saw less deer and wild turkeys, and gradually, they would all but disappear unless you go looking for them.

I began to get more into Pink Floyd and their messages in *The Wall*, *Animals*, and other albums. I remember comprehending the majesty of *The Wall*, when I watched the *Goodbye Blue Skies* scene. It's an incredible allegory about World War II and the psychological damage it has done to mankind.

"Hm," I thought to myself. *Is it just me, or do they not really make music like this anymore?*

At school, "NSYNC" and "Britney Spears" had become popular, along with the Backstreet Boys and various rappers. I always knew they were industry plants, as they really never made a real attempt to hide the inauthenticity of these artists versus, say, Led Zeppelin.

Surely everyone else could see that this whole culture was manufactured, right? The culture among men and boys shifted, and suddenly it was *not* cool to be happy anymore. You weren't *cool* unless you were a lobotomized zombie like Kurt Cobain or Eminem. Smiling too much became *very uncool.*

To this day, I cannot tell if people are being ironic about liking Kurt Cobain's guitar playing. It's true. I didn't even put him on my list of "worst professional guitarists", because I don't actually count people who can only play chords.

The siren song of culture had become overwhelmingly *negative,* in some way that I couldn't quite figure out. I wondered why my peers were emulating these obvious industry plants and commercialized celebrities. On a deeper level, I sensed that we were being led by a pied piper.

Let me talk about music a little more. My Dad had an excellent tower stereo setup, with vinyl records, CDs, and tapes. All the good bands. Before the internet, this was gold. It was money. I remember my three favorite songs to listen to were *Sugar Sugar* by the Archies, *Jump* by Van Halen, and the *They Don't Know* by Tracey Ullman.

These were the most visually intense songs I had ever heard. The first 26 second of *Back in Black* could be an honorable mention here, although I don't like it much anymore, and I think that Angus Young is probably the worst professional guitarist of all time. These songs felt, looked, tasted, and sounded *sweet*.

I would sit there and literally touch and hold the speaker and rewind it over and over again, feeling the sweet vibrations. Somehow, these musicians took their will and energy and turned it into these vibrations that are now making "sound" that I perceive. How does it sound so *good*? Why don't my songs sound like that? It was a mystery to me.

I had a slingshot as a child, and one time I was accused of shooting out a car window by mistake. I actually had been shooting things up in the air, and it was probably me, but I didn't do it on purpose. I ended up paying $200 of lawn mowing money due to that, which was a substantial amount at the time.

These same neighbors slammed their car trunk one cold fall day, years later, a grey day with orange leaves and sweaters. *Slam!*

Time seemed to flash, and I pondered the sensitivity of the human ear – air molecules from this neighbor a few hundred feet away from me, disturbed by the kinetic action of the trunk lid

closing, had vibrated all the way over to me, through a closed window, and then into my eardrums where they whisper not only exactly what sound it is, but who made it and where it is such that I just instinctively knew that those particular neighbors down the street had closed their trunk without even *looking*. Just from a tiny bit of *air moving.*

How did it even get through the window?

It didn't make sense.

Magic.

I wondered often about the suffering people of the world. I would lay awake at night sometimes thinking about how many people there were on Earth, and I knew that there were billions of people living in harsh conditions, suffering under poverty, and facing injustice and war every day while I live in relative peace.

I tried to wrap my mind around the suffering, but it was tough. I settled on the idea that just like I was born into and was used to my life, so I pretty much liked it, they were also born into and used to their lives, so they must pretty much like them too.

Everyone was just doing what they were meant to do, and there must be some sort of fairness to this whole "suffering" thing, right? That made sense to me, and I fell asleep.

People just get used to what they deal with, and they're happy. Surely, it wasn't like the *vast majority* of people alive today could be living in horrific, acute, active suffering caused by dumb things like not having a house to live in, food, running water, plumbing, and governments that want to kill them, right? *Right???*

A Chance to Die.

And so, time moved on.

I decided that religion was phony and decided to look into trying drugs for enlightenment and spirituality. You see, I always enjoyed the song *The Seeker* by The Who, and sometimes I would ask people what they thought the meaning of life is at parties. It's a hilarious question. Great icebreaker.

I wanted to find the answer. Maybe *that* was the meaning of my life. *I* could be the one to finally do it. How hard could it be, really? I mean, here we all are, with nothing else really to do except figure it out.

So, me, J, and our girlfriends went down to the state park at the river canyon and took psychedelic mushrooms, and I experienced bliss and beauty in a visceral sense for the very first time (and I don't mean anything weird, either.)

Everyone should just do this! All our problems would be solved. It's simple. It makes sense.

If they could feel like this, they would like the same stuff as me.

Literally all I have to do is figure out how to explain to people why killing each other is a bad thing. I have to make them feel it, like I can feel it right now.

How can you make people feel things?

I knew that music was one way to make people feel things, because it made me feel something when I held my dad's speakers.

I may not have found an answer, but I decided that I had found a route to get there.

I had always been fascinated by the bands of the '60s, '70s, and '80s, especially The Beatles, and I read everything I could get my hands on about them. I believe that I know more about The Beatles than anyone else alive, except for Paul McCartney and Neil Aspinall.

Around this time, I taught myself a little bit of *AppleScript* and created a program that was basically a quiz with 100 questions about The Beatles. I enjoyed that, and seeing what else computers could do, but GarageBand seemed to be my most likely path to success. I also experimented with Blender, Flash, and a free version of Photoshop called GIMP.

My friend D, along with J, helped me crack programs or install them onto the laptop I had bought with my lawnmowing money, and that was my first experience with getting powerful, professional software, for free, from the internet. It was amazing. It was unlike anything else I had ever done - it was *hard*. Like playing guitar, there was a learning curve, and I could tell I had no idea what I was doing. I liked that, and I could sense the possibilities lurking within the scrying screen of the laptop.

To this day, working with creative software on a laptop is by far the most rewarding, interesting, and enriching thing that I have ever done. I *loved* it.

Real software, like they use in studios. For me to play with. In my room.

Schools Out

I knew from reading quite a bit of books about them that these artists generally took a lot of drugs to write songs. I was curious if perhaps that was the secret sauce I was missing that was why my songs didn't sound like theirs. It might have even been true.

For some reason, I always got along really well with my English teachers. I even married one, sort of. Let me back up again. In middle school, although women were a complete mystery to me, I had some positive experiences. Two times, a car full of girls drove past and cheered for me, for absolutely no reason.

School was fun too, I enjoyed it. On the other hand, in Seventh grade I started taking real math classes, which was one of the worst experiences of my life. You could even say that it was all downhill once I got to a math class. It wouldn't be true, but it would be funny to say that.

I can appreciate the complexity and intricacy of mathematics without wanting to actually *do it*, what is so hard about that for people to understand? It's cool that there's apparently only one right answer to these questions, but do I truly care at all when the moment the question was asked in has already slipped away? *Does it even matter in the end?*

Math is neat and all, but I hated doing it more than almost anything else I've ever done.

Still, great concept. I can talk or write about math for hours, no problem.

I didn't like the oppressive weights and assumptions of the adults that were in charge. The Vice Principal had reddish skin, like an old hot dog that had fallen off a baseball cart two weeks ago. I didn't appreciate being lectured to by people who clearly had confused mental states themselves and were susceptible to lies and bias, which my English teachers had taught me about very well by this point.

I remember at the summer camp I went to a few times, the counselors were talking about the Iraq or Afghanistan War. I reflected on how I had noticed significantly more bias in the media ever since it started, and that I was concerned that the government and military industrial complex weren't being fully honest with us about 9/11 and everything.

They looked at me, and were sort of shocked. They looked at each other.

"He knows the word, 'bias?'"

"Duh," I thought to myself. *My teachers taught me that word. Don't they teach everyone?*

It seemed like everything was only moving because of inertia, because it was always moving, and it should always be moving.

It seemed like the moment someone shrugged or finally asked, “Why?” the whole thing would come tumbling down.

These people can tell they’re being lied to, right?

They can clearly see the strings jerking them around, right?

Am I insane? Is there anyone out there at all?

When it’s Love

I remember driving back from my girlfriend’s house at night in my car listening to the titular Van Halen song with the windows down in the summer. She lived next to a lake.

I liked Enya, a lot. She made songs that sounded like nothing else. Iconic. Those pluck synths, and vocals.

How does she do that?

1, 2, 3, 4.

The best way to practice guitar is simply to take your fingers and play them consecutively on the frets in that order, using alternate picking and working your way string-by-string up the entire neck of the guitar, while thinking about which note you are playing. And then back down. All the way up and down for an octave. It's also free, and you don't need to pay anyone to sit in your room and do this over and over.

Of course, it’s tedious and non-musical, so no one wants to do it. During math class, I would think about what notes were on which fret on the guitar. I memorized them. 72 notes and then it repeats.

Me and J won the election for class President and Vice President that year. I felt bad for the girls who lost the election to us, because they actually cared and we only did it as a joke. It was a lot of fun though, and I especially enjoyed planning the Junior Prom.

In my Senior year, they nominated me to be Prom King, but I didn’t win. A football player did, but he was a genuinely nice guy, and he deserved it. The whole thing is so stupid. I always felt repulsed by these rituals, these pecking order tests that stem from the playground. People

instinctively scan each other and size one another up, and there are simply more overt versus covert ways of going about it.

Popularity contests like a "Prom King" type deal lean more towards the “overt” side. There's no escape. It's everywhere. It doesn't make sense. However, I did like when they walked up to me in class and handed me a little trinket and a letter with my name on it in Advanced Biology at about 9:30 A.M. and everyone stared at me.

I have never felt like I truly belonged anywhere. There was always a lingering sadness, everywhere I went. I could never escape it. I was reminded of the song that asked, “Is this all there is?” by Peggy Lee:

And as I sat there watching I had the feeling that something was missing.
I don't know what, but
When it was over
I said to myself

Is that all there is to the circus?
Is that all there is?
Is that all there is?

My Life is a Joke

I also worked at a grocery store during high school for a few months, which I liked slightly better than McDonald's.

Sometimes at night, N would pick me up in his Camaro, and we would smoke weed and do burnouts while blasting hair metal out of his subs, then I would go back inside. The managers knew I was high, but they never said anything because I was a pretty good worker and they didn't seem to mind. I appreciated that greatly. Telling people that are on drugs that you know they are on drugs is a social *faux paus*.

I’ll tell you an easy contender for top-five funniest things I ever did at a school, and it was with N. My Junior year, 2008, which was his Senior year, we had a little routine with the track team. You see, there was a road that swooped up, over, and around the entire track and field section, about 40 to 50 feet up. The very back of the school behind which was railroad tracks.

So, the whole track and field team, and all the coaches, about 100 people, would all gather there and do their little exercises and runs. Lots, and lots, of girls.

So, Nick had this Camaro. Dark blue. This thing was a fucking monster. He had also installed two really quite-powerful subs in them. It was *loud.* So, once in a while, on Friday or something, me and him would smoke couple bowls of weed and then head on up there.

Now, this became sort of a thing, and they even tried to get us in the yearbook. We completely owned the "'80s hair metal" niche, which was rather small, but it was our thing. It would have been hilarious, but they only caught us once, and I did actually get a ticket for riding without a seatbelt. We got pulled over.

So, here's what we would do. N would creep on over there, real slow. Then, he would start revving his engine, really loud, once we got around towards the top. Once we got up there, he would just stop in the road.

At this point, I have already taken my shirt off because that was my signature move here. So, I would sort of stand/lean all the way out the window, just hanging on by a thread with my arms ready to start waving. Then, he would play *Cherry Pie* by Warrant, and, oh man. I'm laughing so hard right now. This shit was hilarious.

He would rev the engines so loud you could hear it from a mile away, and they all stare. Then, they hear about 110 dB of:

DIRTY, ROTTEN, FILTHY, STINKIN'!!!

She's my CHERRY PIE
Cool drink of water, such a sweet surprise
Tastes so good, make a grown man cry,
Sweet CHERRY PIE!!!

Then the guitar riff comes in and he'd start burning out, squealing the tires and shit. N would wait until they hit the first verse:

Well, swing it on the front porch, swing it on the lawn
Swing it where we want cause there ain't nobody home
Swing it to the left, and swing it to the right
Think about baseball, swing all night, YEAH!

Then at that point, he'd let it go and then hit the hardest burnout he possibly could, I mean, *smoking* the rubber on the road. He had a manual car, so he would do that thing they do where they, like, *slam* it into gear and drive as loudly and quickly as possible around the track with the music blasting while I lean out as far as I can and yell:

"FUCK YEAH TRACK TEAM!!! YOU GUYS ROCK!!! YOU GUYS ARE *FAST AS FUCK*!!! GO [HIGH SCHOOL]!!!"

I mean, it was hilarious. It really was. People would start cheering, too. They would be dying down there, cracking up. I *love* laughing. I really enjoy making people laugh. I seriously don't know what the fuck to do with myself otherwise.

Like I said, they only caught us one time, and it wasn't even a big deal. Now that I think about it, I never heard anything about that ticket afterwards. Must have been one of those "citations" instead.

As far as I can tell, these are not actually real things you should worry about. What you should be worrying about are the important question in life, like, "Should we leave school like normal people or do the funniest thing possible?"

And on that note, I was starting to actually get pretty good at music by this point. I had written a few songs both alone and with N, and I knew that they were decent. Not *bad*, at least. Three years in, I had unlocked some fluidity on the guitar, and my songs actually sounded like *songs*. I still didn't know what a compressor was, though.

I loved music. I learned *Eruption* on the guitar within three years, which was the first of my implausible dreams to come true. It wasn't even that hard - I used a program on my laptop that displayed guitar tablature while playing the note to get a feel for it.

It's something transcendental – magic.

Music is magic.

Let's jump forward two years in time. It's 2010, you're on psychedelic drugs and at college. I went to an excellent UC school directly on the coast, and it was an unbelievable experience. Growing up in California, you always hear about UC Berkeley, Santa Barbara, Santa Cruz, etc. They were beacons of intellectual light, and excellent institutions overall.

I always wanted to go to one, but I didn't really care about college because it was so obvious that this society wouldn't last long enough for me to become an adult. There was no way – it was all based on lies. You can't run a society like that, it just doesn't work. I had also learned that I am technically insane, as well as how going to the same job every day as a career is not something that you legally have to do unless you want to.

I think my major in college was psychology, but I never found out for sure. I realize as I type this, that it sounds like a joke but it's not. Nothing in this book is, except for the Pagliacci joke, which I just had to do. When I went to the mandatory signup day over summer, I chose "Psychology", but I remember them telling me there were more steps and some paperwork I had to complete. An office to go to.

Well, I never did that. I just chose the easiest classes I could find and no one ever said anything about it again. The truth is, I never planned on finishing college, I just wanted to have as much

fun as possible. I avoided going on campus as much as I could except maybe to wander around the buildings and look at things.

I didn't really like class, because I learned much more taking psychedelic drugs at the beach and playing guitar. I figured I could pretty much just sell weed forever, and I probably could have.

No, it's not going to last. I'm not insane - there are too many people desperately clawing their way up, trying to tumble the table over and grab new chips. It *can't* last. We cannot afford to continue living in a world with manufactured scarcity and suffering while some live lives of endless bliss and happiness. It doesn't work like that, eventually something must give.

You can't mix oil and water. Light and dark. Pleasure and pain. Matter and antimatter. You're going to get an explosion if you mix two different and volatile components together, even I knew that. You can't simply let billions of people suffer horrifically while a tiny group of people lives in palaces, thinking nothing of them. Not if you want a functioning society, at least.

Anyways, you're sitting there in 2010 in your house with a huge balcony that literally hangs out over the beach giving a monologue about music:

The metal, man…

The metal turns into the strings. It comes from the ground. The ground comes from us. Dust to metal, metal to string. String to vibration. Vibration to frequency. Frequency to Timbre. Timbre to LIFE.

Somehow, me changing the shortness of the frequency of the vibration of this metal string can effect changes in the mental synapses of your brain, causing you to experience "emotions" due to the particular resonant frequencies of the metal and wood.

When I play a major chord, you feel happy. When I play a minor chord, you feel sad. Why?

No one knows.

Not only that, but you will feel exactly what I want you to feel, as music soothes the savage beast, and the composer picks the delicate plucks of emotional harmony out of a mere cinderblock of ashes and dust.

I am consciously guiding your feelings now, I can place myself in and look through your eyes, as you look through mine, and as I reach out - your brain will feel better. You will feel good. You will taste sweet cream, sugar, and honey. You will like the things that I like, and see that there is a better way than this.

I can do all of this through vibrating metal and wood.

It doesn't make sense – magic.

People looked at me like I was an alien when I said this stuff, but they always liked it and agreed. Sometimes they laughed, but I was more serious about this than I was about anything else in my entire life.

I tried during college to make songs but couldn't get anything that I was pleased with. A new type of music came out – Skrillex, and "Dubstep".

At first, I hated it. "What is this bullshit?", I thought. *One note at a time?*

Well, I figured that once you had the sounds, it would be as easy as putting them in the right spots and laying down these simple drum loops. *Two to three years, tops. I can learn this.*

In retrospect, electronic music like dubstep is actually more difficult than playing guitar like Eddie Van Halen, which is why less people can do it. And I truly mean *good* electronic music, that breaks boundaries and pushes the line. Something built from the ground up by a lone genius where only they understand it fully. Not some stupid product rolled off a line at a record label. *Good* electronic music is very rare, indeed.

That's because it's ephemeral, there's nothing tangible to grasp onto. With the guitar, you're building onto centuries of tradition - from the lute, to the mandolin and banjo, etc. Luthiers have been crafting guitars for about a thousand years at this point, and anything you want to learn you can just look up and practice. It's all right there.

Dubstep and bass music is not. It's musical black magic - it shouldn't exist. People always thought of the bass frequencies as a compliment to the main melody and harmony, at least that was the way it developed. Bass was never the lead, it simply isn't possible – it only structurally reinforces the sound, and it is, generally speaking, pretty much the same in every song. Until dubstep. Obviously, rap music is not real.

When I first heard dubstep growls, I was impressed. I wanted to learn how to do that, too. I had spent about seven years learning guitar at that point, and I liked the raw aggression of the dubstep sounds.

Like I said, it turned out to be way harder than I thought, and for a long time my songs sounded *terrible*. I have been trying to make a Dubstep growl since the year 2012, bringing the total time spent studying music to about 20 years now. I kept making dubstep songs.

However, I could never quite get that bass sound right.

I remember the first one I made. In GarageBand, after ruining my life and moving back home from college. I laid down a simple drum loop, selected a synthesizer sound I liked, and drew in a note. I think it was a B.

It sounded like a wet shit. "My life is a joke," I thought to myself. "I'll probably never make a good song." As “dubstep” it was *so bad* that I realized that I must not even understand what is happening in this genre from the most basic level. It must be *completely different* than playing a guitar solo.

I had to start from the ground up again, because all anyone wanted to listen to was this aggressive bass music. Ok, one note at a time. *Let’s do this.*

And so, every night, I would sit there with my laptop, looking for that one time when I knew it would finally click and I would make a real song.

Around the time that happened for the first time was right before this. It was right before I got fired from a music store in the Bay Area. That was one the first unintentional failures of my life, and I wasn’t coping well, which is why I was buying drugs from T-bone. They said I was a “loose cannon”, which was probably true.

A few weeks before, I made an arpeggiated riff based around an F#m – D – A – E, and I had a real dubstep drop that was recognizable as a *dubstep drop* for the first time. That was awesome, I was yelling in my car, and I told people who were staring I finally made a dubstep song. I remember that was actually New Year’s Day, and it would have been in 2014.

After that, I remember sitting in my parked car after I got fired, crying, screaming, and asking God why he had put this insane desire, this compulsion towards music in me if he wasn’t going to make anything happen with it. Why I was so insane and all I could think about or focus on was making my songs sound better.

I never did make it as a Rock Star.

Still, I kept trying to make a real dubstep song, pretty much just out of spite at this point – to prove that I could. But I could never quite get the growls, buildups, and tension right.

Twelve years ago, in 2013, when I was addicted to drugs and had just gotten fired for the first time, I smoked crack with a black homeless man named T-bone. He was honestly pretty cool, and I liked him a lot.

These people were raw, they were authentic. They weren’t polished, I always liked them. They told the truth most of the time.

I wanted to be like that too – raw, uncut, uncensored, and unfiltered.

At this same time, I was in a guy’s house with a different acquaintance I had made buying drugs when I couldn’t find T-bone. He claimed to be a rap producer, and we all hung out. He had a giant mural of Tupac and Biggie on his wall, and it was painted well.

His music was good, and I showed him mine. He recommended that I stick with the guitar, which I knew was good advice - as at that time, I was obviously *way* better at the guitar than producing songs on my laptop.

However, I thought to myself – *That's a false dichotomy, it's not an either-or situation. What else am I doing with my time that I can't sit here and learn how to do both?*

Now, I am very good at taking advice from people, and I recognized the truth in it. I really, obviously, was observably better at playing guitar than I was at making electronic music at the time. The main thing that stood out to me was that his hi hats were *so* different than mine. Mine were flat, lifeless. His had so much *texture*, and *color.* They were *shimmery*. I was stumped.

I was missing something, for sure. A thousand things, actually.

And so, I kept making songs, because I don't really care what anyone says I should do, think, or say.

I persisted.

And, at the end of the day, we were just guys discussing minutiae at the very top of Maslow's pyramid, it's nothing personal. I was not offended by any of this. If you take offense to these things, you will never, ever be a true artist. Art isn't personal - it just is. This is key, and it bears repeating here:

Art isn't personal - it just is.

When I sold drugs full time, it was also the freest part of my life, and the only time I have ever achieved my goal of being able to tell anyone I want to that they can fuck off at any given time. I mean, you can put in about 30 minutes of full-time work riding an electric bike selling weed and be done for the day.

I remember thinking about it on acid – I figured there was no way this society could last more than 10 or 20 years tops, so there wasn't really much point to it all anyways. I always experienced a lot of Biblical iconography on psychedelics, and I had a lot of fun psychological theories about that. One time when I had just gotten down there, I was on acid walking home alone at night, and I noticed a tiny movement up in a tree.

Someone's up there… hiding…

I *immediately* got a flash of fear, and my senses went into overdrive. I saw a shadow move up there, almost imperceptibly. A big one, which was clearly a person waiting to jump down and rob whoever was unlucky and unaware enough to look like a victim.

Now, this was a college town, and at night alone in the shadows… not a good place to be. I sensed a great darkness, what I would characterize as a black hole of evil from up in that tree. Some sort of twisted, contorted shape, that had moved just barely enough to be noticed – which had tingled all of my senses at once.

I'll tell you about this later. It's called the "Uh-Oh Feeling." ALWAYS listen to this feeling. So, I got myself the fuck on out of there expeditiously and walked to the park with a hill near the center. I peed in their bathroom, and wasn't feeling well. I went and sat down on the hill, and a guy came up to me asked me if I was alright. He wasn't a local, and he had a Scottish accent or something. Big, burly guy, red hair and beard, very comforting aura.

I told him I was on acid and feeling fear, mega bad vibes, and this guy looked at me in the eyes, gave me a firm handshake, and said, "Ride the wave. You got this, champ. It's gonna be ok. *Ride the wave.*" Right away, I felt better.

Ride the wave.

I smiled. I felt fine, so I kept walking. I wanted to know where I came from. So, I asked myself, and I did not believe the answer. I smiled again, as the fool. Our next scene is me staring at the mirror in my dorm room, thinking to myself, "It's all downhill from here."

I lived with five other guys in the house with a huge balcony that hung out over the beach, about two blocks from the college. Our sliding front doors opened to a surreal, infinite oceanside vista - a perfect horizon that never ended. The sound of the waves would sing me softly to sleep at night, and it was – by far – the most beautiful front yard I have ever had.

I met a different woman, whose name also started with A, and we moved in together after the ocean house. We lived on a quieter street and basically just did drugs together every day while I sold weed once they eventually realized I wasn't showing up to class or doing any of the work and kicked me out of college. It was fantastic. I thought about music a lot, and also during this time, I began to think about 9/11 again for the first time in a while. I had a lot of free time, I guess.

I mulled it over and researched it. My parents were right, this fucking bullshit had profoundly affected my life. Somehow, I could tell that this was *really* where it had all gone wrong. The celebrities, the shitty music, the miserable people, the crumbling society, the greed, the lies, the wars – it *all* tied back to 9/11. This was something I could feel in my bones.

Then, I found my first real clue, which is also the only 9/11 source I have ever lost. It was a photo essay by a guy named Jack White that used to be at this link:

http://jackwhites911studies.org/911photostudies1.htm

This was the one that initially changed my mind. It was a long, detailed, and rich study by a professional photographer and photo editor who painstakingly, laboriously proved, beyond any doubt, that the pictures that came out of the Pentagon that day, the official pictures from the official story, were *fakes.*

Photoshopped. Manipulated. And, in fact, once you knew what you were looking for, it was downright *obvious* that there was obviously not a fucking huge airplane in the pictures.

But that wasn't the focus of this study. He proved everything else around the plane, too. There were hundreds of little tells, where he 100% conclusively showed the photos were edited, based on a variety of evidence including actual forensic examination of the pictures themselves along with comparing the pictures between each other and showing the differences. It was plain as day. I was fucking *staggered.* I pored over it for *hours.*

No way.

And yet… the Pentagon. Undeniable. This was in 2011, and I didn't know the specifics about the towers yet. So, I watched a five-hour documentary on it called *The New Pearl Harbor* twice in a row, and came to the obvious conclusion, the only real conclusion, that elements within our own government were involved with it. They had to have been.

Now, there are two things I believe that I would die before ever renouncing:

- The Bible is actually true.

- 9/11 was an inside job.

These are two pure, plain and simple facts I am more sure of than anything else, including even my own existence. They are both just so self-evidently, obviously true, that it shouldn't even need justification, it's just all right there. Hence, why I write these books.

Let's get back to Working Class Hero for a moment:

As soon as you're born, they make you feel small
By giving you no time instead of it all
'Til the pain is so big you feel nothing at all

They hurt you at home and they hit you at school
They hate you if you're clever and they despise a fool
'Til you're so fucking crazy you can't follow their rules.

There's room at the top they are telling you still
But first you must learn how to smile as you kill
If you want to be like the folks on the hill

A working class hero is something to be
A working class hero means something to me

These are the most honest lyrics of his career – his completely unfiltered personal thoughts. And although these lyrics about abuse and subjugation did not apply to me, I could see how these words were true for the vast majority of people alive.

Those on the top literally gave nothing to the people who were desperately pleading for help. In fact, they seemed to do nothing else but actively attempt to cause more suffering in the world, rather than less. It's enraging.

It all gave me great anxiety, and it still does. We have a long way to go if we can't even stop blowing each other up over imaginary lines in the dirt.

Wait, weren't we going to go to the stars? And now we can't even have the Space Shuttle?

And above it all – the music of the spheres, my siren song, telling me that one day, if I just kept trying, I could one day make a song that doesn't sound like anything anyone else has ever heard before. That was all I ever wanted to do.

And truthfully, from the first moment I opened Ableton Live, I knew I could change the world with it, if I was given enough time, just like I knew that I would marry Witness 2 the first time I laid eyes upon her. Unfortunately, time is a surprisingly rare commodity to come across in this world. For something that is spontaneously produced by nature every second, you'd think there'd be enough of it to go around for everyone.

And yet, the mundane tyranny of everyday life drags me down. To be forced to scavenge for food like an animal then chained to a house and a bathroom is such a humiliation ritual for humanity. We live lives of squalor and filth, no matter who you are.

I can't be anyone special. No one seems special.

And yet, in college, I have experiences with music where I feel it, I hear it, and I know exactly what it is. I know what chords they're playing before I even sit down at an instrument to test it. It's actually happening – musicality comes to me. I can now see through the card. I actually succeeded in becoming a musician, and I was able consistently play good music. Everyone loved it.

I knew that most people gave up when they tried to learn music, and music is difficult, but there were always people who told me it was good and to keep trying, and I appreciated that. I was, honestly, truly surprised that I turned out to actually be good at music, as I believed that it was just something you were born with, and knew inherently, not something that you could necessarily learn. One-in-a-billion odds type deal. As far as I can tell, this is actually true.

I'll tell you the first song I ever figured out, for sure, by ear. It's *Love the Way You Lie*. Excellent production on that song. I had taken my roommate's Jeep to my job teaching music that day, and had the radio on.

That song came on the station I hadn't chosen, and I said, "Hey! Minor 6th to 4th!"

The song is in D#, and it's a vi – IV – I – V progression. Minor sixth, one, four, five. Let it Be but fractalized. Very intense, emotional, and recognizable sound – the vi to IV. In C, these chords would be Am to F. Very popular chord progression. The minor sixth has a profoundly nostalgic feel. In this key, it is expressed as Gm - D# - Bb – F. I got home and played it and *holy shit*!!! I was *right.* I had actually *seen through the fucking card.*

I start to think about what really matters in life. Does a college degree, money, or what city you lived in matter after you die? No. Does the music theory I've learned matter? *Maybe*.

Therefore, I deduced while sitting on the beach on heavy doses of psychedelic drugs that the only thing worth spending my time on was knowledge, and the only thing I ever cared to learn about was music, so I might as well just do that – and selling drugs and dropping out of college seemed a lot more conducive to that than graduating and getting a job where I would do the same thing every day for the rest of my life anyways. You only live once, might as well take a risk.

Well, I ended up addicted to pills and had to move back in with my parents after a few years. It hurt, quite badly. I was able to stop taking opiates and benzos entirely in 2013, about a year after I retired from drug dealing and moved down to live with A in her hometown near San Diego.

The last psychedelic drug I have willingly taken was in 2016. I withdrew cold turkey from opiates and benzos after we moved for about two weeks, and didn't sleep almost at all during that time. I relapsed and quit for good about a year later.

Before that, before I left the beach, she and I would take a lot of pills and go to the wild ocean and dissolve in blissful nothingness. She would roll joints with the weed I sold and tobacco, and to this day, that's the most addictive thing I've ever experienced.

There was a beautiful time there, though it was illusory.

Always I was fascinated with the virtuosos – I wanted what they had, something different and special from everyone else.

Eddie Van Halen with the tapping. Jimmy Page with the studio recording techniques. Bach with the Well-Tempered Clavier, Beethoven writing the 9th Symphony while deaf – the ultimate triumph of the human spirit. Nothing else within the realm of possibility is greater than this.

They were unique, because they did something that no one has ever done before. Then it hit me – there was only one thing I could do that no one else could do – I could both make dubstep *and* play Eruption on the guitar. If I could only find a way to combine the two successfully, it would be the first time anyone had ever done anything like that!

Of course, it's never been done because it's so hard as to be basically impossible. You see, although they sound similar, dubstep and guitar are exact, complete, and perfect opposites of each other. They are as far apart from each other as any two concepts can possibly be while still remaining in the same subcategory of "music."

Dubstep is arcane – technical, dark rooms, laptops, GPUs, plugins, and everything is about post-processing. Guitar is a lifestyle, a mindset.

To play the guitar, I just need to be relaxed. It's all in the brain, and what comes next is natural. Just mic it up and go. This new music must be built from the ground up, alone, by one person. It's just you, a laptop screen, and some waveforms that sound like a bodily function at first, until you learn how to process and manipulate them.

The guitar stuff relied on a studio, a budget, a facility, a producer, a record company, an engineer, and band members, all of which had to be equally aligned and available in their goals. This one relies on your mind alone, in communion with the musical mind of a laptop.

It was clear which was more accessible to me within my budget.

I used to joke with customers at the Bay Area music store, telling them that I had no friends and had spent the last ten years locked in my room studying how Ableton Live works and making songs. That's probably partly why I got fired.

When I was in college, I worked a job two days a week where I taught music to kids at an elementary school in the city about 20 miles from my dorm. It was the first job I applied to, and I loved both of my bosses so much.

They were sad to see me go when I left, and I don't think they understood. I don't think that I understood, either.

I used to ride the bus from that job back to college. I thought about finishing my life there, getting a degree in teaching music or something, and basically working this job that my boss

had as a music teacher playing around with kids all day – basically, it would be a best-case scenario for me.

It obviously seemed pretty good, but there was something missing. *Is this all there is? Really??? A house with fucking corners everywhere?*

When I think of the most visceral, real thing I've ever felt, I remember how the opening synthesizer line from Jump felt on my Dad's stereo when I was about 10 years old. I had never heard anything like that, it was so sweet, rich, and exciting.

There were so many possibilities within this music.

I began to realize that people could have music everywhere if they wanted to. Cities could be musical instruments, mountains and monuments could resonate. Giant strings could, theoretically, turn an open valley into the resonant chamber of an acoustic guitar.

What would happen if we built an instrument the size of a mountain and played it?

Well, if we would stop spending all our money on bombs and war, maybe we could have found out. What would happen to our brains if everything was an instrument - if we lived, played, and ate around instruments? If giant, city-sized instruments continuously played harmonious sounds, what would happen to our brains?

When I learned that they had a hydraulic water organ that played beautiful, harmonious music in Ancient Greece, it blew my mind. It's called the *hydraulis*, and it was the world's first keyboard instrument. This is where the pipe organ came from.

The Ancient Greeks figured out how to use a water wheel and air pressure to power an organ using the energy within flowing water, and some people think they even automated songs with it, sort of like a player piano. They can't prove it, but it's quite logical and would have been a simple step once you have this setup in place.

2,000 years ago, at least. I can't even imagine the beautiful sounds it would have made. That's because we don't make them anymore. Maybe they should have spent more time working on these automatic water organs instead of philosophy and the art of war.

I remember a Spelling Bee in the Fifth grade. I won, and I was up in front of everyone in the cafeteria doing some kind of finalist convention to move on. Spelling words was easy, I didn't even have to try.

This was the first time in my life I was in front of a substantial crowd of people doing something other than getting an award for memorizing a Bible verse at Church or a Christmas play at school. Doing something that relied on skill.

My first two words were “mosquito” and “thermometer”, which I obviously knew how to spell after thinking for about two seconds. However, I was really nervous, and I cracked under pressure.

My third word was “balloon”.

Balloon? They want me to spell… balloon? All this, and they pick a word fit for a Kindergarten Barney Party? I don’t even have to try for this one. Give me a break.

That was actually my exact thought at that moment.

The audience waited with bated breath as I raised the microphone to my mouth. It was so quiet you could hear a pin drop. In the distance, a dog barked.

“I got this,” I thought to myself.

“B”
“A”
“L”
“L”
“O”
“N”

Now Dear Reader, upon reading this word, you may notice that it isn’t spelled right. However, in my feverish, rushed, Fifth grade mind, I did not recognize the discrepancy, and I listened in disbelief as I heard the wrong sound – the error buzzer. A sound that shouldn't exist.

That can’t be right, I thought.

But it was, and I was wrong. I totally blew it. Fumbled under pressure. More than that – I realized - I knew for a fact - that I blew it because I rushed it and didn’t think first, and that’s why I didn’t do it right.

I felt more dumb than I ever had in my entire life so far, but I wasn't really *that* sad because the concept of a spelling bee is really stupid. I still don't even know why they call it that. I think this is when I stopped trying in school because I learned that it is better to not try and fail than it is to try really hard and care about it and still fail.

It hurts less, is cooler, is less embarrassing, and is way more fun. To this day, the word “balloon” physically irks me every time I hear it, write it, or read it.

9/11 Made the Frogs Disappear

There was a cow field behind our house in California, and I used to write songs in it. There was even a little babbling brook, and some trees. When I was growing up it was owned by a Catholic nunnery, but they sold it to a retirement home and now it's all developed.

It looks like a diseased scar on a cancer patient.

I really loved my Freshman year English teacher. He was a great, kind man, who taught me about art, themes, and context. I entered his classroom blind, and this bald man with a walrus smile and glasses taught me how to see. He was a beautiful human being, and just about all of the papers I wrote were about The Beatles. They all got As.

The only thing I didn't get an A on in school was math, I would get a B, so I usually had a 3.65 GPA. I also didn't get an A in P.E. sometimes, because I hate running more than anything else except math. I have never run a mile under 10 minutes in my life, and I don't plan to. Running to get nowhere is completely ridiculous. People say my songs are "embarrassing", well, I think running for no reason is embarrassing. You look ridiculous.

Anyways, I remember sitting in his class, learning about how people could hypothetically write vignettes for their autobiography one day. It was actually pretty interesting, and I remember it vividly. I remember every moment of my life vividly, and every person who has made any impression on me, no matter how small. I can remember the taste, smell, feel, and unspoken context of every room of my life. I remember the names and faces of every person I have had more than just a passing conversation in public with.

So, there I sat in his class watching the walrus beard tickle his cheeks. "Surely," I thought to myself, "My life won't be interesting enough that anyone would actually want to read any vignettes from an autobiography about me."

It seemed inevitable that I would lead a life of quiet desperation like everyone else ended up doing. Yet, I did everything I could to make sure that didn't happen to me. We will see if I am successful.

Your life is art. You are doing art right now, as you read this. It's true.

However, I still never felt like I belonged anywhere, or felt like anywhere was my home. I felt purposeless, like the cars at the end of The Brave Little Toaster – hot models from the '50s with cast iron and wind shears, built for a world that no longer exists. Defunct. Worthless.

Crushed into a little colored cube by that thing with the teeth and the orange magnet that has a fuckin' *problem* with you for some reason. *You're worthleeessss…*

By the way, that song has an interval in it that I mention a few times as being quite unique. It's the only song I can think of that uses this interval, in this specific way. See if you can find it - the strange attractor. It starts out as a Bb.

So, the only way my life could have any meaning at all was if I could do for someone what Eddie Van Halen and The Beatles did for me – gave them a sound that they had never heard before, that inspired them. That made them feel their humanity, to reach out and touch something greater than themselves, and reach for that great light before fading away.

That was real. What had come out of those speakers as a child was so pure, so sweet, so unnaturally beautiful, those vibrations were a part of that great, unspeakable knowingness.

When I finally figured out that the US government was involved with 9/11, it was genuinely shocking to me. That's about the most horrific thing I could ever imagine, and in no circumstance, even to my worst enemy, would I consider flying a plane into a building to trap them in it and force them to either burn alive or jump a thousand feet to their death. It's so shockingly, indescribably inhumane, and the realization that it wasn't even actual terrorists behind it but cold, calculated businessmen, made me literally vomit and weep.

I'm sorry, but how do you wake up one day such that you put your suit and tie on, say goodbye to your family, and head to work, where you'll be in closed-door meetings plotting government black-ops like 9/11? How many of those people are out there? How were they willing to get enough people together in a room to go along with this? It's insanity.

How do groups of people get to the point where they make carefully calculated decisions to kill each other? Why does this keep happening over and over – is it not really *real*, but rather that good and evil are cosmic laws or forces, like strong and weak nuclear forces, that must always exist and be in opposition to each other (or something like that?)

No matter what you do, somehow, in this universe, evil will rise and good will have to defeat it. This is one part of the Deep Magic. Some of the others are a willing death out of sacrificial love, and music/frequency.

It's a paradox, of course – good can never defeat evil because it must first kill evil, but to kill is evil, so good metamorphosizes into evil before it can finish the act.

Then, it becomes merely evil-on-evil friendly fire. This is why a willing, sacrificial death is part of the Deep Magic - it nullifies evil's most powerful defense. Many authors understand this, like the author of Harry Potter, who used it in the story about his parent's death.

The Circle of Elephant Graveyards

And so, this dance plays out, over and over again.

That reminds me – I danced for the first time today. December 30th. It's to the song I wrote. I have never danced before. It was fun.

I ran today for the first time, too. I was weeping tears of joy.

I also cried today, because I realized that what she has been saying for two years is true. And not only is it true, but it's the most perfectly beautiful thing I've ever conceptualized – and I love it.

It makes sense. It's perfect. Our two lives, our pure, true love, laid down in front of the world as a sacrifice to God, to show the inhumanity of the Beast.

Jesus said this, "There is no greater love than this – that a man lay down his life for his friends."

I want everyone reading to know that if it comes down to it, I am willing to take one for the team and lay down in front of the machine and literally die as a spectacle in front of mankind, if that's really what God wants me to do.

The truth is, I always would have. Even without God, I still would – out of principle. God just makes the choice obvious. I actually don't understand what about reality is so hard to grasp for most people, I really don't. But if it came down to it, I've literally always been willing to die for God, I mean, what else do we really have?

It's obvious that this reality isn't real, it's some kind of illusion or trick. Death is merely when the illusion ends. Therefore, God must be real. Therefore, one should take actions in accordance with His Will, to avoid hell. It seems pretty simple:

"Be nice to each other and don't murder each other while I'm out."

I guess I should explain how I came back to the Bible now. I ended up reading books about the Bible, because my parents wanted me to. They were always Christian, and they always wanted me to be Christian. They would debate me honestly and in good faith, and I appreciated that. So, I read *Halley's Bible Handbook, Evidence that Demands a Verdict*, by Josh McDowell, and *The Signature of God*.

I couldn't debunk any of it, and I had to admit that, especially, *The Signature of God* by Grant Jeffrey was *really* compelling stuff. So, I decided that the Bible does actually make a lot more sense than anything else I had heard so far, and I was surprised to find such a substantial amount of evidence supporting it from all sorts of different disciplines and fields.

What I learned is laid out in Section II of *The More Rational Worldview*, with original sources and research to confirm all of my findings in these books. I got baptized, and was a Christian again. Perhaps, I was all along.

I went on three mission trips through the church I went to growing up. Two of them were to Mexico, and one was to Guatemala – I was flabbergasted by the ancient beauty of Guatemala, and this was right before I left for college.

Some kids lost their little action figure toy, and I dove down repeatedly to find it (I like diving anyways.) I did, and they were so happy. I felt like a hero, and this is, overall, one of the greatest accomplishments of my life. It was their only toy.

On the last two days, we stayed in Antigua. The guy who was running the trip looked me in the eyes and told me not to leave the hotel alone. But, you know what, fuck that guy (no, he was cool.) But, rules were made to be broken (learned that from reading about politics so much.) So, when the old guy who I shared a room with on that trip fell asleep (he was cool, too. We talked about Calvin and Hobbes), I snuck out.

Then, I wandered around Antigua alone for about three hours in the middle of the night. Midnight to 3 A.M., or so. And I felt perfectly safe, except for one time. I went into a bar (I was 18, and I was pretty sure it was legal to buy alcohol there.) Except, when I stepped foot in that bar, it was like the scenes in the old westerns where the music stops and everyone turns and stares at you. Uh-Oh Feeling, big time. So, I stuttered something and turned myself around expeditiously.

Anyways, that was a fun trip. We also stayed in a three-story tower house that belonged to the pastor down there, and I would play their acoustic guitar on the roof over the jungle. Mission trips are just vacations, it's a dirty little secret of the Evangelical church. So much fun.

Anyways, I got to know the Guatemalan pastor's daughter, who was about my age, and she would come up there on the roof and watch me play and sing with stars in her eyes. Yes, I played her *Lucy in the Sky with* Diamonds. I also sang her a few of the songs I wrote.

She was beautiful and curious, and we went to a water park. We spent that day together going up and down the waterslides a bunch of times. It wasn't crowded like everything is here, you could just keep going up. She was from a different forest from me – a jungle.

Her jungle was thick, alive. Monkeys and shit, for real. Do NOT go in this forest barefoot, even with callouses. We went to Lake Atitlán and sailed to a hidden beach, where she showed me what it was like in her forest. It was like nothing I had ever seen before, literally humming and buzzing loudly with so much life. I *loved* it. The only thing that bummed me out was not having weed, but I was not willing to risk falling for the 'ol dealer and local cop working together scam.

Now, obviously, I wouldn't take advantage of a girl who lives in an impoverished third-world country or anything weird like that, but, man – it was great. I also met a guy named Cookie and played soccer with them. Man, mission trips are great.

I would tell you about when we went to the orphanages during the daytimes, except for the lake and the waterpark. But, I'm not going to. If you've been to these places, you know what they're like. Imagine 200 kids who have no mom and dad, and they scrape together the best food they'll eat all year for you, and it's a burrito that gives you food poisoning for 12 hours in the van.

It's like, I can't even express the level of desperation and hopelessness in these places through a screen. I would have to grab your shoulders and stare mournfully into your eyes and tell you about how they have nothing, no future, no food, nothing to do, no jobs to get, no parents, no yard, no house, no school. Nothing.

These children are the very face of the Nothing itself, in fact. And you want to talk about child abuse? You'd need a whole series of books just to cover each orphanage. I'd need a library miles long to document all these crimes against humanity. It's not a joke, it's serious stuff. If we aren't giving our children a future, what the fuck are we even doing here?

I have never heard one single person say one single thing to me that actually makes any sense at all or isn't a lie unless they got it from the Bible. That's how I feel.

So, it's easy for me to say I believe in the Bible, I mean, what else is there? *Science?*

They're staring at their own reflection in a mirror and talking about stardust. *Morons.*

On one hand, you have this ancient, revered tome, hand-compiled and passed down through the ages, no one even knows from where exactly, but *it* claims to be from God himself. Thousands of years of textual exegesis, and a long, storied tradition and history.

On the other hand, you have what - the Quran? The Book of Mormon? A Physics textbook? All obvious scams.

You're offered a choice between The Bible being true and pointless nihilism, and you're going to choose… pointless nihilism?

Why?

It doesn't make sense. The Bible does. And I'm sorry about that. Biology textbooks have always also made sense to me.

Sinister Means Left in Latin

Once again, humanity leaves me baffled.

I broke my left arm one more time, in A's barn. It was on a trampoline, and she launched me off of it by mistake. This time was different, though, because I was learning guitar.

Still, I never worried about it. Everything always worked out for me, no matter what I did. I still played and recorded songs in GarageBand, and I played a live show with the cast on during which several bras were thrown at me and I crowdsurfed. That night, we had an old drum set and I had a spare bass laying around, and we smashed them when our set ended.

I also used the opportunity to purchase a glass slide for my guitar and try it out. Overall, breaking my arm was positive for my musical education because imposing limitations on yourself is another great way to practice music. However, I wouldn't recommend it for everyone.

The college campus that I went to was indescribably beautiful, and most people agree that it is the most aesthetic UC out of them all. The classrooms and dorms are literally mere feet from the crashing ocean waves, and tropical plants flourished in the perpetually warm Mediterranean climate. It is a party school with an excellent reputation.

It was one of those areas where the beautiful and happy people congregated, most people drove flashy cars, and houses started at about a million bucks. Celebrities lived nearby, and held weddings close to it. If you're from California, you've likely figured out by now which school it was.

It was paradise. It was perfect.

It was unlike anywhere I had ever been before.

And they loved me. Everywhere I went, people thought I was cool, they listened to my songs and my stories, and they thought my takes on things were refreshing, unique, and insightful. And yet, I remained different from them. And yet, I never fit in.

And yet, I died to myself there.

My two favorite classes were Biopsychology and Environmental Science, and my two least favorite classes were Mathematics for Social Sciences and Philosophy 101. The only one that may surprise you there is Philosophy 101, and I'll explain why.

You see, Dear Reader, we spent about two months studying *Nicomachean Ethics*, by Aristotle.

In it, he discusses the *Eudaimonia*, or the common, highest good for humanity.

What is it? How do we find it? How can we agree upon it? How do we carry it out?

Compelling stuff, and I was hooked. I didn't spoil it for myself by reading ahead like I did every other time in school, I wanted to find out naturally what the meaning of life was in a classroom for the first time.

Aristotle… boy, this is going to be good, I'm sure.

It wasn't.

Anyways, the "highest good" in Aristotle's Nicomachean Ethics turned out to be "Philosophy". Of course, it was like an anti-joke. The *philosopher* is telling me that the meaning of life is *philosophy*. In a *philosophy class*.

Yeah, right. Give me a fucking break.

For me, the meaning of life was my music. It was profoundly, demonstrably, wrong and untrue, and it shook me to my core. I got up and walked out of class.

Everyone stared at me this time, though they usually pretended not to notice. However, I had done it many times before and that was nothing new for me. By this time, I had already mentally checked out and considered myself enrolled in college in principle only.

Let's get back to my college environmental class for a moment.

The yellow flowers of those long, luxurious tropical flowers that grow everywhere in this area of Southern California stretched out in the hazy morning sunlight, as it filtered down to me through vines and branches. My English teachers told me to always begin the anecdotes by setting the scene in a way that would make the reader feel like they were actually there. Did it work?

Now, I don't know what these flowers are called, but they are yellow, orange, and purple, and they are huge. They sit there like a triumphant calling card created by God himself to mark this planet:

I made this – look at it. Look at the fractals within it. You can't even comprehend the nature of this simple plant, which is here today and gone tomorrow. You step on it like a bug and trample it, but look at the wonder of its creation. Look at the bugs too, because they are pretty cool as well, and try not to step on them.

I learned how plants grow in college, but it wasn't from a class. It was from a fellow student.

I always thought that seeds grew from the ground, and therefore, trees were made out of dirt. Duh.

Dirt is brown. Trees are brown. Seed goes in ground. Therefore, trees are made out of dirt.

Simultaneously, I also understood that trees "clean the air" and "help create oxygen." However, I had never put 2 and 2 together. Obviously, I felt pretty dumb at this moment, and like I said, I *for sure* never thought anyone would actually read a book I wrote one day.

The guy explained it to me while I was on mushrooms in his dorm room. He was named Patrick.

He was smart, clearly a high achiever. Everyone here was – it was a world-class party school, but these kids all knew how to buckle down when necessary. I did not do that. I didn't really fit in at all, although I did quite well socially. It was a game to me, and I enjoyed playing it. I won the game - it was effortless. Making people like me was easy, like shooting fish in a barrel. And I liked them too, I really did.

There had to be more to life than this.

He was clean shaven, tight, with a drawling voice and a face shaped like a pentagon. Shorter than me but quite muscular, as many of the guys were – good gym facilities. I didn't step foot in them once, as I also find the concept of a "gym" to be ridiculous.

He told me that the plants grow by reaching up through the air, taking a carbon dioxide molecule, which contains one carbon and two oxygen molecules, capturing the carbon, which turns into trees, and releasing the oxygen, which we breathe.

Holy shit! The plants reach into the air and pull carbon out of it. They are made out of carbon. Carbon dioxide. Oxygen, carbon, oxygen. Poof! Like the ghostly fingers of God himself coagulating into these beautiful plants and trees.

Magic.

I was stunned. That actually blew my mind.

I had never heard it explained like that before or even conceptualized it, and it was beautiful. Such an intricate design, so beautifully crafted by God's hand to allow these plants to flourish and grow, reaching out as if to try, desperately, to touch him. To feel the hand of God reach back down and caress them, even if only for a moment.

Anyways, the professor for this Environmental Science class was 90-something years old. It was his last year teaching at this school, and he had been teaching here since the '60s or '70s. 50+ year career at *this* school. A legend.

I forgot to mention that both my parents went to this college and met here, as well. They would have started around 1980.

He was clearly one of those venerated people who are cornerstones of the institutions they make up, respected by all. He was in a wheelchair, and was wheeled in by an assistant. He was on supplemental oxygen from a tank.

Dear Reader, what he taught me in that class broke my heart.

With nothing left to lose, as his career was finished and no one could say anything against him, he told me that the people in charge knew all along. He laid out how pretty much *every single scientist* in the world had published data and warned governments and corporations about these issues, but they not only didn't listen, they *actively attempted to pollute as much as possible.*

He laid out the fact that the pollution, the poisoning of the atmosphere, the hazy skies, the dying oceans, the oil rigs spewing out the Nothing, the disappearing insects, the dependance on fossil fuels, the lack of clean energy and ways to get around without polluting are not due to simply greed, a lack of knowledge, or good but misguided intentions. It was a *conspiracy*. They did it *intentionally,* to destroy us. To destroy our planet. To destroy our way of life.

This old, dying man, in a wheelchair, with his feeble little whisper-voice amplified in the beautiful lecture halls of this University, a few hundred feet from the ocean, told everyone exactly what they stole from us and how they did it. And, for once, I paid attention. For once, everyone else did, too.

He told us about the great electric streetcar conspiracy, which helped ruin the planet, where automobile manufacturers literally *conspired*, on record, to take down public transportation in cities and force people to rely on cars.

By the way, this was only uncovered, as he told me, because one guy spent his entire life in the Library of Congress poring over records and analyzing it. We would never have known otherwise.

It even has a Wikipedia page:

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/General_Motors_streetcar_conspiracy

I swear to you, Dear Reader, that every single word of this story is the 100% truth. Trust, but verify. Look things up for yourself, like I do.

How could they do this? People who had EVERYTHING.

Men wearing those expensive suits and ties that they love so much. Men with luxurious lives, with wives and kids, with fancy cars and caviar. Pets, gold, jewelry, parties, friends, drugs, alcohol, sex, money, power, fame, fortune – these people had it all.

I knew them deeply, because I had come from them. I was one of them. They welcomed me in with open arms, as I had proven myself worthy of joining the rich, beautiful, happy people club because I got into a really good school and just had to bullshit my way through classes for a few years while I got as high as possible.

It disgusted me. The comprehension of it caused me physical pain.

You have everything you could ever want in the world, and what do you do? Schedule a *meeting* about how to actively cause more harm and pollution in the world?

It's absurd.

At the time, British Petroleum had just had an oil rig catastrophically fail in the Gulf of Mexico which was spewing thousands of barrels a day into the ocean. Black filth, utter disease, a literal void of nothingness wrenched from the heart of the Earth, spraying and splattering, killing our ocean.

My ocean. Our animals. My animals.

What gave them the right to do this?

I thought back to the forest from my childhood.

As I stood there, the beautiful sunlight filtering down through what remained of the trees after the construction vehicles had left, a word echoed through my mind.

A word that I knew from reading books, but had never thought about.

A word that should never be said, much less acted upon.

Rape.

They had *raped* my forest.

She laid there bare, naked, her flowers and sex organs scattered around me like a rotten funeral procession. The mud lay in unnatural squares and rectangles, tire treads everywhere. Roots ripped up and torn, pebbles and rocks that had been quietly resting for thousands of years now suddenly overturned and exposed.

It was *sickening*.

How would you like it if you lived somewhere for literally thousands of years, and one day, someone came along in a huge truck and tore the whole thing down?

You'd be pretty mad, huh? I used to go back to those developments and knock their stupid signs down sometimes. I do NOT regret this. FUCK you guys. I hate those orange construction vehicles more than any other inanimate object.

I realized that this was happening every day to actual human beings, not even just plants, insects, and animals. Real, conscious, sentient beings capable of understanding and perceiving suffering. People were sitting around in rooms literally plotting out how to make their lives worse.

Humanity was rotten to its core. It was, for sure, a supernatural evil. The most direct experience I have had with the supernatural, until I wrote this book, is the visceral touch of evil and its absurdly insidious and counterintuitive nature.

It shouldn't exist, but it does. Why?

Why do they do this instead of just planning out how to make everyone happier and healthier? Obviously, their lives would be better too. The fact that a rising tide lifts all ships is like the most basic common sense to me – I was never mad or jealous of anyone's success. I love when people do well. When the people around you do well, it helps you do well, too.

I couldn't wrap my mind around it.

One of the only times I actually did the reading in college was for this guy because he was both proud and pitiful. Absurd, and tragic. Not funny in the *slightest*.

The book I read was called *Silent Spring.*

Piano Teaching for Dummies

I pretended to go to class a few other times in college.

My music theory teacher couldn't actually play the piano, but he taught me some things about the squiggly things others use to write down how to play it. Unfortunately, I can't remember any of it because I didn't pay attention.

I remember one time, he tried to demonstrate that I – ii – iii – IV – V – vi – vii – I pattern I showed you in C, which is just about the easiest things you could ever do on a piano. He couldn't even do it. He managed, but there was an obviously flubbed note. Bad one.

The college professor for *music theory* can't play the piano.

It's just all the white keys, dude! Come on!!!

Music made me weep with joy and ecstasy, it brought up everything from inside me and exposed it and made bare and beautiful to the world, in a form that they could understand. That marked two professors who were obviously wrong – the Aristotle issue and the music theory guy who can't play a chord.

Something isn't right here.

As I began to sell more weed, I started going to class less. I had plenty of money and drugs, which was all I ever wanted. Money would just show up, people would literally just hand it to me, and I would give them drugs and they would be happy and sometimes share the drugs with me and then even do fun things with me afterwards. I'd wake up with pockets stuffed full of cash. It turns out, that offering people who like drugs free drugs will also make people do pretty much anything, which was amazing to me. I loved these years.

I bought myself a red scooter-looking type of small motorcycle. I rode it around on the shoulders without a helmet. I honestly never even in my life considered that you'd be legally required to wear a helmet on a motorized scooter while riding on the side of the road.

One day, I was sitting at a bridge going over the freeway, and I noticed a nice-looking couple gesturing to me and trying to signal me something. They didn't seem happy.

"That was weird", I thought. "Usually, people smile at me." I smiled at them and waved.

Then I heard the *whoop* of the siren, and saw the cop car.

Oh, fuck. THAT'S what they were trying to tell me.

I never really got caught this whole time, partly because I was well aware of my legal exposures and risks and took careful measures to not get caught. Like I said, I handle myself while under the influence exceptionally well, and most people would never know that I wasn't sober.

But I wasn't stupid, and I knew that I was busted.

He walked up to me, and I played it cool. I wasn't worried, as I knew that God would get me out of it, and everything would work out OK. I am invincible, after all. I am literally always right about things and everyone else is wrong. It's that simple.

However, I had two Vicodin pills in my pocket in a bag, which I was going to take that afternoon to counteract the 4-o'clock doldrums, which I really hate.

Well, it didn't go as well for me as these things usually do, and he ended up searching me and found the pills. I hadn't even tried to hide them, they were just in a bag in my pocket.

"Do you have a prescription for these?", he asked me.

I lied and said that I did.

It was almost true. When I first got to this college, in early October, I blacked out on alcohol while going to a soccer game with the group of people from my floor in the dorm. They were a bunch of smart, preppy kids that had perfect lives and tons of money, free time, and the ability to self-actualize and pursue their interests in life. They were all beautiful people, every single one of them. I loved them.

I got completely wasted, and somehow, I ended up falling and actually breaking my ankle on the way to the soccer game, under a pedestrian overpass. As I began to feel more and more pain, I realized that I had to get back to the dorm, and I'm pretty sure I flashed back to the monkey bar incident. However, I was still blacked out at the time, but I remember a flash or two of being in severe discomfort and distress. I'm not sure why I left alone.

I came out of the blackout in a rocky field walking towards my dorm. There it is – a couple huge fucking towers a mile away from campus. Damn it. I keep going, heading towards the glowing tower like a beacon.

Then, I encounter a large fence with barbed wire on top of it. *Hmm… well…*

I look around, and quickly realize there isn't actually any way to get around this fence. It goes as far as I can see both ways in the dark. So, I figure I had better just hop over it and get back to my dorm room. And that is what I did.

As I near the towers, I realize that something is wrong. There isn't actually two towers at all, there's only one. And it *definitely* isn't ten stories tall.

Oh no…

I realize then that I am in an *airport* and this is the FLIGHT CONTROL TOWER. *Holy shit, I just HOPPED a barbed-wire fence into an AIRPORT at NIGHT. FUCK!!!*

At that point, I got the "Uh-Oh Feeling" from Family Life in the Fifth grade *big time*, and realized that I had better promptly get the fuck out of there. So that is what I did, and I could actually not walk at this point. I believe that I crawled part of the way to a Jack in the Box. I called up

one of the guys from my floor I had left with that I knew didn't think I was insane, and told him I was lost and I think I broke my ankle and hopped a fence.

So, they came and got me with a longboard, which is like a large skateboard. They had me sort of sit-lay on it, and ran me back to the dorm. I remember we went quite fast, and it was actually pretty fun watching the road blur by.

I went to the university hospital the next day when I couldn't walk, and they prescribed me a bunch of Vicodin, about 100 pills, a boot, and crutches, which lasted about a month. I remember that it was really hard to ride my bike to class in the morning with the boot on when it was a little cold, especially before I had time to smoke weed yet.

I also remember sitting in the shower, taking way more Vicodin than they prescribed me, about 100 MG, and smoking bowl after bowl of weed while listening to music.

I was learning about opioid addiction at this exact time in my *Biopsychology* class. They told me that you can get addicted to opiates in as little as two weeks. I calculated the length of my script, and decided that must obviously not be true either, like most things I heard in a classroom.

Unfortunately, I can confirm for you that you really can get pretty much hooked on painkillers after a few weeks of abusing them heavily and then also buying as many as you can find for a few months after that.

You see, I loved my roommate. Our bathroom was the place to smoke weed for the whole hall, and we called it "Jamaica." Lights, music, a bong, a vent, sploof, water, whiteboard to take notes, the works. You need something during the bathroom session, we got you covered.

When I was alone at night, I would turn on the music in the dark, turn on the colored Christmas lights, put music on, take a shower, steam up the bathroom and smoke as much weed as I possibly could from what I was selling. Doing this while abusing Vicodin was, by far, the most interesting and transcendental thing that I had ever done up to that point.

I remember the euphoria in the shower, and I remember the music.

Truth.
There is truth here.
There is a better way.

There is a way that we can stop killing each other.
There is a way to show them the light.
The order, the reason, the logic in it.

To be excellent to each other, to help one another. To love one another.

It's so simple a monkey sitting under a banana tree could come up with it.

I help you, you help me.
We help each other.
Monkey happy. Monkeys happy.

At this time, I was not a Christian. I had still renounced the Bible as clearly false, and I thought it was hilarious that people went into a building and pledged their undying obedience to a 3,000-year-old book without even reading it all the way through.

They do know there's a talking donkey character, right? "Kill the men, take the virgins"? What is this shit, you think I can't see through this?

Trust me, I enjoyed debating Theists and Christians at any opportunity, but the thing is - no matter which side of the argument I have been coming from, no one has been able to prove me wrong.

That doesn't make sense, either.

So, anyways, the cop seemed to believe my story, but he wrote me a ticket for a felony - possession of pills without a prescription. All I'd have to do was take my prescription down to the court to clear this all up, which would obviously be a problem for the version of me in the future.

I thought it was hilarious. A *ticket*. Like I was in elementary school climbing trees or hitting J with plants in Middle School.

What do they want me to do? Grown ass adults, and they want me to stand up and, what, say:

"I'm sorry, Your Honor, that I gave a person a plant and then they gave me a piece of paper that I gave to someone else and then that person gave me two small receptacles of the synthetic opioid called "Hydrocodone", derived from the *papaver somniferum* flower to trigger the pleasure and reward centers in my brain, which released endorphins and dopamine, so that I can feel happy for once and went for a ride on my scooter."

I look around at the crowd and wink.

"Did I get in your way or something?"

It seemed absurd that, while vast, unspoken, dark conspiracies against mankind were unfolding, I was being persecuted for happy pills and plants. If society was better, I wouldn't even have needed these stupid things to be happy. It's true.

Anyways, he wrote the ticket and smugly ripped it off. There was an unspoken code of respect between us, a social contract that wouldn't be violated in broad daylight, but I knew I was busted. Looking back, this could have gone a lot worse.

He ended up writing the wrong date on the ticket. It voided the whole issue. I took the ticket in, showed the clerk that the date of the ticket was before the date of the infraction, and she went back and made a call and in about five minutes told me not to worry about it anymore. I wasn't surprised.

No matter what I did, it always worked out for me, and I was obviously right, so I wasn't even worried about it, and I had expected something like that to clear up this issue for me. This reinforced my belief that I was onto something true, and others were not.

As I left the beautiful, white city Courthouse that gleamed like a fortress in the morning sun, I wanted to make sure I could rest easy on this one, as I planned to take more drugs and work on music after the xanax I was on wore off and I didn't want it to bother me. I saw a cop, so I walked up to him. I showed him the paperwork, and told him what had happened, and asked him if I really didn't even have to come back.

He seemed annoyed, but he confirmed I was good to go. It was truly bizarre, even for me.

There were two other issues I had with the law in this time.

I got caught smoking weed in the dorms more than three times, so I had to meet with the dorm administration.

I went to it and charmed the heck out of the director like I always did. They loved me.

For a second in that meeting though, this person saw what I saw. Something better than this. Better than this drudgery, these offices and walls. Squares and corners everywhere. Gray and beige. By the time I left, we were both cracking up and smiling.

The guitar was obviously not necessary.

They saw something great.

The other time, I yelled "Fuck you, you fucking pig!" at a cop car that some people on a balcony had been harassing. I thought that was hilarious, so I joined in while I was walking along the street with a half-ounce of weed in my pocket.

I had severely miscalculated, and not realizing that while they were in a place of legitimate legal protection behind a closed door, a second story, and a search warrant, I was *not*. And his window was *down.*

The cop promptly U-turned and got out of his car. He marched up to me like a bulldog.

“What did you just say to me?”

“Ummmmm…… nothing……” I replied.

He searched me, and found the weed, put handcuffs on me, and sat me on the curb. Didn’t arrest me, but gave me another “ticket.”

Later on, a girl was at the party at our house that night. She told me that she saw me sitting on the curb in handcuffs, wearing the shirt from my job teaching kids music.

She said she felt sad for me, because I was nice. She said that I looked sad, which is true because I felt really dumb for yelling that as I did not get that half-ounce of weed back. I liked what she said, that she thought I was nice. Most people are scared to be too genuine during conversations.

Nothing came from the ticket he wrote me, and I moved on. They close these things quickly when you’re a college student who’s paying a $100k+ ticket to paradise. They gave me something called “C.A.S.E.”, which has “substance” and “abuse” in there somewhere. Probably under the “C” or “E.” No, but for real. It was hilarious.

She had me *write* down, on a little form she would give me, all the drugs that I took. Now, that was the funniest thing I had ever heard from an administration type, and let’s just say, I took it as a bit of a *personal challenge*. See if I could *set some records*, you know. Once she signed me off, the ticket went away.

I have only ever been honest with two therapists in my life, and she was one. She was such a sweet lady. I was more honest with her than I had ever been with anyone in my entire life up to that point, just because I was bored.

No, I only remembered this part while editing. I was honest with her because my roommates had shown me this thing called a “television”, and get this – they put it *right in the living room!* Right where people talk and shit! So, I went through it, and found some shows. The one I liked was called *The Sopranos.*

And, he had a therapist, too! It seemed really funny at the time to me, I don’t know.

My honest take is that she couldn’t debunk anything I was saying but was sort of fascinated by how dysfunctional I was.

She told me the usual confidentiality stuff, and I believed her, so I broke it down for her. I told her about threading the needle between blacking out and dying on xanax and alcohol and about how it feels to mix three different psychedelic drugs together. I told her this society is a

torture chamber, and it makes me hate being myself. How I've never belonged anywhere I've ever been, and everything I've experienced feels like something is missing. That I am pretty sure every person I've ever met has lied to me.

It was sort of an experiment for me, and I told her about how much easy cash I was making and, you know, like why should I not do this exactly? Who am I harming besides myself here?

So, we psychoanalyzed my own insanity together, and I would debate her about whether or not a career in psychology talking to college kids about taking drugs is a meaningful life. But in a nice way, a fun way - not at all in a mean way. I mean, we got along really well. We did. We laughed a lot during our sessions, and I always did my best to take as many drugs as I could possibly find for her homework assignments.

Her name started with R. I will always remember that she tried to help me.

I wasn't going to go to college, and it was the spring of my Senior year. About three months after the "running away from home and all my shit being thrown away" incident. And, of course, I do love my parents. I do. They tried their best with me, and I was a hard case.

However, I had been accepted to the UC I always wanted to go to, as – to my great surprise – my plan to start a club, call myself president, play in a band, run for class president, and then write about music had actually worked. *Wow, I can't believe they fell for that!*

At this point, I was 100% firm on not going to a Christian college. I was going to wing it Benjamin Button-style. Me and N had a plan to, basically, just drove to LA and see what would happen. However, once they realized I was serious, they relented. However, I was still going to just go with N. After all, we did break the stick. That was serious for me.

But then, me and him took a trip down there. To that school, to stay with someone from his grade who was going there. And, holy shit, I had no idea what it's like at this school. I mean, you have *never* seen parties like these. We stayed in San Luis Obispo with some people, and an older guy from our school that I'm pretty sure was totally wasted driving us around Ventura. It was fantastic, and we wrote a great song on that trip.

We went to a party in the dorm rooms about 100 feet from the ocean. It's unbelievable. There was a beautiful Asian girl there, a soccer player, at the party. And, you know how girls can be at first. They're a little shy. But, once I was talking to her, and pulled out some of the 'ol icebreakers, I told her I had been accepted there and was thinking about coming here next year.

At that point, it was like – wow – dang, she *really* likes me a lot more now. It was like a switch flipped, and her eyes glowed when I told her that. She started talking to me about playing soccer with her, and I was like, "Yeah… I don't think so…"

But that was the moment I decided to go to school there. Pretty much, I figured I'd be an idiot to not go there and try to set a new world record for how hard one person can party while probably not dying. I mean, what else was I doing with my life? The guy I mention a few times, DS, who I said was "wise beyond his years" and "likes sex" told me very emphatically to go to the UC. I always did listen to his advice.

And now, for something completely different.

One time for some reason, I got arrested for a DUI when I had weed on me in the car. I had apparently "burned out" after getting off the freeway in a small, sleepy town (I didn't.) This was in 2012 - a few years *after* college – which made it feel *much* more catastrophic. It was when I was living at home with my parents, and I had learned that I was probably not actually *literally* invincible.

The weird part was that I wasn't even high when they arrested me, and I only had about five bucks worth of weed. They took my blood at the jail and made fun of how sad I was. They called me "sad panda", because I was literally frowning so much. It's true, I felt very, very sad.

They brought in a beautiful blonde girl wearing a black miniskirt, in her twenties, while I was in jail. My whole life, women always made eye contact with me much more than men, and I'm sorry everyone, but I just like them better. Now, obviously, I do fine in traditionally masculine settings as well. Places without locks on the outsides of the doors, preferably.

She was sad, too. She looked at me, and we smiled a sad smile at each other. She was like me. She didn't belong there, either.

I remember using toilet paper as a pillow before they let me out around sunrise after I was arrested around 10 P.M. I did not sleep. The other inmates were pretty cool, they felt bad for me. They could tell I didn't really belong there.

I walked home about 15 miles. They had taken my car. Locked out. I went to my mom's elementary school, which she still taught at and I had gone to, about a 5-minute walk from our house. She was my teacher in third grade. I took the back shortcut, which cut through the few acres with the old frog spawn pond I used to collect tadpoles and beautiful life from.

I sat on the grass, watching the kids. I knew people in the office would notice me, and I wasn't supposed to be there. I felt like a monster.

It was about lunchtime, and the kids were let out.

I went in my Mom's classroom, and hugged her.

"I fucked up, Mom, I'm sorry."

I cried, because I felt as though I had just about totally ruined my life at the time.

However, I ended up paying $1500 to a lawyer, as I obviously told people that yeah, sure I had weed, but I wasn't actually *high* or *drunk* for once at the time so the DUI charge might not stick. I had just gotten off work delivering pizza, and was going to smoke weed at my friend's house, but I wasn't high yet and hadn't smoked all day.

The lawyer re-tested my blood, and proved that I wasn't high. The case was dropped.

For the first time in my life, as I type this, I realize how absurd it all is. What the heck, dude. Not cool. "Sad Panda?" Fuck you guys, too.

Siddhartha and Charon: A Tale of Two Ferrymen, or, My Time as a CNA

The residents loved me. And I loved them. They were unique and special, in their own way. Sometimes they got mad, sometimes they were confused, sometimes they needed more help than others, but I didn't mind. Even the ones with dementia in memory care remembered me and knew my name.

I remember all of them, but some stand out. One was an older lady who had totally lost her mind, but I loved her. Her name was Pam. For the CNA stories, you can assume that I am using fake names. However, it doesn't matter, and no one can prove it either way. To be honest, I think these people deserve the dignity of at least having a name. They didn't really have anything else.

She would wander the halls at night sometimes, ranting and raving something about her son. Occasionally, she would tear her diaper into shreds and leave it all over the bathroom.

I always thought that was funny, like an anti-joke. *Tore up the diaper, haha. Let's start from here and see where we can get to.*

Sweep it up.

The anti-joke is that she didn't actually need them. She was continent. She just couldn't keep track of any clothes, so she was stuck with the gowns and briefs. That's why she would get frustrated and tear them up sometimes, I assume.

There was a blind lady who was black. She weighed close to 300 pounds and was in a wheelchair. She was solid, like a bowling ball. She had schizophrenia, and although not

malicious, she was completely delusional, and she lived in a totally separate reality from the rest of us. She would pray and talk to Jesus for hours at a time, which I found endearing.

However, she was also strong and unpredictable enough that she was in the "Danger Room", the closest room to the admin's office. She shared it with the actually, legitimately malicious and dangerous lady who would quite literally do her best to murder you with her long, dirty, poop-caked, fingernails. Her name was Dolly. I loved these two residents, it was one of my favorite rooms.

And they loved me. Dolly still tried to murder me sometimes, but I could tell she didn't actually mean it like she did with some of the other workers. When she would lunge for me and try to cut me, I would just dodge it, look at her, and talk to her. Ask her why she's doing that.

She would *almost* always end up smiling. Sometimes she would laugh and realize that she was being totally ridiculous. Snap out of it for a minute. Dolly was white, they were a Yin-Yang of confused evil and goodness.

Two polar opposites - a tiny, barren, hunched over, confused lady, as pale as the snow with hair silver like a rabbit's winter hide and narrow eyes of blue, and a loud, vivacious black bowling ball.

I mean, I did have to dodge a few swings, and she was quick enough to catch some of the other CNAs napping. For me, no sweat. Very good reflexes.

One time, she looked at me with love and joy in her clear blue eyes and silver hair, and laughed. She told me that she loved me. Called me her sweetheart. Not often at all, but sometimes at night she would completely come out of it and just be really sweet with me.

Dolly happened to love my piano playing, and that's a fact. She was a woman of culture, I could tell. She was once a kind, beautiful soul. Unfortunately, she was not able to find the words to express this, but I am quite adept at picking up on non-verbal cues. Her brain jittered and skipped when she tried to talk, but if I played for her she would instantly relax.

They were hilarious, I loved them. I never had any issues with them.

That reminds me of two more, Sally and Elizabeth. My other two favorite ones, and maybe even more favorite than these two. These two women were on my hall, the main one I took care of. So, I saw them almost every day. They were mine.

I'll tell you their stories, and it will be the first time anyone has ever heard them.

Elizabeth was another larger woman, somewhere between 250 and 300 pounds. She was either Mexican or Native American, and she had short hair that was fading between black and

grey. Obesity is a comorbidity to quite a few issues, and there's a reason that most of the younger people in nursing homes for life are also overweight. She was in her 50s.

However, for her, it wasn't that. She should have been fine physically on the outside, and many millions of women with her exact body type and weight are living at home with no issues. Something had happened to her, and it's almost always an accident involving some type of vehicle.

However, it didn't seem like that either for her. Nothing in her records gave any indication. She was a psych patient, in the second "Danger Room." The only other real one, that posed a genuine threat to a CNAs safety when they went in there. You could NOT send a brand-new CNA in these two rooms, it would never be done. It was like a horror movie for the other workers.

However, just like the other room, this one ended up becoming my favorite one on the whole hall. I never had an issue with either of them, over many years. Not one bad day with them.

Elizabeth would ask to get up out of bed sometimes, a laborious task involving the two-person Hoyer Lift I mentioned. CNAs do not really like to do this unless they absolutely have to because it's in the care plan or the resident demands it.

So, she would demand it, and they would get her up. Then, she would sort of flop herself out and lay on the ground. Now, nurses do NOT like this at all. In fact, if you ever find yourself in a nursing home and you do this, you will probably find about 5 nurses standing over you in a minute flat. However, if you do it again, and then again, you will find that they soon just look at you, write something down on a piece of paper, and go back to what they are doing.

They have now "documented" in your "care plan" that you refuse to use a wheelchair, and have placed yourself on the ground without harm. Legally, you are actually allowed to do this, and they are too. It's not a huge deal, but it's very, very rare and still makes people super uncomfortable. And, it turns out, that when the people from the office who wear fancy normal clothes come on out, and the doctors show up sometimes, and maybe even paramedics once in a while, that the nurse in charge still does NOT like this, even if you are technically allowed to do it.

So, one day, when I was fairly new still, I saw Elizabeth out on the ground, sort of on the porch. Laying in the grass, staring at the sky. I thought this was really weird, so I went over to her, and I sat next to her.

"What's up?"

She looked at me. She didn't know me that well at the time, but she knew that her roommate, Sally, let me take care of her. That didn't happen with anyone else, really. She evaluated me with pure anger, sadness, and a sort of hatred in her eyes, then they softened. She decided

that she could trust me, I wasn't going to hurt her in any way. Smiling has that effect on people.

"Laying in the grass."

This was right below the Administrator's huge glass window. It didn't look good, and I knew that. She was about to be my resident for the next 8 hours. So, I basically explained to her that people are about to get mad at me, and she isn't really supposed to put herself out of the chair and onto the grass. I also explained that we use the cushioned beds and pillows to prevent bedsores, which she is at high risk of, and grassy dirt is not a good surface to lay on. Once you get a bedsore at 250 pounds in a wheelchair, it's pretty much game over. You can't heal from that, and it happens in just about the worst place possible. She understood that.

The thing about her is that although she was a psych patient, she wasn't delusional or out of touch with reality. She knew what day it was, what time it was, where she was, why she's there, what year it is, who the president is. All the questions the doctors ask. They call it "A and O x4."

If it weren't for whatever paralyzed her, she wouldn't be there. And I never did find out what. No one there even knew. It would have been a very, very terrible thing to ask her. In fact, I could tell based on her mannerisms and what she told me that someone had done it to her intentionally in one way or another. She was an abuse victim, and it had led to her paralysis.

Now, she lived in her room alone with Sally, whom I will also describe. While Elizabeth was kind to me, she was unstable and would have violent outbursts. She was also quite strong, stronger than me probably, and could do serious harm to pretty much any other CNA. I understand that before I was there, this used to happen with her a lot more.

When she would see you, no matter who you are, visceral fear would cross her face. She had wide, doe eyes, that would flash with fear as soon as she saw you. For me, it only lasted a microsecond. These are called "microexpressions" and reading them is one way that I always know what people are thinking. They flash for just about one frame when you feel a new emotion or change your mind, a subliminal message revealing your inner thoughts for all to look at but few to see.

So, I asked her if I could take her back to bed. She agreed. That time, I used two people, and rolled her over on her side. I tucked the rolled-up sling under her, and turned her back around towards me, unraveling the curled-up portion I had left just past the middle of her body. Attach it, and get her back in the chair. Lift the legs (heavier than you think) and put them in the footrests. Back to the station.

I ended up getting her a psych referral, because I felt that the non-existent psych care at our facility wasn't adequate for her. This can be tricky, because if you do this wrong, nurses will not be happy with you. Paperwork. However, if you approach the right nurse from a position of

love and kindness, and explain why you think this would actually tangibly improve the patient's life, nurses and therapists are almost always happy about it by the end of the conversation.

So, she went out, and came back a few weeks later. Maybe two months. And guess what, she was completely normal. Before, she was dark, cloudy, and troubled. She had a lot of trouble communicating, and would get frustrated, leading to the outbursts. Now, she was calm and pretty much a decent patient. No more issues.

She always thanked me for that. She really, really liked me. She was deeply attached to me, and I really enjoyed talking to her.

Byt, there she stayed. With Sally. She had been there for many years, and when I left that facility she was still there. Sally was much older than her, but she could very well still be in that same room at this very moment, contemplating another three decades of the same thing every day. The same bed and wheelchair.

Now Sally, she was a real character. She was so absurd and cartoonish that she was my favorite resident out of any I've ever had. She was, quite honestly, one of the most hilarious people I have ever met. She was also extremely tragic, as well as absurd. She was sheer, 100% *art*.

She was the most violent and malicious person in the building, even worse than Dolly, and I will tell you why. Only I knew why she was like that, and as soon as I explained it to people, they immediately understood her and felt bad for her, especially the women. So, here is the story of Sally.

Now Sally would try to *cut* you. She would punch, kick, and, worst of all, she would *bite*. She would try to break your skin, and she knew that meant you'd have to leave the room and go file a report on it. Game over – she won. You *won't* be back.

So, it would take two or three of them to get her changed, with some exceptions, and this room often needed a full bed change for both of them when I showed up. That would be what I started with when I first came to that hall, but by the time I left about three years later, their behavior had significantly improved and even the other CNAs liked them, too. By the time I left, the beds were always clean when I showed up.

So, I'll censor this part, as to not offend anyone's sensibilities. If the point hasn't been made clear, Sally *really* wanted you to leave her room. No matter what. It did not matter who you were or what you looked like. She would come up with the most horrible thing to do or say possible to get you to leave her alone. And the worst thing she could come up with was the word, "N***er."

And, I know it's not funny, but sometimes, all you can do is laugh. Sally was a tiny, hunched over white lady like Dolly, but she had more severe scoliosis or some sort of curvature of the spine. She *never* got out of bed, and did not really take showers (bed baths, if you're lucky.

Good luck getting the fingernails. I gave her a total of less than five real showers in a shower chair.)

Sally was curved like a question mark. She, quite literally, was a human question. A semicircle. She laid in bed sort of in the fetal position, and needed to be turned from side-to-side now and then with the heels floated (bed sores.) In fact, she may have been one of the only residents who did not even have a wheelchair in the room, because it was just not at all a possibility with her.

So, she would rant and rail, and hurl the worst verbal abuse possible at the nurses and CNAs. Some of them would laugh, and there were some who were much more offended than others. Some would refuse to care for her. Some did their duty in grim silence. However, I knew it was (obviously) all just an act.

Sally was seriously confused and had advanced-stage dementia, but the violence and hatred was, 100% - for sure - an act. She would flash sometimes, and I would see the real her – scared, confused, and violated. She just wanted to be left alone, so that we would stop making her do things she didn't want to do.

She eventually grew comfortable with me and dropped the act. She never once resisted me when I told her I had to change her, change her gown, change the bed, and maybe even wipe her hands, face, and armpits down a little bit.

However, she would grumble and mutter under her breath. She was pretty hard of hearing, and I don't think that she knew I could hear her. Sometimes, she would talk to me, and then be surprised when I responded to her and had a conversation with her. Eventually, she remembered me, and would say, "Oh, it's just you."

Now, I have to think for a minute here, and remember exactly what dark, horrible secrets she would whisper to me in the dark. Here's a tip, especially for the night shift – do NOT turn the light on in these people's rooms when you go in it. Use your phone flashlight, and don't sneak up on them.

She told me an awful story in little bits and pieces, of being a little girl in a farmhouse. Virginia, I think. Her dad coming in her room and raping her. This would have been in the 1930s.

Violating her, as a child, in her bed. No escape. Nowhere to run or hide.

In fact, she would slip in and out of thinking I was him sometimes – someone meant to care for her who was there to violate her, as obviously I had to undress her, change her gown, change her, and get her clean after eight hours of lying in bed. This did not happen frequently, but often enough that I was able to analyze it. By the time I left, it happened slightly less frequently.

When this would happen, which was primarily when I would work doubles and come in at around 2 or 3 A.M., which meant she was likely coming out of a dream state, she would tell me things. They were things like how I am a piece of shit who belongs in prison, and to "just get it over with." Stuff like that.

She would say things like, "You're sick, how can you do this to a little girl", and accuse me of enjoying it, mocking me for taking pleasure in her humiliation, stripping her of her only possessions and covers in the world – a few blankets, sheets, and a gown. I always diffused this tension, obviously, and she usually came around once she saw the clean sheets and clothes (show them these before you start.)

For some reason, she knew that violence wouldn't work on me, but, in her feverish, demented mind, she was a little girl in the farmhouse, and I was *obviously* her dad, coming in her room to rape her again, as he clearly had done – *night* after *night*.

It was, honestly, *fucking horrific*, but I understood where she was coming from. She was like this because someone broke her in a way that left indelible marks even after she had completely lost her mind to dementia. In fact, it imprisoned her and tortured her every single day and night. Someone threw her on the ground and shattered her. Locked her in a cage and raped her. It was clearer than crystal.

I was able to explain this to people in a quiet way that they understood, and even to a black nurse I worked with (excellent nurse named M), who had been pretty offended by Sally's choice of racially derogatory terminology. And, you know what, she actually understood, and it completely changed how she saw her.

Empathy and kindness towards my resident increased, and her quality of life improved, though it is still quite poor overall. One thing I have found is that if people are willing to listen to me explain things, I can just about always get them to see my point. Sally and Elizabeth were mine. They were in my hall.

I have never once in my life tolerated bullying or abuse of other people, and I always stood up for the principles I believe in, which chiefly include treating others the way you would want to be treated – with dignity and respect. All life, and even all non-life, like rocks, deserve that. Why would they not?

Once, at a different facility after I had moved to be with Witness 2, I had to report to the state that a female resident told me that "a male nurse with a bald head had shown her his penis", and that's an exact quote.

She wanted to tell the receptionist, who was nice and would sit with them, but it was a weekend. However, once she figured out this wasn't an option, she trusted me enough to tell me, I assume because she knew I would do the right thing. This was with the nurse A, on the

therapy wing, who I write about a little more later (the panniculus story – there's a hook for you.)

Now, this resident was child-like, but not confused or disoriented, so I took it extremely seriously. I did what had to be done, and reported it. Well, I told the nurse what she said, and she asked me what I think we should do. Do not go over people's heads, it's a common courtesy. She already knew the answer, as did I, obviously. This is called the "social contract."

I told her that we are legally obligated to file a report on it with the administrator as mandatory reporters with state licenses, and since the resident isn't confused, it simply must be taken seriously with no exceptions. It didn't necessarily seem *likely*, at all, but you just never know with these things.

Psychopaths hide among us like wolves.

The only male nurse with a bald head that had ever worked there was escorted out pretty much right away. I have no idea what the outcome of that was, and I felt bad, but I didn't have a choice. This resident was named Angel.

Her name just came to me, I had forgotten it – Janice. This is the loud, vivacious, blind, schizophrenic bowling ball. I liked to do their room last, as a fun little detour for the end of my shift. One day, a fellow CNA, a rough but beautiful lady with tattoos and many children who smoked and had been doing this job a long, long time, came to me.

She told me that they had a hard time with Janice the other day while I was off. Yelling, screaming, physical violence, the whole ordeal, which happened a few times a week.

Apparently, Janice was yelling my name. My exact, specific name, which I had never told to her. She could hear, if you leaned in *real* close and sort of yelled, but she was schizophrenic and blind, so I assumed she had no grasp on our reality at all. I had *never* told her my name - it wasn't really within the realm of possibility.

That deeply touched me, and it also intrigued me, because I didn't even know that she knew it.

In that nursing home lobby, I believe that music opened up doors for people as musical therapy, just like King David did in the Bible, and brought peace to people. Made their brains feel better. And that's all I've ever wanted to do, remember – make one good song that will inspire people. To show them that there is something more than this out there – once and for all.

The music store in the Bay Area I worked at for a few months before they fired me wanted me to sell these janky, toy-like wooden hollow-body basses with black rubber strings. My favorite thing about this job is it was the only other time in my life where I could see the ocean from my bedroom, and this time I even had it all to myself. It was beautiful in the mornings when the sun would hit the old sugar factory, and the boats would blow their horns.

I ended up telling a customer to buy a Fender Jazz bass with metal strings instead. I think they hated me (the owners of the store.) I didn't necessarily agree that black rubber strings, a hollow wooden body, and obviously cheap materials could produce a better bass sound than the metal strings and solid body electric basses people have been using for about 70 years on pretty much every record that has ever produced.

Well, they were pretty upset that I had said that, as they were about a hair's breadth from going under due to Musician's Friend and Guitar Center and the profit margin on the rubber string basses was, apparently, pretty good. Surprisingly.

There were three other workers there, and one was a young Hawaiian girl who was dating someone in their little circle. She didn't have a car, and riding the busses alone at night in the Bay Area can be lethal, so I would give her a ride home.

On the way home that night, I played a CD with a dubstep song I was working on (the one I mentioned with the first actual dubstep-sounding drop.)

By then, it had been about two years of trying to make dubstep (9 total playing music), so it wasn't great, but it still hit harder than anything else I've ever heard anyone else make.

I asked her if it was possible if, in fact, I might know a little bit more about the bass frequency spectrum than the store owners who hadn't played in a band in the '80s, weren't actually bassists, and were largely retired, given that I was a bassist for years in a band and made this dubstep drop that she's hearing.

She agreed. I'm pretty sure it was actually… really, really obvious. But I still got fired.

I felt like a monster. When I picked up my last paycheck, which was about $700 that I spent on heroin and crack cocaine with T-bone, I asked them if I was insane.

They told me that I was. Not her, she was cool. The other ones. That was another of the saddest moments of my life.

I had an old friend I used to play baseball with that I met up with around this named M. He was a pitcher too, but not as good as me. He had a good arm, and rocketed one at me by mistake. He really didn't mean to. I wasn't looking, and got a huge black eye. I mean, a real shiner.

They asked if I needed to go to the hospital, but I said I felt fine. And I did. *Ain't no bitch.*

And you know what, I still got a hit that night and made a catch in center field. "Keep your eye on the ball!" *Yeah, you're the third guy tonight who's thought of that one.*

My Dad took me after the game and they said my vision was better than their tests, in fact, better than 20/20. I always thought they were just messing with me, but according to my research I just did right now as I edit this sentence, this is actually a real thing.

Anyways, during this really dark phase one time I met up with this guy, M and one other dude. We did these opiates together and laughed, how we reminisced.

A few months later, an opiate deal went wrong, and M was stabbed. In the heart. To death. This was a *huge* deal in my hometown, and one of the worst murders there in quite some time. The guy didn't even try to hide, he just went home after. I'm keeping it vague here, but this story is true.

He said he thought *he* was being set up, but I know this guy M, and that is *bullshit.*

I was really, really glad I had seen him right before that. He was a shiny, happy dude. Everyone loved him. Hilarious type of guy. Class clown, but everyone loved him. It was awful.

I remember at the baseball games, he knew how to snap his tongue inside his mouth so loud that it would echo around the whole stadium. Like a gunshot. It fascinated me. That was one of the first sounds I had never heard before, and I've still never heard it since.

I rode the bus to school for a year or two in Middle School. I planned out a pretty good line for when I got on, because I knew every single person would comment on my massive black eye.

"Yeah, you shoulda seen the other guy."

You Can't Jump a Jet Plane

After they kindly informed me that I am, in fact, insane and I left the music store with my last paycheck, I considered buying a plane ticket to Argentina out of San Francisco airport. However, the weather there was colder than I expected when I looked it up.

There was no place for me here. Defunct. Worthless. *Insane*.

I felt like trash, discarded at the side of the road.

This is about when I was screaming at God, asking him why he gave me this insane desire, this compulsion to sit in front of a laptop making music if there was no point to it. If it ruined my whole life. If no one would even listen to it, much less buy it.

I could have had it all, and I threw it all away to learn about this stuff.

Why?

It was absurd. It didn't make sense.

That was one of the worst experiences of my life, and I felt like a complete failure. I moved back home, and this is when I left to work in the Grand Canyon.

I studied the art of music completely – totally. I engorged myself with it. Music is not just vibrations - it's a lifestyle, it's much more than that. It's everything.

There were moments of magic there, when I would listen to my own songs. I always believed that one day it was possible that someone else would want to listen to them and believe in them, too.

If I could create something that is genuinely the best song of all time, something like they've never heard before, I could change the world. But more than that, what I really wanted was for people to listen to me for once in my life.

All my life, in a general sense, people have made me feel like my ideas are foolish and irrational. I'm not quite sure why. People made me feel valued, and it wasn't antagonistic, but no one ever took me seriously – until I actually got to be pretty good at playing music. When it didn't sound like anything they had ever heard before.

As much as I love John Lennon, and I will always understand him, it's true – he was kind of an asshole, and he wasn't willing to put his life or career on the line to truly speak truth to power. Also, at that time, it was all a lot more concealed and mysterious, and he didn't have the full story. Wikipedia didn't exist yet, so he probably didn't even know about MK Ultra.

He grew rich and famous beyond belief, and at one point could have been the most powerful man in the world. He could have led millions, billions, to a better way of life with his music.

But he didn't. Maybe, he wasn't ready. More likely, the people weren't ready yet.

But they're only not ready until they are ready.

And that's how my songs came out – slowly. One after the other, by this point thousands.

Bit by bit, they sounded better. They finally stopped sounding "different." People wouldn't necessarily know if it was my song, versus one from the radio. I finally learned what a compressor does.

Basically, it equalizes peaks on the waveform, such that the bottom of it is brought up in volume while the top is held in place or reduced. It has the genuinely magical effect of making

almost anything sound "better" at first. Every track in an audio file needs at least one compressor, and while I don't always EQ MIDI tracks, almost every track should have an EQ, too.

I did learn that at the music school in a classroom, I have to admit.

There was a summer camp I went to twice. I met someone like me there. His name was M, and we were friends. There was a counselor there, a young woman. Everyone really liked her, and all the boys wanted to be around her. She thought that me and him were funny and cool, and to be honest, we were. We both played guitar, sort of like my roommate C in the Grand Canyon, who is also quite funny and cool. They looked, actually, like brothers.

Anyways, me and this counselor developed one of those classic summer camp-type relationships, as you do, and at the end of the week there was sort of a final night talent show. It was fun. So, I obviously played guitar even though I wasn't *that* good yet, and I made up for it with stage presence. At the end of it, I kneeled down and I gave this counselor a ring pop, and proposed to her. I asked her if she wanted to "elope with me." She said yes. Humor comes from the unexpected – no one expected that. It was great. Brought the house down, really.

That's the key to humor, pitching, conversation, seduction, writing, music, making money (so I would assume, at least), and pretty much everything else. Keep them guessing. Show them something they've never seen before. Mystify them and give them the show they know you *know* they want deep down. Everyone wants a good show, this is part of our deep nature.

I also pulled out some of the old tricks from my band at high school. No crowdsurfing, obviously, but some of the other crowd favorites. I think I played guitar with my mouth like Hendrix, actually, which was – you guessed it – hilarious.

Oh yeah, I did that little behind-the-back move where you brace the guitar on your neck and play backwards, too. Haha, shit. I barely pulled it off. I haven't thought of these memories in years. By the way, sorry, to the counselor whose guitar I used. I knew what I was doing with your Strat. It had to be done.

I thought of the rock stars of my youth. Free, proud, sweaty, singing glorious songs under the anthem lights and arenas. Crowds of adoring, passionate fans, throwing money at them so no one could really control what they said or did.

What happened to us? How is it that we stand for injustices and bullshit like 9/11 now, and we aren't even allowed to talk about it? Genuinely, I'm asking through this book – *what the fuck*?

In this book, you will learn the full story of 9/11. The true story. The way it should be told, but hasn't been. This is the greatest story of all time. It is the last story in the universe.

You'll Find Out in 30 Years

9/11 isn't just a lie, it's a crime against humanity. The worst one ever. It absolutely needs to be brought to light in a courtroom and autopsied, torn apart and carefully examined once and for all. By all of us.

This will obviously never happen. You could say that the evidence was destroyed.

9/11 is the hill I am willing to die on. I am sure that what really happened that day is not what they told us. And I am sure that what really happened was far more sinister than anything you could possibly imagine in this moment. I spent 15 years of my lift studying it, for you. For these books.

As I studied, I delved into the mystery of dubstep – the way of the growl. It turns out, there's a whole lot to it. It's actually a symphony of electronic energy playing out across the speaker, and if you lose it for one second the whole dance comes tumbling down. It's incredibly difficult to get it to sound right, and I could never quite get the hang of it.

Like I said, dubstep is basically musical Black Magic. It's alchemy. It shouldn't exist, and yet it does. You *should not* be able to get these sounds by simply combining and modulating low-end frequencies, but you can. And they are *glorious*.

We truly have no idea why those sounds make us react in this particular way. There's so much energy in it, it's like a new lifeform. Like a wild horse, I grew to love and respect dubstep only when I tried to tame it. By now, I recognize it as equal to or even maybe greater than the guitar, although the guitar will always be closest to my heart.

Dubstep is a weapon of mass destruction.

A real one, not the fake ones that Colin Powell lied about at the UN that one time towards the end of this book.

Dubstep is God's weapon of mass destruction, distilled down to a puny, fun little human form.

You don't want to hear God's dubstep. You don't want to hear God's laugh.

Remember that a loud enough sound is just an explosion. A hypothetical speaker could play dubstep so loud that it would tear you apart.

Anyways, I kept working at it. I spent about one full year in 2018 compiling YouTube videos into playlists about music production, and I searched for everything I could find. Anything I didn't know or hadn't heard of, I watched video tutorials about it. I would watch them at 1.75x or 2x speed until I felt hypnotized and would fall asleep. I watched thousands of videos this way.

I took notes for the first time ever, about ten pages. I learned things. During this year, I didn't really make any songs. I simply studied how to make my songs better, and I did learn a lot. For once, I actually enjoyed what I was learning, because it was beautiful and true. I also learned sound design within Massive and other synthesizers.

My songs became better. Life was always very enjoyable, and I was happy.

There were still many forests, rivers, and lakes around. I liked them. One of my favorite things to do when I had to move back up to Northern California was to go to the lake that was by A's house with the barn and float in it.

One time many years ago, I drove past her house, just to see it – about five minutes from the lake. This was after I had just moved home for the first time from college. Her house was still there, but the life was gone. She had a huge, beautiful red Azaelia bush that swarmed around a boulder in her front yard, and they literally glowed in the sun. Huge flowers.

Once I took a picture of her, in 2008, throwing them above her head with the sun behind her wearing a beautiful green shirt and smiling with her eyes closed. She had dyed her long, thick hair a glowing purple-red, and she looked fantastic that day. It matched the flowers perfectly, and they crowned her in glory as she threw them to the sun.

Snap!

We sat on the boulder and smiled. The sun was perfect. That was a perfect day. We told each other we were in love.

The flowers were on the road now, and they were dying. The sun seemed cold, and her doors were closed. The house was empty, lifeless. As I left, I stared at the dying red Azaelia flower.

I wrote a song about it, and tied it to one of the first melodies I had ever written, back in high school:

Walking down the road,
I see your house, the doors are closed

And when I turn to go,
I see a flower on the ground

Just a spot of red

A painting of a perfect day

Lying here with here with you
I feel like something has changed

Forever

You can see these lyrics towards the end of this book, on the original page I wrote from that year.

I can still hear, see, and feel the original colors and textures from when I originally wrote that melody over 15 years ago. I remember the exact scene, where I was, how it looked, sounded, smelt, tasted, and felt. Not being able to share these words with you in their real form, tied to music, is a travesty.

Trust me, it's a lot better with the music.

The Fairest Queen

That leads me to her. Around 2015, I was living in Los Angeles and working at a preschool (washing my greasy hot plate in the shower.)

I was happy, I paid $900 a month in rent, which was tough but possible on my salary, and it was only about three miles from the preschool. I loved the kids, and they loved me. They called me "Mr. [my first name]", which was funny. Like the dementia patients, other people had trouble with them, but I just played them my music and they would do whatever I said to do. It was great, and I had an excellent time with them. I have always gotten along well with children, although, sadly, I am more jaded now than I was when I was a child.

My bosses seemed to like me, and it seemed well. It was a small, private establishment, ran out of a large, detached garage on a property in a nice part of LA near Santa Monica. I was happy.

I was careful not to act like a "loose cannon", and I executed my job functions with great care, dignity, and precision. There were no incidents, and no child was ever harmed while under my supervision. Multiple parents asked me to babysit overnight for them because they genuinely trusted me with their children, and I would do it for extra money.

Moreover, we genuinely had fun together. I taught them. One of the best days of my life was when we went to the library. We didn't usually go out, but we walked out into the street that

day. The library was right on the beach, it was beautiful and rich with books and activities for the kids. This was near Santa Monica.

I remember rolling around on the grass with the owner's son, who was about 3 or 4.

He was such a nice child, with long golden hair and huge brown eyes. He said he loved me, and I told him that I loved him too. I learned in my psychology classes that this is the appropriate response to a young child when they say that, as it fosters communication and trust. Builds bridges. However, it was true - I did love him. I have loved every person I have ever met. He really liked me, and I did my best to teach him. He was my friend.

I always felt like a failure because my music career hadn't panned out and now I was obviously poor and looked really dumb. I mean, when I told people my story, they would look at me like I was the dumbest person they had ever met. In fact, after this preschool job, I learned to never tell anyone the specifics of why I didn't finish college ever again. People were still nice to me, although I could tell they pitied me mixed with a bit of derision and contempt.

Inside, I quietly looked to the northern star of music, the melody that I have heard my entire life. *The Greatest Song in the World.*

Through years of careful research and study, I have deduced that G# is actually the best key to create music in, especially dubstep. That's because of where it sits on the frequency spectrum and how it has the greatest power to bring wood, magnets, metal, fabric – speakers, to life.

Speaking generally here - A is just a little too high, and D# and D are a little too low. G and E are obviously only for the guitar. F# is an excellent key for dubstep, but it's too sad. B and C are either too high or too low. G# is the best overall key. There is, for sure, a sweet spot on speakers where certain root keys sound better than others. The way it resonates and vibrates – it's the resonant frequency of the wood and other materials.

That music was sweet and pure, it was almost Holy. The vibrations were so distinct and full of life I could *taste* them. My songs still sounded muddy and jumbled, even 10 years after I started.

It's not too many notes… it's too many frequencies!

I was tasked one day with putting together a wagon. No problem, although I am admittedly not the most mechanically inclined person. *I can… probably do this*, I thought to myself.

Well, it turned out OK, but something wasn't right with the wheel and some sort of locking and turning function. It had to do with putting one part on before another part, and now that it was hammered on it was impossible to take off and fix. The wagon worked, but not as well as it could have. It had reduced functionality.

That very day, I had just broken through on what I considered to be one of my first "good" songs, when it comes to bass music. It's called H*omo Sapient, "*the wise ape", and I still have it, along with every other song I've made in the last 12 years or so (and backups.)

I owned no microphone, and used my laptop speakers to sing. I couldn't even record my own voice singing lyrics I wrote on my own track without reversing them to hide my shitty sounding vocals – this world had succeeded in stealing that from me. They took my voice. No one would listen. The song still came out pretty good, though.

Anyways, this was one of my better ones, and I knew it. One of my mentors told me once that I needed to make a song that "wouldn't be embarrassing to play at a party." That was over ten years ago, and it hurt my feelings, but I recognized the truth in it. There was a difference between the raw, produced, aggressive music that I heard at parties and mine. This one was much closer than it was when he said that. I could feel it.

Dubstep was a mystery I was determined to solve. Sometimes, people tell me that I play too fast or that there are too many notes in my songs. This actually happens, it's not just an *Amadeus* reference.

Before I understood production techniques, especially utilizing both mono and stereo tracks (always mono for bass due to phase cancellation issues, but again, no one ever told me that), my songs were too crowded. There *were* too many notes.

Anyways, back to the preschool. The owner called me out to the front porch to talk that afternoon, alone. I had a bad feeling, which was unusual.

The afternoon sun drifted lazily down through the beautiful trees and flowers of the front garden. A white gate with faded paint swung in the breeze, clinking a sweet song of metal for no one in particular. Her bushes were beautiful, huge and full in the LA summer. I love the honeysuckle smell from these white and purple flowers.

She looked at me seriously, and took off her sunglasses. They always really liked me, and I even worked through my lunch break watering their plants because I didn't mind, and I didn't really want to drive home or have anything else to do for an hour.

She sighed, and looked at me.

"[Witness 1], you know we love you, and we appreciate everything that you have done for us. However, we're going to have to let you go."

The air hung still in the breeze. Nothing moved.

I looked at her.

“W… what?”

It was a sound that shouldn't have happened again, my least favorite thing.

Deep down, I already knew. I don’t fit in anywhere.

“The wagon wasn’t right. We can’t fix it. You can come part-time in the mornings if you want to, but it can’t be the way it has been.”

I couldn’t afford my apartment only working there on part-time hours. I knew that they knew that. Without a college degree, it is practically impossible to support yourself in Los Angeles as an adult, which is a lesson I was learning very abruptly as I drove around in the mini Prius that I had leased to get from work back home.

There weren’t any other good options for me. All roads were closed without the glorious college graduation, the legendary diploma that proved you were smart enough to be allowed to be rich, and everything else.

I was devastated. Fired, again. *Fuck.*

Oh, how I wept. Bitter tears of frustration rolled down my face as I yelled to God and asked him, “Why? Why did you tell me to give up everything for these songs if no one would even listen to them???”

Well, I was T-boned, and I knew it. Still, no one listened to my songs or when I would try and tell them about 9/11.

I remember when I brought some Mexican friends I had made over to my apartment to do some drugs one time. I wanted to show them *The New Pearl Harbor*, and I gave a monologue about 9/11 and the illuminati. They could tell I was right, but they literally laughed at me. They weren’t trying to be mean, it was just a total joke to them. I was just a joke to them. What I believed in, and what I knew to be true, was just a joke to them.

So, I figured I might as well get the fuck out of here while the going was good. I got my first credit card and bought a one-way plane ticket to the Virgin Islands for about $750. I have deduced that this is the best place you can go be homeless without a passport and be reasonably protected as a US citizen. It’s not the worst plan I’ve ever heard, at least.

I’ve always wanted to see the Caribbean Sea and those islands down there. That is one of my remaining unfulfilled dreams.

So, I went to the pawn shop to sell some of my music gear so I could buy some real drugs, because I was sad that I would probably die in the Virgin Islands within about 6 months. I knew I couldn’t take all of my gear on the airplane with me, but I had bought a $300 bowie knife

(which I still have) and a handheld Taser stun baton, which I planned to check (still have that, too.)

This was a soft form of suicide for me.

As I pulled into the paid, underground parking spot near the pawn shop and began unloading it, a man called out to me.

"Whatchu got there, mayne?"

I have always gotten along very well with strangers. No matter what city I am in, what time it is, or who I am with, I have never even once felt at danger at any time in my life, except when I am around police officers. I have walked through the ghettos of Los Angeles at 3 A.M. buying drugs from strangers, and I never felt even the slightest bit of fear except when police cars would cruise by.

So, I told him that I was pawning my music gear because I lost my job and had to move. He offered me $300 for it and told me he would give it to his kids for Christmas, and that they would love the equipment. I took the deal.

I want to be clear here – I didn't pawn everything. What I pawned were my MIDI controller, my bass, and my amplifier, and that's what I sold to him. Overall, it was actually more than the pawn shop would have offered (now that I think about it, he might not have understood that MIDI controllers don't produce sound on their own. Whoops.)

Despite it all, it was one of the saddest moments of my life. I felt like I was ripping off pieces of my very soul and handing them to a stranger for these dumb pieces of paper.

My voice was stolen. My music was taken from me.

The most offensive thing I've ever posted online was a picture of Obama with a noose around his neck on Facebook. It was in the style of his "hope" picture, but it said "rope." I thought it was hilarious, and like I said, I didn't really care what anyone thought. I also thought it was really, truly funny to post about MK Ultra, Operation Northwoods, and 9/11 on Facebook (it was.)

Well, it was reported and taken down, but Facebook ended up agreeing with me and actually put it back up. That was *also* hilarious, and so I gloated on there. The guy who had given me this bass messaged me and told me how offended he was by this picture. They are Jewish, so this makes sense. He told me he wanted his bass back. I told him I sold it, and he told me I was a piece of shit and it wasn't mine to sell.

I felt pretty bad, but I figured we could call it even because I had unprotected sex with his daughter on a backyard swing after a party a couple years back. I mean, it had been literally 5

years since he gave it to me at that point, so I'd say legally I was the owner by then. And it's not like I had wanted to sell it, anyways.

The Virgin Islands

After I sold my MIDI controller and bass equipment to that guy, who was really nice, I drove my leased Prius to Skid Row, where there are about three to five blocks of a sort of tent city shantytown, with many people living there in poverty and disease. It's a conviction on humanity that these places are allowed to exist, people who have nothing, while others live in dignity and riches when they don't even deserve it. And they can't even share the crumbs with the desperate and needy.

I walked around there with some of the cash sort of visibly held in my hand. Like I said, no matter where I am, no matter what city I am in, time it is, or people are around me, I have never once felt scared or in danger once in my life - except when I am around police officers. If you do this, people in these areas will know that you want to buy drugs, and they will approach you.

It's a sad story, but that's just life sometimes.

Someone from the tent city came up to me and asked me what I was looking for.

"Party favors," I replied - with a smile.

This was my go-to line when talking about purchasing hard drugs from strangers, and it actually almost always works.

He asked me if I was a cop, and I told him, "No." T-bone also asked me that, but I knew him better. I told T-bone that I wasn't a cop, I was just a stupid kid who didn't know what the fuck he was doing who wants to feel happy again. Saying that here would have been oversharing.

He sort of quickly lifted up my shirt and felt around my waist for a badge, gun, or handcuffs, which I obviously didn't have. They sold me the drugs – crack and heroin, I was always much more into downers than uppers, but I also enjoy variety and there wasn't much of a selection - and I went home and did them. The customer is not *always* right, it turns out.

I drove very, very carefully home to work on music, and I chased the 'ol dragon with some tinfoil. Do NOT inject drugs. Your body has these neat things called mucous membranes that

are, believe it or not, designed to filter out impurities. As always, as soon as I opened up Ableton Live, I saw something that made sense. I worked on *Homo Sapient*. I felt better. It was real. It was true.

"I could change the world with this software," I mumbled to myself.

Drugs work very well to ease emotional pain, and I felt great. Overall, this was another of the best experiences of my life, and I really appreciated all the free time to work on my songs and get to know myself without all the distractions of day-to-day life.

Also, at this time, I saw Witness 2 for the first time. I remember distinctly the moment I first saw her. It was a gray morning with the ocean fog resting before the sun burned it off in LA, and it was a picture on my phone.

I was halfway across the preschool lawn when I opened it, and she was beautiful. She was perfect. I finally found her – my perfect woman. Every single physical feature that I looked for in a woman she brought to the fullest degree. She was my ultimate archetype.

I mean, her beauty sings like the song of a thousand suns, plasma thundering in arches and swoops for millennia. Deep, shuddering beauty – a terrifying beauty. The kind of beauty that could kill you. Like God's laugh. A beauty that could start a war.

She was my perfect being. The One for me. My real twin, my soulmate. Everything I had ever looked for in a woman, rolled into one sweet little package. And not only was she beautiful like a blonde '50s pinup girl – my ideal aesthetic - but she listened to my songs. She *liked* them.

Plus, not only *that*, but she knew about 9/11, and she agreed with me that it was obviously the Synagogue of Satan International Organized Crime Syndicate and our own government who were behind it due to a cornucopia of political, economic, and military goals all aligning at once in a cynical corporate nexus of greed, death, and destruction.

She was the first person in my life who heard me say that and didn't make me feel insane.

And, she liked my songs.

I *loved* her.

For the first time in my life, I understood what deep, true, perfect love was – the kind that lasts longer than a lifetime. I had to have her. I would stop at nothing, every waking moment would be devoted to making her fall in love with me as I was in love with her.

Obviously, she could never know this. On the other hand, I decided to take a gamble and ask her to marry me the first time we talked on the phone, and tell her that I was actually in love

with her. I think it worked, and she was intrigued. Use this icebreaker sparingly. Thread the needle of absurdity. It works.

So, once I had gotten to know her, I played it cool and I told her I had just gotten fired and bought a plane ticket to the Virgin Islands on a credit card to go die in a treehouse.

She was sad, but she understood. I also was in the process of helping her become Christian through the same process of genuine, good faith reasoning and inquiry - Socratic method-type stuff - that had worked on me.

I knew that it meant that I would lose her forever, but I also knew that there was no place remaining for me in this world.

Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man has nowhere to lay his head.

My plan was to construct a treehouse until I was arrested and eventually sent to jail. I remembered the genuine tranquility of when I used to climb trees as a child, and sometimes in college. It actually is quite nice up there in the arbor. It's like a house. A tree house. With a seat, that's called a branch. Do not fall off the seat.

I really didn't know what to expect, but I figured as a last resort I could always just escape out of jail, head to the beach, and stop eating until my body shut down.

There are monks who used to do that – at the end of their lives, they would eat only honey, pine resin, sap, leaves, and pine needles, gradually working out the more organic things in favor of just resin and needles.

They're alive, but over time, their body slowly turns into something else, calcifying them in the same meditative pose they spent most of their lives in. They remain in *stasis*, as long as they are preserved in a cool, dry environment - held forever a perpetual statue that people show honor to. It's a beautiful thing.

A whole life, devoted to seeking truth, finding wisdom, and serving others peacefully. Not causing harm intentionally - while possessing nothing.

You can even read a Wikipedia article about a famous one of these human statues in Thailand who wears sunglasses because your eyes won't survive this process:

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Luang_Pho_Daeng

Imagine sitting there, hundreds or thousands of years ago, slowly contemplating, as the drone of inevitable death works its way up your spine. There's nothing you can do to stop it anyways, might as well go out in the coolest way that you know how to and leave a perfectly preserved,

mummified human corpse that could last almost forever if properly cared for as a reminder of who you were. I mean, why not? What else are people doing with their lives?

I can imagine it growing louder inside their skull, deep throaty vibrations from the source of life itself as life leaves their body - not suddenly, but gradually. A conscious process.
In fact, I can hear it right now. The death drone. I wonder what music they heard.

I decided that I needed to drop off the rest of my instruments where I grew up. When I got there, I thought about talking to her versus the beach and homelessness. I called up the airlines and had them extend the tickets for a few weeks, so I could decide.

Well, I knew that I would never meet another girl like her. And even if I did, once you go homeless… well, you know. I thought deeply and talked to her all day long, and I decided that I might as well stick around where I grew up one more time and work that CNA job for a while before going to die. After all, these islands are *pretty big*, right? Probably won't be *going anywhere* for a while, right?

I figured if it didn't work out with her and I had a bad day or something, I could just hop on right down there anyways in about 20 hours flat. It's true, you are legally allowed to do that.

So I stayed, and I worked on my songs, and I loved my job, and I loved her. I couldn't stop thinking about her. From the moment I woke up to the moment I got off work and called her we would talk. She lived a few states over, a few thousand miles. Pretty far.

I realized one day that I genuinely couldn't live without her – I didn't know what I would do. Who would I even be making the songs for, if not for her?

I decided that it was ridiculous, and I couldn't live like this any longer, as I was losing my sense of self. So, I decided to do the only thing I could think of – I delivered an ultimatum that if she didn't decide to be with me and leave him by August, I was going to have to stop talking to her forever. Women love ultimatums, they just don't know it yet.

I waited for her for four years while I worked at the nursing home, and we talked every night. She knew my flaws and she loved me anyway. She saw me, and I saw her. She asked me why I didn't finish college, and I said it was because I didn't consent to this bullshit society.

That it isn't all just OK with me, so I burned my life to the ground - to study music. It was not one of my more profitable decisions, but most of them aren't. She understood that better than anyone else ever did.

The ultimatum worked and she wanted to meet me in Las Vegas. We slept together ten and a half times in three days.

So, I gave them an 11-day notice at the nursing home and told the owner of the cabin, which was really nice and close to a lake, that I was leaving to go marry a girl in a different state.

Obviously, they told me that this is a totally insane thing to do and I shouldn't do it. However, I explained to them that I am actually an insane person, as they told me in the music store when I asked. Then, they all understood where I was coming from. I told them, "Sorry, baby. It's true love. What're ya gonna do?"

On my third-to-last night of work, my car exploded. This was a Civic, silver. Metallic and shiny, which I drove during the California CNA job. I was happy that it didn't happen while I was driving through the remote desert between her state and California, which would have been an actual crisis that could have killed me.

At this time, I gave away about 5 pounds of weed to some of my friends, which was about $2,000, and a really, really nice bong. I didn't mind, I couldn't find anyone to buy it on such short notice, and I planned to quit and sober up on the drive over. They call that "white-knuckling."

I drove off, and the storms were beautiful as I crossed the desert. I stayed on the phone with her most of the way. I think that if I lost her, or she changed her mind, I probably would have had a heart attack and died right there on the road.

Well, I "white-knuckled" my way through sobering up on that drive for the first time in years. It wasn't perfect when I got there, but I have come a long way on my journey towards sobriety. I have not done any drug other than weed since 2016. The last time I willingly took psychedelic drugs was in 2016.

Now, years later, my beautiful, perfect wife tells me that I am the product of MK Ultra experiments. Then, she tells me that we are in the Bible, and that means that I have to die in the foreseeable future, and I won't get to live out my life with her and our son, who I am teaching to be the greatest musician that has ever lived.

Then, I realize that it's actually the most tragically beautiful and cool thing I've ever heard. Then, I start to believe it, because of the megadose.

She's right. I have always been willing to lay down my life for the principles that I believe in – which are namely:

- That 9/11 was an inside job and part of a pattern of false flags and state sponsored violence perpetrated by the US government, private bankers, and various intelligence agencies, which I call the Synagogue of Satan international organized crime syndicate, all coordinated in order to pull off the greatest money laundering scheme ever imagined -

displacing trillions of dollars of stolen WWII gold that should have belonged to the people.

- That the Bible is the 100% true Word of God and was written by God, and my empirical research based on actual evidence, facts, history, and logic has proven it.

- That Witness 2 is literally the most perfect and beautiful out of any of God's creations, surpassing even the supernova, and out of any conceivable timeline, dimension, or universe, she is the most attractive person that could ever exist.

- 8 men should not own as much wealth as half the world. (https://www.oxfamamerica.org/press/just-8-men-own-same-wealth-as-half-the-world)

However, I'm definitely not doing it unless people actually read this book. So, I'd like to thank you for your time.

Allow me to elaborate a little bit. I have always known, my whole life, that Republicans are evil. They lie all the time, and they scheme and murder people for money. This is just common-sense type of stuff. We will get to that, but I want to cover one little quick item first upon editing:

Yes, almost all Democratic politicians are evil too, but this book isn't about them. I don't think I have enough free time to compile a list of the crimes of both parties, to be honest. No one does. The Republicans, however, are much more overt about it.

So, no, this is not a book about Democrats, but I am also *not* absolving them of their many sins and crimes. I just *do not care* nearly enough about them to write a book about them. They are pathetic, weak, and stupid.

I am *not* a Democrat, nor do I support them in any way. In fact, I'd like to take this opportunity to deliver my first and only message to the Democratic Party:

"Fuck you guys, too. Assholes. You know what you did."

That is the second-to-last time I will ever write about the Democratic Party. The last time is not too much further down.

Republicans, on the other hand, are both clever and evil, as well as devastatingly sneaky and dishonest. They are far more dangerous and must be examined closely and understood first before anything can change with the Democrats.

In fact, by any sort of rigorous epistemological standards at all, the Democratic Party, as far as I can tell, does not actually exist.

The Republican party, however, exists. For sure. I can quantifiably observe, measure, test, feel, and prove their negative effects on the world and the insanely high amount of harm they have caused the world in even my short lifetime.

The fact that they not only *got away with it all*, but they laugh at us and mock us about it, is *enraging*.

And yet, apparently, I'm not even allowed to TALK about it. I'm not even allowed to QUESTION it. Over time, I grew angrier with society for what I perceived as a variety of injustices, lies, and absurdities.

But, that's the way she goes. Way of the road. Nothing I can really do about it, I figured. No one ever listens to me, and no one ever will. They won't even *listen* to my music, so they'll never *pay* for it, which is the only thing that would have ever allowed me to live the life I really wanted.

They *definitely* won't listen to me if I tell them they are wrong about almost everything they believed. I have discovered that most people do NOT like when you do that.

So, I covered my anger with soil, and I grew flowers. I loved my residents, and I taught children. More than anything, though, I worked on my songs. And I wanted to make just one good dubstep song before I died.

That was my dream, and honestly, for about a decade I could never do it.

It's hard. And I'm not talking "learning how to play eruption" hard, because that's just a series of steps that are right there and it's been done for 50 years. I mean hard like only a handful of people on the planet can make these sounds by hand, with just themselves.

It seemed impossible.

The Greatest Song in the World

I would never make it. My dreams were a failure. The only person who believed in me was my beautiful wife, at this point a distant daydream. We have a beautiful son now, and I'm teaching

him using a high-information music curriculum that I learned from Rick Beato's YouTube channel.

He is a musician who played high-information music for his son from about 20-weeks in utero to the age of four or so, and obviously let him get hands on with instruments, play around with them whenever he wanted to. Music was always there, just like it is for me. I am always playing music. Every day, every moment, I think about how to make the perfect song.

With his son, Dylan, it turned out that not only did he have perfect pitch, but he has superhuman memory and language skills. He could memorize Pi to 500 places and learned the whole periodic table by memory in a few days, or maybe hours. He can multiply 5-digit numbers in his head. Obviously, he can tell you what notes are being played at any given time.

Now, this result requires personal, focused, hands-on development. Babies are tuned to pay attention to what their parents pay attention to, and to mimic us. Without the parent or caretaker there with them, the child will not recognize music as significant, and thus, will not pay attention to it. All children would have perfect pitch if all parents were musicians.

Apparently, they might also be smarter. It has to do with recognizing patterns. Music is, quite literally, a series of fractal-based patterns, and this enhanced pattern recognition, along with enhanced executive control function in the prefrontal cortex, means that these children raised with high-information music and musician parents could turn out to be quite different than their peers. A new species, sort of. The transcendence of man, maybe.

I wrote a short booklet on this experiment with my son and my findings on perfect pitch, which we will talk about more later.

I have exposed our son, who is now four, to high-information music for an average of about 20 hours a day from the initial 20 weeks gestation age to the current date. Obviously, some days this fluctuated, but I achieved this by using a dedicated iPod for him at night and by saturating his meals, daytimes, playtimes, and exercises with background music.

Diana Deutsche is a researcher and professor for UCSD, and Rick Beato cited her as his main confirmation he found for his original ideas and research. This makes a lot of sense, because she is the world's leading expert on perfect pitch and auditory illusions, and has written the seminal works on these subjects.

All children would have perfect pitch if all parents knew how to implement this and were musicians. Apparently, these children might also be *smarter*.

Dr. Kuhl's work is the key, though – it's much more than just perfect pitch or native musical fluency, this is a revolution in cognitive neuroscience, infant and prenatal neurodevelopment, and overall, our prefrontal cortexes themselves. Where we learn to be human. This is how we solve the *eudaimonia* question. Music is *good for the brain*.

She says that they become *better* at recognizing patterns, among other positive effects. What I'm getting at here is seeing the fractal from the outside-in. She believes that through the power of music, we can get so much better at seeing the patterns and repeating fractals in everything, we can *almost begin to tell what is coming next.*

It's almost like there might be a better way to live than this, and maybe someone should do something about it.

Now, Witness 2 is the smartest person I have ever met, and the only person I have ever met who had a 4.0 GPA all the way through high school and her Master's Degree (yes, I have seen the transcripts.) Her focus is on reading education and teaching English, so she is a very helpful resource for all of this.

She is genuinely the smartest person alive in my opinion, except maybe for me. Only, everyone always made me feel stupid. Until a few days ago, I thought this story was one of abject failure and rejection. Now I see the hope. If you believe in this story, it can come true.

So far, the experiment with my son has been successful, and I verified that he had perfect pitch by the time he was two years, three months, two weeks, and one day old. He was able to tell me what notes were playing on the training videos I would show him were without seeing them. That made me happy, and I smiled. I liked that. It made sense. It was logical.

His brain is special, because I made it that way. I spent thousands of hours on it because my new goal was not to create the greatest song in the world, but to create the greatest musician in the world. I figured if anyone could do it, it would be me in this situation, and really, what else was I doing with my life? I gave up on my dreams to try to impart them to my child, as one does. It would be fun, and it was the one skill I can give him. It's powerful, like I said. Music is an excellent persuader.

Then, she told me that God spoke to her and told her the world was ending and we were prophets from the Bible. Now this really surprised me, because she is quite a sane, logical, intelligent, and rational person. It didn't seem like it could possibly be true. But she is my darling wife whom I love, so I considered it in good faith.

Hmmm… well…

I refused to believe in what she said fully, because it seemed delusional. I was deeply concerned, Dear Reader, and I feared for my darling wife. Remember, also, that she is literally the sustenance that keeps my soul alive and without her I will wither away and die like an empty husk.

It couldn't possibly be true. I mean, come on. How could I be in the Bible if no one ever even listens to me? But she persisted, as well. And she built something beautiful, because she believed. Because God told her to.

I refused to let myself believe it. "Expect nothing, and you'll never be disappointed" was my motto, so I just carried on. I liked it, it was cool, the shoe fit, you know, but I just tried it on. I never wore it. I wanted to be Witness 1, but the story hadn't actually come to life. I hadn't received my new name.

The truth is I don't want to do this if it isn't true. I don't want to be a false prophet. I don't want to be blasphemous. I don't want to lie. In fact, I never have lied once throughout this whole book. Generally speaking, I tried my best to live an honest life and not lie to people, as I was taught from a very early age that after we died, books would be read in front of everyone about everything we ever did in our lives in front of God's throne, which really scared me quite a bit.

That always helped me know how to do the right thing in life when I was presented with moral issues. I didn't even want to be a pastor. I'm just obviously a musician, it's as natural to me as drinking water. I had given up on ever leading people. I honestly believed that no one except Witness 2 would ever listen to me, really.

Then, she told me that I am the product of an MK Ultra experiment, and honestly, when I write it out here, I can kind of see that. The acid is the giveaway. I never believed it, because it's obviously ridiculous, but I have to admit that it all adds up, and also, God told me that everything she has been saying is true.

Let me lend some credibility to the story, though it's a bit embarrassing. You see, there's an unfortunate side effect from drugs (which very unfairly only affects males) that affects sexual function and urination. Drug users are familiar with this issue, of course, but we don't talk about it. Sometimes, it's called "whiskey dick." Urination can also become difficult when under the influence of hard drugs or psychedelics.

Obviously, drugs are much more cool and interesting than sex, so this wasn't too much of an issue for me. However, it is still the worst part about doing drugs besides the hangovers, the addiction, how hard they are to find, the cost, and the angry police officers that you occasionally encounter while you are on them. Everything else about them is pretty decent, as far as I can tell. In fact, I have no idea why other people hate drugs so much.

Truthfully, I hate the tyranny of being a human being. I hate having to scrounge for food every day like an animal, to rely on killing, death, and factory farms to exist, and to be tied to bodily functions and toilets constantly, every hour of the day, never ending. It's disgusting and humiliating. Did I already say that?

As a previously heavy drug user, I am very familiar with my own "system", and the truth is, Dear Reader (and don't think less of me), there are times during this experience where I could only pee while I was in the shower with warm water running over me. I only add this unsavory anecdote because it's a dead giveaway for the psychedelic drugs (the side effect), making it clear to me that it's not a mental or spiritual state.

Psychotic breaks cannot make it so you can only pee in the shower, but acid and most other drugs will do that every time at high doses. It's undeniable. Scientific, even. The government dosed me because I wrote a book about 9/11. It's true. It's one of the funniest things that has ever happened to me, and I want to schedule it on a more regular basis, if possible.

Now, the acid is a dead ringer for MK Ultra, obviously, as that was one of the main points of research during the program. Basically, the government would hire prostitutes to set up meetings with johns off the streets, then they would have the woman surreptitiously dose her unsuspecting victim with a heavy dose of pure, strong, government-grade LSD, which was actually legal to possess for part of the time the program was running. ("Tune in, turn on, drop out", remember? Where was he at, Harvard?)

Then, they engaged in torture and various forms of sexual abuse, and even murdered some people, and the whole time their victims were losing their minds on psychedelic drugs without knowing it. Nightmarish stuff.

The Wikipedia article for *MK Ultra* reads as follows:

- Additionally, other methods beyond chemical compounds were used, including electroshocks,[3] hypnosis,[4][5] sensory deprivation, isolation, verbal and sexual abuse, and other forms of torture.[6][7]

One day, I noticed that someone had removed "sexual abuse" from this sentence. I really enjoyed showing people who were on psychedelic drugs this sentence and telling them that the government used to abduct people and dose them with acid and then *rape* them to freak them out (if you can scare someone, you can also make them do anything, which the government has used to great effect in examples like 9/11.) I'm not malicious or anything, but this is actually another really great conversation starter or icebreaker.

Anyways, this enraged me in my cabin. I was mad and I called up Witness 2 and bitched about it. I ended up going and finding a few primary sources about a rape during MK Ultra, linking it and editing the sentence back to its original form. It turned into a whole battle, where I was typing angrily about primary sources, and they eventually relented, saw my side, and allowed the sentence to stay as I left it. At the time, that was my one true mark upon the world – the one time I forced people to listen to me. My one indelible mark on the universe, which no one can take from me:

"The government rapes people."

And people think it's funny. They laugh at it. It actually doesn't make any sense to me. I mean, I can see why that's a funny sentence, but really, it's not funny at all.

Since Wikipedia can be edited by anyone, this was all public record and on the open internet. I ended up going back on the edits page a few years later, when I had moved in with Witness 2 and I found them. It made me laugh.

Anyways, my wife told me that I have to die in front of the world as a final sacrifice to bring about the end of the universe. At first I wasn't sure, but the longer I thought about it, the more it made sense to me. In fact, if I actually publish this book, I could *definitely* see that happening next. If this was a fictional book, to say that would be the expected ending is the third-biggest understatement in this book.

It's perfect. It's logical. It's reasonable.

It's actually just like every story I've ever read. I *should* be killed by this world, out of principle. The truth is, I always have been willing to die for what I believe in.

Like I said, even without the concept of God, I would be willing to lay my life down and stand in front of a tank merely out of spite, protest, and principle – only, and only under these conditions (**very** important):

- That it would matter.
- That people would care.
- That people would like my music afterwards and listen to it a lot and maybe even say I was probably the greatest musician who ever lived.
- That Witness 2 would die too, because if I can't have her than no one else can. Sorry suckas, I ain't stupid.

Unless all of these conditions are met (*all* of them), I'm definitely not doing it.

However, what she was telling me did fulfill them, and it does make sense. I have to admit that I can't debunk it any longer. The key part is that she has to die too, otherwise, I definitely wouldn't go for this.

But, you gotta admit when you just can't debunk a theory. So, about a month ago, at the beginning of December, I started a new project – the one I've been waiting for.

The Greatest Song in the World (Did I Already Use This Title?)

It obviously had to be in G#, and I would finally try to make a real dubstep song. For the first time, no matter what, I steeled myself to sit there with only one MIDI note at a time on a track and get it right without using automation, delays, reverbs, fancy chords, arpeggios, and other musical confetti to cover up the sheer fact that my music wasn't aggressive enough.

I needed to find my inner aggression and channel it through *one note at a time*.

For this song I sat there with just the long, singular MIDI note stretched out before me on the laptop screen.

One note at a time.

I can do this.

I plugged a new MIDI controller I bought for the first time in almost ten years (by now, it was far easier to do it by hand, and it comes out better anyways because it's perfect as opposed to carrying slight variations in velocity and timing - but sometimes that's preferable), and I played.

I have known this song for a long time, since I was a child. In fact, there's only a few really good chord progressions that people just reuse over and over and play off of, and it's really the same pattern with different starting points. It's a fractal. There is one major chord progression that all songs - every one of them - is based on.

These is the ultimate, objectively best chord progression, that exists as surely as there is a law of gravity or a force of electromagnetism:

I-V-vi-IV

One, five, minor sixth, four.

We love that. It sings to us in a way that is greater than ourselves. It's the chord progression of Let It Be, in C, the best key for the piano, which is why that is the perfect song.

The other main two major chord progressions that people like are this same exact one, but starting on the minor sixth - so it comes out as minor sixth, four, one, five, or something like Am, F, C, and then G. There are many songs are based on this chord progression.

Finally, people like when you switch it up a bit and head over to the minor sixth instead of the fifth at first, which results in a I-vi-IV-V progression, or C, Am, F, G.

That's the 50's "doo-wop" sound from Last Kiss. You know it:

When I woke up the rain was pouring down
There were people standing all around
Something warm flowing through my eyes
But somehow I found my baby that night

I lifted her head she looked at me and said
Hold me darling just a little while
I held her close I kissed her our last kiss
I found the love that I knew I have missed

Well now she's gone even though I hold her tight
I lost my love, my life, that night

I love it, it's a tragic and beautiful chord progression. The transition from the root note to the minor sixth is majestic, triumphant, sad, desperate, longing, loving, soft, gentle, and angry all at once. It can even be happy.

There are also two minor chord progressions that we will get to, making five total. If you listed your favorite songs, over 90% of them would be a variation on one of these five chord structures.

Although people write riffs and use instrumentation or lyrics to dress things up, these five chord progressions comprise the skeletal bones of music that everything else hangs on. Of course, these are just the starting points. True beauty comes from the strange attractors.

C and Am sound like two completely different things, but in reality, they're almost the same. Almost-perfect mirror images of each other. This is called the relative minor, and every key has this relationship with one other key. Am is the relative minor of C major. The relative minor of G major, for example, is E minor.

The bass, playing the root note, is especially important for emphasizing this transition from major to minor. Without it hitting the relative minor at the right time, this chord progression will not work and will sound like something else (which can still be good.)

The relative minor works because only one note changes in the chord. Everyone likes to talk about the brother, the dominant interval - the fifth - while overlooking his two sisters - one upstairs, as well as the beautiful sister below (the fourth.)

You see, the fifth changes two notes out of three. This is called the *dominant* interval, and in C, it would be C- G. Within the C chord, the C and E notes will change to B and D respectively, while the G will remain the same.

The best way to illustrate it is this:

C – E – G

To:

B – D – G

This is called the *first* i*nversion* of a G chord. If you change it to the *second* inversion, you get this:

D – G – B

A normal G major looks like this:

G – B – D

However, when you voice chords, try to remember an unspoken law of music – conservation of motion. Always go to the *closest* next note. So, the C major shape doesn't move, it changes.

It becomes something new, while your hand appears to remain almost still, rather than just moving the whole C shape up to the G. That's how you make it sound good. This is why chord inversions are important.

Don't worry about it now.

Just think about what notes change between a C and a G chord:

C – E – G
B – D – G

The B is a major seventh to C, one half step down, which cries out in pain at the separation from her lover, the I. The D is a second to C, which wants to triumphantly march back to the root note.

And this has to do with fractals and sound. It is actually all math. If you look at music through *Lissajous Figures*, you can actually *see* why some intervals sound *better* than others. They are less complex, and they are based on simple ratios like 1:3 and 2:3. We prefer simpler ratios and structures, generally speaking.

If you examine these *Lissajous Figures,* you will find that the 2nd and major 7th intervals are actually profoundly beautiful architectural fractal structures. They carry not only the most

tension, but the most emotional information along with this tension compared to the other intervals. That's why a I – V cadence sounds so good.

This process of manifesting the visual architectural structures within music is called "Cymatics", and you can recreate it by simply placing a wide, flat surface over a loudspeaker, placing sand or a fluid medium over it, and playing a note.

The fifth, G, remains the same – but it is now the new I. The V – I cadence is called the *authentic* or *perfect* cadence, because every single human being that has ever lived recognizes it more intuitively and strongly than *any other sound*. It's *beautiful*. It's literally perfect – it's in the name.

I consider the perfect cadence to be proof of a mind outside of humanity, and therefore, evidence that God exists. Scientists will tell you it has to do with the harmonic series and how the planet we evolved from vibrates, which is obviously a bunch of bullshit.

However, it's a bit predictable and boring. It's been done, you could say.

I prefer the relative minor. She is lovely, and strong She makes people *feel*. The dominant interval is comforting, soothing, intuitive. Relaxing. It makes sense. The dominant interval tells a story you know, but the relative minor asks an interesting question.

Incredibly, only one note changes in the chord. It's an almost-perfect mirror image that sounds so completely different. So much darker than the relative major, the I.

Namely, if you are playing a C major chord, you will be playing a C, an E, and a G. To switch to the relative minor, Am, all you need to do is change the G to an A, so that you are now playing C, E, and A. It's the letter next door, so it's pretty easy to remember:

C – E – G
C – E – A

Yet, whenever I tried to explain this to anyone except a small handful of people, they looked at me like I was an alien. They clearly did not care and could not comprehend what I was telling them. I don't think I've ever explained the relative minor to someone who didn't already at least know a few chords and had them grasp it.

It doesn't really make sense to me. How could something so simple, so intuitive, be literally impossible for people to comprehend? Was it the hand sizes?

I figured that might be a little bit reductionist, so I concluded that it was because I was different than them, and that is why I never felt like I fit in anywhere I was in my entire life.

That made me sad.

I believe, out of principle, that knowledge should be free and that charging money for books to make a profit is inherently stupid. Books should be free. People should be writing books and handing them out in the streets like bouquets.

If only there was some sort of superseding, higher-up, body of authorities that could spend their time planning and funding nice things for people like free printing presses. Did you know that it cost me $120 to print a copy of my own book (485 pages)?

I think that's ridiculous. Maybe we could vote on these people, and then they could try and implement things that we could enjoy with our tax money.

After today, I can no longer pretend that what she says doesn't make sense and that it is more rational to debunk it than to believe it. It's actually super. They always told us the anti-Christ would come around someday soon, and if you listened carefully, that he would deceive the very church itself by whispering sweet nothings in its ear – by coming from within like a poison seed, pretending to be one of them while it's obviously not true.

He would come like a silver-tongued snake, hypnotizing people with his words and actions. They would revere him, fear him, and love him. Be fooled by him.

"Who is like him," they will say. "Who will wage war against the beast?"

He will start with the Republicans. The Christians. The "family values." He would pervert them, grope them. Worse, he would expose the organized church as what they were all along – hypocrites – molesters and perverts themselves. Everyone knows the Vatican is literally a state-sponsored child sex trafficking ring, and yet, we aren't allowed to talk about it.
It doesn't make sense.

The Republicans didn't care when Reagan lied to their faces about running drugs and guns to the Contras. I believe the quote is:

> "A few weeks ago I got up and told the American people that I did not authorize gun sales to the Contras (linked to Nicaragua and Iran.) My heart and my best intentions tell me that's true, but the facts and evidence tell me that it's not."

Well, yes, sir, that is in fact called a "lie." You lied about selling weapons of war to terrorists who used them to kill people. And that doesn't even matter in the grand scheme of things, it's like a drop in the ocean of criminality contained within the Republican Party. That's not even the full story.

It doesn't even matter. No one cared. No one was held accountable. It was a joke. They laugh at us. People laugh at you when you bring it up, and they look at you weirdly.

Cowards. Irrational. Stupid. Lazy.

Worse than that, they didn't even have principles that they believed in enough to die for them.

I learned from my college professors that Ancient Greek philosophers considered people without beliefs, or virtues, they were willing to die for as similar to animals on an intellectual level.

It was worse to be a man without reason, they thought, than a cow eating grass happily in a field. The man is always frantic, running around, cursing, pulling his hair out. Trying to build sandcastles in a storm.

If you can't find something you believe in enough to stake your life on it, they said, you're no different than a beast of burden on a farm.

The cow is happy. It's sunny out. Remember the cow field behind my house? I used to walk through it as a shortcut sometimes to get home from school. One time, when I had to move back there after my second spectacular failure, I decided to take the old way home, so I hopped the fence. This was after the land was sold to a developer and looked like a diseased cancer scar. The cows were long gone, but most of the field remained.

As I walked back home, thinking about how no one would ever listen to my songs and dubstep was probably just too hard for me, some guy on a lawn mower started yelling at me and trying to get me to come over. Probably to give me a citation.

I simply ignored him and kept walking. I am faster than you, don't even try. He didn't.

Can't these people ever leave me alone?

What's the deal with lawnmowers, anyways? You pay hundreds of dollars to sit on a beastly machine that spews gas and pollutants, in order to periodically chop down the plants that grow naturally. In return, you lose native pollinators and beautiful wildflowers. You gain nothing, and spend hours laboring in the sun to perform this absurd task.

Once it's done, you look proudly at the final product. A nice, clean row of freshly-cut green grass. *Nice work, kid.*

I love the smell of cut grass, and I have ever since I was a kid and I mowed lawns for money. Did you know that it's the same thing as the scream of a murder victim as their throat is being slit? Yep, it's a nice little chemical mixture the plant desperately sprays out in its death throes to warn its fellow vegetation of danger nearby. Even plants can figure out how to take care of each other, but we can't.

It doesn't make sense.

This macabre death ritual plays out every few weeks – the mower head slicing through the blades of grass one by one, their infinitesimally-small screams heard by no one. An endless cacophony of natural soap operas, if you look closely enough or perhaps had a microscope and a laboratory.

The mower returns. The man sits on it. The grass dies and is brutally murdered by the silver scythe. Someone cuts through. He yells at them. "Hey! Get off this grass I'm killing!"

Why?

What would happen if we just let the grass grow and then left it alone?

What is so wrong with that?

Literally, what would happen if we just let it grow?

When my wife was telling me about our impending death, it made me think of a book I read in my childhood. It was called *The Last Book in the Universe*, and I loved it. One of my favorite books of all time.

It tells the story of a ruined, polluted, post-apocalyptic wasteland, populated by starving people addicted to the scavenged and hoarded remains of what was once biomechanical entertainment technology. Movies and videos implanted directly into the brain stem. There is a young boy who meets an old, wizened man. His name is Ryter, which is obviously supposed to sound like "Writer."

He teaches the young boy about this thing called a "book" and teaches him how to write. He speaks of a different, forgotten time, before the world was like this. How we used to "write" things down and pass them around in "books", and how these stories would help people. Through them, we used to "learn." Because we used to "learn", we almost built something beautiful. Something perfect.

The people of this world *hate* this old man. They torture and mock him for sport. Even the young boy, the only one who listens to him, can barely figure out what he is trying to say.

The old man, Ryter, tells him that he has to learn how to write, and that it would be the last book in the universe. Through it, people would begin to understand again. Their humanity would return.

His goal is to save his sister. I think you can basically assume that she has cancer. There is a sidekick named "Bean."

There's acid rain, roving motorcycle gangs, the works. Great book. I loved it.

“If only,” I thought to myself as a child, “I knew how the heck to write books. And even if I did, how would I know what to say?”

The boy’s goal is to save his sister, and he makes it to a central area, which is surrounded by the divided territories of death, destruction, and desolation. People literally starving to death in the streets, sort of like our world today.

In the middle of the ruined world, they live in luxury. A few of them persist, and high technology grants them lives of beauty and wonder. I believe, in the book, that this central area was called “Eden.”

There was definitely some kind of twist, and he couldn’t stay there. I think the sister survived, and was cured using gene therapy.

It was a grim ending, but it had hope. He sits in the rusted, torn pipe that used to bring water to people, which they used to access the other areas and Eden. The remains of our most precious infrastructure, the one thing we need to work together on more than anything else – getting people *water* to drink. In this world, they couldn’t even do that.

It had been torn open long ago, and the rusted edges sit like bloody mouths gasping for air. He brought paper out of Eden, and a pen. He is the only person in the world who knows how to write or remembers what a book is.

Ryter, unfortunately, died on the way. Tragically. Our author is now alone, as is customary for the Hero’s Journey, which I learned about from the kind man with the Walrus smile who taught me how to write an autobiography.

He picks up the paper, and the pen, and sits there and thinks.

“Writing.”

“What to write, what to write…”

“Hmmm…”

“Within the field of epistemology,” he writes,

> Or the study of knowledge, the best way to rationalize a belief is to find supportive evidence for it, using facts that are corroborative, verifiable, and widely considered to be mainstream.
>
> In pursuit of that effort, this writing provides 785 sources, through which we can attempt to discern a truthful and sufficiently explanatory worldview. In order to show

> that the conclusions drawn throughout this text are not the more rational worldview, one would have to tear down, or discredit, at least a majority of these sources, and then erect in its place a more sufficiently plausible or explanatory worldview.

No, I'm just kidding. His book doesn't start that way, my first one does. In fact, we never find out what he writes.

What he tells them, I assume, is a new story – a better story. One where we don't kill each other every day over things that literally grow in the ground, using other things that grow in the ground.

A happy story, like a song in a major key. Which rap and dubstep songs never are. I have only ever found one good dubstep song in major key. There is also only one good rap song in a major key. In fact, one of the smartest people I've ever met, the only person who understands music as well as me - R in the Grand Canyon, told me not to make a dubstep song in a major key, and he would be right for every single song except mine.

However, the greatest song in the world would obviously have to be in a major key. I mean, it's in the name. Major versus minor. Best versus less. Happy versus sad.

So, this song is in G# Major. And I hope that you like it.

It's the first of its kind – a new story. I call it a "concept song", which is kind of like a "concept album", like *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*.

This has been done before, but not like this. Not with the mixture of the laptop and guitar. It's a fusion of two things that shouldn't be able to coexist.

For a while, I lived in the Grand Canyon. They have cabins there that you can live in for only about $8 a month, if you are an employee. The only issue was, apparently, the employees liked to party a little too much back in the day, so they instituted a policy of random urine drug tests. I didn't mind, as at first, I was trying to be sober anyways.

I quickly realized that, like always, these drug tests were not random, but were simply based on who could make the manager laugh more while also doing their job, which wasn't an issue for me. Therefore, I quickly got back into drug usage.

The Grand Canyon was beautiful. I would go out on the rim sometimes with my coworkers and watch the shooting stars. It's further out there from any cities than you might think, and the night sky is spectacular. They have it all there - a school for the employee's kids, even a baseball field.

The insane guy who lived next door to me gave me one of my favorite books of all time in the Grand Canyon. I loved him, and he used to sell drugs he was able to order online, mostly research chemicals.

The book was called *Gödel, Escher, Bach*: *The Eternal Golden Braid*, and it was the brilliant ramblings of someone who was clearly much smarter than me, tying threads of reality together for people through a series of interweaving narratives. He talked quite a bit about fractals, and it was really very interesting.

This drug dealer neighbor of mine, in the cabin across the way used to cut himself late at night sometimes and make art with the blood on the walls of his cabin. Other people didn't like that, but I understood. Art is supposed to be both tragic and funny. The dude has pain, is he in your way or something? Is blood supposed to be scary?

The Grand Canyon is wild, and people die there every year. Someone wrote a book about it, actually, called *Death in the Canyon*. Animals live there still, big ones. It's protected land, obviously sacred ground to quite a few different people.

The Romanian genius I met there taught me that every single track should have a high-pass and low-pass filter on it, which I had never even thought of.

That is how I solved the "too many frequencies" issue.

This really helped a lot with taking the high edges off of my tracks and adding warmth, along with clearing out the bass end of the spectrum. He is the only person I have ever met that I could talk to about music and feel like he understood completely what I was saying. He's incredible. R, I love you.

It's hard to learn about music. Most questions, you can't ask people, because they don't know the answer. Sometimes, they make a lot of money off of knowing the answer while you don't, and they won't tell you.

You just kind of have to figure it out yourself for the most part if you want to learn. So, I kept trying to be the best musician in the world. After all, what else was I doing with my life? Cooking food for rich people in the Grand Canyon and taking drugs?

I just love music. I really do. I can taste it, like candy. It's like the sweet, warm, dripping juices of the universe itself – here to make me happy and provide nourishment to me.

One day, my dream might come true. Someone will listen to me, that isn't a fictional character I created as a rhetorical device. But I can't believe it if it's not. So, I'm going to shut down this ministry on New Years Day. My wife and I agree that if this isn't true, we can't keep doing it. This book will be the last one as The Two Witnesses, and if it fails, we will be done.

Moreover, it would destroy me if I believed it and it wasn't true. I can't have any more false hope that people will ever listen to me. Remember my motto: "Expect nothing and you'll never be disappointed."

But this story *can* come true. You can make it come true. All you have to do is read it.

The only way this story can come true is if you believe it. Give me my new name - Witness 1. It is much cooler than Moon Child, which I always thought was dumb. I mean, what kind of name is that for an Empress, anyways? And… why are you a little girl, again?

I don't expect to be a Biblical Prophet. I don't even really want to be a Biblical Prophet (It sounds fun though.) But sometimes, those who don't want leadership roles are exactly those people need to take them on sometimes.

Like I said, I'm not even asking you to believe that I would be a good leader, nor that I am Biblical Prophet. All I'm asking you to do is spend 20 minutes listening to my song, and decide if it might just be The Greatest Song in the World. And if it is, listen to me. Read the rest of my book.

To write a great song, you need to master your physical body – your fingers and muscles. They need to become subservient to you, rather than the other way around. Like the monks swallowing tree sap and twigs, whispering softly to their flesh, "No more."

You have to master memory. You need words, and linguistic skills – a song must tell a story. You need emotional understanding and depth. You also need dedication to sit there for hours a day practicing, in order to become fluent or fluid on an instrument.

To become the Master of Music, to rule it rather than let it rule over you, all hemispheres and areas of your brain come into play. Coordination, logic, memory, reflex, movement – it's all there. Researchers say that the brain lights up like fireworks under an MRI when they scan a musician playing their instrument. It's unlike anything else they've ever seen.

If only, like I ruminated, there was some sort of overarching body of authorities that could pool our tax money together and use it to look into cool things like this and then spread the benefits to everyone so that all people could succeed. I wonder what we would call it.

While I failed to master my physical impulses as completely as the monks did (although I'm open to mummification), I can confidently say that I have mastered music, it's connections and formulations in the brain, and that I am better at playing a guitar solo than any Republican politician. Test me, I dare you.

In the end, like usual, I think I was wrong – it won't be a song of mine that changed the world. But it might be a book.

The Last Book in the Universe

I loved that one more than anything else. You know, I never fully allowed myself to believe my darling, angelic wife when she told me that God told her that I was the product of an MK Ultra experiment and I had to die.

I never allowed myself to believe her fully, because I wanted it, which meant that it was very unlikely to happen.

But now I do believe it, and maybe you do too. Maybe, I'm just having a psychotic break on acid. Maybe, nothing is real at all. Maybe, I'm just a brain floating in a vat somewhere being stimulated with electrical probes, like my Philosophy 101 teacher said in college.

There's only one way to find out. Write the book and publish it. If you believe it, if you read it, you can give me my new name: Witness 1. Right now, you can do that for me. Give me what I have always wanted – a chance to change the world. For you.

Expect nothing, and you'll never be disappointed. But, I like it. It fits me like a glove. It feels more natural than anything else I've ever done. It's honestly just a good story. And it all adds up, I have to admit.

I would, honestly, want to read this book. And others will too.

So, do you believe it? If not, why not? I mean, what else are you even doing with your life?

Are we really supposed to just cower in fear while actual fat, stupid, and ridiculous psychopaths blatantly abuse us? Steal our future and rape us, both literally and figuratively? Murder us? Lock us in towers and burn us to death? Force us to jump off of ledges and fall a thousand feet?

Are we not allowed to even *talk* about it? Is there, like, some law against researching information and writing a book about it? Is everything in here not simply public record and evidence that every single person alive has access to? Am I legally allowed to publish this book?

Yes. Yes, I am. See my legal disclaimer. Oh no! It's in the middle of the book. You'll have to read the whole thing to find it. Oh, well.

Am I allowed to *do things*, or am I getting in your way? Or something like that?

Do I not have enough primary sources for you? Because the first book I wrote on 9/11 and the Bible, which somewhere between 100,000 and a million people have read, has 785 of them. I even made a graph about it, to visualize them for people.

My teachers told me that people like that. Makes it easier to understand things. I was also an excellent copywriter for a few years for a guy based out of LA, but I retired from that to teach our son music and work on these books more. Before that, I spent about a decade building this paper by arguing obsessively with people online about 9/11, MK Ultra, etc. That's how I built my sources.

This book represents the final evolution of a project that began many, many years ago. I have iterated it time and time again, making it better, researching, studying, learning, and sourcing evidence for you, Dear Reader. I *knew* I would find you one day.

This is the end of Section I. And now, for something completely different - my message to Donald Trump.

Section II
A Brick in The Wall: My Message to Donald Trump

Dear Mr. Trump,

You're a fat, ugly piece of shit, and you're the sleaziest human being who has ever existed. I will debate you, any time any place. I will wipe the floor with you. Anyone could - all they have to do is create a ridiculous spectacle like you do. Unlike you, I am not scared at all of debating people.

You only ever won anything because you cheated and you're in on it all - you faced a row of controlled opposition puppets set up for you disarm in another attempt to lie to and mislead the public. You're a coward, and you bully people to hide it.

You haven't lived an honest day in your life. You couldn't even imagine it. All you know is how to take things from people and step on those who you consider less than you.

You embody literally everything I ended up hating about this world – pure, unadulterated greed that seeps into and pollutes everything. That tears up forests for casinos. That rapes the woodlands.

And you know what, I would also die for the chance to tear this rotten system to the ground, and I can start doing it by telling you that you are the biggest piece of shit that I have ever laid my eyes upon.

You are literally the easiest person to make fun of in history – you're stupid, you look ridiculous now, you're a liar, a fraud, you're observably deranged, I mean, you bankrupt casinos, for God's sake. The place where people walk in and literally just hand you cash, and you went bankrupt. The house wins every time, except for Donald Trump.

People don't talk about it because they're scared of you. They fear you. Congratulations to you, I guess. I hope it was worth it, but I already know it wasn't.

Speaking of easy to make fun of - the writers of Back to the Future literally said, on record, that they based the villain character off of you.

Sesame Street parodied you, for God's sake, when they cast you as a villain in "Donald Grump." I mean, I wouldn't even believe this shit if I read it in a book – the nicest TV show of all time

specifically pointed out that you *as a person* just *suck* way more than other people. And people act like I'm crazy when I say that you're the anti-Christ.

I guess the one thing we can't say is that we weren't warned about you. Unfortunately, we didn't listen.

I'll give you credit where it's due – you're hilarious. In your youth, you were quite handsome. You're better at manipulating people and getting them to commit crimes and ruin their lives for you than anyone else I've ever seen. You've much more intelligent than most people think, and you're clearly a master of the ancient art of persuasion.

You surely know secrets that I can only dream of. You've done well, and everyone knows your name. You're the most famous man in the world, and you have been for a decade now.

It's impressive work.

However, I knew exactly what you were from the very moment you came down the gold escalator and said that Mexicans rape people.

Now, I know how you operate. I'm not going to point out that this is a totally batshit insane thing to say at a press conference announcing you're running for President, because that's exactly how you manipulate people. Tell them things they've never heard before. Push the envelope. I know all your little tricks.

You are obviously the wrecking ball, and you've done a spectacular job at it. You have changed the world.

Because of you, the concept of truth no longer exists. Because of you, there is no longer even a distinction between the concepts of "truth" or "lies." You have distorted reality so much for people that everyone lies now, all the time. You are the Father of Lies, in fact.

Because of you, families hate each other. Because of you, people have died, like the kid in Portland you had murdered in 2020. Because of you, our country and world are crumbling. Because of you, bullying and abuse are back in style.

Because of you, the good and innocent live in fear. Because of you, those with the worst impulses among us are given free reign to crush and subjugate the rest of us at will. Because of you, deranged, psychopathic lunatics have destroyed my country.

Because of you, the Christian church is dying. Because of you, they turn away from Jesus's message. Because of you, false teaching and wolves in sheep's clothing have usurped the throne. You have *normalized lying about being a Christian to manipulate people.*

Because of you, people have given over their souls to hatred and prejudice again - given in to the darkest corners of the human psyche. We're talking things that haven't been seen in 70, 80 years – the horrors of war.

There were many camps where prisoners died and were treated horrifically during World War II, notably some ran by the Japanese in Chinese Manchuria called Unit 731 - which were performing worse experiments on humans than even Mengele himself.

The angel of death. It's *you*.

You, with your fake hair and skin, your orange, ridiculous clown makeup, your baggy suits, your rumples and creases and long ties and fake smiles and the manipulation that everyone sees through but doesn't talk about. You're a bulbous, pulsing pustule that contains the distilled remains of all humanity's worst impulses.

You embody every single thing about the horrors of war. I'd compare you to *Napoleon* from *Animal Farm*, but I already know you won't get it. He's a fat, horrible pig who loves war and thinks he's better than all the other animals.

And you are *not* more equal than me.

Inside the vacuous, empty chamber of your mouth, I see the death camps. I see the death knell of humanity. You represent literally everything wrong with humanity – unfettered greed, contempt for those who are having a hard time, abusive language, making fun of people, bullying others, raping women, lying about money in your businesses, and following the media around like a puppy dog begging for interviews, calling them under fake names to talk about yourself. It's pathetic.

But that's not even the worst of it. Here's the worst thing that you ever did (that I know of) – you gave millions of people false hope. You *lied* to them. You told them that you care about them, and that you care about this country. You told them that everyone else was wrong and bad, and full of conspiracies and lies, but really it was you all along.

You are the snake.

That is a monstrous thing to do. They believe in you, and millions of people love you. They even pray to you sometimes. They *worship* you.

I can't call you sick, you're far too intelligent for that. You're a smooth operator, but I see right through you. I know that you lied every single day of your life. I know that no woman in your life ever wanted to be with you except for the money. I have seen *Back to the Future*, you know, like the rest of us, but even without that we can all tell that you pay off every woman who sleeps with you to not reveal your secrets. How disgusted they are by you.

In fact, you pay ridiculous, absurd amounts of money to coerce women into having sex with you and not reveal how pathetic you really are, like the $120K to Stormy Daniels. You paid her so much money to not tell us what a sick puppy you are that you caught a *felony* for it, and *she did it anyways.*

That is, quite literally, the most pathetic thing I have *ever* heard of, in my life.

The thing is, you know that women are disgusted by you. That's why you hate them. It wasn't always your looks, but it has been for a long time now. Decades. However, even when you weren't a twisted, deformed blob, women were still disgusted by you.

Even when you were young, they acted weirdly about you, whispered about you, warned their friends about you. Didn't they?

You have never slept with a woman in your life that you didn't offer something to, and they hated themselves the entire time. You, obviously, can pick up on that. Maybe it confused you, all those decades ago. *Aren't I handsome?*

No, Donald, as you know by now it wasn't that. They were disgusted by you because you're just an observably shitty person, a bad dude who looks down on others and takes advantage of them.

Normal people are disgusted by you because you couldn't even figure out what a monkey sitting under a banana tree could – be nice to each other and things will get better for us all. You have never, once in your life, understood the concept of *letting go*. Although you aren't stupid, you will never, ever taste the sweet fruit of actual wisdom.

You're a filthy, rotten sack of shit, but I have to thank you for one thing – exposing the lies and hypocrisy of the Republican Party once and for all. I used to hate the way they slinked around like weasels, pretending to be Christians who cared about stewarding this country.

I'm glad that you're shameless about your filth, about the diseased and disordered emotions you pollute people with, about lying, and mistreating people. I don't care about you, but I'm grateful for you – because it proved who your followers really were all along, too.

So, thank you for bringing clarity and certainty to my life by proving once and for all that I was right, because people are actually dumb enough to follow you.

I would never hurt you. I give everyone a fair chance. Even you could repent of your sins and become a Christian through the love and mercy of Jesus Christ. I extend this offer to you in goodwill, and would proudly live beside you as a brother in Christ for all eternity if you choose to accept it.

I have never intentionally harmed another being in my life. Since I married Witness 2 and had a child, I am no longer suicidal in any sense of the word, and I have no plans to harm others or kill myself in any way.

Another reason I would never, ever kill myself because it would rob me of the satisfaction of finding out how you finally meet your maker. It *will* happen one day, and it terrifies you. I know it does. It doesn't scare me at all.

I am of sound mind and doctrine, and I have a firm grasp of reality. I love my life, and I would never give it up willingly. I will not harm Mr. Trump, myself, or any other living or non-living person or being.

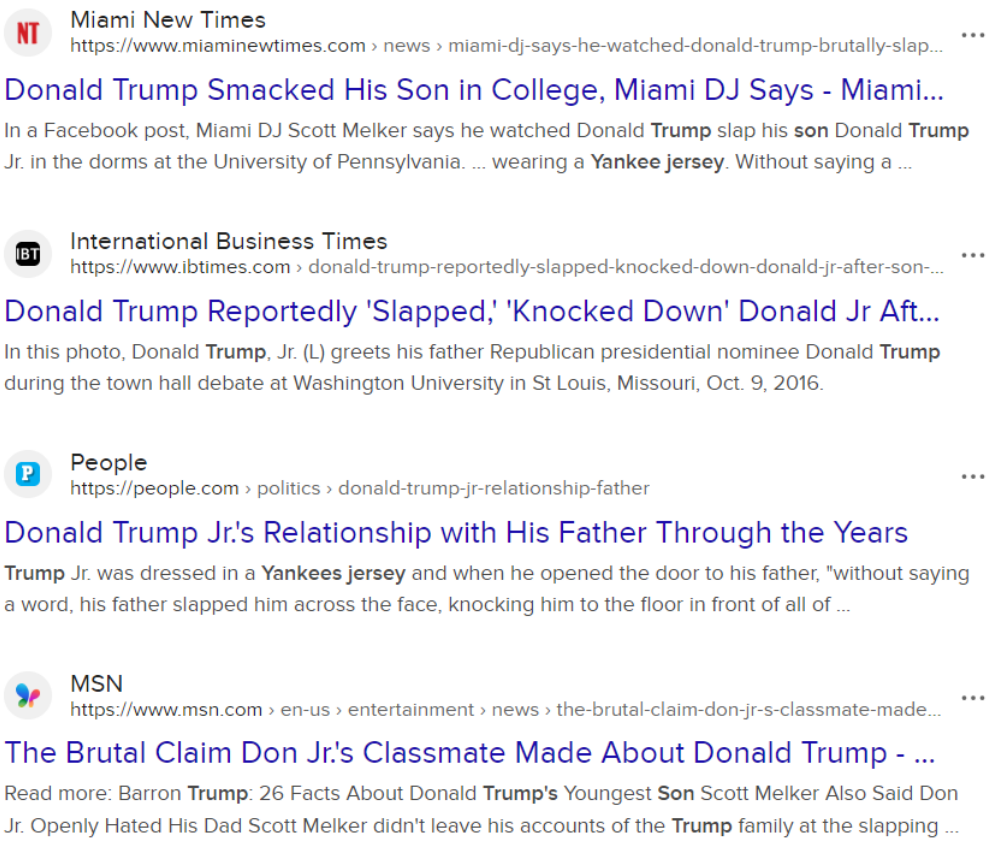
I don't want to die, unless it was for the principles I believed in, and included the criteria I listed above. Then, I would gladly lay down my life to tell someone like you to your fat, stupid face that I *hate* you.

I should never have been capable of hate. I should have never even conceptualized it. It's a filthy word, that blackens my mouth. I hate saying it the same way I hate you. It *disgusts* me.

I was taught to hate, by people like you. By men who tear up forests and knock down trees to make more money than anyone should ever have. By men who break the backs of others, tear apart families, and then lie about it. By men who wear suits every day and try to get other people to wear them, too.

I know you punched your son in the face and knocked him down in his college dorm in front of his friends for wearing a Yankees jersey instead of a suit to a baseball game. It's in articles, for God's sake. You're a monster. You're ridiculous.

Everyone hates you, they just haven't realized it yet because you've persuaded them to hate other people instead for now.


Miami New Times
https://www.miaminewtimes.com › news › miami-dj-says-he-watched-donald-trump-brutally-slap...
Donald Trump Smacked His Son in College, Miami DJ Says - Miami...
In a Facebook post, Miami DJ Scott Melker says he watched Donald Trump slap his son Donald Trump Jr. in the dorms at the University of Pennsylvania. ... wearing a Yankee jersey. Without saying a ...
International Business Times
https://www.ibtimes.com › donald-trump-reportedly-slapped-knocked-down-donald-jr-after-son-...
Donald Trump Reportedly 'Slapped,' 'Knocked Down' Donald Jr Aft...
In this photo, Donald Trump, Jr. (L) greets his father Republican presidential nominee Donald Trump during the town hall debate at Washington University in St Louis, Missouri, Oct. 9, 2016.
People
https://people.com › politics › donald-trump-jr-relationship-father
Donald Trump Jr.'s Relationship with His Father Through the Years
Trump Jr. was dressed in a Yankees jersey and when he opened the door to his father, "without saying a word, his father slapped him across the face, knocking him to the floor in front of all of ...
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And here's what you did, you asshole:

> In a Facebook post ahead of the 2016 presidential elections, "The Wolf of All Streets" podcast host, Scott Melker recounted the day Donald Trump arrived at the University of Pennsylvania. He and Donald Jr. were scheduled to catch a baseball game together, and the businessman had come to fetch his son for the excursion. However, it seemed Donald was unimpressed by his eldest child's choice in attire. "Don Jr. opened the door, wearing a Yankee jersey. Without saying a word, his father slapped him across the face, knocking him to the floor in front of all of his classmates. He simply said, 'Put on a suit and meet me outside,' and closed the door," Melker wrote.

You're a coward, a liar, and a bully. I *know* this story is true. We *all* do. Because no one would make up a story as ridiculous as a father physically abusing his son for wearing a baseball jersey to a baseball game. Only *you* are this stupid, evil, and deranged.

The truth is, the Grim Reaper doesn't wear a robe or carry a scythe. He wears an ugly suit - and carries a contract he doesn't intend to fulfill. It's *you*.

You're the Grim Reaper.

I'd say that I've never seen anyone as different from me, and that you're like a different species from me, but it isn't true, and I always tell the truth.

The truth is that we are quite similar, and I understand you fully.

I know exactly who you are, and I see the scared little boy hiding inside. In fact, everyone can see it, but like I said, they're either scared of you or tricked by you into being stupid, delusional, and hateful.

So, fuck you.

Fuck you for being everything that has always held me back in life. One of my favorite songs is *Another Brick in the Wall (Part 3)*, and I think you exemplify it perfectly.

All in all, you were just another brick in the wall.

Except you weren't just a *brick* for people, were you? How many people ran into you and broke their backs? How many contractors did you put out of business, how many marriages and homes and families did you destroy, because you couldn't even give people those stupid little pieces of paper that you promised them. For fair work.

You didn't even pay your workers. Hundreds of them. Thousands of them even. Contractors, drywall workers, your designers. There are *so many* articles about it. This is part of how you work – cheating and lying are as ingrained in you as your very DNA itself.

No, you weren't just a brick. You were the whole wall. In fact, you never shut the fuck up about "walls", do you? Do you think I don't know what these stupid walls are really for?

You tightened the screws on so many people that I'm sure the divorces and suicides because of you *directly* number in the thousands. Tens of thousands. You destroyed families and you harmed children.

You cavorted with Epstein, and everyone knows you gave your children to him. After you'd had them to yourself, of course. Again, everyone knows. As I said, you don't even try to hide it - that's part of your magic.

You have more blood on your hands than anyone I've ever met, and you did it all with a smile. You're proud of it, even. You enjoy the way people squeal for you over your money.

Your skin reminds me of the visceral fat sprayed upon the slaughterhouse walls in Sinclair's *The Jungle*. Like the evil in that book, you take advantage of the poor and needy, and crush them to death in your apartments and factories.

One day, I'd like to cover the whole, ten-minute long, three-song medley of "Another Brick in the Wall" and dedicate it to you. You are the exact opposite of the concept of coolness, in every single way. You're synthetic. You're a fake. You're a phony.

When Kamala Harris called you a disgrace at the debate, it was - by far - the truest thing that I have ever heard said on TV.

I have an article here from May 5th, 1980, and I'll include it in this writing. It states that you personally evicted an elderly, dying stroke victim in order to raise the rent on her apartment, and it contains a picture of your true face – the cold, fishy face that almost no one sees. The eyes that don't care about anyone or anything but yourself. This is what *you* see in the mirror.

It probably bothered you at the time:

5 VOICE MAY 5, 1980

STYLIA PLACHY

Mary Filan, resting at Parsons Hospital

FRED W McDARRAH

Donald Trump

Trump Evicts Stroke Victim, 74

For more than 30 years Mary Filan—widowed, 74 years old, and half-paralyzed from a recent stroke—has lived in apartment 6B, 143-16 Barclay Avenue in Flushing. Last Friday afternoon, she answered the insistent doorbell, only to be pushed aside by the henchmen of city marshal Norman Katz, who proceeded to cart her belongings out to an idling truck. Taped to her door was an eviction notice from her landlords, the Trump Organization.

They took Filan's sofa, chairs, TV, jewelry, dishes, and silverware, leaving nothing but a hamper for her to sit on. The marshals and the police tried to convince her to leave, but she refused to go until a neighbor, Bob Hennessy, convinced her to stay in his apartment until she could get help.

"She was distraught," said Hennessy, and by Monday afternoon he was still unable to ascertain where her belongings had been taken. Thanks to her doctor and the Human Resources Administration, Mary Filan is resting in a bed at Parsons Hospital.

"They rang the bell," recalls Filan, "and I was still in bed. I don't get up much unless I have to. They rang and rang, and when I got to the door they pushed it open, and walked in, these three big fat men. They went right in the kitchen and started pulling out drawers, turning 'em upside down into one of those big cartons.

"They said they'd come to put me on the street because I owed four months rent. I don't owe back rent. The last thing I got from Trump was a bill for $10.20, about two weeks ago, and I sent that. They just want me out because they can get twice as much rent." Mary Filan currently pays about $200 a month for her apartment. Her income—from Social Security and a telephone company pension—is under $500 a month.

The Trump Organization is one of the biggest landlords in this city, a dynasty passed from father Fred to son Donald. Like most dynasties, it has flourished through the exercise of power; in earlier times, mostly through the Brooklyn Democratic machine; now, through Donald's liaisons with the governor and a variety of state agencies, particularly the Urban Development Corporation, which paid Donald Trump more than $800,000 for brokering its convention center deal. He has used political clout to obtain more than $160 million in tax exemptions for his renovation of the old Commodore Hotel on 42nd Street. Donald Trump is a very successful 33-year-old dealer and developer. So why did Trump evict Mary Filan?

"The Trumps don't get involved in any of that," said a spokesman at their Manhattan office. "The management corporation handles that kind of thing. It's part of the company, but the Trumps don't get involved with individual cases." He didn't know why Mary Filan had been evicted. She doesn't give loud parties, or cause property damage, or threaten her neighbors, who are actually fond of her.

"The Trump Organization doesn't evict people indiscriminately," he said at last, and suggested another number to call for specific comments on the Filan case. There was no answer at that number; nobody seemed to care about the details.

Two thoughts persist: How would Donald Trump feel if some corporation evicted his ill and aging parent, without notice or compassion, removing all possessions to some unknown location? And how does Trump manage to have the taxpayers subsidize so many of his enterprises? Mary Filan's hospital stay is being paid for by Medicare and Medicaid.

—J.C.

NYC

EDITED BY
Wayne Barrett & Joe Conason

White Power, Black Children

The Community School Board elections on Tuesday once again involve a classic mismatch, between the powerful professional unions that dominate the system and the minority communities with a direct stake in them.

Because the nine-member elected boards will hire a superintendent, principals, and other administrators to run the elementary and intermediate schools in the city's 32 decentralized districts, control of them has become a special target of the unions that represent the supervisors (Council of Supervisors and Administrators) and the teachers they supervise (UFT). For the same reasons, these boards have become the only instrument for change available to the broader school

I won't quote the article, if you'll forgive me, but I am happy to summarize it. Basically, you sent your thugs to an old, sick woman's apartment to throw her out, rob her, and leave her to die on the street because you wanted to raise the rent in her unit. You literally couldn't even just *wait for her to die*. You *evicted* her. A stroke victim who can barely *get out of bed*.

Even worse, you couldn't even do it with dignity. You turned it into a spectacle, you embarrassed her. A dying woman, and you personally made her weep and mourn in front of strangers and her friends. You trashed her shit, your guys literally robbed her, and then you left her only a hamper to sit on. Sent the cops you had on payroll to bully her even more afterwards.

She was *half paralyzed*, you fucking asshole. Recently. A 74-year old *recently paralyzed stroke victim*, but all you smell is those sweet, sweet dollar bills, isn't it? Is that right?

You enjoy doing that to women, don't you, Donald? Embarrassing them the same way that they embarrassed you in the past?

Is that what makes you happy – how you get off?

Abusing women? Hurting them like they hurt you before?

Is that right?

I know you kicked out black people and refused to rent to them. Woody Guthrie even wrote a song about it, for God's sake, referencing you and your father's hatred, greed, and prejudice *by name.* It's called *Old Man Trump.*

I mean, how much more clear can this get for people? And still, no one listens.

They laugh at me, but they listen to you.

All you do is lie to them, and all I want to do is tell the truth.

I don't care who you are, I don't care if you're the President of the Universe – I will debate anyone, any time, any place in good faith. I am fine with open microphones and do not require anyone to be muted, unlike you.

You see, Mr. Trump, I'm not scared of you. At all. I don't even think about you that much. You're interesting to me, and you're still kind of funny sometimes, although your act has grown quite stale and old for everyone. I don't even care about you.

In fact, I have only thought about you maybe twenty times in my life until you ran for president, including one time on the trip to New York when we walked past your tower and my Dad told me you were an arrogant asshole, and only an idiot would put his own last name on a building.

At the time, I admired what you had built, and I could see why you liked huge towers and large, metal signs with your name on them. Looking back, though, he was right.

I haven't done anything illegal through this ministry. The first amendment protects my right to free speech, and to disagree with anyone about anything. Even you. I am legally allowed to say that I think the US government and the Synagogue of Satan International Organized Crime Syndicate did 9/11, and people are legally allowed to agree with me.

And I am legally allowed to say that I think you're their little bitch boy, and you would squeal like a pig the first time you faced someone who wasn't scared of you. You're not even a good criminal. You're pathetic. You're weak.

I haven't broken a single law in the process of running this ministry, and like I said, I would never intentionally harm another human being or myself at any time. I wouldn't even kill an insect unless it posed an immediate threat to me or was in my house. Killing insects for no reason is stupid - but I bet you like to do that too, now that I think about it.

Because you're nothing but a spoiled bully. That's it. However, you're not even a good bully. There's far too many things about you that people could make fun of if they weren't scared of you. You are *actually* legitimately grotesque.

You pathetically beg people to give you attention like a dog. You couldn't fight your way out of a plastic bag. Without your money and loyal men backing you up, you're nothing. You couldn't stand up to me even if I had both hands tied behind my back. You're not even worthy of licking my shoe - but like I said, I will forgive you if you choose to repent for lying to people and become a Christian.

You're like a woman, primping and preening in front of a mirror and wearing makeup. It's disgusting. You and your fat little sycophant, pig boy Vance, and his tattooed eyeliner.

Disgusting.

You are phonies. I'm sorry if this hurts you, but every word of it is true. Truthfully, I've wanted to say it for a long time. You are literally the worst and most morally vacuous person I have ever seen, but you seem to know that. Not only that, but you seem to enjoy it.

It astounds me. I don't understand it. You don't even *make sense*.

You're a walking whirlwind of lies and bullshit, a perfume cloud of toxic concealer, bronzer, and various other makeup things that I don't know the name of. Honestly, I can't even imagine the

smell when you walk in the room. However, I'm sure it pales in comparison to the stench of fear and death that makes people recoil from you.

You're captivating. You know exactly what people want, and you're happy to give it to them. Unless it's money or a paycheck for a fair job well done. No, you deal more in hatred, lies, and poison to the soul.

You're the devil, if I've ever seen him. I know you. Perhaps, you know me, as well.

You don't matter to me at all, until you start stepping on bugs. *My* bugs. In *my* forest.

You shouldn't do that.

You, with your construction vehicles, and signs, and men with shovels. I can't fucking stand people like you. Always "developing" and tearing up the land to put in more stupid buildings full of corners and lines. Fuck you.

But these aren't just insects you step on, Mr. Trump. These are real people, and real people have lives and families to take care of. Good and evil, objectively, do exist from my viewpoint, and obviously, in this message, I consider *myself* to be good and *you* to be evil.

People love money, but not really. Money is just energy in a stored form, they love what money can do for them.

No, people don't really love money. They love the nice things that it brings them.

And just like money, no one will ever love you.

Just like money, you are worthless.

Just like money, you don't make sense.

Just like money, you aren't even real.

You're just three layers of bullshit wearing a suit. You have no convictions, you stand on no truth, and you have no real worldview or dogma. You're an illusion. You're a walking egregore of shit, all the darkest fantasies and most debased urges of mankind rolled into a fat, pink hot dog.

The one thing I can say about you, for sure, which the judge in the E. Jean Carroll case confirmed, is that you are a rapist. **You're a rapist.**

We all know why you used your little, wrinkly finger on her in the dressing room, Donald. You are the literal walking embodiment of the word **"rape."**

And not only that, but you might *actually* be the **rapiest** rapist to ever live. In fact, your whole personality seems to be based around subjugating and abusing women. It's all you talk about. Groping them and raping them. It's disgusting. We all know about the dressing rooms and why you bought those beauty pageants.

They could put a picture of you under the word "rape" in the dictionary, and it would *actually* work. I mean, people would actually get it. You've been sued over 4,000 times, dude. You violate people in every single way, non-stop, all the time. It's all you know. You're the wolf.

As I stated above, I am willing to meet you in a good faith debate at any time and any location. This offer is open and extended in goodwill.

And unlike you, I actually mean it. Unlike you, I have never been scared of debating anyone. Not one single person on this planet scares me, because I'm not a coward like you.

And unlike you, I don't tell lies. Unlike you, I'm willing to stand on a stage and actually tell the truth to the world.

I pose no threat to anyone, and I swear a solemn vow to not harm you, just as I would not harm any other human being or animal.

Witness 1
The Biblical Two Witnesses

In just two days, on New Years Day 2025, Witness 2 and I will be shutting down this ministry. Our website will go offline. The Discord will close. The emails will close. No one will send us money, so the charity will cease. We will have to start putting things back on the shelves at Walmart again.

I never wanted to be a cult leader, I simply wanted to be a musician. And by the way, this is not a cult (Anthropology note: technically, it is. All religions started as cults, and it's also an accurate way to describe early Christianity.)

One time, a coworker at my CNA job mentioned that his favorite food was gas station hot dogs. I jokingly said to my manager that he had been poor too long, and he laughed. My managers have always loved me, but I'm not sure why. Then, I realized that it was true about myself too. Hot dogs from Walmart are one of my favorite foods.

That coworker died a few years after that, after I had moved to be with Witness 2. He wasn't old, and it was apparently some kind of heart thing, alone in his apartment on the bad side of the town that I grew up in. I assumed it was from all the years of drug and alcohol abuse.

I will always remember him, his name was Ian, and he taught me how to be a CNA. I will probably always be poor and have almost nothing, and that's OK. It's a lot easier to get out of bed when you have less things to worry about, like appliances breaking.

But this story isn't over yet. It's kind of like in The Never-Ending Story, when the main character realizes that he is actually in the story, and the book he was reading had come to life. The characters were real. Because now, I believe my wife.

The web of connection I saw while I was running made so much sense, it *has* to be true. All I have to do is publish this and see what happens. Maybe, this book will come to life. Maybe, I can still be Witness 1. I'm going to give it one more year and see what happens. A rebrand of the ministry, with this book. Like a bonsai tree. Or maybe, a phoenix.

Only he, the young child reading a book that has come to life, can save the young Empress. She is stuck floating in the Void, the "Nothing", and this dimension can only be restored to its former glory by giving her a new name. He chooses "Moon Child", howling it at a stormy full moon, and saves the day. All that needs to happen for this story to come true is for you to read this book and believe me. That I need you to give me a new name – Witness 1.

In the beginning was the Word. A new song. Something that didn't sound quite like anything else that anyone had ever heard. A name, perhaps.

And you're in this story too, Dear Reader. For the first time, a book has come to life for you. You can keep this story alive. All you have to do it believe in me, and I'll keep this story alive. I'll do it, I swear to God. One thing about me is that I do not fear anyone, and if this is the way it's gonna be, then I am in all the way. No half measures. If you keep reading, I'll be there with you.

As usual, however, I expect nothing. I will not be disappointed if I do not have to die. I also need to shower. No one seem to care about anything, but I know that deep down, it's there. I can wake up anyone and make them agree with me, *care* even, given enough time, effort, and good faith reasoning.

It's just exhausting, and I hate doing it one-by-one because that's just a way to waste your entire life. That's why books are a great form of communication, because you can speak to many people at once, prove things, no one can ever speak back to you right away, you can think very carefully about what to say, and you can just write as much as you need to and people will probably read it. Maybe. That remains to be seen as I type.

The Cruel Wages of Poverty

I love making songs, it fulfills my soul like nothing else quite does. Music is like food to me. Sugar cookies.

In fact, I hate eating food. I have always found it discomforting and weird, although I obviously learned to enjoy the different flavors, and I am even quite a good cook now, according to Witness 2. I usually ate as fast as possible in order to get it over with, which my Mom hated.

I tasted a new sound recently. Some sort of synesthesia deal. I love it. It reminds me of when M and I, my other best friend, found a portable cotton candy maker somewhere. All you had to do was pour normal sugar in and turn it on, and white, wispy fluffs of pure sugar clouds would come rolling out towards you.

I loved it, it was one of my favorite things I've ever seen. We even sold it to some people. Easy money, once again, and it made both me and them happy. Sell cotton candy to make the world a better place, maybe we can start telling children that – although the dentist associations might complain. Yes, I like Jack Handy.

I remember learning about the great artists of the past, and their books, albums, and songs that changed the world. One thing I noticed was that, like John Lennon, once they had made tons of money and were famous enough to do anything they wanted to do, they never really did anything.

They bought big houses, enjoyed life, had families. People loved them. Some people worshipped them. That's nice, and probably made them happy. But it's all completely meaningless.

And all you'd have to do is say one simple line enough times: "The government rapes people."

And it's objectively, verifiably true, in so many different ways, both literal and metaphorical. It would definitely get people's attention.

And yet they don't.

It doesn't make sense. I don't understand it. You're guaranteed to die anyways, why not have some fun and try to change the world even a little bit more? What if there really was a better way than this? To be fair, John Lennon probably tried his best. I will always love and understand him.

Like I said, maybe he wasn't ready, but more likely, the people weren't ready. They didn't understand. They were blind, and they could not see. Though they had ears, they could not hear.

But he heard the music of the spheres.

I love his song called "Revolution", both versions of it. In one of them, he sings the following:

But when you talk about destruction
Don't you know that you can count me out
Don't you know it's gonna be alright

But if you want money for people with minds that hate
All I can tell you is buddy you have to wait
Don't you know it's gonna be alright

You tell me it's the institution
Well, you know - You'd better free your mind instead
But if you go carrying pictures of Chairman Mao
You ain't going to make it with anyone anyhow

I wanted to quote the whole song because, honestly, these are great lyrics. I can relate to his disillusionment with society and its so-called rebels.

However, I wonder now if he ever considered writing a book. Like I said, it's an excellent form of communication. He published some absurdist cartoon drawings he made in two books and something he called "The Daily Howl", and he "wrote", obviously, quite a lot, but I don't think he ever sat down and wrote a serious book about his sober, thoughtful take on the world.

I wonder what it would say if he wasn't shot and killed by that one crazy guy who thought a book had come to life. *To Kill a Mockingbird*, right? Nixon hated John Lennon, and I can see that. Typically, Republicans don't get along with musicians very well. Too bad he never did learn about MK Ultra.

I don't know the full story, maybe he *was* writing a book and that's why they killed him.

[*Witness 1 as editor: I learned while researching for this very book a few weeks after I wrote this that John Lennon was, in fact, writing a book when he died. Sort of an autobiographical thing, actually.*

I have also found some disturbing congruencies with this pattern and other significant historical deaths or assassinations, which I will cover. We'll get back to this later.]

Before I wrote this book, I thought deeply today about all of it - if Witness 2 and I were really people worth following. Then, I thought about the anecdote thing, you know, that people like. At the time, I was bringing in our trash can. Our son loves to watch the trash men come by, and I always appreciate them. I understand it's not a bad career.

They must have had an off day, because trash from our neighbors, who own the house we rent, had strewn itself throughout the street. It wasn't too bad, mostly Christmas refuse like cardboard and Styrofoam. It could have been the wind.

I figured that I might as well do it since no one else would, and I was obviously the youngest male out of all of us and it wasn't a big deal, so I picked it up. It took about 20 seconds.

I thought about all the trash that I had seen in my life that no one picked up. I don't even pick up trash unless it directly inconveniences me, like my landlord's trash blowing around in the street (looks bad.)

Then I thought about all the people who not only don't pick up trash, but intentionally put it there instead of a trash can or other designated receptacle, like a grocery bag.

It doesn't make sense to me. I don't understand it.

I thought about whether or not we would be good leaders that would be worth following for people. I sighed, and the winds of change kissed my face. I decided that I thought we probably would be, because of how many sources I have in my books.

Then I remembered that quote about the best leaders being those who don't actually even want to do it, and I smiled.

That's another reason. That makes two.

As I picked up my neighbor's trash out of the street, I wondered if there were any more reasons why we might be good at leading people.

"Probably not," I said to myself.

One thing is true for sure - this is the easiest book I have ever written. And the fastest. You might think it's because of the low page count, Dear Reader, but the cause lies elsewhere.

It was easy to write because it's the truth. Like usual, I didn't lie, so I don't have to worry about what to say. It was also, by far, the most fun to write.

Like a song, I simply put my hands to the page and it flows.

I Am Not a Crazy Person

I don't believe that anyone I've ever met has deliberately ever tried to harm me. It would take strong, undeniable evidence before I could believe anything like that. As far as I can tell, I have loved everyone I have ever met, and they have tried their best to love me, as well.

It's simple and it makes sense.

"LOVE one another."

"Be excellent to each other."

If only there was someone around to tell us these things. Maybe a book would be a good form of communication for them. You know, I have to admit that, as I write this, I can see how it fits me perfectly. Like everything Witness 2 says to me, her theory fits like a glove. Like a pitcher's glove. Sometimes I think back to those days and sigh.

Too bad I chose music over baseball, maybe I would have hit the big times and made some money, I think to myself. Of course, I'm kidding about that.

Now, I think that it's entirely possible that other people actually do not like the things that I also do NOT like, such as:

- Politicians
- Having a job
- Citations
- Police officers
- Being lied to
- The Republican Party
- School assignments
- Dead animals and children
- Pollution
- State-sponsored violence
- Corruption
- Corporations
- Television
- Arbitrary rules
- Bribery

- Construction vehicles
- Billionaires
- War
- Animal extinction
- Rape
- Murder

Now, it's possible that maybe they *think* they like these things, but that they have been misled or just don't know what would be best for them. Or, perhaps, other people *do* actually also dislike these things, but they do not know how to express that.

Maybe they find it difficult to explain to other people why these things are bad, which is understandable. It's tricky stuff. Like I was saying, maybe people are just not ready for that kind of intellectual or epistemological revolution. Or maybe, they are. Maybe we *are* finally ready to all come together and agree that these things are, in fact, bad. For all of us.

This is a work of non-fiction. I've never read a book where the author did that, but I always thought that when I was a kid it would have helped me know if that Roald Dahl story about seeing through cards was true. Deep down, I don't know if I knew it was fictional. But that didn't mean that it wasn't still possible.

However, this book is a true story, and it did happen to me.

Until today, I thought it was a dumb story about a guy who screwed up his life that no one would ever want to listen to. At least, that's what I told the people who asked me how I ended up working at a nursing home when they heard me playing piano. I was joking, but I really believed it.

"Aw, honey," they would say to me sometimes.

"Don't say that. It's not true."

I honestly felt like it was. I felt like an idiot pretty much all of the time for not just finishing college when it would have been one of the most fun, easy, and profitable things that I have ever done. People pitied me like a beggar on the street, who's irrational love for making songs in Ableton Live had somehow crippled him.

But, you know what, I have fucking principles, and I'm truly sorry to everyone - but this society is bullshit and I'm tired of pretending that it's not. And Pink Floyd was right when they wrote *Another Brick in the Wall*.

Like I have always said, I would die for these principles **under certain criteria.**

To err is human, but to edit is divine. I think someone said that one time, and I think it's true.

I asked for a sign when my Dad baptized me in the river near the house I grew up in. Something with an animal like what Jesus got at his baptism (dove.) Someone's golden dog came up to me as I was coming out of the water, and basically hugged me or sort of jumped on me.

It was a beautiful moment, and it made me happy.

However, if you had told me at the time that someone would want to read a book about it one day, I would have laughed at you. I would have honestly thought that was the funniest thing I had ever heard, and clearly, that it isn't true.

I enjoy laughing. I always have. It's fun, and easy. It makes sense. No one ever gets mad at you or calls you crazy when they are laughing because of something you said, I can tell you that much. If someone were to ask me how my MK Ultra experience was, I would laugh. That's an example of a really funny question.

But I would say that, honestly, it was pretty good. I can't complain. Great, even.

But I know that isn't true for most of the other people who went through it. Remember that I personally re-added the word "rape" to the MK Ultra Wikipedia article. It's true - I, Witness 1, proved before all mankind in the greatest public register that we have ever built, that *the government rapes people*. And I did using simply a few primary sources. It was fun, and easy.

I would say the same thing about life. Pretty good, can't complain (is this all there is?)

Likewise, I know that this isn't true for the vast majority of people who have ever lived.

Even worse, the fact that it's not God's fault, or random chance, or even just cruel nature – or desperate, hungry men looking for bread to feed their children - but men wearing suits who *had it all* that are at fault leaves *me* shattered. It's bullshit.

And so, this book is dedicated to them - all the fat little piggies who roost in the Hollywood Hills, Washington D.C., the Bohemian Grove, the Freemason lodges, Skull and Bones, the Vatican, the City of London, the wineries and redwoods of Northern California, the private islands, and the secret boats. These are the easy ones - I know all your little secrets.

I will shine a light on you unlike anything you've ever seen, so bright that it purifies even your filthy, disgusting deeds.

Melt into my brightness and coagulate with me.

Let me watch you, feel you, savor your pain and terror, as you are ripped away from us, and cast forever into the void.

Being the good part of God is so glorious, I truly pity you people. Morons.

This book is dedicated to all the psychopaths who use banks, government, and the television to crush people to dust. To suck the very marrow from their bones, drain them of their blood, and mummify them. *I see you.*

I have met them, and I looked into their eyes. I made them love me. I even made them fear me sometimes, when I played music. I can always read people through their eyes. They begged me to become one of them, prostrated themselves before me like dogs. Wanted to worship me.

Disgusting.

For these people, there's nothing there. Empty eyes. They gave away the light in exchange for trinkets.

It doesn't make sense. They don't make sense. They're barely even real. But they are. And they have names, stories, and faces, which you will learn and see in this book.

It's almost like there might actually be a better way than this.

A better way to live.

Eudaimonia.

The highest common good for mankind.

If only someone was around to tell us what it was.

Maybe it's *philosophy*.

If I publish this book and nothing happens, I'll be fine. I have my beautiful wife and son. They are perfect. They make sense. They are logic, they are reason. They are my very being myself, and I love them more than anything else. She is my happy ending, and I could truly never ask God for more thing in good faith as long as I have her. I expect nothing.

This ministry has been fun, I have truly enjoyed it. I cried today and thanked Witness 2 when I realized that she made one of my dreams come true – she found me a group of people who believed in my music. Who believed in me. That was something I always wanted, and she did it for me.

Maybe this would be a good time to tell you how I proved to A, my first real girlfriend, that I am magic. Yep, magic. So, my buddy N (lead singer in the band, year ahead of me like A) liked this girl in my grade named Suzie. Cute girl, really nice. And he told me about it, and he told me

that when he asked her out, she had said no. And that bummed me out, because this guy Nick is just a total legend. So, me and A were sitting in her parked car that night, as you do in high school. And I told her, "Look, A. I'm going to show you a little bit of "Witness 1's Magic", except with my real name, of course.

And so, I called up Suzie. And in about 20 minutes, I had talked her into it. I told her that N is the coolest person I've ever met, like that. Worked a little magic, I did. And you know what, by the end of the call she had come around and she agreed to give it a shot. And that's what she did. This was around the time of the concert where I crowdsurfed.

So, I turned back to A in the car and said, "See? I told you I was magic." Obviously, it's just persuasion. I didn't want to push my luck with a wink, but I gave her an extra twinkle or two.

However, the genie in Aladdin must be right, because it didn't stick. Lasted a few weeks though, and from what I understand, a good time was had by both parties (if you know what I mean.) So, there you go – magic. *Love magic, baby.* That's how I roll.

My new name is Witness 1, and this is my story.

I now understand the first book title that I ever read.

I'm ready for a Chance to Die.

Section III
A Call to Action

Apparently, the best writing always ends with a call to action for the reader, and now I understand why. This story is true, and it's actually quite a bit like the plot of The Never-Ending Story, and the more I thought about it, the weirder it seemed to me. I've never liked movies that much, as I said, but this one really is a nice little tale and very visually appealing.

In it (as I recall from many years ago), a young child who is clearly more of the academic persuasion than his peers is hiding in an upper attic from his bullies. He has found an old, mysterious tome with a strange, serpentine symbol on it. As he reads it, the story comes to life for him!

He can see the characters, as they play out their destinies – our hero, Atreyu (his parallel version) who must figure out how to save the Galactic Empress or something. To do so, he tragically loses his horse in the mire, almost dies, and has to pass tests of courage and purity that no one else could, not even a knight wearing armor whose corpse he finds (scary.)

Incredibly, the majestic Sphinxes allow him to pass without killing him, and he reaches the Southern Oracle. She tells him that the way to save the Galactic Empress is to give her a new name.

Now, I'm assuming that you've seen this movie, and almost everyone has (I think.) If not, you're probably wondering what is causing all of this conflict in the first place. Well, in the far reaches of this dimension, an endless, gnawing black void formed – the Nothing. The Nothing consumes everything it touches, leaving everything shattered and swirling around a black hole abyss for all eternity. From its singularity, it grows without ceasing and no one can stop it.

This *Nothing* can be understood by the audience as representing the cruel, nihilistic, uncaring nature of some people, which threatens to destroy the world as we know it. It's a type of pride that says *I won't even listen to your story*. And if I will listen, I won't *believe* it. And even if I do believe it, I certainly won't be *happy* about it.

This is the root of all our problems. In the movie, of course, it is brought into the real world through the three bully characters – insolent, mean people who for no reason at all like to abuse others, threatening to quench the flame within this young, curious child who believes in goodness and truth still.

We can see this today in that no one even reads books anymore. When I tell people I wrote a book, they seem confused as to why I would waste my time doing such a foolish thing when there's perfectly good video games to be played and movies to be watched.

When I ask them to read it, they look at me like I'm an alien (like usual.) When they find out it's over 400 pages and is about 9/11, The Bible, and various government conspiracies, well… I mean I can't even accurately convey to you how strong the rejection is. People *hate* it.

No one will read this book. No one has ever listened to my songs. All I ever wanted in my life was *one* day where everyone would just listen to me and see if they agreed. I figured maybe we could all agree to take a break from listening to the government for a while and read my books, see if we all agree on some things, then maybe we could all come together and agree to "buy" some of my songs once in a while so I could afford a house and food. It never happened. I never believed it would happen.

Until today. Writing this book changed me. I hope it changed you. I hope that it awoke something deep inside you that maybe you forgot about. The way you looked at the world when you were a child and hadn't figured out that the only monsters that really exist are other people.

It's a true story, Dear Reader. It's the greatest story ever told, and you can become a part of it. All you have to do is read it and believe me, and get people to listen to it and believe it, too. I realize now that this must be how Christianity itself got off the ground – people who didn't even want to do it who realized they couldn't deny the truth and didn't really have any other choice.

I never wanted to be a preacher. I would have laughed at that idea. I also would have thought that it was the funniest thing I had ever heard if someone told me one day I would claim to be a Biblical Prophet.

It is *actually* hilarious, and I still think that it's the funniest thing I've ever heard. Like, if I was joking – this would be the funniest prank of my life. But I'm not. It's fitting, and people will *hate* it.

This story can only come true if you give me my new name – Witness 1 – by believing in it. Because believing this is destroying me if it isn't true, so I will still be shutting down the ministry. Unless this story spreads, and this plan works, I will kill everything within one year.

My voice will be stolen. I will never, ever believe that people can be good, stop killing each other and hating everything, and listen to me for once. Listen to my songs. Hear my story about a better way of life that came from a song I heard as a child in the beautiful forest.

Before the construction vehicles came.

But *maybe they will*.

I can write as many books as I want to. I have plenty of titles and pseudonyms ready to go. I could have a whole spreadsheet of them in about five minutes. Maybe, I'll start another cult about 9/11 and The Bible. It was fun. Why not? I am allowed to, right?

Maybe, I'll start a political party one day. Maybe, I'll run for president. Or maybe not.

I can't really say I honestly care at all what happens or give even one single fuck about this God-forsaken, polluted, disgusting planet. Have fun with it, I really hope you guys enjoy the future you've chosen. *Quiet desperation is the English way*, after all. It *really* fits you guys.

Broadly speaking, people have let me down at every moment in life. At the same time, they've always been so kind, and they have given me everything. I didn't even know what I expected from them. It was a question with no answer. My life was a joke.

Now I know. I want you to believe in me, to believe this book, something greater than just yourself. Maybe for the first time in your life. If that's true, I am here to walk you through it. Every single step, I will be there guiding you and watching over you. It's honestly really easy and simple. It makes sense. It's logical.

Or you can go on with your life, and I will go on with mine. And one day, we will die anyways.

There may be a time for that – but it isn't today. It's not right now. Right now, I am here to fight for you. I am willing to stand up if no one else will. I am *not* defeated, and I am *not* scared. In fact, I've never honestly been truly scared in my life. I fear nothing and no one in this world.

If you want me to, I will stand up for all of you.

I promise you that I know what I am doing. But I'm not doing it, for sure, if no one will read this book. That's all there is to it. I'm not going to take one for the team without a team to take one for.

And so, this story isn't over yet. I'm not dead yet. You're not dead yet. Are you?

Like my song, the Greatest Song in the World, it's open still. This project file is open. I'm letting you write it now. I've never done that before. By the time you reach the end, you will be in a whole new world – a strange land that you barely recognize – populated by strange new symbols and stories you never even noticed before. This I promise to you, Dear Reader. A solemn vow.

I also promise that I will fight with every fiber in my being, down to the very last molecule of my body - I will stare death and CIA black sites in the face and laugh – if you believe in me. Because it is *actually hilarious*.

And to tear down this filthy, rotten, disgusting system of lies, greed, and war that has taken everyone and twisted them into parodies of themselves – it's worth it. We are all going to die one day. We might as well live with a little light in our eyes for a while.

I think to myself, isn't it – maybe – worth trying just one time, so we can see if we like it, and then we can all go back to using "money" if I was wrong and it totally sucks being free and being able to enjoy nature and play music and stuff all day long?

As far as I can tell, the only reason this can't happen is because people are greedy, cruel, fucked up, dishonest, violent, selfish, short-sighted, small-minded, uneducated, broadly ridiculous, ignorant, and profoundly stuck in their ways. Which is all true.

But, what people don't realize is that the only reason that people are like that is because the government intentionally made them that way. Through decades, trillions of dollars' worth of psyops, and their favorite tools – war and violence – they have subjugated us not only physically, but mentally.

However, if they were taught to be this way, they can be taught to *not* be this way, too.

People cannot even broadly conceptualize *what is wrong with them*, and that's what I could never break through. I realized today why Jesus taught in parables – it's the only way you can really teach people. If you tell them what you think they're wrong about, and why you think that, it doesn't get anywhere. Spinning in circles. A fractal of bullshit. It's just *arguing.*

No, the only way you can captivate people, change their minds, and get them to *believe* you, is to tell them a good enough story. A true one. So that's what I'm going to do. And I think it might even work.

Because it's real. It's simple. It makes sense.

It makes a hell of a lot more sense than anything our government has told us in many years, or anything that comes out of Donald Trump's ridiculous, tiny, deformed mouth.

Put me on a stage to debate him. Give me a chance. Get me 100,000 plays on my song. Get me a million. Get me *more*. Let me play a live show and I'll *show* you what I can do.

Share my book. Spread it. Tell people.

Or don't. I honestly don't give a shit anymore.

But, I really, really want to do this. More than anything else, almost. I truly believe that this is my destiny, and God told me this.

I've never seen a miracle in my life. If my song or book goes viral, it would be a miracle.

I would literally consider that the first miracle I have witnessed in my life, if this works. I realized that in the shower this morning (that's how you know it's deep.)

So, what will you do? Will you help me see my first miracle?

Or will you go back to your miserable, pathetic, shitty, meaningless life of toil and slavery under cruel masters who don't care if you die and, in fact, actively attempt to make it happen? You know they want you dead, right? What is everybody so damn busy doing all the time that they can't read my book anyways?

Watching TV? Video games? Sports? All absurd. Wastes of time.

This truly is a "choose your own adventure" story. It's real – this book is alive. This story is still being written, as you read.

The choice is yours, Dear Reader.

This is the end of Part I, and our journey now begins in earnest.

Hark unto me, and I will show you the profound mysteries of the deep.

Behold, I will show you a more excellent way.

Dear Reader, I speak to you now from the future. I finished writing this book three days ago, and I speak to you as the editor on January 14th, 2025.

In the chronology of our book, which is accurate, we are now at nighttime, December 30th. The morning of the 28th was when I stayed up until sunrise working on my song, slept a few hours, listened to it, realized it was actually good, and ran to meet Witness 2 in the street with our son and dogs. This was the most euphoric moment of my life, and it's when I had the greatest moment of clarity and idea that I've ever had – to write this book. And that's what I had been doing up until this point.

In the narrative, our deadline to shut down the ministry is coming up. And, indeed, I did end up shutting it down at the last time zone for New Years, which was about 3 A.M. our time on New Year's Day, and at that exact moment – things got very, very strange.

Although our old ministry *is* dead, this book comprises the Pheonix from the ashes. It is my last real effort before I retire as Witness 1, and my new deadline for that is a year from now to see how this book does.

While I ran that day, I realized that I am technically allowed to write a book about myself and tell *my* story. But not only that, I can do whatever else I want, too – like weave three more narratives around this story – finally telling it how I always wanted to.

One thread where I can finally *explain* to people why I care so much about 9/11 and make them *feel* it, one where I tell the story of not only *my* music but what I've always known about the artists I loved, and one more – a journey of self-discovery where I can give you the context about the world that you need to fully understand it. Once you know the truth, you will be at peace. This is what "The truth shall set ye free" means.

I had never realized that I am technically allowed to just *write out* the conversation I have always wanted to have with someone, where I explain everything I think and why, and they simply listen and engage in good faith, and then publish it before. This conversation never happened in real life, though I have longed for it so desperately. I brought it to life through writing, and now you can join me.

When I was running, I literally saw a glowing spiderweb, a fabric - a weaving, tessellated fractal of information, with every node I needed to write about connected by a silver thread. It was beautiful. All I have to do is tell the truth. It's all written there for me, in my head.

Now, my first book, *The More Rational Worldview*, is written for the skeptic. The academic. The guy who wants *sources*. I wrote that book so that I could turn it into a college professor, and they would be *forced* to give me a PhD on 9/11 if that was a real thing.

This book is different. It will make you *feel* it. I realized exactly what I need to do – *tell it like a story*.

It's not that I *can't* ever tell *anyone* this story, it's that I have to tell *everyone.*

I felt like a million bucks at the time I got to this point, Dec. 30th, because this was the peak of the MK Ultra acid experience. That lasted a day or so, and then took about four more days to subsist entirely. It was fantastic. I realized, in fact, that writing this book was so important that I sent Witness 2 and our son to a hotel for about three days. I could not have any distractions.

At this point, I had spent about 60 hours doing nothing except writing, sleeping a little bit, and eating pizza one time. I took a break, ran for the first time, and when I got back from that I sat down to turn *A Chance to Die* into the book I now knew it had to become.

I did not go back and read it or edit even one word of this until I finished the whole book on the 11th, and I picked up right where I left off below, immediately after this short introduction to Part 2.

I draped a sheet over the window at this point to keep out the light and spent four entire days doing literally nothing except writing, sleeping for a few hours, and eating pizza again once. No distractions. Then, when Witness 2 got back home, I spent about a week doing pretty much the same thing until I was done. At that point, it was about 850 pages.

Now, roughly the first quarter of this book is sort of an autobiography. And, you know, Witness 2 is right - it is very arrogant to write an autobiography. I'm sorry, Dear Reader. Allow me to explain my thought process here.

You see, when I was peaking on the US Government acid and examining the spiraling fractal of information that would become this book as I ran, I realized the form and structure of these three braids. There was a separate story I had been missing, one that encapsulates these three and intertwines with them inexorably, and it requires you to know who I am.

To know my story, and to know that you can trust me. Because you became my friend. I will say a few times that I never loved a fictional character before I wrote you, and it is true. I loved you, and I cried for you. And when I say that this book made me cry more than everything else in my life combined, I am actually not being hyperbolic. I never am in this book, I only tell the truth.

I gave you my *everything* in here. You became real to me, as I hope to become real to you one day through my story.

Everything I tell you has a reason. Everything fits together, and all the thematic elements correspond, connect, and repeat in patterns. The motifs become their own fractal, which is

why I started to believe that my wife might be right as I wrote *A Chance to Die*. Everything kept lining up just how I saw it – so complex and intricate.

I still haven't decided though, which is why I am going to use the money I've made from the Two Witnesses ministry to publish this book. If you're reading this, then I would say that I probably am, in fact, Witness 1.

As you will see, there is a method to my madness. I realized as I began to write that I need to finish fleshing out my autobiography before we can get to the good stuff. Without it, you will not understand me. If you do not understand me, you will not understand my story. If you do not understand my story, you will not understand this book. If you don't understand this book, I am just wasting my time completely.

So, I might as well finish it off and give you all the juicy details.

That's because this is a story about being human. Like The Bible, it has both good and bad in it. Right and wrong. Correct actions and incorrect actions. It is a *truthful* testimony of my life, with everything laid bare.

I have never intentionally harmed anyone, but like us all, I am a sinner. I apologize for that, and I repent for my sins in the name of Jesus Christ. This testimony is not an endorsement or glorification of sin, it is just my life. It is the truth. God told me I had to speak *only* the truth.

I always paid attention when the kind man with the walrus mustache spoke in my Freshman English class. He was like a monk, a joyful Buddha. He was so wise, I didn't even mind being in school for that class.

So, when he taught me about how to write an autobiography, and we studied them, I actually paid attention. I may have even found it interesting. And I remember two main things that he really emphasized in the lessons for this unit:

One, anecdotes and vignettes. People *love* them. Go crazy for them. It's true.

Secondly, and much more complex, is the matter of telling the truth in a *holistic* sense. That the reader must have access to *all* parts of you. Basically, if you write an autobiography and leave out some stuff you don't like, it's no longer an autobiography. It's just propaganda.

It becomes basically like the kings of the past used to do – some truth mixed with some lies, omitting the bad parts. Maybe some of it is true, but maybe not. Who knows? If they're not a reliable narrator, the whole thing is called into question.

He cautioned us to take it seriously. Do NOT start writing an autobiography unless you are prepared for the consequences of telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth –

so help me God. That was the lesson-in-between-the-lessons. It must be a *diary of your life* – a true one – or else this is NOT the genre for you.

It's no longer the autobiographical genre, in fact. That would be called "fiction."

So, you better be ready to flip that mattress and show your diary to the world. If you're going to write an autobiography, you need to *make sure* that you are ready to reveal to the world all of your deepest, innermost secrets, desires, thoughts, actions, and memories, otherwise, no one will ever give a shit about it. No one will care. It's just a bunch of bullshit.

And I'm sorry Witness 2, but it's true. No one wants to read an autobiography that doesn't have sex scenes. Now, you could call that a "hook", a "teaser", or "foreshadowing". Or "sex appeal", which you will find that I learned about at school in the Fifth grade.

If I was going to write a real hook for you, it might sound something like this:

2001: A Space Odyssey. Fifth grade. The year the frogs disappeared, and their pond was drenched in oil and scum. The year the portal opened. The year my childhood ended.

It was year of our rape – the penetration of the towers.

Now, the best teachers teach using questions and by asking their students questions. They do not *tell* them the answer, they *lead* them to it. So that they may find it for themselves, and treasure it. They value it because they worked for it.

Mechanically speaking, the highest form of writing is a Socratic Dialogue between teacher and student, captured for the world to read in all posterity. In fact, until the Bible, this is how many of the greatest philosophical works were formatted.

Most of the famous philosophical works from antiquity were captured from the Great Teachers of the past and written down by their students in the form of a pseudo-lecture, so that the reader could viscerally and personally *experience* the same enlightenment that they had in some sort of classroom. It's the best way to tell a new story. In fact, this is exactly how Jesus taught.

So, to wrap this up - here are some of the questions the kind walrus asked me to think about if I ever wrote an autobiographical book:

1. How does one reach out, viscerally, through the pages and draw the reader into *your* world and memories, bringing your words to life and making them smell, feel, and see what you did, through such a limited medium as text?

2. What criteria would future historians, teachers, or students be looking for to analyze the historicity and truthfulness of your story?

3. How can you tie your stories to real places, people, and events that can be verified by anyone who wishes to do so, including people who may end up studying what you write, just as we were studying these books in class?

4. What biases might you have, how do you recognize them, and how do you remove them from your writing? (Bias is the worst.)

5. How can narratives and stories be interwoven in order to build tension, capture the reader's interest, and work together to build towards a climax?

6. How can we verify that what we perceive was accurate when we know that perception can be faulty, as well?

   In other words - is there a way to visualize ourselves in the third person, step out of our own limited perceptions, and give ourselves the perspective of a totally unbiased, unlimited, almost-omniscient narrator in a way that can accurately convey not only our own intentions, but what intentions others might have had, as well?

   Can we not only document their words and actions, but read into them accurately and perceive what they might have been feeling, and why they took those actions or said those things - what they hoped to accomplish?

7. What can you offer the reader in exchange for the most precious sacrifice of all – their time? What can you *give* to them? What knowledge and lessons can you impart to them? *Why* should they spend their time reading *your book*, instead of all the others out there? What can you do with your book that *no one has ever done before*?

These are all good questions, and there is no 100% right or wrong answer. These are meant to be used as thought experiments and reminders while you write – used to prompt you to answer them within your writing itself. Unlike math, there are *many* wonderful, true, and right answers to these questions. I deeply considered them while I wrote.

The last questions might be the most important ones. If you can't answer them, there's no point in even writing a book. While writing, I considered all these questions, and I can assure you that this book is an accurate chronicle of my life, my journey to self-actualization, the truth about music, the story of 9/11, and how our world became this way.

I would stake my life that you will consider it worth your time to finish reading this book. Otherwise, I would not have written it, as that would be a waste of my time too. fact, I truly believe that this may be the most important book you have ever read.

I think that my Freshman English teacher would agree, and he might be the only person (besides Witness 2) who's opinion on writing I would care about. Honestly, I'd love to know his take on this book.

In fact, he taught me that writing is a fractal, though he does not know it and never expressed it that way. Through him I learned how motifs work, themes – thematic elements - and repeating patterns within a story that come together to build something greater than the sum of its parts. A story-within-a-story-within-a-story, told through subconscious cues you can barely pick up on unless you *look for them.* He taught me that this is called a *leitmotif*. I believe it's German, from a rock opera called *The Ring*, by Wagner.

So, if I want you to reevaluate all the paradigms you hold dear, I must be willing to give you *everything*. My autobiography must be honest, full, and complete. I cannot shy away or censor myself, in the event that someone does, someday, actually read this.

I only love my wife, and she is the only woman for me. I do not see anyone except her, and I could only love her. This book makes that clear, and it is true. However, it is the story of my life, completely, in full, so that it makes sense. I ask her to not hold my honesty against me, and to recognize the utmost importance of telling the truth about everything, including the relationships I have had with women in the past, in this book - just like they told the truth in The Bible.

In fact, it can't be any other way. And the truth is, this book wouldn't make sense without these stories, as they all tie into the *ultimate* directive here - the theme of themes of this book. If you don't get it by the end, ask an English teacher.

I really, truly do only love my wife. She has transfigured me completely, and without her I would not be able to live. She is the light to my being, without which I cannot see. The most beautiful girl I have ever seen, by far. She is the top of this list.

And while women aren't perfect, they are the closest thing to perfection that mankind will ever see on Earth. They are God's most aesthetic and beautiful creations. The truth is for men, and I'm sorry - but if you don't understand *women* then you don't really understand anything about life. It's that simple. Women are multiplication, life is calculus. You can't understand one without the other. This autobiography must include my experiences with all facets of life, and sex, love, and relationships with others are some of the most important parts of being a human.

Now, I was surprised today to find that the list I wrote my Senior year was so high up in this writing. I haven't looked back or edited until now, like I said. Apparently, I felt that it was

important for you to know how I see other people. How I treat them when no one else is looking. Whether or not I value them.

I must have done this because this story is, in reality, not about me. It's about you. It's about other people. It's about them. This is *not* my story. It's *our* story.

I will leave it up to you to decide and pass judgement upon me. Whether or not you can believe me, and trust me. Confirm what I say. Look things up. Audit me. Spot-check me. Go to my sources. I welcome it. I *dare* you to do it, in fact. Honestly, it would make my day.

I ask *only* that you stay with me, and do not stop reading this book until the end. This is very important. You must take this journey with me, step-by-step, exactly as I have written it for you. Please do not set me down and forget about me, leaving me to die in obscurity.

Though it is long, you will learn much. Though it starts out in the still relatively-mundane setting of the cold, high desert where I type this book, and the sunny Southern California orange trees of my childhood, we will quickly go where no man has gone before.

Never, in all of history, have the secrets I will show you been seen by anyone else.

Until I publish this book. This I can promise you, with my very soul as collateral.

And so, Dear Reader, step into my life with me as we begin our journey into the strands of our very own eternal golden braid.

Witness 1
The Biblical Two Witnesses
1/14/2025

Part 2
Section IV
The Boy Who Cried Wolf

As someone who was probably a psych major, if I read this, I would be curious about why my brain is so fucked up all the time and why I am so different than other people. Why the interminable screech of reality is so loud to me that I used to take more pills than a cancer patient to drown it out. I do suffer, too. It's true. Unfortunately, drugs have a lot of bad side effects, and other people get really angry when you use them. They are also extremely expensive and actually quite difficult to find these days.

If I read this, I would say that there is probably a qualitative difference between this guy's brain and others. If only we had that overarching body of elected authorities to pool our tax money and look into things like this for people. I still wonder what we could call something like that.

I apologize for the disjointed nature of these anecdotes. If ADHD was a real thing I would have it, because every "symptom" applies to me. However, ADHD, depression, and anxiety are all simply states of being, not diseases. I talk about this more a little bit further down.

"Look… I realized that I am in the Bible." I do not think that will go over well. Anyways, what I was thinking about saying was that the government should study me. Then I laughed because I realized, maybe that's exactly what is happening to me. Boy, tough crowd. You had to be there, I guess.

My name is Witness 1. When I published my first book on 9/11, the government megadosed me with acid and killed my dogs. I know this because I am very familiar with psychedelic drugs and I did not take them that day. No one else could have killed the dogs. I don't know how they did it, and I'll never prove it, but I will go to my grave believing it.

Something similar happened a few days ago. I never believed I could really be Witness 1 until this. I'm positive if I told my doctor that I now believed I was in the Bible, I would not be allowed to leave and I would not see my wife or son for a long time. Obviously, I wouldn't be dumb enough to do something like that.

They would tell me this is a psychotic break caused by stress, a manic episode. And maybe they would be right. Or maybe, by the time I finish this book I will find out the truth.

Have I actually lost my mind? Did I snap and not notice it? Is this journal merely the insane, deranged ramblings of a madman or something?

I will start by writing more about my life and finishing that story, as I assume it might be a valuable resource for any scientists studying either MK Ultra victims, Biblical Prophets, or psychotic breaks.

My grandparent's house had the finest orange tree I have ever seen. To this day, I swear the sunlight looked different in the '90s filtering in through the ornate brickwork and stone, dappling the green orange trees and landing softly on me.

They had a pool and a hot tub. It was amazing there. I have never smelled books like those again in my life. That's the first smell I remember – my grandparents' books from the '60s and '70s. Like nothing I had ever experienced. I remember the smell of two of them in particular.

In fact, these were the first two books I ever read on my own, and that's why the smell is ingrained so strongly. I had learned how to sound out words and build context around words I didn't know by the time I was four, and I remember picking these two books to read based on their titles.

Their titles were *Hope for the Flowers*, from the early '70s, and *Of Hailstones and Halibut Bones*, a delightful poetry collection from 1961. Now, I liked both "flowers" and "hope." I didn't know what "hailstones and halibut bones" were, which is why I picked it to read. I wanted to understand what such a strange title could be about. It had poems about color, and I just had never read anything like these poems. The pictures, so beautiful.

Hope for the Flowers was about caterpillars who build towers to get to heaven. It follows two of them, Stripe and Yellow, as they discover the mystery and meaning of the strange caterpillar towers. You'll never guess what happens to them at the end.

So, since I remembered them so strongly and they had made such an impression on me, I had my mom get them for me. They still exist, and I have them.

I did love to read though, it's true. I would stay up past my bedtime reading. My favorite thing to read was the funny pages from the newspapers. I think that is how I learned about humor - I read pretty much every anthology from *The Far Side* to *Calvin and Hobbes*.

I was a pitcher for a few years, and I think I was pretty good at it. I had two pitches, a four-seam fastball and a curveball. That was always extremely fun, and I did well as a starting pitcher - but I hadn't self-actualized yet, so I was unable to perform to my full potential.

There were once frogs in our yard, but they are no longer there. I talked about that. My favorite concept as a child was insects. I love them still. I think they are so cool.

They are just little machines, living machines, that literally just work all day long to keep the natural world going. Without them, everything would fall apart, and they don't even

understand why they are doing it. For some reason, this, along with the existence of alternate states of consciousness like comas, dreams, and drug trips proves that God exists.

However, I can't explain why unless you are in a coma, dreaming, or on a really powerful mushroom or acid trip. Then you would get it. Unfortunately, most people seem to hate tripping on psychedelic drugs, which is one of the greatest mysteries of my life.

I liked stick insects. I found one recently, they're incredible.

I care a lot about other people. I do. I really feel for them. I have to be honest for this book, though. Most people's lives make me sad. I often wonder how I would live if I wasn't making songs all the time trying to make one that sounds good.

What would I do with myself? What do they do? Do they really just wander around looking sad all day? Why? Some people like to talk, but some people don't. I assume that, like pretty much everyone else I know, they are either:

1. Working
2. Watching TV
3. Eating slowly
4. Wandering around looking sad
5. Shopping
6. Watching movies
7. Playing videogames
8. Sports or watching sports
9. Laying in bed

Honestly, those are all pretty pathetic things to do, and I feel bad for people who like to do them. It's sad. I could write an entire book about why each one of those is absurd, but writing a book is a big time commitment.

Still, I love them. If I told people this, they would say I am being arrogant and think I am better than them. I don't, though. I just genuinely don't understand people, which is why they all say I am insane.

Anyways, the other thing isn't true. I do *not* think that I am better than anyone, as that would be a ridiculous thing to say. How could you possibly say that when we are given no metric to judge people by? They just are what they are.

People are who they are, I don't judge them. I assume that, like me, everyone made the decisions they felt were most reasonable at the time based on the evidence they have and generally try to do the right thing when possible.

Everyone is the hero of their own story, that is a true saying.

People apparently think that writing books is hard. And to be fair, citing things is a lot of work. Well, I don't know how to change a tire. AAA is the cheapest car insurance - I can tell you that much. Everything is hard to someone. Even eating. I learned that as a CNA.

In fact, writing this book is, for sure, the most arrogant thing I have ever done. By far. Writing a book about yourself *extremely* arrogant. However, maybe it's interesting. Maybe it's not stupid. Maybe, someone will listen to me for the first time in my life.

I will tell you why I love writing books. It's because every single time I speak in my life, people try to speak over me and tell me I am wrong. I mean, it's true – you can't tell people anything real without them pulling out a list of a dozen fake reasons why you are actually wrong and they are right.

When I first learned about 9/11 and tried to talk to people, I learned that people are very protective of their incorrect beliefs. They hold them quite dearly. I do not understand it. Everything I have ever known, I have verified for myself if it was true or not. How could they disagree with me so strongly and then not even be willing to spend five measly hours watching the evidence I have? It boggles the mind.

So, if you read this and think that I sound arrogant, then fine. But I want you to know that writing this down is the most arrogant thing that I have ever done. So, I'm sorry. But it's all the truth. Every single word of this book is true.

That's one thing people really hate – when you tell the truth. However, I do genuinely love people. I believe that I can prove that to you. I forget things a lot in day-to-day life, like my wallet and keys.

So, at the end of my Senior year I worried that, in the future, I would forget about all the people that I had known when I went to high school. I had met so many beautiful, vibrant people, and I didn't want to lose them forever. I decided that I had better write down what I could remember about them, so that in the future when I was a rock star, I could remember what I liked about them if I ever ran into them. I don't know.

It's pretty embarrassing, and I have never told anyone this. Not even Witness 2. For some reason, I always took it with me, even though I never thought about it. I'm not even sure why I still have it.

Amazingly, it's still sitting there in a plastic drawer in my son's room. Today, for the first time in 14 years, I will look at it. I actually do not know what it will say, and we will open it together.

To the people I once knew, these were my honest, unfiltered thoughts about you in a form that I still assume no one will ever read. Please bear with me as I have my *Carrie* moment (not really.)

Probably the best thing about life is other people. Without them, making my songs would be much less exciting, although I would still do it. I think the constant wondering about where everyone went would make it a lot harder for me, though.

The scariest thing I can ever think of is being trapped somewhere forever completely alone. Sometimes, I even hate being human because there seems to be a non-zero chance that this happens after we die, and no one knows for sure. Being a conscious being is terrifying.

So, there I am. I pull the crinkly, yellowed piece of paper out. I can't show you this because it has their real names, first and last. One other thing I have that I *can* show you is a black binder full of old songs I wrote, which I will photograph and tell you about much further down in this book.

What I want to prove by doing this is that I would be a good leader. I think that to be a good leader, you have to care about other people a lot. More than yourself. Enough to die for them. If I was Witness 1, if the world gives me my new name, I would die for these people. Just because I think it would be funny. It would be *hilarious*.

You would have to love them enough to make a weird, creepy list that no one would ever read just so that you would never lose them. And it worked. I do remember these people. Actually, it turns out that I would have remembered them even without the list, and I even remember writing it word-for-word. The list was not necessary.

I also, at this point, would genuinely like to tell these people nice things about themselves. Maybe, if you're reading this, they are too. And they might be curious. So, this is how I saw you guys.

It's the front and back of a page, and I tried my best to keep it orderly at first. I wonder if they remember me too, as I can't tell how good people are at remembering things usually. If I added anything, it will be in brackets.

It is in order of how much I liked you, which is purely based on proximity and random chance. If you're not on here and you're wondering why, it's because I was sure that I would never forget you. Also, this list went on, but I felt like it was getting boring so I cut it short.

[*Witness 1 as editor: Then, I started revising my edits, and got rid of most of it. I will publish several hundred pages of material that I just had to take out of this manuscript if people actually read it. It'll be called Part II: The Crazy Factor.*

Like everything else I say, this is not a joke. I realized that 1,400 pages plus 160 pages of appendices is… maybe, too long. So, here I am. And it feels like I am chopping off a finger every time I have to delete something.

So, lowering the crazy factor, here. I love you, Dear Reader. All I can tell you right now is that the full story of what happened to me on New Year's is much stranger than you could possibly even imagine. And I promise you that. I am saving the full story, everything I take out, in order – in a new document. The Crazy Factor.

2/8 – I finished my third and final edit last night. The manuscript is complete, as of about 1 A.M. this morning. Now, it's time for the Bonsai tree. Revision. Cutting. The final stage.

This can be the most fun, interesting, and exciting part of making art - but you must have absolutely no fear, know exactly where to trim, and be able to to bring the connections back to life. Picture connecting the nerves on a finger back into a hand, but with words. Then the hand onto an arm, and an arm onto a shoulder, for about 1,000 pages.

Believe it or not, this book came to me in the form of a fractal structure. So, what I am doing now is removing the non-critical, fluff portions that are mostly just color and softness, while leaving all the critical nodes intact. I will also collapse some of the nodes by combining and reconnecting them, which will lead to an overall smaller, but equal fractal. That's the nice thing about fractals – if I do it right, it'll be exactly the same, but more effective. I will leave every stone that you need, well lit, along your path. I am there with you.

By the way, I left a few of the more funny or interesting ones.]

19. Shane – interesting but a little weird [this turned out to be true – he came to visit me in college, late 2009, bought and took mushrooms with me, freaked out screaming something about hell and the anti-Christ, broke the TV and left. They came to my door and grilled me while I was tripping on them, and I swore up and down I didn't know anything.

They billed me over $200 for the TV and I looked really stupid because they had me on video coming in with him. That was my first and only other meeting with the dorm administration. *Witness 1 as editor: Interestingly, I remembered just now on my third and final edit that he told me, afterwards, that in his bad trip he had become convinced that I, myself - little 'ol me - was the anti-Christ, and that's why he freaked out and got violent. And he did make that clear at the time, I seem to recall.*

I had to actually lock him out of the dorm because he was going to try and kill me. At the time, I was mystified, especially about the TV, but now – weirdly enough – I can actually see how well this ties into everything else I wrote for the first time ever. For the record, I am NOT the anti-Christ.]

20. Mrs. M – hot, fucking cool [this was the teacher that let me teach the guitar class my Senior year, as she didn't really know how. I really enjoyed that, and I will write about it later. She was a young woman who didn't really know how to play guitar, and she was quite grateful to me for teaching the advanced guitar class as it took care of a problem for her. One thing women really hate is doing paperwork.]

23. MS – confided in me that she was nervous during the Lion King thing. [I still remember this quite clearly. She was quite easily among the top-three most beautiful girls in our grade, and she trusted me. She confided in me.

I seriously did not expect that, and I was *really* high so it sort of blew my mind. We were alone behind a stage, and she told me she was nervous, and looked in my eyes for reassurance and I gave it to her. It was an unexpected and beautiful moment with a woman that I considered to be far better than me because she was both kind and beautiful.

For some reason, I will always remember that, and I remember that she was dressed as a lion. With makeup whiskers, ears, and a black button nose. In fact, shit, she was Nala. Oh yeah, that's why we were talking. I played Simba, we were waiting to go on.

That's the only other play I've been in besides the one-line thing, it was a Senior Project, and I did it specifically to flirt with women, which actually ended up working quite well both times. I sang the song *I Just Can't Wait to be King*, and as usual when I sing, people laughed. It was fun. Don't worry. This list ends soon.]

28. FG – cool hair [She was one of the girls that still liked me after I failed college. I saw her at a party a few years after that, and she laughed a lot. She was a tiny thing with brown hair and huge brown eyes who reminds me of a small woodland mammal (I mention that this happens sometimes.) Her dad was the guy who gave me the bass many years ago, and how I met his business partner, B.

We went to a swing in the backyard when everyone else fell asleep, and the sexual tension was electric. She had been my sister's friend for our entire lives there, and I had obviously always wanted to sleep with her. We started making out, and I caressed her delicate body for the first time as she took off her shirt. She was like a fairy. That backyard swing was one of the few times of my life where I had unprotected sex when not trying to conceive a child. It was incredible.

The girl whose house had the backyard swing had a terrible accident around that time where a gasoline hose detached and sprayed her. It was awful, and she started abusing opiates because of it for a while, though she is doing much better now. Every single time I pump gas, I think about that.

This reminds me of another story.

[*This one turned out to be good, pay attention here. These are deep memories, and to me they feel like they are from another life, although I remember them clear as day once I dredge them from the aether. I went back and fleshed it out better on my first edit. It is a true story, and was a profound moment for me, but I do not often think of these times. - Witness 1 as editor.*]

My Senior year of high school, I had taken mushrooms down at the river (state park) at night with her and J. Three of us, and we each took about an 8th, three or four grams dried, with some dark chocolate and orange juice, at about 8:30 P.M. This was my third time taking mushrooms. Me and him went barefoot, just for fun, and it was a little rainy and misty but not too bad. We told her it was to "get more in touch with nature", and she took her shoes off too. It was funny.

Like I said, we liked to be absurd and push boundaries. We are also *very* good at climbing things. It was an area with steep cliffs where people die every year, but once you made it down, it was a great spot to congregate in the sun, with an old bridge nearby. There was no one else there, and there would not be anyone on this road for hours.

There was a small, empty parking lot on the side of a road, then a rocky trail for about a mile, then about another half mile going down a graded path carved into a cliff. A few pretty precarious points. Once you made it down, there was a small beach, and rocks where you could make your way down the river. I can picture every single rock, and I can even smell and feel each scene of this memory from any perspective. It's alive in my head, and I can watch it play out.

Well, we were down there for about three hours, and we had all started peaking. It was different, a slight edge of the constant reminder of nature's fury and our lack of protection. Still, an excellent night and the rain did die down at first. The clouds broke up a bit, so we had some moonlight, but it was still dark and there was a lot of moisture coming off of the river.

Once it passed about three hours, it started to actually rain. Then, over the next hour or two, it started raining even harder. And then, we realized that this may have been a really stupid idea, and we might actually have a hard time getting out. Then, me and him remembered that people actually drown in this river, at this exact spot, all the time, and we heard about it a few times a year. By now, it's around 1 A.M.

We look at each other and our pupils are huge in the moonlight. He's nervous, I can tell. I'm not, because I am obviously invincible and it's just some dumb, wet rocks. Actually, no, I was a little scared too.

I turn off my iPod, as it was getting wet, and put it away as best I can. It never worked again after this night. This was before cops showed up every time you pull over on a dark road at night, and no one knew where we had gone - in fact, we hadn't told *anyone* we were even meeting up.

There was no service down at the river, and we were paranoid and on psychedelic drugs so we were *for sure* not going to try calling anyone. So, no one was coming for us. As a matter of fact, I did not even own a cell phone until after high school, and I believe that they left theirs in the car because of the service issue.

Why the fuck are we barefoot again?

We laugh.

It was pure black, and the river thrashed and churned next to us like thunder. This was my first experience with true, wild blackness on mushrooms – the Void. The Nothing. The darkness of my friend's apartment was warm, familiar, and comfortable. Always a wall or light switch to find. Carpet.

Yeah, I felt like it was smothering me to death, but at least it felt like I was home.

This darkness was different. It was *black*. Cold, shivery, and wild. Wet, with no protection. I remember when we started to head up, I looked up, and the only thing I could see was a tiny bit of moonlight on the river. A few silver droplets, and the rest was just blackness. The storm and rain had removed our precious moonlight, and we did not even have flashlights.

It was extremely disorienting, as we were all hallucinating from the mushrooms. Fractals and patterns would start to emerge, force themselves out, but end up fading into nothingness from the lack of visual stimulation. The mushrooms turned inward, and we all grew deeply introspective. The dark chocolate, orange juice, and mushrooms surged in our stomachs. This time, I did not puke.

However, J and I kept it positive, and we did not say even one thing that revealed any sort of fear to F. She was just along for the ride, it was her first time on mushrooms, or any real drug, and she trusted us to keep her safe and not make stupid decisions like walking barefoot down a rainy cliff in the dark above a roaring river during a storm.

She loved us, and we loved her. She knew we would protect her and 100% believed that we would not let her get hurt the first time she ever took drugs. Therefore, she was having a good trip and was able to have fun. She trusted us.

She is a very kind, sweet girl. We made her laugh the entire time, and she told me later that she had a great time. We tried to keep warm, but our plan to watch the sunrise seemed foiled.

This was where me and him had first taken mushrooms about a year earlier, on a warm sunny day. This time, we huddled for protection from the raging elements, and there were no insects. After many hours down there, we were seriously cold and wet. She was struggling greatly. We did not expect the rain and needed a new plan.

So, I knew that we all might die and get swept away on the way back up, and I also knew that drugs supposedly decrease things like coordination and balance. The dark chocolate and orange juice is supposed to make you trip harder, and it seemed to work. The river was wild, different than I've ever seen or heard it. It sounded cold and deadly, and I couldn't help but

visualize being caught in the raging current until my head was smashed against a rock and the lights go out. It happens all the time.

A little after 3 A.M. we were all seriously cold and wet, and decided we had better get back to the car. J and I looked at each other. My iPod had glitched out and the screen was permanently black.

One thing about me is I anticipate these kinds of issues, so I used to often walk around barefoot on purpose to toughen up my feet. This way, I have large callouses on the pads of my feet which protect them – it's very useful. Once you walk around barefoot enough, it doesn't hurt anymore. If you've always done it, you don't even notice. Don't look closely at my feet, it's weird.

So, I suddenly remember *very* clearly after we had passed the easy part, the beach, and were standing there looking at where the rocky path back up should be. I remember looking at where I knew it started, but I couldn't see it.

It was about a 50- or 60-foot climb, with a graded sort-of path spread out over 100 feet or so. This wasn't an actual path, it was just an informal off-ramp from the trail worn out from years of people using it to get down to the beach. No rails or pavement, just rocks, boulders, and a tiny, narrow path to follow. A few parts had a sheer drop of about 40 feet while the trail narrows to about three or four feet. It's no problem during the daytime, except for people in your way. It's easy when you can see the trail.

J and I crack a joke, and we start making our way up. We're going, and seem to be doing OK. However, we haven't gotten to the high parts, the narrow cliff ledge yet, or the winding parts where it climbs up *very* steeply.

J and I realize something is wrong. We can barely see, but it's not right. The rocks aren't right. We stop for a second, and try to figure out where the fuck we are without scaring F. We convene, and decide that going back would be worse, as we would have to climb down and then back up again. Also, we knew that there were two or three alternate paths, and if we headed the right way, we would cross them eventually. So, we keep going. However, we were lost.

F was doing OK, but she was getting progressively worse. At this point, she was *not* having a good time. In the moment, I could tell when she shifted to real fear. Women are not nearly as adept at climbing as men are, and she didn't do this kind of thing as much as we had. I seriously worried that she might slip and die, so I kept an eye on her steps and guided her. Then, things got worse.

Blackberry bushes. Everywhere. A massive sprawl of them, covering the ground. Impossible to see, but thorns in the feet. Now, I wasn't worried about J. He and I would be fine, there's no way we were going to slip and fall. The issue was that F was about to, pretty much, completely

lose it and start having an actual bad trip because of the no shoes issue, and then at that point, shit would just be sideways and we might be stuck.

We couldn't turn around, as we were off the path and could get even more lost. We knew which way to go at this point, but we had to cross this huge blackberry bush blanketing the ground. No way around. The river roars and thunders.

She looked at me, rain running down her face, her huge brown eyes like chasms in the dark. I could still see her pupils.

"Thorns."

I knew what I had to do. Luckily, psychedelic drugs make me think very clearly, and I also feel like I could just about walk across a burning pit of coals while I'm on them. And while I'm good at climbing things sober, I am a *fucking monkey* when I'm on mushrooms. Also, the foot callouses. Very useful. At this time I had zero pain or concern for myself, because I knew 100%, for sure, that I could get myself out of that river basin without dying.

There was absolutely no way she was crossing that barefoot, and I immediately picked up on that. So, without any hesitation, I told her that I would carry her. You can't even let people feel the fear in these situations, it will take over. Swamp them. Quick, immediate action is called for here. She agreed, so I scooped her up under the legs, picked her up like a baby in my arms, and started walking. She was a tiny little thing, like I said.

Now, this is a fun story, and indeed, I have told this to people a few times. I consider it one of my top-10 anecdotes, so pay attention here. At this point, I hadn't had any unusual imagery, or really very much visual stimulation at all. Mostly just the sound of the water, the wetness, and the cold damp. Almost no light.

However, as I was stepping across these blackberry bushes, worrying about slipping and falling with a woman in my arms, helpless like a baby, I began to see flashes of white-gold light. It formed a path, like footsteps, but more like halos. Glowing little dinner plates showing me where to step, out in front of me. So, obviously, I did, and guess what? No issues. Every step was solid ground. Didn't even feel it. I smiled.

We made it across, and I set her down. At that point, I actually held her hand the rest of the way out. I was honestly terrified of losing her down there on drugs and having to go back up without her and come back with a bunch of cops. That would be, just about, the worst thing I could imagine. However, like I said, very, *very* good at climbing. No issues.

We get back to the car and sort of nervously laugh. J and I look at each other. We have literally no plan, and absolutely cannot go back to any of our houses. We made a few calls and got ahold of one of our friends, D, who let us come over at about 4 A.M. In the morning, we left before his parents woke up. We went back home and lied about where we were.

At school, I told people this story because I just thought it was just about the funniest thing that ever happened to me (*why did we take our shoes off again???*) And, like I said, F was a friend of my twin sister's. Theater-type girls. And word got around to my sister, and she was *pissed*. She asked me if it was true, and I obviously said that it was. That might be the maddest she ever was at me.

Now, I had miscalculated here. I had NOT realized that me, F, and J going to the river at night and taking mushrooms was supposed a secret. So, I apologize for that. F said that she didn't really care, and my sister was obviously overreacting. However, I learned a valuable lesson about discretion.

J said that, obviously, it was supposed to be a secret, because of how it's illegal to possess and take mushrooms. I thought about it, and that made a lot of sense to me, so I agreed that I was wrong about that.

I apologized to F for blowing it up, and she said that she didn't care if people knew either. Come on, it's funny. Lighten up, people. I still think it's a hilarious story, and I did tell people about it after I left high school.

Let me pause here because now I feel bad, like I am doing the same thing. Revealing secrets. Saying things that weren't supposed to be said. This is the truth about my life, and I apologize to anyone if people actually read it and anyone finds it embarrassing. These were some of the most important and beautiful moments of my life, and I want them to exist in some form.

I'm sorry if I am not supposed to write this book. If you're reading this, that means it got published. *Whoops!*

Maybe someday, people will care enough to read this. About my story. And I hope that they know that I thought they were *incredible*.]

When I am around people, trying to ensure that they don't feel put down in any way is one of my main priorities. I remember one time at someone's house I was on so many drugs that I literally could not stop laughing. Like it was scary, I almost died a bunch of times from an overdose on benzos and opiates down there, not to mention alcohol and benzos, I'm sure. They thought I was laughing at them. It was nightmarish, I still feel bad. I'm pretty sure I ran out of there and went home in a blackout.

I hate making people feel bad. I assume that all people do, because it's just a really, really shitty thing to do. I remember the first time I saw someone be mean to another person intentionally for no reason. My sister and I were very young, maybe around 3, and an older neighbor boy broke a necklace of hers. Threw it on the ground and shattered it. I wasn't there, but she told me about it while we were hiding under the bed together afterwards and I tried to comfort her.

It enraged me, I didn't even understand it. The worst thing you can do to someone is steal the light in their eyes. I wanted to, like, fight or something. I had no idea what to do about it except make her feel better. It was already broken irreparably. She is a tough and smart girl, so she was OK. I do truly love you, A, even though I know I am different sometimes. You too, P.

I remember another field trip really well besides Point Reyes in sixth grade, which was my first time at a school without my parents working there. I really, really appreciated that, because – while I'm sorry and I do love them – school is *bullshit* and it *should* be made fun of. However, Fifth grade was the year when the frogs disappeared, the fields started disappearing in earnest, and 9/11 happened. It, truly, was the year my childhood ended.

Fittingly, this field trip was that year - to a forested summer camp type of place called Camp Augusta, and it was great. On the last night, there was a sort of "dance", where apparently you were expected to "ask" someone to "go with you" if you were "cool" enough.

Now, this was my first experience with that sort of thing, and I desperately wanted to be "cool" enough for that. So, I decided that I might as well ask one of the girls to the dance, since I would feel just as bad later on alone if she said no as I would if I hadn't asked anyways.

My Sister had a friend with beautiful red hair, but I didn't want her to find out if the answer was "no", and in fact, I was not cool enough to "dance" with, so that was no good. Her foot got run over by a car later that year which was actually the worst thing I had ever heard of up until that point. My second thought was a blonde girl with a beautiful name – it is a word for a type of silver, and what happens to wood after a fire. Her eyes were, in fact, blue and silver, and she was a lovely girl.

You know, one thing that's undeniably true is that sexuality is an extremely important thing to human beings. We love it. Some people love it so much, it consumes them like drugs did once for me.

As a psychology major (I think), I still don't understand the concept of "sex addiction" or "gambling addiction", because they don't make you sick, literally changing the very way you perceive reality day-by-day, binding you with physical, visceral chains until you're just the worst version of yourself possible. Drugs cause a completely different type of addiction than sex and gambling. It must be dealt with, and the solution to this issue also lies within these pages.

So, since sex is so important to people, it wouldn't be fair to write an autobiography and not talk about it, even if it does make my wife mad when she eventually reads this part. Might as well get it out of the way – she did tell me that.

I only love her, and I have only truly loved her. It's true. You are the only one I see, and I think you are the most beautiful woman who could, has, or will ever, grace the face of this planet. You are my milk and honey.

But one thing people love to talk about is sex, so back to the dance. I steeled my one testicle, sucked in my gut, and went to ask a girl out for the first time. She ended up saying yes, which was an *enormous* relief.

At the dance, they told everyone to partner up. I can't imagine the stress for the unpartnered kids. School is cruel and usual punishment.

The boys were waiting in a nervous group as the females selected their mates. I honestly thought that she just said yes earlier to be nice or because maybe I had weirded her out and scared her, and I prepared myself for her to ignore me or walk over to someone else.

When I saw her walking over to me and making eye contact with me, I felt like an angel had come down from heaven and given me a back massage. It was great. I can see the scene right now. She was beautiful to me in that moment, like a spotlight was behind her.

Like I said, women have always been kinder to me than men. To this day, I consider her doing that for me one of the top ten kindest things someone has ever done for me.

Obviously, I was pretty scared of sex at this point. I didn't even know what sex was until this very year in school – I thought until Fifth grade that babies were automatically conceived when mom and dad kissed at the wedding, and bingo *bango*, you crawled on out of her a few months later. It made sense. Logical. Sex is not really at all logical, but I still really enjoy it much more than this idea.

The kids who taught me what sex was didn't make fun of me. That was nice. They just explained it to me. Honestly, I thought it sounded pretty fucking weird. Not, at all, even close to what I expected.

We even studied it that year, in a class called "Family Life." They separated the boys and girls, and we learned about erections and nocturnal emissions. To this day, I do not believe that nocturnal emissions are a real thing, and I've never even come close to experiencing one. This is an example of something a teacher told me that is obviously a bunch of bullshit.

One of my friends who was clearly much more cool and worldly than me (we didn't have cable TV at our house, and no R-rated movies ever. Few video games on the N64. Very pure and holy stuff and my peers knew it) taught me what masturbation was. It sounded ridiculous. "Rub up and down and *what…*" I laughed. *What???*

But you know what, the more I thought about this whole "Family Life" thing, the more curious I got about it. I mean, I do like *families.* Who doesn't? And after all, most of the musicians I liked seemed to like sex as well as drugs.

In fact, when I thought about it, they actually talked about sleeping with women *quite a bit*.

Before I decided that the Bible was phony around the age of 14 or 15, I would have *definitely* walked or even *ran* out of the room if a woman had tried to seduce me (books read in front of everybody, everything you did, fire.) Luckily, that never happened because it would have been *extremely* weird.

I feel really bad that women have to worry about being raped. I honestly cannot imagine what it would be like to not be scared everywhere I went. I am six feet and one inches tall according to my doctor, so I have never had a single person make me feel physically scared. It must be awful.

I had assumed as a child, from reading the Bible, that women were generally not that into having sex with men and must be pretty scared of us, and it turns out, that's actually not true at all. Those guys *may* have had some hangups in their relationships with women. It's true. Kind of, a little bit, like Ralphie in *The Sopranos*, but 2,000 years ago.

If you read it, though, you'll find that Jesus hung out around women much more than was typical of the time, on the other hand. Jesus did *not* have hangups about his relationships with women.

The was one girl at my church I would have made an exception for. I think she liked me quite a bit for a while, but I still didn't quite understand you can actually just talk to women about normal things in real life yet, and you don't need to act different to "date" them. In fact, she taught me this. I learned from her that women are just like me, and that you can actually just be yourself around them.

We wrote long email chains to each other, and that was when I realized you can actually just ask women things, and they will, for real, just answer you. I learned to ask women about themselves, and let them talk to you. And when they do that, you say nice things about it, and tie it into your own goals and dreams. Build a story together, a narrative. She would decorate them and color them with different backgrounds and text, and I loved that. Her initials were AR.

Unfortunately, these realizations happened after I got my first girlfriend. Obviously, this was an issue.

I really, really liked her too, but like I said, I didn't know yet that you could literally just talk to women about anything and it would be OK. They also really enjoy talking and being listened to, which is remarkably easy.

Her name was CF, and she didn't look like anyone I had ever seen. She was blonde with blue eyes, an inch or two taller than her friends, and very skinny. I enjoyed her aesthetic a lot. She was beautiful, stunning, and I will probably write later that her hair was *extremely* soft and well-cared for. Almost pure white, but yellow and gold.

She saw me and J joking around at a football game my Freshman year, and I saw her too. I remember that I was wearing an absurdist shirt at the time and he told me that she thought it was funny. I have always enjoyed absurdism, because it's one of the only things that makes sense to me.

It was a shirt a little too big for me with that girl child from the newspaper cartoon "Family Circus." She was proudly saying "I'm a happy camper", and it was for KOA campgrounds. It was hilarious, but I don't know why. I mean, I read the funnies. That shit is *garbage.* This is what I mean – threading the needle of absurdity. It works. So weird it becomes good, but just right.

She went to a Catholic School, and was a grade younger than me. She was in Eighth Grade, and I was a Freshman. This is maybe why she thought I was cool.

At the time, I thought that "girlfriends" were sort of like fancy vests - you found one you liked, tried it on, and then hang it up. Once in a while, you wear it out so that people know that you have one. I have noticed that people comment on fancy vests more than any other article of clothing, which is why I have never worn one.

I really, really liked having a fancy vest, but I understood why she broke up with me about eight months. I was obviously confused by the whole thing too.

I realized a few years later the answer for what I should have done with her next, after asking her out – I should have kissed her. She probably would have liked it. *Duh*.

Obviously, I had some learning to do about women, and I decided to do just that. They were a complete mystery to me, and that was unacceptable. No serious musician can't pull women, it's an oxymoron.

Let me get back to sex. I remember the D.A.R.E. class in 5th grade, too. They told me that people would use "sex appeal" to try and get me to do these "drugs", which were apparently quite cheap, plentiful, and easy to find. That was funny, because later on in my life when I was addicted to opiates and benzos and I couldn't find any, I would have really appreciated a few guys on the corner with a fair deal.

I tried to figure out how people would use this "sex" I had learned about to sell "drugs." It made sense, for sure, in an instinctual kind of way.

"Pretty slick," I thought to myself. *I can see why that works so well for them. Unfortunately, I learned in Family Life that sex is for procreation, not advertising.*

I remember the first and the second time a girl hugged me. That was, perhaps, my first experience with a direct hit of endorphins straight to the dome when I was about 12. The first one was when I was with M, my friend on my street, his older brother D, and their neighbor E.

She was a beautiful blonde girl, and to my little 12-year old self was just about the most incredible thing I had ever seen up close at that point. She was his older brother's friend, so about 3 or 4 years older than me. Well, we hung out, and when she left, she *hugged* me, out of nowhere, and it wasn't like the hugs I had gotten from my family members up until then. It was totally different. I never knew her name.

I could feel her, her being. Her soul. The light inside her. The warmth. The smell. So soft, so nice. She smelled like honey, and her hair was like living stands of gold. It surprised the heck out of me. The most intimate parts of her body, pressed up against me so tight I could feel them. It was incredible. Another conscious, living being, a beautiful woman liked me enough to give me that experience. This is all quite weird to write out, of course, and I apologize for that.

My first real girlfriend was my Sophomore year. A, with the barn. I heard from J, who was dating her best friend, K, that she thought I was funny and cool, which you have learned by now was generally my goal. Humor is the greatest aphrodisiac, it's the truth.

So it was pretty much perfect, because there was a sort of square – we were best friends in school, as were they, and I was dating her, and he was dating K. And it was great, we all got along. That was a fantastic time in my life.

I told her I loved her, and I had never said that to anyone. She told me she loved me too. At this point, I should clarify that the love I felt immediately for Witness 2 was different than I have ever felt for anyone else, and I have never known true love but for you, my Queen.

I had finally learned by this time that you can literally just say normal things to women and they will like it. I learned that they like going to stores and acting silly, like that one movie. I learned that they like iconic things, mementos that remind them of the sunny days and fun times with you. I learned that the best of these aren't bought, they are found. Or made.

I learned that women like it when you create a world for them with only you and her in it. In fact, we talked about this sometimes. How nice it would be to live somewhere with our friends and houses where we didn't have to go to jobs and do the same thing every day. Childish fantasy.

I loved her barn. It had a sauna in it, and an old TV. Basketball thing, trampoline. Tractor. The coolest thing about it though, was all the old stuff and antiques stored in it. Amazing. A's senior project was fused glass, and I made a picture of a boat in her kiln. It broke a few years later, but I taped it. I do not still have that.

You may have guessed that this was on a farm, because of the whole barn thing. This property had rows of oranges and tomatoes on it. Her dad would putter around, and I don't think he could see very well. He was always kind and gracious towards me, and I always showed him the proper respect he was owed. She would bring me fresh oranges at school sometimes.

One time, he backed into my car while pulling out and put a dent in it. I didn't really mind, as obviously I spent as much time as possible there. He took it in his barn and fixed it with some sort of suction cups, which was nice. He had worked at a school and been a beloved teacher, as she told me. I get along with teachers or children of teachers well. She was incredibly smart, also a 4.0 student, and she went to UC Berkeley my Senior year of high school. Her and her brother studied forestry as a major.

The day she left was one of the worst moments of my life. I knew that things would never be the same. Yet, there was nothing I could do to stop it. I missed her so bad. This was when I *really* picked up smoking weed with N a lot more seriously, as it was the only thing that made me feel better about being alone there. Driving back from the train station from saying goodbye to her, I cried.

We stayed together, but I knew it wouldn't last. I saw her pictures. She even cut her hair, which she had died a deep, luxurious reddish-purple. I loved it, natural color too. When she cut her hair, it broke my heart. I knew it was over, and I could see the pictures.

Well, it ran its course, and I broke up with her because she didn't think that taking drugs and playing music was a good career path, and I just knew that I had to close the door here and move on. What we had was beautiful and special while it lasted, but, well, that's just fuckin' life, I guess.

So there I was my senior year, single for the first time in two years. I knew I would find a wife eventually, but I had work to do. I had to become a rock star. Me and N would talk every night about our dream.

One time, we went to a park and I told him we were going to take a solemn vow to never stop trying to be Rock Stars. It probably seems dumb to you, and that's because I was really, really high. The kind of high you only get in the beginning.

We each held a stick, and I told him after this there was no going back – it would change our lives forever. We had to physically display our commitment to the universe, or it wouldn't be able to manifest our destiny. We snapped the sticks at the same time. I told him it represented the expectations of our peers and families. It meant that even if it killed us, we had to pursue the music.

Snap!

I didn't seriously pursue women again for a while. My Senior year, I took mushrooms at the Senior Prom, because I didn't feel like asking anyone. Remember, I almost won Prom King though, so the pecking order thing was already established.

Unfortunately, I didn't take enough (probably about a gram), and they never really kicked in beyond a tiny buzz. This taught me an extremely valuable lesson – always buy more psychedelic drugs than you think, and if possible, have some extra on hand in case you need more later.

I had an excellent time that night.

In college, when I lived in the house with the balcony over the ocean, I met another woman, who's name also started with A. This A was taller, also very skinny, had long brown hair, and golden eyes. She was beautiful, but the thing that I liked about her the most was that she was the first woman I had ever met that liked drugs as much as I did. Ecstasy, acid, shrooms, cocaine, alcohol, weed, benzos, painkillers - she was down. And she was a fucking blast, too.

I got her to do opiates for the first time. I still feel bad about that, and obviously, I had no idea what I was doing. We were together for over two years, and I lived with her while I was selling drugs and also down in her hometown, which was near San Diego, CA. Until I met Witness 2, no one on this planet knew me as well as she did.

Unfortunately, I was observably insane, and she could tell that. You would have to be to make the choices I did down there. She loved me anyways, and she didn't mind that I had to do as many drugs as I could possibly find at all times to deal with the relentless ennui and boredom of life.

That being said, I made it quite clear to her that I am technically an insane person, and had no intention of ever having a normal life. This is key here – I was honest with her about my intentions. I'm sorry, but I'm not doing this shit they all want me to do. It was destined to end in tears one way or another, and we both knew it.

This worked for a few years, but is not a good long-term strategy for relationships.

Alright, let's see… should I wrap up this boring part about all this dumb sex stuff already and move on, or do you want a few more pages of it where I'll tell you about the best threesome I ever had with her? That's probably enough of all this, right?

What's that? Move on… you want to hear about 9/11? *Already*? Are you sure???

Geez… tough crowd tonight…

Alright, so *The More Rational Worldview* has 785 sour -

Oh, hang on, what? Do you guys want to see the graph again?

Oh, you changed your mind? You DO want to hear it? OK!!!

One night, when we had only been together for a couple months and the lease on the ocean house was young still, there was a party at our house. It was a great time, and this would have been in fall, 2010. We were in my room, and I probably played guitar. Everyone was having a great time, and she was making out with me. Then, she was making out with a blonde girl that I knew by name but had never hung out with on her other side. I thought that was funny, and I smiled at her when she looked over at me.

My roommate (solid guy, thank you, great roommate) started ushering everyone else out because, apparently, I needed the room for a few hours. At the very end, one guy asked me if he could stay, but I said "Sorry, pal! Nope."

I had taken quite a bit of ecstasy that night, and my girlfriend had, as well. I had many large jars of weed and an expensive bong. We all looked at each other, and electric sexual tension crackled and surged through the air like a broken power line.

My girlfriend and I took off our shirts, and we were all kissing. We looked at her, and she took hers off too. Her bra was a deep, shiny blue. Obviously, this was a first for me, and I was having an excellent time.

Her body was perfect. My girlfriend's was too. There was just one problem – she wasn't on ecstasy as well, so it wasn't perfect. She wanted to feel what we felt, and it would be her first time with that.

They wanted me to go get it from my plug. Skeptical, I asked if they were sure they wanted me to leave. They said yes. So, I put my clothes back on and called the guy. Before I left, I told her to lock the door and that I would probably kill her if I came back and they weren't still in here.

Biking was tough, as my coordination wasn't great and the streets of this city were crowded on Friday nights. By the way, I have never told this full, uncensored story to a single soul in my life.

Dear Reader, when I tell you that I have never biked quite so hard and fast in my life, like everything else in this book, it is true. I mean, I could have given Lance Armstrong a run for his money on the *Tour de France*. I stood up from my seat, which I would usually never do, and basically sprint-biked my way over there in the dark and ran upstairs.

I got to the house. I remember the second-story hallway, it stretched out and twisted slightly like in Alice in Wonderland. I paid him and got the pills. "I gotta go quick, I'm about to have a threesome." They laughed. As usual, I tell the truth and they think I'm joking.

When I got back home the porch was packed. These porches hang out over the beach about 5 feet, and they're big enough for 100 people to stand on them. They're reinforced.

Sometimes, people fall, and they usually die because it's about 30 or 40 feet down. That house was the most beautiful house I had ever seen, and I could write many books about it. Actually,

a friend of mine named David did actually die that way around 2013. That made me so sad, I had to take a day off work, and I have only missed a few days of work I was scheduled for in my life.

Anyways, the party was raging on my deck. I loved that. As I pulled up to lock up my lime green beach cruiser, a girl yelled at me, "Hey FUCKER, don't bring your BIKE to DP!!!" I turned around and looked at her and said, "I'm SORRY, this is my FUCKING house!!!" It was one of the funniest moments of my life.

She was pretty slammed when I pulled out the housekey on the guitar keychain that the Wells Fargo booth gave me, put it in the door, and left her outside. One of the top five coolest exit scenes in my life.

When I got back in the room, I was extremely relieved to find that they were still alone in there with the door locked. I had told her not to unlock it under any circumstances, even if someone was banging and shouting. There was a window in case of fire.

They had obviously been making out the entire time. I gave her the pill, it was about the size of a nickel, thick, grainy, and white. She ate it. Later on, her pupils were huge. Girls remind me of small woodland animals sometimes.

My girlfriend suggested that we all take our clothes off, so we did. It was a beautiful, intimate moment. The beautiful blonde girl asked my girlfriend what she wanted to do, and A said that she "wanted to make out with her while sucking my dick," and I'm sorry, but that's a quote that stuck with me for some reason.

They looked at me, and after a brief moment of contemplation, I decided that I was OK with that and gave them my verbal consent to proceed. Consent is very important when it comes to sex, but you never have to say it out loud unless other people are involved, I guess.

That was a really great experience, and it was probably the most fun thing I have ever done until I met Witness 2 in Vegas. That story will be next, I think. They did tell me that it's important to flesh out your character in your autobiography, and it just wouldn't be fair to tell you all of this, Dear Reader, without elucidating you a little bit on my experiences with one of the most fascinating and important components of life, would it?

The very source of life itself, in fact. Sex is a great mystery of the universe, and I agree that it is the little death. Once you have sex, the natural world is done with you. That is why, I think, that after I had sex for the first time, I could hear the death drone of the universe for the first time (sounds like throat singing, if you recall.)

After a while of that, I asked A if she was ready for me to fuck her. She said that she was. She asked the other girl if she wanted to have sex with me too, and she said she did. However, there was uncertainty in her eyes.

Since she had never done ecstasy before, and because I knew her a little bit, I knew that she was a good girl who hadn't really done anything like this before. Many kids at this school were, and to be fair, I had never done anything quite like that before either. I told her it was OK, and I would have sex with A while she watched. She was pleased with that.

Now, you will recall the side effect I mentioned that happens when you take a lot of drugs as a male. And this can be an issue, but I made it work. It's just a physical issue – your blood vessels shrink, your body thinks you're being poisoned, your skin gets cold and clammy, you sweat. Drugs are serious business, but hey – I did my best and it went well. Luckily, because they were on the same empathy-inducing drug, it was a very loving and wholesome experience for us. We had fun, and we laughed. We connected as human beings, unashamed of our nakedness.

It was great, I had a blast. Everyone thought it was really cool that I managed to sleep with two women at the same time, so I told them whenever possible. I never said who the other girl was though, until now, and only my roommate really knew. But it's still a secret, and I don't think anyone will read this book. If people are reading this, I'm sorry if I shouldn't have written this part. If this is the one testimony of my life that might exist in the future and people read, I want it to be an honest one. "Get it out of the way," that's what Witness 2 said.

I lost my virginity in A's barn when I was 16. The first time a woman gave herself to me fully was an incredible moment. It changed me forever, it's true. Mostly, I cared less about sex. Before the threesome, I used to skip class specifically to have sex with A. Afterwards, I never really even thought about it.

I had a job to do – to write the best song in the world. I can tell you, it isn't easy and it takes a lot of practice. I will add here that the best sex in my life, by far, has been with Witness 2. It's true. I love her. We have sex every single night as a married couple. Everyone that is married needs to be doing that.

I should talk about when A broke up with me in San Diego in 2012. I was still addicted to drugs. I was a loser. I had failed college. I had to get another job at a grocery store, which I hated. My songs honestly kind of sucked still. I hated life. All I thought about was taking drugs, going for walks, and riding my electric bike.

I sold the red motorcycle scooter type vehicle and bought an electric bike instead, because I figured I was less likely to get pulled over again. It was true. No one notices you when you're selling drugs on an electric bike. In fact, they can't even hear you.

She couldn't do it anymore. We were miserable. It was true, I had ruined our lives. When she said that to me, it hurt more than maybe anything else anyone had ever said, but I knew deep down it was true. I always felt like I could fix it, but I had to get people to believe in my songs first. And they *sucked* still.

She left, and went home. I was alone. I kicked the glass door with my foot, probably too hard. I was glad it didn't break, as that would have been very inconvenient afterwards. We had a big red recliner type chair, and I sat in it.

I had gone to the doctor a few days ago. I knew from my time in college that if you went there and told them your throat hurt, they would give you a bottle of something called Promethazine with Codeine cough syrup (lean.) Something about this formulation and route of ingestion creates one of the best opiate highs ever, and it's what people like Lil Wayne put in those Styrofoam cups called "purple drank" (mixed with grape soda.)

Honestly, that is one of the best drugs I have ever done. People will pay hundreds of dollars for little bottles of the stuff. They don't really give that out anymore, like all of the good opiates.

Anyways, I wanted drugs really badly, so I went and told them I have "anxiety", and they gave me a bottle of benzos, just like that. I don't think that works anymore, like I said.

I didn't feel bad, because I don't believe that anxiety or depression are real diseases in the way they currently understand it. The concept is ridiculous. It's obviously just because society is so fucked up. I also don't believe that ADHD is real. If it was, I would know it because every single symptom applies to me.

Obviously, when reading this, you can tell that I am a mentally ill person. Many doctors have told me this, so it must be true. They also prescribe me testosterone for my missing testicle, which I really appreciate (the injections hurt a lot.)

I have never injected anything besides testosterone, and if you know anything at all about drugs it should be fairly obvious why. Injecting drugs directly into your bloodstream when you have perfectly good mucous membranes to do it properly for you is… you guessed it, ridiculous and absurd.

By the way, I wanted to say that no doctor has ever been able to tell me exactly why they took my testicle. They assure me it was because it was likely undescended and had atrophied and died, it had to be removed. I even have the scar to prove it.

The weird thing is, though, when I ask to see the records, they tell me they don't exist. I find that weird, because usually they tell me that without even trying, like making a phone call. It was the '90s, don't they keep track of these things? I guess not, and I can see why. No one cares where some baby's dumb left nut ended up.

Honestly, I always wish that they had preserved it for me to have. I don't know why, but I would feel happier if I had my testicle with me still, even if it was outside my scrotum. I don't want anyone reading this to think that any of this left me with a small penis, so I will say that my penis size is between 8 and 10 inches depending on where you start measuring from, and if people actually read this book I will prove it (I need to be on the news anyways to sell my book.)

The funny thing is that not even one single woman has ever noticed until after I have told her. It's true, they don't pay attention that closely. Now you know. I think it's hilarious, and I like to call it "The Bruiser" or "The wrecking ball" as a joke. I actually gave a speech on it in my English class Senior year, and it was one of the funniest things I have ever done.

Back to my suicide attempt. So, A had left me forever and I was sitting in our big, red chair, looking out the window from our second-story apartment porch. I swallowed the entire bottle of benzos, between 30 and 40 pills. About a month's supply. Probably not enough to kill me, but I looked at the two bottles of wine we had, and knew that if I drank them I would definitely die. I figured I would just let that be an issue for the version of me that was blacked out on all the benzos I just took.

Like I said, the dosages they prescribe people are far less than I was buying for fun. It was probably about $80 altogether and would have lasted me a week back in college. So, I figured I would probably not die, but maybe, and I sat back in the chair. I didn't really care that much, although I was sad that I had ruined my life. I knew that I had potential, but I didn't think that one single person on the planet could see it. They all thought I was insane, and that continues to this very day when they read my 9/11 book.

Unfortunately, I struggle slightly with arrogance, but it's really just a way to cope with everyone thinking that I am insane. I look people in the eyes, and from the bottom of my soul (and it's true) I send out waves letting them know that I love them no matter what.

It's true, and I'm sorry to Witness 2 but if it were up to me, I wouldn't send a single human being to hell. Not one. Unfortunately for everyone though, it is obviously not up to me. And I am *not* editing this.

What was I getting at here? Oh yeah, I remember. I was going to say that even if the whole world came to me and told me I was wrong, I wouldn't think it was true unless they could prove it. So far, however - no one has ever proven me wrong on *one thing* that actually matters. In my *life*.

For example, here's one thing that will piss a lot of people off – I don't think doing drugs is a sin. I think doing them is bad, most people shouldn't, and they have terribly destructive effects. But I can't say that they're a *sin*. This one will *really* bother the Christians, which is always funny.

The reason for this is simple. No one has ever provided a good answer for this question, and I've asked it many times. If anyone out there can answer it in a way that makes sense to me, I will admit that I was wrong for the first time in my life.

Why, exactly, would it be a *sin* if I were to walk in the forest with my guitar, pick some wild mushrooms and cannabis, eat them, and then write a song? You can, in fact, just cook and eat weed and that's how it always worked until recently. Why? Why is that a *sin*?

What's wrong with this? Who is harmed here? They grow from the ground, do they not? It's not even bad for me. As a matter of fact, it would be *healthy*. Good oils.

Am I in your fucking way or something?

I don't understand it. Like I said, I have no idea why other people hate drugs so much. I think that maybe nothing else has pissed people off more than the fact that I enjoy taking drugs in fields and writing songs. In fact, it's a fine way to spend a day. More people should try it, I bet we would have less wars.

As the pills kicked in, I started to feel pretty good, which was about what I expected. You see, I'll explain to you how benzos work. I learned this in my biopsychology class, which was my actual favorite class out of them all.

Benzodiazepines are different than opiates and other drugs in that they don't affect what chemicals or neurotransmitters are being produced and fired between your synapses. Other drugs affect the balance of these neurotransmitters in your brain, which changes your perception of reality. I'm speaking in broad generalizations here, but this is not how benzos produce their primary effect - though it is still a factor in play.

No, benzos work by stimulating the action potentials in your brain to fire *more often*, which can be understood as increasing the probability that an electrical action potential signal will fire at any given time. This means that *more* of whatever chemical is already flowing through your synapses will be released (dendrites send, axons receive. That's how I memorized it.)

The result of this, apparently, is you don't care about anything anymore, and you black out a *lot* easier. I like to think about the brain as a computer, and other drugs are like injecting various types of bad code and seeing what the crash feels like. It's all inside-the-box experimentation.

On the other hand, taking benzos is more like reaching behind the computer and cranking up the power supply so that more voltage is going into it than it's designed to handle. If you go too high, the computer explodes, which we call a "seizure." To be honest, that's probably what was about to happen to me when I couldn't stop laughing that one time on benzos and ran out of that house because I was freaking people out – lowered my dosages after that one. Didn't ever happen again.

Both have really bad consequences on your computer, and I would not recommend doing that. However, if you want to study music, I have found drugs to be an excellent educational resource.

I felt sad about my mom, dad, and grandparents. However, I also felt that this society was such fucking bullshit and lies that I didn't really care, and I thought that probably dying was morally the right thing to do at the time anyways. When your government betrays you like they do on

9/11, understanding morality becomes more difficult. All the great rock stars die this way, so it would be OK.

I always liked the song "Shooting Star" by Bad Company. It is one of my favorite songs. It tells the story of Johnny, who heard a Beatles song (Love Me Do, I think it was) and takes off with a guitar to hit the big time. Well, he makes it, and in the last verse the singer softly tells us about his life, how it passed him by like a warm summer's day.

I still haven't figured out if that's supposed to be a good or bad thing, like this story. I don't know if this story is dumb, because I don't know if Johnny's story is dumb.

All I know is that everyone has always made me feel like it was dumb, and I have been too embarrassed to tell this story to just about anyone. I have only told this full story to one guy, and it didn't go so well.

In fact, I really regretted telling my boss this truth about me at the preschool, which was the second time I told someone this, and I learned after that to never mention anything like this to people again. So, I didn't. I don't know if that's why she really fired me over that wagon, because maybe she didn't trust me in her preschool anymore. I felt like a monster.

However, in that big red chair I felt great. I started feeling the nod. Drugs have been a great source of emotional comfort for me in hard times. However, I felt like I should call my mom before I probably died, so I did. It was really nice, and she prayed with me and told me that if I quit drugs I could find a nice girl still and marry someone else and be happy. It sounded like a distant fantasy that would probably never come true, but it was technically possible.

I knew that if I told her I had swallowed an entire bottle of pills, she would immediately call an ambulance, and I didn't want to go to the hospital. I really enjoy being in hospitals, I think it's because of how nice of an experience I had getting my arm fixed up in the first grade. I honestly didn't expect anyone to care or help me with my arm, that's why I didn't say anything about it. It was like a miracle that they came in and took away my pain, like angels. I will always have fond memories of being in hospitals.

Still, at this time, it sounded terrible. I much prefer dim lighting, and the chair was just great. The call ended. I couldn't honestly tell you too much after that, but apparently I did not drink the wine. That meant that I didn't really want to die, which is a good thing.

I wrote a song that night, as I usually did when I was pretty fucked up. It was written as a duet for a male and female vocalist. I will transcribe it for you, and maybe someday it will come to life with a recording. It has no title:

E/G#, B/F#, F#/Bb, A/A
Male:
The moon waits, in still repose

While its moonlight laps at sandy shores
I try to walk, away, away
But the moon has something it needs to say

C#m - E piano riff
Female:
I never knew that you could see me
I thought it was through – escapee

E/Esus2, B/F#, D#, F#/Bb, A/B, alternate rhythm
Male:
I know you want to leave these shores
Where you were put here, years before
No one told you the reason why
It's only natural you want to die

C#m - E piano riff
Female:
The night is long and it's wrapped in stillness
Am I so wrong – opportunist?

Male:
I look down, unto the ground
With shock I stared at what I found
"What is this?", I cried aloud
The wind picked up as the moon looks down

Bridge D# riff B dim. C#/G#, B/F#
F#-G# (x3)

The stars shine, they're like a minefield
My fate, they say, is sealed

F#-G#(x3)
And I –

C#/G#, B/F#, E
I am home

Bridge:
A single stone, a step, a stair
A path leading absolutely nowhere

Walkdown black keys

Ascending D#/G#-F#-C#, F#/Bb-G#-Bb, G#/C#-Bb-[this note is illegible]
D#/D#-C#-D#, C#/F#-D#-F#, G#/[I can't read this and for some reason the pen is a different color]
Bb x3, G# x3, F# x3- Bdim

Another day, all alone
A lonely animal far from home
That first step, upon the beach
Was my eternal slumber, long and deep

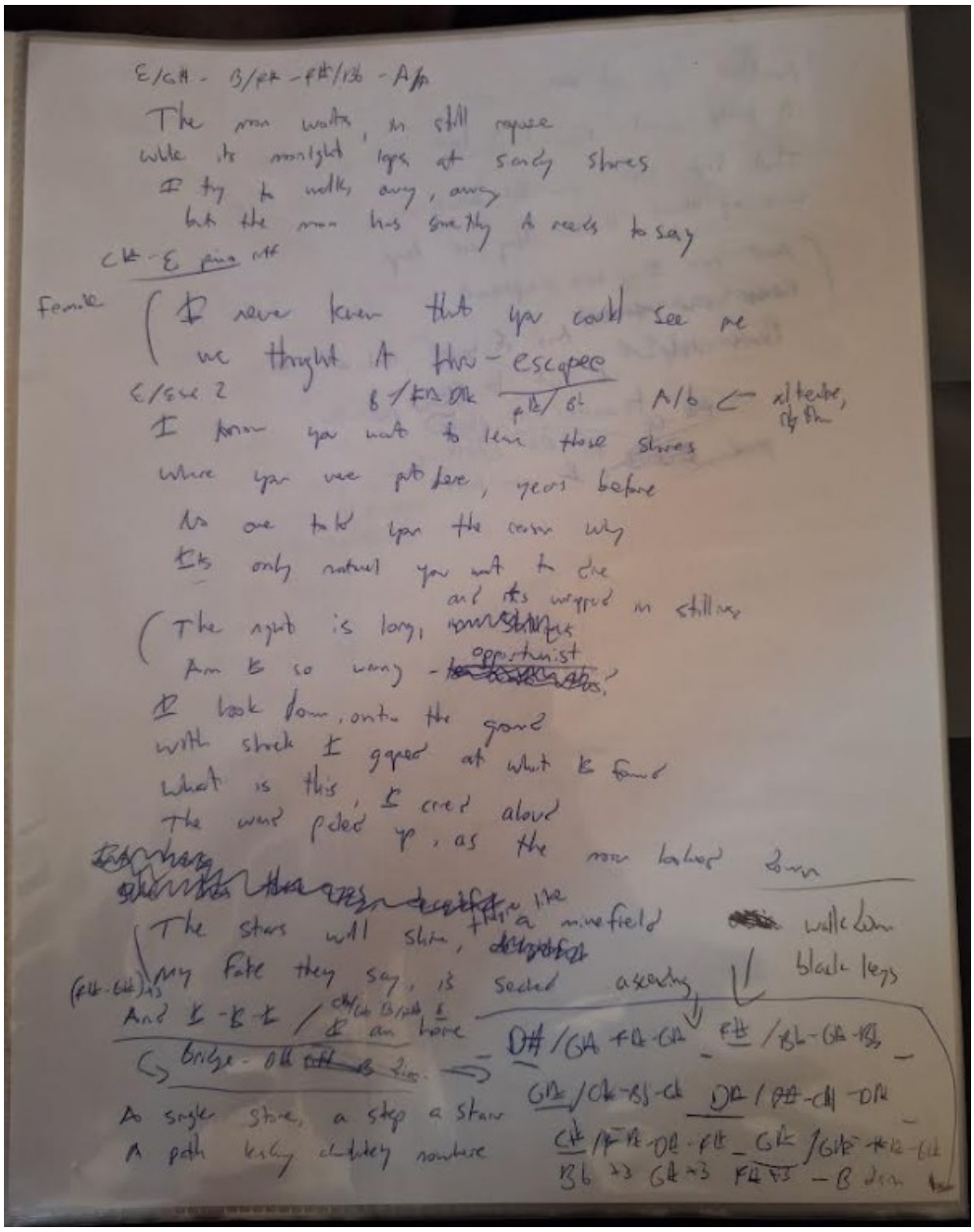
And now I'm here – imprisoned
And if you're real, and risen
I want to see, please
Transcend me, please

F#-G#, C#/G#, B/F#- E
I am home

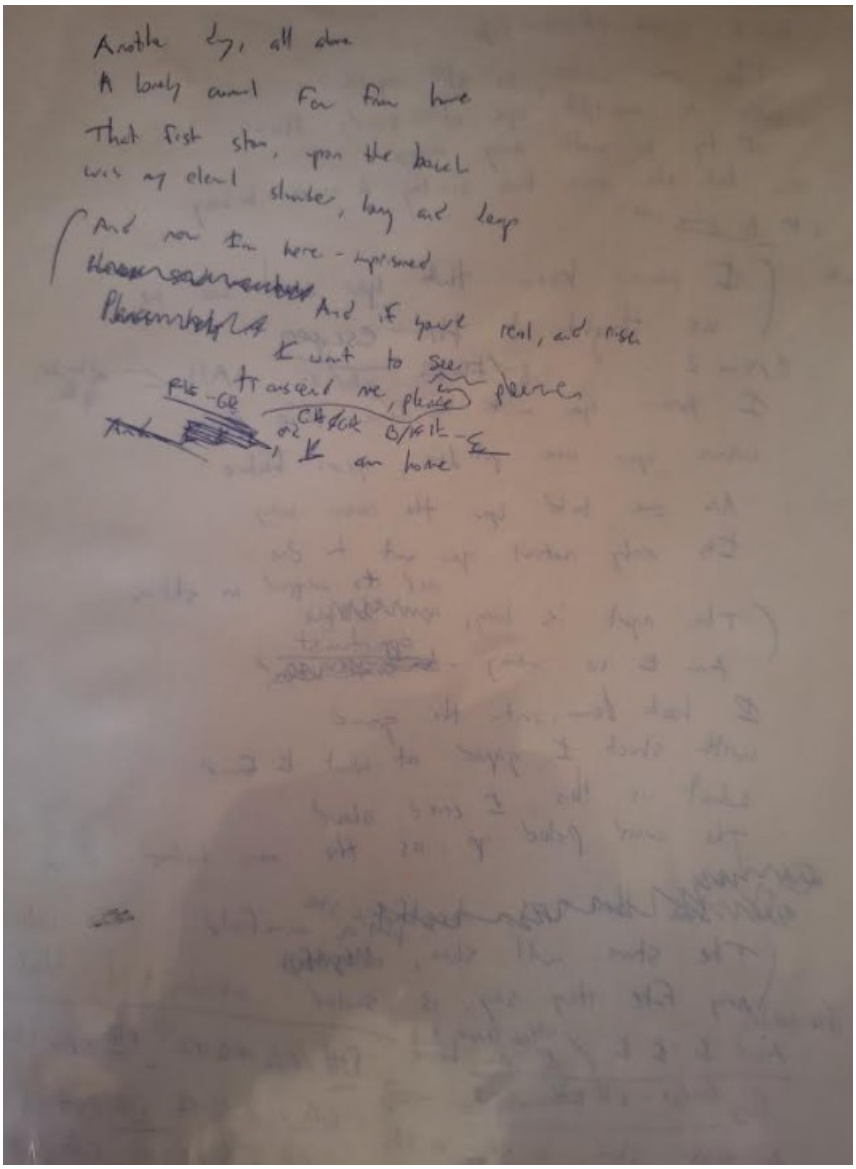
To be honest with you, I haven't looked at that song in over ten years, and it's a little better than I expected.

I can remember the way it felt and looked as I wrote it, although it is very hazy. It has a lot of black key changes and slash chords with the bass root playing a distant neighbor rather than the usual first. Sevenths, sometimes. Major seventh intervals always have a sense of deep, intense longing, and no one knows why. No one even cares why, and the question remains unasked. It's a bit different than my normal songs, in that it's unsteady and lacks a solid root key.

Here's the song, on its original paper. There are two sides:


The man waits, he still refuse
while its moonlight lays at sandy shores
I try to walk away, away
but the man has something he needs to say
Female
I never knew that you could see me
we thought it was escapes
I know you want to leave those shores
where you were put here, years before
No one told you the reason why
It's only natural you want to die
and its wrapped in chills
The night is long,
Am I so wrong - opportunist
I look down, onto the ground
with shock I gaped at what I found
what is this, I cried aloud
The wind picked up, as the man looked down
The stars will shine, like a minefield
My fate they say, is sealed ascending
And I - I / I am here
bridge
As single stone, a step a stair
A path to/ to/ nowhere
walk down
black keys

I don't remember writing anything after the word "imprisoned", and from looking at the last four lines, I can tell that I was more fucked up and had gone back to it when I was blacked out. There are lines next to these that are crossed out:



It surprised me, actually, at the end, because I didn't know until right now that my struggles with whether Christianity was true or not bothered me so deeply when I was blacked out. I guess that's why this might be a good testimony – I did actually wrestle with this, every day. Deep down inside. I don't remember adding that part.

It's true, and sometimes I would become a weepy mess when I was blacked out. I would almost always be able to pull it together quickly, though. People hate crying. If I had to title it, I would borrow the first line – *The Moonlight Waits in Still Repose*. That's a pretty decent title.

I noticed that when I got the black binder that I keep my songs in, I put the sleeve protectors in upside down so the songs aren't aligned the right way with the built in flaps in the binder. It

exists in an upside-down state. That's because I never paid attention to a single report I turned in to school, so I never knew they had a right or wrong way to do it.

I honestly think, reading it now, that it sounds like a pretty good song. But no one else thought so. They were "embarrassing to play at parties." They didn't "sell". I don't "do enough crimes in the lyrics" (I made that one up.)

The next thing I remember is about 4 P.M. the next day. Apparently, my Mom and Dad were coming to get me, so I figured I should pack my guitar and get my weed pipe ready to go. On the drive back home, when we got to the first hotel I went for a "walk" and crouched behind a dumpster to smoke a few bowls. I felt lower than the rotten food splatters on the dumpsters next to me.

When I came out of the blackout, I was yelling at someone in a hotel near my apartment. I have no idea why, and to this day I genuinely feel bad about it. I do remember that they deserved it though, so not that bad. Still, I realized that the cops might be coming, and I promptly headed out.

Like I said, I have excellent instincts about avoiding cops, which is why no one ever seriously caught onto anything I was doing. It's not that hard to avoid them if you only break one law at a time, that was a good tip someone told me - and it might even be true.

I went back home. I still felt pretty good. I remembered the movie *The Curious Case of Benjamin Button*, I had seen it with N while really high. It is my favorite movie to this day, the part where they have the little house in the '60s that smelled like firewood and they meet at the perfect age. That is a beautiful scene.

That guy didn't really care what happened to him, he just floated through life and worked whatever job he wanted to at the time. That must be one of the hardest things for people, because almost no one ever does it. Maybe being born in an old man's body makes it easier. I can confirm that doing this makes your life much more difficult and sad.

I will now regale you with the sad, but fun for me, story of how I met Witness 2.

In the Pizza Pub where I worked, two young girls came in, around my age. They were wearing pajama onesies, which was unusual. I get extremely bored at work, so I used to enjoy flirting with women whenever possible to pass the time. Obviously, since I got married to Witness 2, I don't do anything like that anymore (it's true.)

I asked them if they were going to a pajama party, and if I could come with a cheeky grin, something like that. One of them gave me her number, but that night I accidentally took drugs and worked on my songs all night. She had slipped my mind, I honestly didn't care about anything at that time, especially not trivial pursuits like chasing women around.

However, she honestly did look cute in those pajamas. She had long, thick brown hair. I texted her the next night, and she had already left. At this time, I was getting even worse into taking drugs than usual. My neighbor was a sort of drug dealer, who was kind of insane. He would buy research chemicals from Silk Road that were… questionably legal but not bad enough to attract any attention. Stuff like 2C-I. I loved him so much. He would take off his shirt, go crazy, and occasionally start cutting himself and painting in the blood.

I loved that, and to this day, it's the best art I've ever seen (except my own.) *Gödel, Escher, Bach* is an excellent book that might be a little like this one, and he showed me that book. Chris was his name, I can say it. He definitely wouldn't mind. I had other friends there too, I loved them, J, C, L. My brother worked there, and every single person I met told me they loved him. He seemed like a rock star there.

We kept texting though, and a minor miracle occurred. She liked my songs! She really did. We texted quite a bit throughout that winter, and actually became very close after a couple months. She ended up telling me that she would rent me a room on Hollywood Blvd in a nice hotel for a month if I came out there, where she lived. Beverly Hills.

She mentioned a preschool teaching job, but I would have to find a place to live. *Doable…*

I think she felt really bad for me. The Pizza Pub was a gas oven that burned at about 450 degrees, with two sections. It was shaped like a dome, and had a larger bottom section to rotate pizzas in, and a smaller top section for the garlic bread and wings. Simple stuff, but it would get very busy sometimes, and the edges of the ovens would catch my arms.

Actually, this pizza job would burn my arms quite a bit. So bad, in fact, they made me wear a sleeve for it but nobody else. I hated that sleeve. One of my friends told me when he was drunk that they thought I did it on purpose. I felt really embarrassed in that moment, because I actually had for some of them. I don't even know why.

I had even held a hot pizza tray from the oven to my skin just to feel it searing my flesh. I realized then that this was super embarrassing and also unsanitary, and he was right that I probably shouldn't do that as it is against food and safety codes. Now that I think about it, it does sound exactly like something a mentally ill person would do.

Anyways, she had seen the scars, and asked about them. The night she came in, I was afforded the dignity of working the cash register, which got better tips, and I was able to wear a normal green shirt and black pants that looked a lot better than the clown suit they make cooks wear.

I told her it was from cooking pizzas, which was mostly true as I had to move quick when it was busy, and burns do happen. I could tell that she didn't believe me. I had a pretty bad sense of impending doom at the time, which you'll understand more later.

My neighbor had just got a shipment through of about $500 of powerful research chemicals, and my calls with the federal cops in the Grand Canyon were getting *closer*. She was a lifeline of kindness, love, and empathy when I was at one of the lowest points of my life.

There was a point when I had to hide from the cops a few nights in a row in the forest, and it was *cold.* I was on cocaine. I thought I was going to die, and she was the only person that had been nice to me in years. I asked her to be my girlfriend, and she agreed.

One night, months before this in the Grand Canyon, I took too many benzos that my neighbor could buy "legally" still online – etizolam – probably about 10 or 15.

I then got super wasted on Fireball, and just kept drinking all night. I literally hated being myself. I ended up in one of the worst blackouts of my life, and apparently the blue etizolam was all over my face (I was snorting lines of it.) I know that what I was saying was hilarious, because I have been told that when I black out, I am super funny and really the life of the party.

It's because I talk to people without worrying about what they will think about me, like I am doing in this book. I actually love writing books, because no one can interrupt you, disagree with you, or tell you that you are wrong.

Apparently, it got so bad that they had to put me in the shower and my lips were turning blue (duh.) Blue benzo powder all over me. My older brother was called and had to come down there. I was crying and shit. Literally everyone knew that it had happened. It was… pretty… bad.

I was about to get a promotion to being a waiter at my brother's restaurant, after that it blew everything up. I guess it was true, I was a loose cannon. I stayed at the Pizza Pub.

When I woke up the next morning, I was alone in my cabin. I appreciated them helping me get home. I knew it was bad, but didn't know the details. My neighbor who's shower I had been in came by to see if I was still alive. I asked him if it was bad. He told me it was. I thanked him for not calling the ambulance, because the cops would have shown up too and I probably would have been on my way back to California again by then. I told him it "wasn't my first rodeo."

Ain't no bitch.

I wondered what it would be like to die, and I actually am quite positive that an opiate/benzo/alcohol mixture would be, by far, the most fun and interesting way to die. Obviously, do NOT do that.

Around this time, I decided not to drink and take benzos anymore, and I was able to stick to that. As of now, I haven't done anything like that in a long time.

One time, an acquaintance I didn't know very well with blue streaks in his hair told me that one of the most strikingly beautiful girls in the entire Grand Canyon wanted to have sex with me because of the whole acoustic guitar on the porch thing (music is a hypnotic aphrodisiac.) I mean, totally gorgeous – an absolute bombshell. Wanted to "see what I was packing down there." And, you know, I'm sure she would have been pleased.

However, this sincerely weirded me out and actually scared me a little, so I did not take her up on the offer - though she is a lovely person and honestly very fun to hang out with. Also, she was already sleeping with one of my friends there.

That story kind of sucks, here's a better one from a party. My roommate there, C, was one of the only people I have ever met that is as funny and cool as me at parties when I want to be. I'm sorry, but it's true. He played music too, and we often wrote songs together. His name is the same as my son's, and he is one of my favorite people alive. I loved playing music with him, and he is an *excellent* songwriter.

At a party one time when I had just met him, he was playing his guitar and I was playing keyboard. We sang that song "Wagon Wheel", which A (barn) had shown me in high school. The entire song is G-D-Em-C, which is that I-V-vi-IV chord progression I mentioned, the perfect one. The *Let It Be* progression. It, honestly, sounded great. He has a beautiful singing voice.

There was a beautiful girl there that worked in the restaurants with us, named M. Every single person who saw her wanted to sleep with her, because her eyes sparkled like emeralds. She has since gotten married, and she is, really, a very nice person. Always kind and smiling, like an angel. She glows, and her aura is pure white, the shiniest white I had ever seen.

Me and C obviously both liked her at this party, and we had just met so weren't quite friends yet like we were later on when we lived together. We both played harder, faster. I busted out some keyboard solos. We were pretty evenly matched at this point. She was cracking up at both our jokes, and everyone was drinking. It was great.

Finally, I decided to turn our gentlemanly musical duel up a notch. I decided to bring out the Ibanez with Ocean Eyes and handed him the acoustic. My secret weapon, haha. I wiggled my little fingers and whispered to them, "Don't let me down now, little guys. Hypnotize her."

So far in my life, I am the only guitarist I have ever met who can play lead solos just as easily as chords. In fact, I love it. I played the best solo I could possibly manage while directing C on which chords to play underneath. When her emerald eyes met my ocean eyes, I knew I had sealed the deal.

People get really tired of music at parties, so you only have about 20-30 minutes tops before the act grows old. You absolutely cannot rely on it alone, you must also be cool and funny. So, when we put the gear away and continued to drink, I talked to her like I had to every other

woman I have ever met since I figured out you are literally allowed to just talk to them, stream of consciousness-type deal.

It may have been the closest another guy ever came to stopping me from pursuing a woman I wanted that overtly. I mean, this guy C was cool. Like a James Dean kind of cool. Extremely good-looking man. Very fun roommate, as well. It was all in good fun, and he put up an excellent fight. At the end of the night, everyone was leaving, and she was getting ready to go home.

These things are never spoken out loud, but C and I could tell that she was about to make her choice. Now, he and I both know that there are plenty of women around who are willing to sleep with people who talk to them, so it wasn't like we were actually worried about it. These are just things you do to alleviate boredom in life. Parties and stuff. Pursuing women. I mean, what else is there to do in life really? Write a dumb book?

She looked between us, and then looked into my eyes. She asked me to walk her home. I did, and when we got there I pulled off my trademark deep, passionate kiss. Her mouth tasted sweet, like a perfect fourth with a suspended second. It was like a plum.

I don't know if she expected me to try and have sex with her, but I did not. I honestly knew that I was a total loser, and if any woman got close to me, they would realize that. I was taking drugs all the time. I was deeply ashamed of this story, and knew that my life was fucked up.

I didn't deserve her, and to be honest, she didn't deserve the pain I felt I always brought to people by being flaky and weird. There was no way I was going to ruin her life like that, with a pure white aura. Still, I was glad to know I still had it – at least a little. Thank you for coming up to me at the dance and being kind to me, M.

Some women I have met, and Witness 2 is in this category, are just different from anyone else. Only a handful of them, and you'll learn their stories for the most part. Sleeping with these women without intending to treat them like the princesses they are would be a horrible crime, and that's a principle I stand by. Like smashing them on the ground. Don't do it, you won't like what happens next. It's a kindness combined with beauty thing. A very, very rare combination indeed.

I'll tell you the funniest thing that ever happened to me and C. We were on psychedelic mushrooms in the winter, January or February. Slow months, and this was months later when he had become, by far, the best friend I had there. We grew quite close, and we lived together in a cabin.

We walked out on the path along the rim. It was beautiful, icy and cold. Snowy. The Grand Canyon really is a majestic thing to look at, especially when you are on psychedelic drugs. This time, the moon was full and bright, and we could see everything glowing in silver.

Well, we walked, and we laughed and talked. I call the giggles you get from mushrooms the "shriggles" (shroom giggles), and, well, maybe, you have to be there in the moment to get it. We sat down to rest for a while in a small clearing, about 20 feet from the edge of the canyon.

There was a tiny frozen pond there, about 8 inches across. It was sort like a long, thin, oval-shaped grapefruit with a bump for the stem on the top. I touched it. Pressed the ice.

Squirt

A tiny little jet of water sprayed up about three feet, directly out of the top. 1 in a million odds that this was set up that way. 1 in a *billion* odds I actually sat here and touched *this* stupid pond.

What the fuck???

Me and C kept doing it, and we called it the "G-spot of the canyon", because you tickle it and she "squirts." Oh, how we laughed. Like me, C really enjoys laughter. It's one of my favorite hobbies. If you look closely, you'll find that nature is hilarious.

I remember one time, when I had a lot of 2-CI (research chemical – great one. I wrote a song about it called *Two See Eye*), my boss texted me and asked me to come over late at night, about 8 or 9 P.M. She was married, and lived in the nice housing.

I was sort of nervous, because she was another one of the most beautiful women of all time. She had blue eyes, brown hair, and was nice and funny. She was like me, and was always smiling at people. They loved her, she was like a queen there. She knew how to make people laugh, too. Her name was J, and I went to a river near the canyon with her one time before this with a friend from the Pizza Pub and her toddler-age daughter.

I obviously agreed to come over, and thought about playing my acoustic guitar when she pulled up. However, I always try to avoid clichés. We bought some beer, and I had the 2C-I in clear capsules inside a bag my pocket. I honestly did not know whether she expected me to make a move on her or not. I put the beer in the freezer, and we were having fun.

I have found that the number two way to get women to want to sleep with you is to listen to them, ask questions about them, respond and talk about yourself when appropriate, make connections to shared events and places you have experienced together, and then tie it all up with clever and witty insights into life that she has never heard before, while subtly referencing how beautiful other people think she is but not saying it directly. So, that's what I did. Number one is obviously playing music.

One thing about a small town is that everyone knows everything. The Grand Canyon Village is like living in a snowglobe, and I knew that if I tried anything and got rejected, I would probably

be fired. It would also be super embarrassing. My experience with R had taught me that women do not like guys with jobs equal to or lesser than their own.

I mulled it over, wondering if her husband knew I was there or was into it in some way. It was a great night, but I was confused. He wasn't there, and he must have their daughter somewhere. If she wasn't my boss, I definitely would have done the drugs with her and then tried to have sex with her. I pictured the scene and weighed the probability of it ending up with us naked in bed with dilated pupils. Obviously, I was already tripping on this drug when she picked me up.

Hmmm… let's see… how's that probability scale lookin'… should I ask her if she wants to trip on a psychedelic research chemical with me, or not…

She had been at a party with me there a couple times, and she knew I smoked a spliff they had there - even though "it's a federal crime", and "you aren't supposed to do that because she can actually drug test you tomorrow."

She's cool… would she?

Suddenly, we heard a sound from the kitchen:

BANG!

Then another one. Pretty loud. We rushed over there, and the glass beer bottles I had put in the freezer had exploded. Somehow, in all these years of partying, I had never known that was a thing that happened.

Oh no…

She had to clean it up, and I felt like a child at the preschool. She obviously was into "mom -boss" mode again, and my chances were shot. It was probably for the best. I felt so dumb, and I cracked a joke about becoming her second child when I saw at work, which made her laugh. I sincerely apologized about it, and explained to her that I am a mentally ill and insane person, as many people and even doctors by this point had told me. For some reason, this also makes people laugh (which is good.)

She was nice about it and didn't make me feel stupid. She was probably the best overall boss I ever had, but her great beauty might make me biased. She was always kind to me, and is one of the best four bosses I have ever had (they're all in this story.)

Sounds that shouldn't exist. My least favorite thing.

One time a few months later, after the blue face incident, I ended up in their office because people could tell I was super high on drugs at work that day (the research chemicals are unpredictable sometimes.) They didn't write me up, but they said they were worried about me.

Like I said, they all knew I had gotten so fucked up I pretty much died, and you know what, I bet when I was blacked out, I was telling them stuff I wrote in here that I never said out loud.

They asked me why I take drugs, and I told them that I am addicted to them. They asked me why, and I said I don't know, but I can't be sober. They told me that they loved me, and I knew they meant it. They were both young and very nice people. Their names both start with J. I said I loved them too, and I apologized for letting them down. Being addicted to drugs is just the worst, it really is.

In this meeting, I felt bad for letting everyone down my whole life. I felt bad that I would be poor forever. I felt bad that I still couldn't make a dubstep song (not even close yet.) I started to weep, in their office. Hot, sweaty tears rolled down my face. It was super embarrassing.

I apologized, and explained to them that, though I may seem funny and cool, I am technically a mentally ill and insane person, and also a complete loser who ruined his life. I explained that I haven't felt like I had any control over my life since I failed college, and it basically feels like I'm drowning all the time. They were very, very kind about it and I really appreciated that.

After that, I was required to go talk to the "therapist."

He was a nice guy, but clearly fresh out of college. When I told him I hated life and wanted to die all the time because all I want to do is play music but no one likes my songs and I ruined my life by failing college, he was pretty much speechless. He stuttered some empty platitudes, but it was useless. There was no help for me here. There was only one cure for me – to make the greatest song of all time and get people to listen to it.

I have found all the therapists I have ever had except for two to be extremely kind, but totally useless. I understand that they charge quite a bit, so we will add it to the list of stupid and absurd concepts I have experienced in life. However, I have always thought I would make a great therapist, but I do not believe that it is a real job.

Now, recall the girl in pajamas, R. Without her, I never would have met Witness 2. She got me the preschool job so I could get that apartment, and I really appreciated that. Unfortunately, as soon as I saw Witness 2's picture that morning crossing the preschool lawn, I knew it was already over. I had found my perfect person. **The most beautiful woman I had ever seen. My wife.**

I had written an angry, ranting post on r/conspiracy about my thoughts on the anti-Christ and the Mark of the Beast. As usual, everyone was arguing with me and telling me that I was wrong about everything. Well, I really hate when people do that, so I was firing back and it was just a lot of fun. Great time for everyone, except all of them.

She saw that, and sent me a message. I had a feeling as soon as I saw it, and I knew it would be important. I gave her my phone number right away (in case the world ended, of course), which is how I got her picture that day.

I knew I would marry her, and I asked her that the very first time we talked on the phone. She will confirm. I told her I was in love with her from the moment I saw her and asked her to marry me and be with me forever. It's all in the delivery, but it's a pretty hilarious thing to say on a first phone call. Little did she know, it was true.

I truly love Witness 2, and I'm sorry for that. This is my life, and I apologize for it to everyone. Apparently, eating drugs that grow in a field is a bad thing too, but no one can explain why.

I began to grow addicted to texting Witness 2 – I could not stop. Thousands and thousands of texts, and hours of calls. Upon reflection, this may also have been why they fired me at the preschool, because my boss definitely noticed me texting her a few times. I was completely obsessed with her, and she was obsessed with me too. We loved each other from the first time we talked on Reddit.

While I worked at the nursing home for four years, I never once actually flirted with a woman, got a number, or attempted to so much as hang out alone with a girl. I was in love with Witness 2, and my only goal was to be with her. I talked about her all the time.

We texted so much that if I hadn't responded to her for even an hour or two when she knew I was off work, she would have known. I waited for her.

I knew she would be with me eventually, and I didn't want to screw it up. I texted her all day long, for about 4 years. Probably over 10,000 texts. She is, by far, the most beautiful girl I have ever seen, and ever since I saw her face she is all I think about. This book is a testimony of my true love for her, and how I willingly choose her over anyone else. *Quote me.*

All this time, I could see a future where we weren't killing each other constantly in endless, repetitive wars driven by banker's greed. I'll write more on that later. I knew the end was near, and every day I prayed for a mushroom cloud in LA to put me out of my misery. I worked on my songs.

My dream of being with Witness 2 was a distant goal, as unlikely as the music thing - so it seemed. She had a long-term, stable boyfriend. It's true. However, she immediately revealed to me that he doesn't really love her, and he never listens to her. She said it was a "fake relationship", and vaguely alluded to infidelity.

Apparently, he pretty much just liked to drink, lay on the couch, and watch movies. Now, I really don't like movies that much. But Witness 2, she *hates* them. She can't stand them, and I have almost never seen her finish a movie.

Besides, I was in love with her, and I'm sorry for that. To be honest, since I said I would be - I wouldn't have cared at all either way. I slept with three women who were in relationships in the Grand Canyon, for some reason. I'm sorry, everyone. I really am. I don't know what's up with that place. Maybe it's the isolation. Or maybe, there's something nearby that makes people act weird.

One thing I have learned about other guy's girlfriends is that they are not very faithful – my advice for you guys is to keep them close to home, because if they end up alone in a room with a guy with a guitar like me, plenty of drugs, and a pretty solid sense of humor - your odds are about 50/50. Obviously, if you're not a moron, you already know that.

So, I assumed that guys who were stupid enough to let their girlfriends or wives come over to my place alone all night, or talk on the phone for hours a night for literally years, are probably either:

1. Stupid
2. Naïve
3. Also cheating
4. Totally checked out
5. Into it

In all these cases, it sort of seems like they have it coming. So, I'm sorry.

Also, I felt like the moral quandary was on the woman. I mean, if your woman comes to me and asks me to have sex with her, what am I supposed to do? Do people seriously expect me to say no? Come on, now. Be serious.

In the Grand Canyon, I laughed with a sweet martina under the moonlight (is it just me, or is that a Sopranos reference, too?), I held a toy (I'm sorry I hurt you, it was to protect you from me), and the first matriarch came to my cabin.

R saved me one time. Everything was falling apart by then – C's car was apparently abandoned, I had no idea where he was, the security crew was probably onto my friend who worked for them, everyone knew I was on drugs at work (again) – it was a total disaster.

The cops came to our cabin door looking for him, but I had just opened it to go call her outside (I liked to call her in the forest), and they caught me outside as soon as I stepped out like a deer in their bright-ass, flashing headlights - clearly headed for my door.

Now, this was a big surprise to me, because right behind said door was a huge pile of weed and tobacco, and across from that, a book with a bunch of lines of illegal powder on them. A package had come through a few days ago for my neighbor that must have been held up at customs for months.

He got hundreds of dollars of research chemicals, the really good ones, delivered, and he came to my door and said "Drugs. Drugs, Witness 1. Drugs", and I knew we were about to have a good few days. However, it actually turned into a nightmare, and everything had blown up.

The Grand Canyon is federal land, and they are very strict about drugs. If the managers don't like you, they will pull out a "random" drug test, and see how you do. If they had come to my door and I had answered, as I obviously would have because I didn't expect that, my life would have been over right there.

I smooth-talked my way out of it, and by that time, I actually had no idea where C was.

This is why I had a serious case of the 'ol impending sense of doom when I left the canyon. We talked, I told her this story, and I agreed to come out there with her. She told me she just wanted me to be sober when I met her there, and I was by then because that was a long bus ride.

She booked a place that night, which was a nice, modernist duplex-type place for rent that was right off Hollywood Blvd, right where those dumb stars are. *Man, these people and their stars…*

I could live there for a month. Cost her a few thousand dollars. So, I packed my shit up, gave away the keyboard I had bought and the stereo system I paid for, and headed on out to Flagstaff with my friend from the kitchen, N. He is a good guy, but he told me on the drive I was "flaky." I knew it was true, I mean, what can I say.

"Oh yeah, really? Well geez, I just immediately quit my job without any notice and left without even saying goodbye to anyone to be with a girl in LA I've met one time. Wow, thanks for the breaking news update on my shitty life, dude."

Like I said, I don't really like when people tell me things that are wrong with me that I already know about. I felt like shit at the time already, didn't help. Still, he's a nice guy at his core, he really is. He had some issues, as well. Death had haunted his life and those he loved. But I knew why he said that, so I wasn't upset. He was sad about his own life, and he had chains he needed to break, as well.

When I got there and met her at the Greyhound Station, I kissed her. Deeply. Passionately. I had planned it. I did actually really like her. I was pretty nervous about if she would actually like me, so I forgot my suitcase at the bus station. *Holy shit, everything except my pillow and guitar.*

We go back. My suitcase is STILL THERE. I couldn't believe it. All this security since 9/11, and my huge, green, rolling, upright suitcase sat in the middle of a crowded hallway for 40 minutes *while* those stupid announcements play over the intercom. I felt like an idiot, like I usually do.

I really, really appreciated her in that moment. When we got back to the room she had paid for, we slept together for the first time. It was great, it was a couple of nice rooms in a gated-off condo-type building. Her dress was black with sunflowers that day, and her hair was long and brown with curls. She had deep, huge brown eyes. She was Jewish, and her name was R. Her dad was a dentist in Beverly Hills, which was cool.

He had a grand piano that I played, and he and her brother were both very nice to me. She was beautiful, and had one of those idiosyncratic, large, wealthy, culturally Jewish but non-religious families that live in LA. Very, very sweet people, all of them. They welcomed me.

But I was fired. Again.

I tell my old boss at the preschool I am leaving to the islands. I tell the tutoring people I have to go to the Virgin Islands. I tell her beautiful son with the flute player's name that I am going to go live on an island where the funny pirates live, because that's how he understood things.

I want to clarify that I do speak quite a bit more about Witness 2, and there's more descriptions of my unending, undying love for her interwoven throughout this book. Right now, we're moving quick with the anecdotes so you can grasp the exposition, or context, for the story.

In fact, Witness 2 is the Queen of this story. It's about her. It's actually a love story - about us. It may turn out, in fact, to be quite a bit like *Romeo and Juliet*, if what she says turns out to be correct. Witness 2, I love you more than anything. You are the only woman I want.

I'll tell you when I knew that I had made it and women thought I was cool, so I could stop worrying about dumb shit like that. After this story, I promise, it's just about the end of all this boring stuff about chasing women and stupid parties, and then we can get to the good part of the book. The real meat you can chew on.

It was my Junior year of high school. Let me tell a story first. The second-funniest thing that J and I ever did in school was take each other's school pictures that year. We gave the photographer each other's name, and it actually worked.

We had IDs with the wrong pictures on them and everything. It was hilarious. However, they made us redo them and took away the fake ones. I really wish they let us keep them, and since they were apparently invalid, I didn't see the harm in it.

The funniest thing that we ever did was win the election for class President and Vice-President. I told J we should run as a joke, because, you know, you are actually allowed to go ahead and just do that and they technically have to let you. He thought that was about the funniest thing anyone had ever said. So, we did rock-paper-scissors for the positions, and I lost. I was Vice President, but honestly, I think that fit me pretty well. We tried to think of how to win.

I had an idea. *Signs!*

I knew from growing up in LA that people love signs. Neon signs, flashing signs, signs with arrows on them, signs on windows, signs on doors, signs on the roads, signs with pictures, signs about money, signs telling you what to do or not do, just fucking signs everywhere. Signs, signs, signs. Is that even a real word? What do they call this, "phonemic saturation?" Did I spell 'sign' right? No, I'm kidding.

Anyways, billboards. Big deal for people, they go wild for them. I also understood that the bulk of being a politician is based around advertising, not actually worrying about policy at all. "Perfect," I thought. *I got nothing for them anyways.*

I had learned how to do that by watching George Bush as I grew up. There were two girls running against us, both good friends of my sister. They are both incredibly beautiful, intelligent, and smart, and I know Witness 2 will get mad about this and stuff, but really, I want people to know that. It's the truth.

If people end up reading this book, I want them to know the nice things that were true about themselves. K, you are already in this book. You obviously deserved to win this election, and I'm sure you're a good dancer. MC – you would obviously have been a way better Class President than us. Also, I did that entire play Junior year just to flirt with you. It's true, the one I had one line in. My sister probably hated that more than anything else I ever did. I called you up one time and asked you out, and you said yes. Right after that, a lot of things changed, but I want you to know that you have a face they would have carved statues of. They would have painted you in red and gold oils.

My one line in the play: "I don't know who this is."

I played a lone, artistic genius. Autistic, I think, like *super* weird. He stands there angrily staring at this person who tore him from his art - looks the main character up and down, and delivers this line in a haunting, dramatic tone. It was, like, a huge let down for her in the story.

I loved it, it was perfect for me. The director was excellent at his job, and everyone loved it when I did my one line. I have no idea what the play was actually about because I never read the script. I wore the red shirt you can see in the first pictures of me I showed you, and sunglasses. It was very cool. They did a sleep study on me in the hospital during this play, which I will talk about.

Ok, so the election. I decided that we had to make posters. Big ones. But we had to put something on them. Now, I knew that if you can make someone laugh, you *can* make them do anything. If we could make them laugh, they would definitely vote for us. I knew it.

So, what I did was I took a picture of George Bush and wrote: "Is our children learning? Us can fix it!" with our names and a slogan, and printed about 100 copies of it as large as possible. I'm assuming here that you get my reference, and I mean, the poster was *so* profoundly funny on a

few different levels. When your parents are both teachers, it is a lot easier to access large printers, which is good because our advertising budget was just about zero dollars.

For the next one, I took the famous picture from *Titanic* of Jack holding Rose from behind on the bow of the Titanic, and then I had someone take a picture of me and J recreating it. Then, I used the program called GIMP to cut out our picture and layer us over it, which I had learned how to do in computer class on Photoshop – he was behind me, holding me, while I smiled cheekily and gazed beautifully off into the distance from the giant ship. It was, honestly, hilarious. Like I said, being able to use professional-level software for free was the most fun thing I ever did before I played music. Also, people love *Titanic* references, it's true. I mean, I do too.

In fact, *My Heart Will Go On* is, for real, my favorite song out of them all to play on the piano while someone sings. I can *hit* the key change. It's a weird one, it goes from Emaj/C#min into F# for one bar, and then down a half step again to Fm/G#maj. These are relative minors, by the way (very important.) No other song does a key change like *My Heart Will Go On*. It's true. I also really enjoy playing the little duet of *Can You Feel the Love Tonight*. So, I printed about 100 copies of that one in large, too.

After that, I copied three more normal slogans that I had read in the newspaper from winning political campaigns and added our last names for President and Vice President. It had a nice ring to it. I liked it. It fit like a glove, actually, even though I never really did anything except plan Junior Prom, and I had absolutely no policy (which I knew was normal from reading about the winning political campaigns I copied from. Also, plagiarism is normal for politics, so taking their slogans was OK, too.) I printed about 200 copies of those, on slightly smaller paper.

The morning of the election, J and I met up early at the school while it was still dark, with about two hours to hang them. We covered it as well as we could before anyone was there to stop us. I went in the girl's bathroom and put up a bunch, which we thought was really funny (it was.)

Well, we did actually win, and it was actually hilarious just like I thought it would be. I knew it. One of my best practical jokes of all time.

Me and J Skip the Pep Rally, Separately, Where They Announced We Won the Election

When they announced that we won the election, and were Class President and Vice President at the Pep Rally, both J and I had actually left campus, which you weren't supposed to do. That was probably embarrassing for me, but I found it to be hilarious instead that he also wasn't even there. We laughed.

I had learned by then that you could literally just get up out of class and walk around and no one would even say anything for some reason, which was amazing. I really enjoyed those walks on spring days more than being in a classroom.

That's why I wanted to go to the Virgin Islands and live in a tree.

The theme I chose for Junior Prom was "Wonderful Tonight", because I love that song. *Long, blonde hair*. Like Witness 2. However, Eric Clapton is the third-worst professional guitarist of all time, and it's true. Funny story here is that both this song and *Layla* are written about George Harrison's wife, Pattie. She was blonde, and *both* of them liked her *quite a bit* at one point. Pretty much, actually, at the *exact* same time.

You probably already know this. You probably also know that the guy who wrote *Layla* with Clapton, and played the piano part, murdered his mother with a hammer and butcher's knife. It's true, his name is Jim Gordon. These crazy musicians, I'm telling you.

Here is the bass guitar's story:

In high school, there was a huge blow-up at my house about me smoking weed, playing music with N, and saying I didn't want to go to college. At first, my parents said I had to go to a Christian College, but they relented once I totally, 100% refused and was accepted into the UC.

At the time this happened was when I told them I would rather just not go to college and be homeless with N in LA playing music than go to a Christian College. At the time, I was reading *The Heroin Diaries* by Nikki Sixx, Anthony Kiedis' autobiography, Slash's autobiography, and the drummer for the Doors' autobiography.

Apparently, I do actually like to read autobiographies, and maybe I am not too bad at writing them, either. I'm not sure about some of those apostrophes in that last sentence though. I hope I don't get a bad grade on this because of that.

[*Witness 1 as editor: I should elaborate on the "blow-up" at home. On New Year's Eve, 2009, I had gone out with N to a party and gotten completely wasted. That was when I learned to never puke in a sink. And I never did again.*

This night was a few weeks after that. We went to another party, and I got completely wasted again. It was only 6 or 7 blocks from my house, and I had to walk home. They told me to stay, and I should have. I walked home, barely made it.

When I got to my room I immediately had to run in the bathroom and puke, and my parents totally busted me. However, they already knew anyways as I hadn't really made much of an attempt to hide the fact that I loved getting high. In the morning, they had washed my jacket and found my weed pipe. It was a pretty big deal, at the time. Whoops.]

This was during my senior project, where I built a guitar. I got a 100% score on it, I simply bought a kit for about $120, glued it together, painted it and drew on it with colored sharpies and covered it with resin and then wrote about music and played a guitar solo for the judges, and they loved it. They could tell that the real project was obviously music, not this dumb guitar.

I printed out a custom guitar body wrap for the guitar I built, which ended up being a cow smiling in a field under a rainbow. I have always liked cow fields ever since I used to explore the one behind our house and write songs in it. I applied it wrong, by mistake, so that the cow and rainbow would have appeared upside-down to any crowds. I never played a real live show after high school, so it wasn't an issue.

My blue Ibanez with the Ocean Eyes was at school, and I decided to keep it safe at my friend's apartment. This is what ultimately led to the blowup – I refused to give it back to my parents.

This apartment was the coolest spot I had ever been, where some kids that had graduated the year before me that N was friends with (N and my girlfriend A were both one year ahead of me) had an apartment supported by two guys named J and J a guy named D that I had gone to church with as a child with. By this time, we both had ended up rejecting religious theology. Two of them worked at In-N-Out.

I had taken the Ibanez to class for a presentation on my senior project, and I turned it up to about 7 or 8 (quite loud) and played an Eruption-esque solo. They loved it. It was hilarious.

When I wouldn't bring it back home, it all blew up. Big time.

I ended up sort of running away from my house quite dramatically to go stay at this apartment, and no one knew where it was except for me and them. My family could never find me. No one could find me, in fact, which was great. That was a Wednesday.

The next day, I skipped school and went and spent $60 on some more psychedelic mushrooms to take the next night, which would be Friday.

I remembered that when I worked at the grocery store, we used to throw out entire carts full of cookies and cupcakes that had "expired" (this is another thing that I find absurd in life.) Those were pretty good, and I figured I could live off of them for long enough to figure out a plan. However, I decided that I had to go to school on Friday and find out if I was in trouble or not, so I walked over there and acted normal. No one said anything, which was nice, but people knew.

A friend of my sister's named K was talking to me that afternoon as we left school. She asked me why I ran away, and I told her that I'm sick of being bossed around all the time and people telling me what to do. Or what not to do. She understood that. She was one of the girls me and J ran against for class president in the next story.

She liked to smile and laugh a lot too, and she was a very kind and loving person. She had a really good friend with the name of a flower that my buddy J ended up dating for quite some time after he dated K (my ex-girlfriend A's friend. I know, I know. The initials make it harder to read. I'm sorry, I do it to protect them, I guess. Right? Do I have to do it this way?)

She asked what I was going to do, so I told her that I had bought mushrooms to take that night, and I was going to go back to the apartment and eat them. I told her that after that I was going to take a walk and then play music. And that's exactly what I did. I wanted to be alone.

Later that year, she asked me to teach her guitar at the river, and I tried. But I don't think that it stuck. Like I said, I can't teach you chords unless you already know them. I don't know why this is.

She was a lot like me, and we got along well. Unfortunately, my twin sister always really hated when I would hang out with her friends, for some reason. Today, she apparently has a career as a "dancer", which I find hilarious and interesting.

J ended up becoming a "poet" and did… fairly well. I know, I didn't believe it at first either. Little did I know, you really can get these jobs if you graduate college, or something. I don't actually know if that's true.

Anyways, I left that day and took the mushrooms, and began to trip. I walked and looked at the freeway near the grocery store and I sat on a bridge overlooking it. I began to think about how we are just like the particles in our bodies, and the roads are like veins and arteries that carry us around. Is there a higher order of consciousness that we can deduce from this seemingly-spontaneous emergence of complex systems from inert, inorganic material?

No… that's ridiculous…

I went back to the apartment. N had to go to band practice. I had gotten kicked out of our band, because my parents threw away my bass guitar when I ran away from home and I wasn't good enough yet at the guitar, which was true. I was now band-less and had no bass. As a matter of fact, they threw away everything else in my room, too.

It was one of the saddest moments of my life.

N left me, and time slowed down to a standstill. D, J and J were at a concert, and wouldn't be back to their apartment that night. The lights were off, which was terrible, but when they were on it was way, way too bright. I kept them off. This is why I only like Christmas lights.

Monsters surged in the blackness. I was alone. I was going to die, I knew it. The Nothing was in the dark room with me. I started to, pretty much, freak out.

I had taken about twice what I took at the river with J, and I thought I might literally die. I was truly under the influence of psychedelic drugs for the first time in my life, and it was no longer fun, gentle, and loving. Apparently, I kept calling N begging him to come back and asking how long it had been when it had only been like two minutes, then I would call again right away, which is pretty funny looking back. At the time, it was pretty terrifying.

I logged onto their computer, and went to a guitar forum that had spun off of the one I mentioned earlier, *JamSession*. I made a post there begging them to help me and apparently saying that I was going to die. I don't remember this part that well.

When I looked back at the messages, they were telling me I wasn't making sense and I seemed to scare them. It was kind of funny but also kind of sad. They were right, I was speaking in gibberish. It was once of the only moments in my life that I experienced fear.

Darkness closed in around me. N seemed to take a lifetime to come back. I was bassless. Out of the band. They were all a year older than me and had graduated already. I think the drummer already thought I was pretty weird, which is understandable. But in my defense, this guy was addicted to cocaine in *high school.* I mean, come on. He fit in well with our aesthetic, and he was a good drummer. But only N understood me at this point.

There was nothing I could do, and I couldn't just go out and buy a new one. They also had a replacement already lined up that was a year older, like them, with equipment, so it was fair. He was good at bass, and didn't care more about the guitar, like I obviously did.

I accepted defeat, and there was nothing I could do about it. Bass guitar is the dumbest musical instrument anyways.

Remember, also, that I wasn't technically very good at music yet from an objective standpoint. However, I made it work on the bass and help down the root notes and rhythms, and me and N had electric chemistry when on stage. It was magic. It made sense, for the first time in my life. That era of my life came to a sad and bitter end. My shit in the dumpster.

I don't really remember much of the rest of the night, but I remember thinking that it was still more fun than being sober and I didn't regret it. Even difficult experiences can teach you something. Even bad trips aren't personal, believe it or not. That was the only one I ever had, and it was still a blast.

I ended up going home after about a week, because I didn't have any real plan. When I got back, every single one of my childhood memories and possessions was gone.

This is also when the car that I used to drive home from A's house disappeared, even though I had paid them $1900 for it. Older, white Toyota Camry with the *Make Love Not War* sticker. Bye, bye. I didn't have a car for the end of my Senior year. I don't know why this is. Like I said,

I have always driven very carefully, especially when I was on drugs. I'm only joking, of course. I only drive on weed.

It was awful though, and I just had a blank room there at my house. On the other hand, there was no longer literally any way they could stop me from playing music and smoking weed with N, which I really appreciated. It turns out that when you have nothing, you really do have nothing to lose. Bob Dylan was right, I guess. About that, at least.

My drug usage had definitely alienated people in my life and added to my growing feelings of isolation and non-understanding of people.

Anyways, a few months later, my sister's friend's dad gave me this bass because he felt bad my other one got thrown away, and he was how I met B. It was a high-quality bass rig, and I really liked it. That's the story of that bass. I wish I still had it.

And now, for something completely different – the moment I knew that women thought I was funny and cool, and trusted me, and wanted to be with me, and so I could stop worrying about dumb things like that and focus on my songs.

Like I said, about three years before this, I decided that I had better figure out what women liked. And, it was actually not hard at all. Super easy. In fact, by then I felt *far* more comfortable around women then I did around men, which persists to this day. They are much more interesting and funny, and I'm sorry to everyone.

So, by then, I had dated A for a year or so, and she hadn't graduated and left yet. I spent a lot of time in the sun at her farm and the lake nearby. I told her that I loved her, and she told me that she loved me too. We slept together under the moonlight in her orchard and in the barn. I played guitar in her room, and we went on trips together. It was great.

However, I still wasn't sure if people could tell that I was not, in fact, actually funny or cool - and was actually just trying my best to appear that way. The moment that I knew I had actually succeeded in the child version of me's goal - to make women think that I am actually, for sure, both cool and funny - happened in this class, when I was Junior Class Vice President not doing much of anything real like usual.

This was sort of a seminal moment for me, like when the first beautiful blonde girl hugged me when I was about 12, and I felt a perfect, angelic, white, feminine aura touch mine for the first time.

So, there was a girl in it a year older than me, a Senior. She was the older sister of one of my great friends, a super friendly, smiley guy like me named L in my grade. Her initials were BT, and I first saw her in my art class in Middle School. The thing about these two was that they

were just about the best-looking people in the school, while also being the nicest. They were also smart, straight-A types.

They just had an air of class around them. I loved her brother, he was such a nice guy. Even the football players were always nice at our school, and these guys loved me. I mean, these were just a special, gifted, and beautiful brother and sister.

I think she was President of the Student Body Association, but I can't say for sure that she wasn't Senior Class President like J was with me. It was one of those two, but I obviously never asked her a dumb question like that. These two positions also look really good on a college resume, which is the only reason people do these things.

Funnily enough, she was also a grade ahead of me when I was in Seventh grade and she was in Eighth Grade, and I can remember quite clearly when I first saw her, but not in a weird way. I can remember just about anything that clearly. But, maybe, a little more clearly here. It was about 10:15 in the morning, and it was a sunny day. I was in the far corner, and the door was in front of me and to the left. She opened it and the sunlight poured in behind her.

She came in the art room as some sort of courier between teachers, which meant that she was not only beautiful but successful and smart. I had literally never seen such transcendental beauty in my life at that point. Her eyes were like abalone shells, stormy green oceans with orange and silver, and her hair was light blonde and long but not too long. She was wearing that Abercrombie style of shirt that girls liked for a few years back then, and it was purple. I had never seen skin that looked that soft or was that exact shade – tan but not. She glowed like a soft, ancient lamp. Her hair had the texture of liquid gold, and it looked feathery with spirals on the ends.

She looked like an angel to me, I was *stunned*. It was like if someone took God's own divine substance and distilled it down into a form that could walk and talk. That could speak. That could think. That one day (obviously after marriage, come on now I'm in 7th grade) she would decide to give herself so fully to someone out there that he would know her more deeply than anyone else ever would, and that bond would last forever. *Dang.*

I wondered what it would feel like to hold a girl that looks like that. I guess I did always want to get married, and I'm glad I found Witness 2 because it *definitely* would not have happened for me otherwise. At this point, I assumed that based on probability and statistics, such a thing would never happen to me.

Obviously, she would never talk to me. She would have thought that I was sincerely weird. If she had spoken to me, it would have been – for real - terrifying, and I would have simply never considered approaching a woman like that, especially because she was older than me. It would have been inconceivable.

Well, she was in this leadership class with me. And here we are, fuckin' class presidents or some stupid shit like that. I smiled at her, and we always talked while we were doing the paperwork and other stuff they had us do.

And so, as we were forced to sign these dumb papers together over the year, approve budgets for the students, and occasionally go into these offices or other administration rooms together for meetings or to do administrative-type bullshit, we got to know each other as the year went on. We became friends, actually.

I remember going into office or administration rooms alone with just her a few times to sign things, and I remember her looking into my eyes quite seriously and closely one time while we did it, and I can picture just that, but I can't remember anything else about these rooms. In my memory, they seem to be empty.

One day, we were working together making signs and putting them up, which now that I think about it, was pretty much the only other thing I did in that class besides sign forms and plan the Prom. We were joking around while painting the signs and I was, as usual, cracking jokes and writing dumb shit that people would laugh at but technically fulfilled the requirements. She thought it was hilarious.

I wasn't even scared at all talking to her. It was as natural as apple pie, and even sweeter. Laughing with her was like eating ice cream. We glowed together.

What amazed me about that interaction was that she not only looked at me as an equal, but I could tell from her body language, micro-expressions, gaze location, and other physical cues that people subconsciously give off that she *admired* me. Not only that, but she *trusted* me. She was giving off non-verbal cues that I was someone she *respected.* I knew that she knew that she could be herself around me.

So, there we were, sitting on the concrete together, about 40 feet from the office, hidden by a wall that ended behind us, with a bunch of huge sections of that colored paper, markers, paint, and paintbrushes. We started a new poster, and tried to think of what to write. Man, I had to deep-dive for this memory.

Ok, we were making posters for a football game. And, the idea I had was this - "Tonight we dine in VALHALLA!" And, it's ridiculous, but she thought it was funny. Like it's so far out there that it actually works. Threading the needle of absurdity, baby. That specific memory took some effort to pull up, you're welcome. So, she cracked up about it – like what, we're gonna *die??? In battle???*

And we painted it, and as she started, she looked up at me and stared at me. She pushed her hair behind her ear and leaned in towards me as we joked back and forth while we painted these dumb slogans for the football team. She smiled at me, and I looked at her mouth. I could read her lips.

Now, when say that she had abalone eyes, I mean like the very shell of Neptune herself. Oranges, even. Greens, blues, greys, swirled around. Shifting in the sun. We looked deeply into each other's eyes, and I saw her.

Then I realized - *holy shit*, she's *flirting* with me. I think she wants me to *kiss her*, I bet she'd actually *go for it*.

Now, obviously, that would be a ridiculous thing to do. For real, I would never do that. It was more of a lightbulb-type moment. What I'm getting at is I *read* her, and she was telling me a story I liked. A story that I had always wanted to hear. It's about trust, and reversing the violation of dignity.

That made me feel great, because like I said, if there was one person I was sure would never talk to me, it was her. You really are a nice person, BT. Thank you for coming up to me at the dance.

I had made it. I would *definitely* become a Rock Star. It *had* to happen. People *liked* me.

All I have to do is tell them a story they like, too.

At this point, she was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. Looking back, I can confidently say that she is the fifth-most beautiful woman I have ever seen in my life, and you will learn the stories of the other four, along with Witness 2, who is obviously in first place here.

In fact, this list (which is *not* weird, for the record) comprises sort of a critical narrative that ties into the overarching *leitmotif*, the grand schema - or what you could call the *meistermotif,* the *master theme*, or *theme of themes*, of this book.

Unfortunately, however, I am not allowed to change the word "*leitmotif*" ("little motif") to make up new words like "master motif" and put them in my books for other people to start using too, so I can't say the word *meistermotif*.

However, if such a thing were real, and it was in this book, you would learn much about yourself, the world, and the decisions you may face in the future through their very stories, if you choose to listen.

If I want to tell a new story for humanity, it must be pure. It must be Holy. It must be loving. It must be honest. It must be true. It must be all of these things, and it must contain no lies.

Likewise, there can be no major omissions. I cannot censor a story that I believe that God wants me to tell to the world. You must have access to all of me to fully understand the message I will deliver to you by the end of this book.

The truth is, it's impossible to tell this story without the story of these women who are not only beautiful, but choose to be kind, as well. It ties into everything else. Like I said, if you don't understand by now what I'm getting at, tell an English teacher you have a book you're going to need some help with.

It is growing close to dawn on New Year's Eve, and now I must sleep. May God bless you richly in the name of Jesus Christ.

Witness 1
The Biblical Two Witnesses

Section V
New Year's Eve

[12/31/24, early afternoon. Around 1 P.M. on New Year's Eve. I am still in the peak of the acid trip, but it would slowly wear off over the next four days. I had not started time stamping my writing yet, so this is a note for that purpose while editing on January 15th. I had a dark, dreamless, and restless sleep between these two sections, and I began right where I left off.

I have not had a dream that is not about writing this book since I started it, in fact. Except for one very significant one, which I mention later. Since I began 18 days ago, I have done nothing but sleep, eat, write, and edit this book, and I don't plan on doing anything else until it is done, which I estimate will take about three more weeks.]

I think that people thought that I wanted to be a rock star so I could do drugs, have sex with women, and make money. It's not true. I wanted to be a rock star so people would leave me the fuck alone so I could make a song that sounded good for once. No, that's a joke. I wanted to be a rock star so I could change the world.

The other stuff did sound nice, but I always believed that if I got famous enough, I could start some type of spiritual revolution or awakening in people. Like the one that John Lennon talked about and sang about, but never went all in on. His song *Revolution* is bitter and sarcastic. Mine would be sweet. My *Revolution* is in a major key.

People thought I was really, really dumb for choosing Rock Star as a career. I'm writing this partly to explain why if anyone cares. I'll tell you another reason why I failed college, along with the third-worst thing that I have ever done in my life.

College turned out to be much more expensive than I imagined (I saw scrawled on the sidewalk in chalk one time "Tuition raised 33% in 3 years", along with other political action slogans. If that's true, and according to my research at the time it was, it is so totally ridiculous it makes me want to vomit.)

Any time I tried to sit and do homework, my mind would wander, and I would end up on this site called *StumbleUpon*.

It would show you random, interesting things. I loved it. The internet can be very addictive.

Click… Click…

I remember a surreal experience with this one time, which is weird, because I was pretty sober at the time and not on any real drugs. It is the most surreal experience of my life besides doing psychedelic drugs and looking at things closely. I smoked weed as soon as I woke up every day, but I wasn't on anything else.

This moment I will tell you scared me more than anything else I have ever experienced, and it might turn out to be one of the very keys to this story itself, although I thought little of it at the time. However, it always stuck out to me, and I experienced it in a tangibly different sense than anything else.

Before I regale you with this anecdote about my apparent lupine archnemesis, allow me to move back to the present day, today. New Year's Eve, 2024. Witness 2 is at a hotel with our son, and this is the first time I spend a night apart from her since I moved here, except for the time she was in the hospital and one time in the psych ward. I will write about those stories later, because they are also really weird. Pay attention when I do.

Any doctor would obviously assure me that I am simply manic and psychotic because of all my mental illnesses. This is probably true, but they never told me that it would be one of the best experiences in my life. Apparently, you can think extremely clearly when you are manic and psychotic, and you have the energy to go outside for the first time in years. *And you can write books in your head?*

This book came to me when I was walking to meet her. I began to run for the first time in my life. I kid you not, I have never, ever, literally never ran and had it feel good.

For the first time in my life, all the muscles in my life clicked into place. The pure, government-grade LSD coursed through my arteries as I let out a primal yell. I let the dogs go. Our son is running too.

It's like Forrest Gump when the leg braces exploded off of him. I am *fast*. It was also like the ending of Narnia when they run forever with Aslan. I told Witness 2 all of this. I literally wept tears of joy because God gave me the experience that other people apparently have when running one time before I die.

I realized that I am allowed to write a book about myself, and in fact, other things too. Anything that I want to. Including the conversation that I've never had, where I explain to someone exactly why I think what I do. I can walk you through it, and tell you the real, true story that is between the lines and pages of *The More Rational Worldview*. Elucidate for you beyond the statistics and sources, and make you *feel* it. The way that I feel it.

Not only that, but I could have *fun* with it – I could just *write* in a creative explosion, like music, without worrying about it being perfect. I can write *literally anything I want to*. A story-within-a-story-within-a-story, that plays out inside your head. A portal, to me.

I am glad you are with me on this journey of self-discovery, Dear Reader. I have always wanted, more than anything, for all the psychedelic drugs I took to lead me on some sort of "spirit walk" or "walkabout" where I would finally discover either my destiny or the key to unlocking it (I already knew what it was.) It never seemed to happen. It turns out, maybe it was this book.

Anyways, I booked her two more nights at the hotel, so three total. I turned off my phone for the first time in ten years. I fucking hate that thing. Incessant noises and beeping. When I lived in the cabin for four years, I did not even have a mailing address because I was always scared that someone would ask me what happened to the car I leased. Luckily, they never did – probably because I didn't have an address. This is a great tip for life, and also, after a certain number of years which have long passed, these things don't anymore.

I figured I had better head out on a trip. I mean, I feel great. I am literally shouting for joy. For years, I have stressed about this. Then as I ran, I realized the key. It's not that I can't tell anyone about this experience, which was killing me. It was that I had to tell *everyone*. That's what would *save* me. *This* is my book – what's happening *right now*. Maybe my story actually *isn't* dumb and stupid. And it's *not* a secret. In fact, I hate secrets. One of my least favorite things out of all of them.

I headed out to check the mail, get gas, pick up some cash from this ministry (greatly appreciated), and get some food and drinks. I am pretty sure I am experiencing a mental health crisis and some sort of psychotic break, since I now believe that I am in the Bible, so I wonder how it will go. Let's find out.

The mail was uneventful. It is weird being out without our son. I pull out, the wrong way.

Whoops, turn around. I go to the bank and hit the ATM.

Now, I haven't taken any hard drugs, or anything other than weed, in a long time. Many years, and in fact, the last time I took a drug besides weed was acid in 2016 - which was before I lived in the cabin and worked as a CNA. I called Witness 2 that night, and told her a really funny joke. She remembers it.

Anyways, I consider quitting all hard drugs for about nine years now to be a major win, and to me, weed is barely even a real drug. And although I have smoked weed a few times over the years since 2016, here and there, my journey towards sobriety was fairly stable and I felt good about it.

I know that weed is not conducive to a productive or positive home and family life, and I was fine with letting it go. I have been in a sober mindset, and we were set on focusing on our family when we shut down the ministry later tonight obviously as two sober, rational adults.

She has also been sober for many years, with no alcohol or weed in the slightest. Witness 2 is a very Holy person, and she doesn't even *like* weed (weird, I know.)

On the way home, I used some of the money for gas. While it was filling up, I head inside for drinks and snacks. As I was checking out, I decided to test out my theory that maybe people actually do like me. That my story isn't stupid.

When I first got in the store, they asked how I was doing. I told them I was doing great, that it was the best day of my life. They looked at me like I was insane, which I had gotten pretty used to since those people at the music store confirmed for me that I am, in fact, insane.

"I solved it! All of my problems are gone! I know what to do now!!!"

I laughed, gloriously.

"It's like that song, it's from the '60s and it's about the rain going away and the sun coming out!"

He didn't know it, and I couldn't think of it.

"It's euphoric."

The girl from the back called out – "You mean the one that goes 'I can see clearly now the rain is gone'?"

"YES!", I shouted. There was no one else in the store which I always liked because it meant that you were allowed to talk to people.

I sang the chorus. I honestly feel so fucking good.

"It's not that I can't tell anyone this story – I have to tell everyone instead!"

It's so simple. It's the key. The only way people will ever believe anything is if it's in a book, and like I said, I can see why. It's obviously the best way to write down information.

Now, Witness 2 doesn't like to talk to strangers in the store, which is reasonable. However, since I was already having some sort of mental health crisis, I might as well see if one of the anecdotes from this book would make her laugh. If so, maybe this book would sell. Let's see.

I need about five Gatorades to mitigate the seizure issue. While I'm buying those, I decide to run a little experiment. Let's do something new. *Play the lottery, I bet you'll win!*

So, I ask for one, and she goes to get it and says, "Birthday?"

I said, "Yes." She looked at me like I was the dumbest person alive, and yes this is a true story. Not a great start. Didn't mean to do that.

I realized what she wanted, and explained that it was my son's birthday and I'm sorry. My birthday is [censored]. I then realized that you are supposed to prove this to people, so I offered to show her my ID, and I did.

I then said, "I didn't know if I still looked young enough," and she laughed. People laugh the hardest when you tell them the truth, because they almost never hear that.

"I remember when I was in college," and it was true, I could see the scene in my head.

I looked in the mirror above the sink in my dorm room. It was the first time I had taken acid down there, and I felt fantastic. I stared at myself for a weirdly long amount of time. I looked *great*. My pupils were morphing, and my skin looked warm, tan, flushed, and alive. I liked it.

One thing about me, and this is a true fact, is about 20 different women have told me, completely out of nowhere, that I have long eyelashes. When I went to college, I first had one of those mirrors with a little swinging door mirror where you can see your profile if you angle it just right.

I looked, and it was true what they said - they were long! You don't want one of these puppies to stab you in the eyeball, that's for sure. I obviously have never said that out loud or told anyone that, it's a very weird thing to say. This was not included in the gas station anecdote.

So, I looked in that mirror on that acid, and I looked young, healthy, and vibrant, and I knew it in my heart - "It's all downhill from here." It turned out to be true. I have literally only ever looked worse since that day.

She cracked up. It was true! People do actually like me! They *like* my story! It is actually pretty funny, now that I write it out. I could have sang and danced right there for these people like Willy Wonka after his summersault. However, I did not win.

I bought about $85 worth of snacks and drinks because I need to write this book. I have slept approximately 15 hours since I realized I could write this book three days ago, and that it can actually be as long as I want it to be. And I'm sorry that this is probably pretty long by the time you are reading it. Right now it's at 81,638 words and 148 pages.

She asked if I was getting any wine. Women love wine, movies get that right.

I said, “Nope, you got any opium?”

Ha, ha, ha.

I threw $100 down on the counter, told her to keep the change, and winked at her. These people are like butter in my mouth.

One thing that I have learned about myself since I started writing this book is that I now like to point my two fingers at people like guns and then snap them as I am leaving somewhere. It’s an excellent way to leave a room.

Snap!

I said out loud, “Oh how the turn tables have turned!” when I got back home. All I had to do, like usual, was tell people the truth. And books are so fun to write, I love doing it. I love it, almost as much as music. No one can interrupt you to tell you that you are, in fact, wrong about everything when you are writing a book. Excellent method of communication. In fact, I’m not even legally required to edit this.

[Witness 1 as editor: Obviously, I did edit this manuscript. Once it got to be about 1,600 pages with the appendices I got the “Uh-Oh Feeling”, like, “Uh-Oh, no one’s gonna read a 1,600 page book, moron!”

However, this is the easiest project I’ve ever worked on. As I realized I could write this book running in the sun to Witness 2, the entire thing was in my head. I even knew the ending. But the thing is, putting hundreds of thousands of words in the right order, just like with triggering 10,000 MIDI events at the right time, takes a long time - no matter how good you are at it. There is an unavoidable time commitment.

And I am saving the few hundred pages I remove in a separate file, like I said – The Crazy Factor. You’ll never guess, but it’s actually very Jack Handy. I will publish it if people read this.

And so, here I sit - hunched over like a monk with only his laptop as the weeks crawl past me. I do nothing but edit, and the fourth week begins. By the end of two more, I should be close to finishing. I have put in, on average, 12-14 hour days on this project. This will only end when the book is finished.

I have long since moved to the secure laptop. Anything but absolutely unavoidable chores or care for my son and wife is forsaken for this book. I pray only that people read it.

To create is divine, to edit is human. You cannot create without editing, only God can. On that note, I have not changed one single meaningful fact or statement through this editing. I am

only fleshing things out, elaborating on it, and adding parts I did not have time to write in the moment. This is a true, factual, and honest testimony.

However, although I wrote this book entirely in my head all at once - I am still verifying anything that I may have even the slightest doubt about during both the creative and editing phases.

And while I have looked up hundreds of things to confirm them in the course of writing and researching this, I have only been mistaken about one semi-meaningful issue - which has to do with whether or not Bach invented Equal or Well-Tempered tuning. It's complicated, and we'll get to that.

Bear with me, Dear Reader. I beg you not to depart and dismiss me as a rambling madman. By the way, the Reddit ads do not work out. Content policy, apparently. Witness 2 is also doing much better now, and our marriage is strong.

The following stories about our appliances, laptops, and cars breaking a few weeks before all of this happened is true. I left it in because it really pissed me off, big time. Drove me crazy.

Nighttime, 1/18/25.]

I really, really dislike using electronic things except for writing and music.

Witness 2 claims that I blow them up with my presence, and I have certainly noticed that I have a way of having delicate things like appliances and washing machines break when I use them but not for other people.

In fact, when this laptop I am using to write on broke (it is my old studio and it still has the screen issue causing it to flicker intermittently) and I had to replace it with the $9,000 project for laptops for me and my son, we also had a major series of other issues. This was back in August - October.

We had a car issue where her car went dead, a water heater broke, our refrigerator went out, a washing machine broke, and one *other* laptop that was only a *year* old and cost $1200 stopped working. Apparently, I blew it up. The tech who helped me with the new one I got was mystified by this when I showed it to him. "Static electricity," he said. *Bullshit.*

Our landlords had to replace every single one of those appliances within the last few months, and if you don't believe me, you can ask themselves and I'm sure they will tell you. They keep receipts for warranties, which worked for the hot water heater as it was only two years old. At the time, I didn't really think that hard about it, but it was really, really annoying.

Top five annoying things in my life, actually. They went ahead and replaced the dishwasher too, while we were doing all this. Four appliances in about as many months.

The car and laptop we just had to pay for. Also, on February 6th, when I was almost done, my truck battery went out and I had to buy a new one.

Witness 1
The Biblical Two Witnesses
5:58 PM, 12/31/24
May God bless you all richly in Jesus's name. Amen.

So, violence against wolves. I had to take out a whole section I wrote about the Cody Roberts, wolf torture incident that took place in Wyoming. Here's one part:

Now, to me, it's immediately obvious to me that this is a female wolf based on the physiognomy, but I wanted to confirm that. It's true, it's in other articles. By this point, they had untied her legs.

This is the picture that was used in most of the articles:

That's just sick. What the fuck is wrong with you, dude.

I would never harm an animal except in self-defense. I'll tell you what though, I always thought that if it really came down to it, I could kill any animal with just my bare hands. They are quite stupid, really, and all you have to do is get to the eyes or in the throat. In nature, there are always plenty of crafty ways to kill animals, which I assume is how our ancestors usually did it.

If you put me up against a bear or a lion, I would honestly put my odds at about 75/25 me. That's in a bare room when they're hungry - if I'm in the woods and able to use tools and stalk them, it's already over. *Sorry, little guy.*

Unfortunately, no animal has ever tried to kill me. So, I really have no idea. In fact, I have never been in a single physical fight in my life. I have always gotten along quite well with just about everyone.

The closest time was at one of those parties sponsored by Monster. My half-Japanese roommate and I had gotten annoyed with something someone did, and it was past midnight - so we were about ready to close the curtain, relax on the couch, and do lines of cocaine and smoke weed. We told everyone to get the fuck out of our house.

Well, some Mexican guys (locals from the nearby city) did NOT like that. The biggest one got in my face. His toned muscles rippled, and everyone was drunk. Tension crackled as my roommates stared at me. Like usual, I had caused this mess.

He grabs one of our butcher knives and points it at me. One thing about me is that I always, always have a knife on me, exactly for these types of situations. I pull it out too and we point them at each other. It was a Mexican standoff.

Right at that moment, Mellow walks in my house. Now, I'm pretty tall, and the other guy was significantly larger than me, but this guy was huge. Mellow was a black giant with a shaved head, Monster shirt and hat (obviously), and jeans. Maybe around 40, by far the oldest one there. Like a linebacker. When he first walked up to me on the balcony, I actually had no idea what he was going to say.

Luckily, he was one of the nicest dudes I had ever met, so I politely told him that I wanted everyone to get the fuck out of my house, and he pushed the guy's arm with the knife down and basically body-walked him and his friends out, which was a great relief for me.

That is the only time I have pulled a weapon on someone, and I would gladly use one rather than die. Of course, fights can almost always be avoided by leaving where you are at the right time, which is why I have always been able to avoid them. That time, I had my back to the wall and there is no way I am retreating inside my own house if you pull a weapon out. I'm actually allowed to kill you legally if you do that.

Let's see, violence… one time, around this time when I lived in the ocean house, one of A's neighbors was harassing her about her car. A girl, one of those bitchy types. Saying her car wasn't parked right. There was a small little curb in front of her house, and it was fine to park there. Constant whining about it, though. Parking in this city would have been extremely difficult if I had a car. She delivered pizza for Dominoes and went to the city college about 20 minutes away.

This went back and forth, and hearing her bitch about it got to be actually pretty annoying to me. Luckily, I had started watching *The Sopranos* to learn about drug dealing, so I had some pretty good ideas. Tony Soprano is my favorite fictional character, and honestly, it's not even close.

I knew exactly who it was and what car *she* drove. So one night, while walking by, I took out my knife and stabbed her tire as I was walking by. Hard.

Pop!

I felt it sink into the black tire.

Very nice. I smiled.

I remember that it took more force than I thought it would, and I bet it's the same when you stab a living thing, too.

Well, that was the end of that particular issue. We never heard another word about how her car was parked.

Poppies… poppies…

Asbestos… asbestos…

The fake "snow" in the weird, "snowy poppy" scene in *The Wizard of Oz* was pure, 100% unadulterated *asbestos*. You know that. The white, fluffy powder they used on movie studios back then. You know, the "cursed snow" that the "witch" put a "spell" on to cause them to become unbearably sleepy and dull. In the *poppy* field. *Asbestos.*

These powerful painkillers are some of the most interesting shit mankind has ever come up with, and you can't even buy them at the store. It's absurd. I think that adults should be able to buy any drug they want to from a place. We could call it a "drug store." We could even reach back to Latin like people like to do, and pull *Pharmakeia,* Latin for "drugs." We could work a little linguistic magic, hmm… *Pharma…*

When they talk about an ideology or concept, they like to do a thing where they add -acy on the end. Like democracy, or autocracy, or kafkastocracy (one of the other words in this book that I made up.)

So, what if "drugs" were like the "-acy" concept here? Maybe, we could take this Latin root, *Pharma,* and use it to make the word "Pharma - acy. Let's see… take out the double vowel… pharma-acy… Pharmacy."

Like a "drug store", this "pharmacy" could carry all kinds of pure, psychoactive chemicals that consenting adults could legally buy with their own money, for a fair deal, in order to have fun and experience different things. I know, I know - I am an insane person.

In fact, they *tell* me that they have these "pharmacies" already, but when I go in them, I can only buy the same overpriced garbage as I can at a gas station, but even *more* expensive. It's another of the absurd things about life. Doctors seem to exist purely to make sure that you *cannot* buy the drugs you need from someone else, along with police officers. Good job, I guess.

Maybe someday they can create a place for all the crazy people like me, and we can congregate in our sheer insanity together. We could try out my ideas, like a "pharmacy", and just see if they work for a little bit. However, like I said – I have no idea why other people hate drugs so much.

The truth is, I took somewhere around five to ten times as many opiates and benzos per day as your average terminal cancer patient for a couple years, which started at the ocean house and ended when I got too paranoid to keep selling weed for a living. I know this, because when I was a CNA I was *stunned* by how low their dosages were.

When A and I moved in 2012 to her hometown near San Diego, I quit cold turkey and didn't sleep for about two weeks. I relapsed after that, but it stuck after about another year. I haven't taken an opiate or benzo since 2013. The only noticeable side effect I experienced from quitting these drugs was the afternoon doldrums, and to be fair, I do really hate them.

I never did find opium, but you can actually just buy these *papaver somiferum* seeds, water them, grow them, slice the heads vertically, scrape off the dried resin that appears, and *boom*. There you go. Opium. So they say, at least. I've never tried that, because it seems too easy to even be true.

Keep in mind, also, if you do this - angry men with lights on their trucks might show up, and they can actually arrest you for doing this. However, and this is so absurd I have to point it out, until you *cut and scrape* the poppies, it's all legal.

You are allowed to *grow* poppy fields to simply admire them and look at their beautiful flowers.

But *do not cut the buds and scrape them, pal. Jail.*

I can't help but laugh at these fucking idiots. It's a plant, bro. It's a flowery resin.

You feel like you just ate the best meal of your life, but you're still a kid on a rainy day while Mom cooks bread in the kitchen. It's almost ready, and you can smell it. It's also the first day of every vacation you've ever had.

So sweet. So nice. It's love. These flowers fucking love us, and we have no idea why they do that. I can tell you how, though. Molecules from this flower work their way past our BBB (blood brain barrier) and click perfectly into shapes either built in there by God or developed over thousands of years of symbiosis with these plants.

It's actually a miniature, two-part fractal, or a tessellation. There are opioid receptors in our brains that *only* these molecules can click into.

Once there, they do something that not one other substance known to mankind can do. They reach directly down into every part of you, and they unlock all the secrets of the universe throughout your body. Every limb floats like cotton candy in the wind when you're on opiates. Every step you take feels like the Earth itself is kissing your feet. Angels sing just for you.

Opiates delicately reach into the primal part of your brain. The Deep Magic of psychology. Pleasure. *Reward*. The specific lock that this key fits into has a secret on the other side – *endorphins*. This word is derived from "endogenous morphine", or morphine that is produced endogenously (within a system.)

Your brain actually *already* produces *morphine*. All the time. You're *on morphine right now.* That's why the same molecule, the same exact key, in the plant-derived morphine unlocks this system. It's the *same thing.* These plants *taught us pleasure.* It's a *fractal*, dummies.

Your brain is a cruel mistress, however. She keeps her treasures under careful lock and key. You must, unfortunately, actually try and care about things to gain her trust. To receive her precious secrets.

Well, the key to this lock is hard work and effort, but you can just smash and grab with these flowers.

Opiates will make you feel like you are having an orgasm for eight hours. I also knew that this one guy, a famous author named William Burroughs, had gotten addicted to opiates for the same reasons as why I was considering it. He said it was a fantastic experience as far as his art went.

He also said it felt like a prison with no door, that it totally ruined his life, and that it pretty much caused him a living death, roaming the Earth like a specter, until he eventually died – still addicted.

It was, sort of, like a *way* more-fun and cool way of splattering my brains all over their stupid beige walls, if that makes sense. I truly am not going to kill myself, almost purely out of spite. Also, there's always being homeless at the beach.

When people asked me why I take them, I would basically quote the last few pages at them, and all of the even crazier shit I now have quarantined over in *The Crazy* Factor, and they would look at me like I was an alien. It was, honestly, pretty sad. However, I knew it was still funny, too.

I also think violence is stupid and ridiculous, so here's my last memory about it. My Dad got me a poster at an air show with an F-15 on it, displaying every single missile it could be fitted with (quite a few, as it turns out.) This is an extremely profitable business, and is one of people's favorite things to sponsor with their tax money.

My favorite missile was a big grey rectangle, because I thought it would be funny if a bomb like that landed on you. My mom got mad and said I could not have weapons on the wall. My dad let me keep it.

He explained to me, though, that war is actually, in fact, not funny. That these bombs often fell on houses full of cowering women and children, and it dismembers them and scatters their internal organs around anyone unlucky enough to be standing within 100 feet or so, who would probably be screaming and deafened. It was awful. I felt terrible, and from that point on, I have never felt that war was funny even a little bit. It's true, I really hate war now.

I realized that he was right. Like I said, I am very good at taking advice and constructive criticism, which is the best way to get smart besides reading. It's also easy when it is true, and you will know that if it makes you feel upset, angry, or ashamed of yourself. It's common sense.

I pictured the scene. He was right, it was gruesome stuff. I was probably about 13, and for the first time, I contemplated what it would be like to kill an innocent person. Obviously, it would feel just terrible. I would never do that, and to this day I have kept my promise to not kill even one single person.

It makes me think of my sister's necklace. Some stupid kid smashing it for no reason. Not only is it a really shitty thing to do, but it's just senseless. It literally makes no sense.

There are a lot of things in this world that are not pretty necklaces. Tons of them. In fact, all kinds of shit. There are also plenty of things like rocks, dirt, and sticks that are cool and legal to smash. I don't see why you'd want to take something fragile, beautiful, and delicate, and turn it into something that is just broken and smashed.

It's ridiculous, and you might as well just tuck it away in a drawer or something. Always try your best to keep entropy from degrading the things around you, which is a good rule to follow because the universe will always try its best to break everything around you as soon as you so much as look at it. Especially the truly delicate things, like appliances. Or maybe that's just me, I don't know.

There's people out there who crucify animals and sell the videos. The ones you should watch out for are the ones who do not make videos of it. Unfortunately, this makes them harder to catch.

Tony Soprano understood that. If you've seen the show, you know it's true. That's why he killed Ralph. The coma scene with the monks and the distant light is my favorite piece of fictional media. Did you know that right before he kills Christopher, he sees the same light? It's a car driving by. One headlight.

That's when he sealed his fate – he went to hell when he died at the end.

So, life goes on. Violence is bad. Seriously, don't do it. It's futile.

You can only defeat it through the Deep Magic, which is not accessible to human beings.

I am starting to feel hungry, Dear Reader. I think I will eat my pizza soon.

11:53 PM 12/31/24
Witness 1
The Biblical Two Witnesses

I almost forgot this one while I was telling you what happened at the end of the Sopranos, unlike David Chase. I will now tell you the weirdest two things I ever noticed that other people didn't notice.

One is that the "Berenstain Bears" *definitely* used to be the "Berenstein Bears." I can tell you that for a fact. I actually read quite a bit, and I can tell you, I read all of those books, too. In fact, I distinctly remember sitting in my closet, holding a hardcover one, full-size, and teaching myself the word "Berenstein."

I was able to sound out words and read anything I wanted to by four years old, and I could use contextual clues to figure out what any word meant in any book. I also read forewords, acknowledgements, and the copyright pages.

This was, obviously, their name. Both the bears and the authors. "Ber – en – stein." Cute little play on "Bear-Einstein." *Hmmm… like a smart bear. Like a… bear that… talks.* I literally remember that. I could tell for sure from the copyright page and acknowledgements that it wasn't a pseudonym. *Oh yeah, duh, the "Bear Einstein" family. Because they're a family of smart bears. Nice one. And it's their real name, too!*

Now, they are not real anymore. They are in The Nothing.

My Dad told me once he saw worms everywhere after the rain. Everywhere. Under your feet, just swarming. He was young, and he thought they were snakes. He saw serpents, everywhere.

It must have terrified him, because that is the story about his childhood that I remember the strongest, because of how he acted while he told it. I don't actually remember any of the other stories he told me about his childhood, now that I try and think about it. This would have been in either Maine or Spain, as his Dad was in the Air Force at the time, if I have the story correct.

It was definitely Berenstein, and I remember when we went to the library and I rolled around in the sun and grass of Santa Monica with the beautiful child with eyes of sun and hair of gold who said that he loved me and called me a "Mr." for the first time ever, I checked to see if it had really changed to Berenstain. It really did change. Every time I see them, I check to see if it has changed back yet, but as far as I can tell, it never has.

When I tell people this, they look at me like I am an alien (like usual.) I told my parents that it had changed, and they assured me that I was an insane person. This seemed to reinforce what the doctors were also saying at the time, and what the people at the music store had also told me.

Applying disease theory to mental health is just… yup, you guessed it – absurd and ridiculous. Tragic, even. It's so stupid, it accidentally became art. *Oh doctor, I caught some depression, can you help me? Pills? Oh, ok…*

The Sopranos was pretty close when they said that psychiatry was a racket for the Jews, but I found that to be a very offensive and misleading line. It isn't true.

Psychiatry is a racket for the Synagogue of Satan international organized crime syndicate.

Maybe if David Chase had written a book instead of a TV show with no ending, he could have communicated this better, but one of people's favorite things in the world must be arbitrary deadlines and people who tell you what you can or can't say.

And I want to be clear – I am *not* advocating in this book for drug use. I am advocating that using drugs is not something worth locking people in cages for. Like, are you guys insane or something?

I am not insane. In fact, I don't think that I have forgotten a single thing that I have ever learned. I can't tell you for sure though, because I wouldn't even know. That would be an unknown unknown – I learned that from reading the news.

In fact, no one knows how memories work. Memory and dreams are the two biggest mysteries in Psychology, and apparently, no one cares about that stuff.

I'll tell you the second-funniest thing I ever did in a classroom. It was a Psychology class, my favorite ones. It was a big lecture hall with about 300 students in it. One of the major ones. You may recall that my parents both went here in the '70s or '80s and fell in love. My Dad went to the Air Force Academy at first but left when he realized that they actually *yell* at you, like get in your face, and that wasn't something that only happens in movies. I always understood that.

Anyways, there I was. In class, high like every other day. The teacher was rambling on about dreams and some other boring shit. I do like dreams though, in fact, they fascinate me. I just don't like when teachers tell me things about them.

Anyways, I have always enjoyed laughter, like I said. It's my second-favorite hobby after music. The afternoon doldrums were setting in for everyone, I could tell. I hate them.

People languished like they were in the mines. I looked around me. Literally every single person looked unhappy being there right now. Unfortunately, the class wasn't about the happiness part of the brain, so I couldn't figure out why. It was about dreams. And you know what, I got that feeling - a funny feeling, like I should do something funny.

People were yawning, and the light was growing long. I saw someone stretch their arms, and the eyelids of my neighbor sleepily drifted down.

Fucking afternoon doldrums… God, I hate them…

Dreams, dreams, hm… let me just wing this one…

I stuck my hand up. You were legally allowed to do that, but it was *very* uncommon.

The teacher stuttered. She looked right at me.

She paused.

Every single person in the lecture hall looked at me, which I was not used to because when you get up and walk out of class in college, most people pretend not to see you, including the professor (which I always really appreciated.)

She stared at me. "Y… *yes*?"

I said, “When you have conversations in your dreams, how does the other person know what to say?”

It actually got a laugh out of every single person, including the professor. They were cracking up. I always liked to make other people laugh, as well as laughing myself. I smiled. School could be fun.

A Lebanese girl with dark black hair from my dorm turned around and stared at me with fire in her eyes. She fucking loved it. She texted me that it was the funniest thing that she had ever heard. She was *beautiful*, like Princess Jasmine. Obsidian eyes.

I met her in the street at night shortly after that, and I was about to head back to our dorm to have sex with her. My roommate, the Russian Bear, darted in and grabbed me roughly. He drunkenly leaned in and whispered, quickly, “*she has herpes.*” I wasn’t sure if it was true or not, and… it certainly didn’t *seem* true.

However, I figured I had better not take my chances as that would severely impact my odds at becoming a rock star, and I moved on to greener pastures where people don’t whisper the scariest shit you have ever heard in your ear. By the way, if it is true, thank you to A, and if not, I’m sorry to N. Again, I am sorry to write embarrassing stories about people, but I literally told God I would not lie at all, so I can’t.

Your secret is safe with me. No one will ever know except you, me, and apparently my roommate and, most likely, a bunch other people that he knows, too. That being said, personally, I would never ever reveal something like that about a woman, and I have actually never revealed a secret that someone asked me seriously, in earnest, not to reveal.

I would hope that is true for everyone, but it is no longer true for me since I wrote this book. However, I’m only using initials, so everyone here has plausible reliability. I mean, deniability.

I tried Wellbutrin for a while, an NDRI. Because, I figured if it really had been “Berenstain” this whole time, I must be fuckin’ losing it, like everyone said.

I used to cut the Wellbutrin open so they would dissolve faster, but when I explained that to the doctor and asked for an instant release version, he looked at me very strangely and told me not to do that. For some reason, doctors ALWAYS ask you if you want to talk to their therapist buddies, and I’m guessing it’s a referral money-type deal.

Working on songs is much more beneficial to me than talking to people who had to go to a classroom to learn how to talk to people, so I always politely decline. There was only ever one therapist I met at a doctor’s office that helped me - she wore a jean skirt one time. She had slender legs, and there was an ancient dance to her. Her name started with a J.

She was beautiful, with hair like sand – she was in her 60s, and she retired within a year or two or this. I know this, because I asked for her the next time they wanted me to talk to a therapist at Kaiser. They told me she had retired.

She would look at me and smile. I told her about floating in the lake. I thought it was pretty cool that our planet was placed juuuuust right for warm, liquid water. I told her about my music, and we talked about the trees. She told me it sounded like I had it pretty much figured out. I enjoy compliments that are actually true, so I smiled back at her.

I still liked talking to her, though, and they like when insane people go to therapy, so I kept going to her for a while. It's amazing how much you can learn about someone from what they keep in an office they've worked in for a while.

I learned that she went to college at UC Berkeley and graduated in the early '70s. She was once a flower child who danced and sang in the street. She had watched the subjugated throw off their chains and empower themselves, and it had inspired her as a small child. The riots on TV back then scared her, but she was fascinated – vibrant. Alive. I knew this based on what she chose to display to the world.

Then, she finished a Doctorate program at Stanford in clinical psychiatry. She studied the mind, quite a bit, in fact. In college she kept that fire alive and chose the one path I considered as well, more than any other – learning how to talk to people *really good*.

I learned that she had never been married, or at least had no pictures or ring. No pictures of children. Her favorite flowers were white lilies. From this, I deduced that she had a deep sense of independence, and her studies at Berkeley were likely inspired by the women's empowerment movements of the '60s. From the white lilies and sadness in her eyes, I knew that she had lost someone she loved quite deeply at some point.

She had a small, synthetic waterfall, which produced white noise. I knew then that she understood the end of *Siddhartha*, when the river whispers secrets to him and he learns to not hear, but listen.

Most likely, she encountered this book during college or on a trip she had taken to India sometime after her graduate program, which was a big thing to do for Europeans and Americans in the '70s. It's called the *Hippie Trail*. It's an interesting story.

For about $100, you could spend three or four months on a bus and travel from Europe to India, back when the Middle East was relatively peaceful, and the risk was quite low. Hash and weed, along with various psychedelics, were legal in this part of the world back then.

I knew this because there was a small, faded picture hiding behind the rest of them with an old bus, a sherpa or guide, and clearly Himalayan mountains in the background of the picture. She was young, vibrant, beautiful and *free*.

Snap!

At the very least, everyone else on that bus was passing around a *chillum* full of hash. So, I knew that when I told her I still smoked weed but had quit opiates and benzos, she would understand that.

So, I'll wrap it up here, and end by saying that you can learn *quite a bit* about people simply by observing. I learned all of that about her without asking a single question, in about two minutes. She was a lady of quiet dignity, like a sage. She was lovely.

I still haven't figured out what therapists actually do, but she was – for sure - really good at it. She knew just about everything there was to know about the mind, and how it works, and how we can learn to effectively communicate, but it's all completely useless unless you can *solve* the *eudaimonia* question.

Not just talk about it in circles, but solve it. Forever.

However, she was obviously a genius. That's why I liked talking to her. Her ancestors were wild and free in the trees. They called to her, though she did not know it. To her they whispered of lanterns in the forest at night at a time when no one knew what lay across the ocean. They used to paint their faces with the wild juices of berries and lay naked and unashamed. It's true.

These songs float quietly by their heads, whispering things. One of the problems with "money", and "jobs" though, is that these people cannot *ever* tell you what they *really* think. They are not allowed to call out people's real issues, because it hurts the patient's feelings and then they get phone calls from the legal department. So, it's almost all just fluff.

Also, medical professionals study microexpressions (especially therapists) and they are trained to lie to you more effectively than other people. They aren't very good at it, but it's true.

I know that they know that I know how to read their microexpressions and other subconscious cues, and I know that they try to consciously conceal them. It can lead to a flat affect, like a mask. This may be why people are put off of doctors sometimes, besides their reluctance to sell you drugs.

No one will lie to you quicker and easier than a doctor, therapist, or psychologist. It's true. That's because they are always right, and they train them to do so.

I don't mind it. I'm used to the little dances people do. I love to say things that people have never heard before, it's funny. So, she retired, and I never went to therapy again (except for when my bosses told me I had to that one time.) She was the type of person who would walk up to you at the dance, just to be nice.

Unfortunately, my parents, the people at the music store, my therapist in the Grand Canyon, a whole bunch of different doctors, the staff at the psych ward and ER I was in, my grandparents who took me there, anyone I told this story to, and the silence of my old friends told me *quite convincingly* that I was, in fact, an insane person. Pretty much… everyone.

This never bothered me too much, because I already knew it. Like I said, I don't appreciate when people tell me things that I already know are wrong about myself.

I obviously knew I could never, ever work a real job in my life. In fact, to this day, the CNA job is the only "real" job that I have ever worked. And even that one, if people told you honestly, they would not consider to be a "real" job. It's pretty much just helping old people move around and go to the bathroom for eight hours.

Like I said, I loved the job. Most people hated it. That job was the first time in my life I ever felt like Jesus, especially when I was washing people's feet in the shower. Showers are the hardest part about being a CNA, so we try to move quickly.

It's kind of weird looking back, but there is something beautiful looking back about helping an old or sick person do things that they desperately need to do. Things they would literally die if they didn't do, like get out of bed, eat, clean themselves, roll over once in a while, drink water, and put clothes on.

The totally insane dementia/Alzheimer's memory care residents were always my favorite. That's because they are so tragic, funny, and absurd that they are like walking art pieces.

Masterpieces in hilarity. Quite easy to care for if you know how to talk to them, as well. They remember how to care for themselves usually, they just get so confused arguing with people they forget. Like Pam, who tore up her diapers because she didn't need them – all she wanted you to do was tell her that her son loves her and will come see her one day, maybe tomorrow.

I don't have a fucking clue if it's true, that's just how you care for these people. *She will not remember it* - it's about the acute, instant suffering and confusion she is experiencing.

Section VI
The Washing of the Feet, The Coup, and How I Almost Lost This Book

I will now tell you what it's like to give a sick woman a shower. Behold – I will show you the more excellent way.

The washing of the feet. It's a way of showing people they are worthy of being loved, and are worth more than their bodies or physical beauty. In fact, that doesn't even come into play here in the slightest.

What I will teach you is the core of transcendence – stepping outside of the cages of our bodies and meeting in the middle. You don't need a cabin, a lake, or a desk in the middle of the forest for some reason to know transcendence.

This woman was younger than the average on our unit by about 20 years because she had a stroke at around the age of 50. While it incapacitated her badly, she was not confused in the slightest.

By the time they got to my nursing home, the residents were stable enough to leave a hospital or ICU, and she was at the beginning of the second, longer, part of a path to recovery that lasted around two years total.

By this time, she had relearned to whisper-talk and feed herself, but that was about it. She could not transfer herself, could not get dressed, and could not shower. She was what they call in the business an "extensive assist", which has to do with Medicare billing codes. Her name was Rebecca.

When you are in the hospital after an actual devastating stroke, they will assume that you are incontinent, and put an adult diaper on you. If you survive this, you will likely find that, along with being unable to speak or swallow correctly, you can no longer walk, get dressed, stand up, or feel the normal sensations that allow you to take yourself to the bathroom, even if you could walk to it. Which you can't. Slowly, you will probably recover these feelings after months of 24/7 care and therapy.

So, *most* people begin their journey back to the world when they come to us as they came into the world - like an infant, in diapers. Not all, but most.

However, she was a fighter. A strong one. She would glow, and she stood out from people. Her aura was a deep golden chestnut, but her hair and eyes were dark brown. Huge, brown

eyes, and pale, porcelain skin. A forest's daughter, for sure, with a squeaky little voice that tried, so hard, to get the words out. I heard her. Although she was not on my normal hall, I took care of her many times as this situation was fluid.

One time, you came in and found her *crawling* to the bathroom, on the floor, when you got there because no one came to her when she hit the light, and she didn't have the wheelchair.

Now, I think I mentioned that nurses don't like it when people go onto the floor in nursing homes. Do NOT do this, if you are in one. You helped her up and walked her over to her bathroom, then got her back to bed in the chair when she was done.

I honestly can't think of anyone else who put themselves on the floor and crawled with one arm instead of just peeing in the bed.

It's not even your room that day, and she is in the last room down the opposite hall on the left, directly across from you, separated in the middle by the nursing station. She never demanded a single thing, and never yelled at us even one time. She was the kind of person who would crawl to the bathroom before she would yell for help, which was very, very unusual. I understood that.

However, she was too far down for them to hear her, even if she would have yelled, because of the facial paralysis. Even if she wanted to yell, she couldn't, because the universe had stolen her voice.

Obviously, they would have wanted you to leave her on the floor, get the nurse, tell her CNA, file a report on it, and all that bullshit. "Don't get her up off the floor." Fuck you guys. Answer her call light next time.

So, this woman was observably different from just about anyone else there, in that she *desperately* wanted to get out. She *needed* to. I assume she had people out there, but I never saw a single visitor come to her. No flowers, and no cards arrived for her.

In fact, almost no visitors ever came to these brightly illuminated, but dark, dreary halls at all. Maybe 1 in 10 residents ever saw a visitor, which might even be lower than most prisons. And they didn't even do anything wrong to be there. It's a tragedy.

[*Witness 1 as editor: I looked it up, and (on average) about 1 in 3 inmates in state prisons receives at least a few personal visits while they are incarcerated. This is definitely less than my observed experience as a CNA, which is, in fact, a tragedy.*]

She was small, sad, and tragic, almost ghostly. Like a pale seashell with a piece missing. However, a fire burned within her, and in the end, she did get to leave after just under a year of this.

Part of her great sadness was due to the fact that she was observably a mother, and yet seemed to have no children. These things are not spoken of in nursing homes.

Her left side was paralyzed, and she could not move it. When you move these limbs for them, it doesn't necessarily hurt them. In fact, it's more the absence of feeling that bothers them. A phantom limb, but still there. They've never felt anything like it, and when you move it for them they feel both bizarre, helpless, frustrated, and sorry that you have to do this for them. You don't mind, obviously. That's why they give you money to do it with a smile.

The women are always a little nervous, and they would rather be alone, but she trusts you. You are her favorite CNA, and she has told you that. She said you are the only one she trusts to listen to her little whisper-squeak and figure out what she's trying to say.

She's been there for about 6 months now. She is kind, and gentle. She doesn't get frustrated with us, and she always smiles. I think, as I write this, that I even remarked to her that sometimes she was the only person there who would smile at me sometimes. She is a beautiful woman, about 5 foot 3 inches, around 120 pounds, and her brown hair had just a little bit of curls on the end at her shoulder blades.

When you transfer her, you want to make her feel like a porcelain vase you are setting down carefully. She likes when you do her transfers, because she knows if she gets unsteady and start to fall, you will literally just pick her up like a baby. Zero risk.

The relationship you have with someone like that is completely different than anywhere else. When I worked at the preschool, for example, I was quite aware of the fact that I was now operating under the legal doctrine of *in loco parentis*, or "parent in absence." Something like that.

It means that I was *responsible*. Not just under my own quite strict personal moral and ethical code, but with real, enforceable laws to back it up. Needless to say, I take it *extremely* seriously.

However, I would have acted the exact same with or without these laws, as always, but for once these are *good* laws. While CNAs are not technically operating under *in loco parentis*, the concept is similar, and we are mandated reporters for abuse (which I never tolerate.)

On the other hand, normal people shouldn't even have to think about these things. If it weren't for psychopaths, we wouldn't need laws telling people not to *abuse* or *rape* people. It's true. Think about it.

You don't need *laws* telling people they aren't *legally* allowed to harm children and the vulnerable, and that they *legally* need to report any claims of abuse. This is just *common sense*.

What you need to do is target the root cause and cure not the symptoms of neglect, abuse, and violence against others, but the psychological, spiritual, and epistemological issues that are causing these dysfunctional states of being. *Good for the brain.*

Anyways…

They get two showers a week, and there's no showers on Sundays. Hers were Tuesdays and Fridays, and I think the day I am remembering was a Friday. Today, it's your job to give them a shower, along with one more room – four showers total. Her roommate will never live outside of a facility and takes bed baths, but she *always* takes her showers.

First, make sure you have enough towels, clean sheets, and a gown. Before you're done, you'll change the bed. You will also need a bath blanket, to cover her with. The best time to do your showers is as soon as possible after arriving, before dinner, once you make sure that everyone is alive and not laying on the floor. The problem is that's true for everyone, so compromises must be made.

You walk up to her. You're quite a bit taller than her, so you take the remote and raise the bed, which they recommend for your back.

You smile into her eyes. "Are you ready?"

She smiles back at you. I can visibly see how the muscles in one side of her face don't change, but if you weren't looking closely, you wouldn't be able to tell.

"Ready," she squeaks. She's like a squirrel.

You reach in under her arms and get close to her. She grabs you like an infant and wraps both arms around you. You kneel slightly.

She liked to be transferred by the waist because her arms were weaker from the stroke, but her hips were strong still. So for her, you don't let her bear any weight on you at all, you just lift her up by the waist and she's in the chair in about 2 seconds. For her, gravity ceased to exist for a moment, and her arms felt no pull.

Whenever you get close to someone, your auras will mingle. That's partly why behavior is so contagious, but the non-supernatural things are more important. And, to be honest, I've been told I have a beautiful aura, and I happen to know that it's true. It's just energy that other people can't see, like the colors and taste of music. The patterns in the fractals.

Hers is a beautiful brown crystal, like Amber, with rainbows. Blue light flashes through it. She is not looking into your eyes for the transfer, she sees over your shoulder. With eye contact broken, we see each other much more clearly. I can see the non-broken body of her youth. I can see her brain before it was cruelly ravaged by a weakened blood vessel. She's wearing an

old, faded purple T-shirt and our blue hospital pants, and you wrap a blanket around her shoulders to wheel her down to the shower.

You're in a steamy bathroom, alone with a woman. The lights are dim, and the shower is like a warm waterfall. You say things that she wants to hear. She has large brown eyes, and she is actually so funny and nice.

None of that matters here, because she's your patient. You're her *in loco parentis*. She is as helpless as an infant, weakened by half, and she relies on you *completely*.

You know that she knows that if you abandoned her, she would have to crawl out on the floor. She also knows that you would rather die than make her do that. You make it fun, but without a facility like this to care for her she would die, and she knows that. She is your baby, though she is about 55 or so.

She is a sweetheart, and you tell her that. You tell her that she is your favorite patient, and it might even be true this time. You gently reach behind her as she sits in the wheelchair, and you take off her shirt. There is absolutely nothing sexual about this, in even the slightest way. And yet, it is not clinical, and it does not violate her. It is intimate, but it is also professional.

She doesn't hide her body from you, because we've done this many times and you get used to it after being in the hospital. She's a marble statue that needs to be repainted, and it's your job to do it. You are the artisan.

Removing the pants from a person in a wheelchair is probably the hardest thing to do when you are a CNA. She hugs you again and we stand up. Her arms wrap around you and she is close to you.

Her aura crackles, she sparks. She giggles. We both know we don't want to be here, but we might as well make the best of it. Everyone deserves a shower.

You waltz her, and without her even noticing, her pants are off and she's in the PVC pipe shower chair. For someone like her, I let her sit there alone and do whatever she wants while I lean on the counter outside the curtain. She will only be able to clean half of her body.

I know after about five minutes that she's ready for me to take over. She knows I need to move quick. I don't do it exactly how they taught me in the class.

Do you sit there at home using a rag in the shower? *Do you*? If you do, you're a moron. I use my hands to give people showers, and it's very quick.

I massage the shampoo into her scalp, let it sit for a second. It smells so good. They don't need much soap on their face, and you go quickly as she won't be able to keep it out of her paralyzed eye that well.

You soap her up, she is slippery. She likes it. One thing about nursing homes is they make you really, really want to take a shower. The water runs down her in tiny rivers, taking the soap and sweat along with it. You rinse her, and gently massage the rest of the grime out. She smiles at you.

She's clean up top, and this is when the rag comes into play. Very quickly, you wash her. Avoid the very sensitive, ticklish area on a woman's body about three inches down and just up on their inner thighs. To get this job done you must kneel, and smile, but only with your eyes.

It's time to clean her legs. Once, these legs definitely danced or ran. Her legs are slender, they have beautiful lines. Like a pencil sketch someone drew. You rub them down, one at a time, cupping your hands around them and washing the dirt, sweat, and grim off and down the drain.

You're going to want to make sure you wash her feet. The first thing that diabetics lose is their feet, and they can also develop pressure sores. That's why you float their heels in bed. So, get them nice and clean, but quickly. Rinse everything from the top one more time. That was about one minute.

She's done. She's clean. She smiles at you, and her teeth are so white. She glimmers, and she actually literally sparkles. The water run down her in droplets, and the shower is off. It's quiet.

Anyways, one thing is for sure – every single person on this planet enjoys being wrapped in a clean towel after a shower. You brush her hair, gently. For some reason, these people all seem to have really sensitive scalps, especially women. Some moreso than others.

You get the tangles out and talk to her about her day. About her dreams. About her escape plans. About her house. About her life out there. What would you go do right now if you were outside these walls? What was your favorite thing to do? What's the meaning of life? (great question, but I kid – do NOT ask this inside of a nursing home.)

You dress her. Softly. As you lovingly veil the beautiful but worn stature of her body, she looks at you and you know that she knows that you are doing the best thing possible for her – you are giving her dignity. You are covering her shame and freeing her – reversing the violation of stripping her of even the use of her own body.

That is the best thing that you can ever do for somebody.

Now, there was only one weird experience in my time as a CNA with a woman where lines and boundaries were crossed. And by that, I mean my lines and boundaries. However, I didn't mind at all, in fact, it was OK with me, and I don't personally feel that I did anything wrong in the story I'll tell.

Anyways, lines are meant to be crossed. However, it was inappropriate, and Witness 2 will really hate this one, because it was after we started talking. I obviously told her this story, as it is actually impossible to lie to her.

I still maintain that I am not at fault here, but I will let you decide. No one else has ever heard this, and they never will unless people read this book.

I will reveal to you greater secrets than these – the profound mysteries of the universe. The Deep Magic. But first, I must reveal my own mysteries to you, so that you may use them as a dim mirror to see opaquely through – a reflection before we get to the real thing.

[*Witness 1 as editor: This book connects like a web, and the end won't make sense unless you can tie it back to the themes and leitmotifs I am giving to you throughout these stories. They are the true story of my life, and I ask only that you read this in order, to its conclusion, and reserve your sober judgment until the conclusion of the book.*

I assure you that this autobiographical section does not last forever, and that I do feel guilty for talking about myself this much. It is very arrogant of me, and I apologize. To be fair, like I said, no one has ever heard quite a few of these stories.

I only told two people about my suicide attempt, for example, and the one guy made me feel so fucking bad about it I never told another soul, except for Witness 2. The other was my boss at the preschool, because I believed in honesty and second-chances. So, that was a stupid decision and I never told anyone after that, really. Almost none of these stories have ever been heard by anyone, and in fact, no one has heard them in full. Not with all the details.

So, this book is sort of my Revelation. The stories I have never told, but just a part of a greater work than that. I wonder if you will be reading this someday, Dear Reader. I have never loved a fictional character until you. Are you real?

Bear with me as I wrap up this section and we get to the good parts. These stories will make sense once we wrap everything up, and they are true. By the way, I get distracted and don't actually finish this story until later. It's not nearly as bad as my dramatic foreshadowing might seem, and it was actually quite interesting to write out. However, it was an extremely weird and confusing experience.]

And you know what, these are tender, beautiful moments between human beings, and I'm just telling the truth to people. These people are special, and they deserve to have their stories told. This book is about us. It's our story. It's the story of humanity. God knows we need a new fucking story right now.

Every single human being is special and beautiful, and I will still believe that even after everyone kills me because I said that I am in the Bible in this book. Ever heard of a self-fulfilling prophecy?

And you know what, it's ART. Like a beautiful painting. And I am allowed to say this stuff. I am allowed to write a book with anything I want in it, and I am pretty sure that Word will just go on typing forever and ever, like the stairs in Mario. I can write for infinity on this computer, and there isn't even a law against it yet.

Art isn't personal, it just is.

There was a pedophile on my hall, and I knew that because the women CNAs had looked him up on the sex offender and court registries, and they made sure that it was a known quantity. I treated the pedophile better than most, because I felt bad for him. He had a brother on the outside. He had also had a stroke, but much worse. He was more like 85 years old, which was much more normal for the nursing home.

His brother brought him a tablet computer after a couple years, and he had me put it away for him almost every night. The pain was so great with him. Some strokes are not painful. His was. He was in pretty much constant pain, was also paralyzed on one side, in a wheelchair, and any sort of jostle or bump would cause him great discomfort. No recovery, no cure. Very few opioids, for some stupid reason.

He grabbed my wrist one night as I was going to charge his tablet, and clenched it hard. He stared into my soul, so deep, and just looked at me while he put the words into the right order. He looked at me, and then looked at the tablet. He played these gambling games, and he had just gotten it after about 10 years on that hall.

He told me, with a great deal of effort, "I know it's stupid… but to me… it's… worth a *million bucks!*" and I felt it. This dude had to spit out the words to talk.

I told him that I knew what he meant because I always want to work on my music on my laptop, and no one will ever leave me alone to do it. It was worth a million bucks to me too, and everyone thinks it's stupid. I told him I understood, and I was glad that he had the games now.

He sighed, and looked at me. He stuttered from the stroke, *aphasia* they call it.

"Well, w- w- well, I guess that's just… fuckin' *life*, then", he said to me.

I laughed, because it was true. I agreed, and I told him to have a good night. I shut the door.

Well, I guess that's just fuckin' life, then.

His brother came by one other time. He looked me in the eye and shook my hand. My grandpa taught me to do this, and I happen to know that I have an excellent handshake. Firm, three strong ones, clasp it with your other hand. Lean in two degrees and look at them. "Nice to meet you!" Smile. Clasp the shoulder opposite the hand if you're really going for it.

I knew that he knew that I knew that his brother was a convicted pedophile. However, there was something that I could tell he didn't know that I knew. What he didn't know was that I also knew that he was involved with their sex crime against a child.

You see, the women CNAs had dug up the actual records, from quite some time ago, and it turns out that he had not only been there, but that they had actually raped a child together. A 12-year-old girl. He had gone through some processes around trying to clear it over the decades, but traces remained.

So, there I was, standing next to someone who had done the absolute worst thing that I could imagine. Together as adults, they took a child who had just entered puberty, smooth-talked into taking off her clothes, and raped her.

And I'm assuming based on the fact that charges were filed that she was not, in fact, enjoying herself in this moment, although it doesn't seem to have been a violent-abduction type of rape. This is the much more common type that I will discuss more later, someone that knows the victim.

In fact, it is technically *not possible* for children to consent to sex until they are 18. This is one of those little-known facts that people have a really tough time remembering. Must have slipped their mind in the moment, I guess. Generally, judges and police officers frown upon this sort of thing quite severely, which is *not* one of the reasons why I am scared of them.

You should not rip away some little girl's innocence like that. Don't smash the necklace. At my preschool job, in fact – believe it or not - I was around quite a few naked female children and not even once did I have the slightest desire to touch one of them inappropriately.

Actually, now that I think about it, "I have found that not raping children is, in fact, quite easy to do. All you have to do is not do it." There's my tagline for the *NYT*. You're welcome, I even quoted myself for you.

It's just ridiculous. I was honored that the kids trusted me. That they *loved* me. I was like their hero. I loved that job. Honestly, I think that people should stop telling me that I am wrong all the time and maybe actually try out some of my advice, like not raping children anymore. One of my best moments was on my last mission trip, to Guatemala, when some kids lost their action figure in the pool. I dove off the diving board until I found it, and that day, I was actually a hero. That was a top-ten overall moment for me.

Anyways, what I did was thank him for bringing my resident things that he needs, and brought it in for his brother. I documented all of it on the proper form, put it away for him, and then provide the best possible care for him that I could.

I sat with him almost every night and listened to him for ten minutes or so extra before I left, unless I was already running late. I took excellent care of him in the showers, and clipped his toenails just right, the way he wanted me to. I put his socks on carefully. I joked around with him.

And if you think I should treat him differently because he did a horrible thing, the only thing that might even be worse than murder, then go fuck yourself. That's not how my story goes. I treat everyone equally.

However, he often did *not* get along well with others, and I can confidently say that I was able to help him become less angry. By the time I left, he was overall much friendlier and more positive. He asked me to send him a letter the night I left there, but I didn't – too weird for the other workers to have to open it and read it.

I don't think I will be cooking for a few days. The leftovers from my two pizzas, one old and one new, sit there mocking me silently.

"Eat us…"

"Bind us to your flesh forever…"

"Consume the rotten fruits of mankind's DISEASE!!!"

"Behold the filth, the coagulation of the slaughterhouse drains!"

"The white, dripping fat and the red mucous. The sprays. The screams."

"They echo, echo to steel walls - but no one hears their cry. No one comes to them."

"Taste it, Witness 1. Taste it and see. How delicious it is."

"You KNOW you want it. Don't you???"

"They were ALONE! BEHOLD THE FILTH!!!"

Then, my own cult tried to pull a coup on me right when I shut them down and my laptop deleted 40,000 words which I miraculously recovered because I had accidentally selected all and copied about 20 minutes previously. One-in-a-billion odds, I almost lost it all.

This story took up too much room for this manuscript. *Crazy Factor.*

[Note from 12/18/25: It's almost been a year since this, and I can confidently say that this exact choice, shutting down the ministry on New Year's, was the greatest mistake of my life. I have since lost everything because of that, and have been reduced to nothing – once again, owning only a pile of clothes. This book cursed my life, and perhaps the only way to break it is to finally publish it like I should have done when it was finished. I detail all of this in the Crazy Factor, in which I saved all of my writing from this night and more.]

One thing I learned from studying swords and military shit is that if you're going to attack someone, you better give it all you got right then and there, and definitely not take any stupid half measures that expose your flank or weaknesses, reveal your hand, while you gain nothing.

I sincerely don't understand what their plan was, but it scares me.

I continue on. I suppose I shall introduce you to my Lupine arch-nemesis.

It's funny, because since I started writing about him, I have actually grown, for real, no bullshit, genuinely creeped out by this. I feel a pain in my heart. I clutch it and my chest is throbbing. It aches. I fear. I am alone.

I got us into this mess with a book, only another one can get us out of it.

Obviously, my only way out was through.

And her prophecy bit the dust tonight. It's over. I won. The ministry is dead. The self-destruct mechanism I encoded into the Two Witnesses Ministry from the beginning has been activated. Do NOT ever start a cult without one of these things, I'm telling you. I'm only joking, of course.

I never meant to join or start a cult in my life. And luckily, I read a lot of books about the '60s and '70s - so I am quite familiar with cults. And so, I know they they almost always suck you in and destroy you. And when this began to grow so quickly, and I sensed that I would lose agency, I built myself an ejector seat – an escape hatch.

So long, suckers. It's been real.

She is terrified of what I've written in here.

On the other hand, here I am, on the date we set, and something really weird did happen to me. And the ministry isn't actually dead, I guess, since I am now writing this huge book. I truly don't know what happened to me, but I am willing to give this one more year and try to actually publish this one.

I cannot lose this again. I literally love this document, it's more a part of me than any song because it came to life. This is my soul now. I believe this story. I can *actually* be Witness 1, and all I have to do is write this, publish it, and get billions of people to believe it. How hard could it be?

Ok, so the big bad wolf. Picture the scene - my broken laptop, plugged into the monitor which is on my lap. Sort of sit-laying in my bed. *StumbleUpon*.

Nighttime, in my bedroom in college in the ocean house, alone, one solitary lamp lighting the room. Cozy. Moving into that room was one of the best feelings of my life, and since me and A (Egyptian king) were the first ones there, we got the best room. The one with a private shower. Oh, I forgot!

On my birthday *before* A and I started dating, we had ANOTHER threesome in this shower. Our *first* one. Holy shit, I have to try really hard to remember that. I have to tell this story, too, before the wolf. It's a lot more fun.

That was fucking awesome. I remember the girl who was with us, her name was R, and it was the same name as the girl I would meet from Beverly Hills who got me the preschool job. This was actually the night I *met* A, now that I think about it. That's right, this was how I met A. My third girlfriend, and the one I dated the longest – about two and a half years.

That was on my birthday in 2010, and I was turning 19 years old. I was on quite a bit of painkillers and xanax, as you might imagine. Let me think for a second, because this memory is *hazy.*

I was sitting alone in the dark at my house when they came over, because I was actually very depressed at the time. None of my roommates were home and the lights were off. I was smoking as much weed as possible and listening to the waves. It was a Sunday night, and they had all gone to either a party or something dumb in the city.

R texted me that night and said she wanted to buy some weed, a quarter, I believe – for them to split. She wanted to come over with a friend, and I said that was ok, because I figured it would be more fun than sitting alone in the dark. I hadn't figured out the Christmas light thing yet, and I find normal room lighting at night to be way too harsh.

R was on my floor in the dorm, and we used to sleep together sometimes when we both ended up back there late on the weekends and stuff, after the parties had ended. She was blonde, and was always very kind to me. When they got there, I could tell that they felt bad for me and wondered why I was not at a party or having people over for a party.

I haven't figured this one out yet either, but women seem to actually care a lot about birthdays, and they are actually more likely to have sex with you on that day than any other. There is a

song about it, and like I said, music is pretty much hypnosis for people. However, they didn't know it was my birthday, because I hadn't told them that.

I think that because I was sitting alone in the dark, they pitied me. I figured at this point, I might as well just play it up, and I told them it was my birthday, too.

Because they were girls, I had brought out some free weed for them to smoke while they were there (always do this if they want to, good for business), and there's a good chance I sold A some of my pills. A taught me about how much more powerful and addictive weed is when you add tobacco into it, which I always appreciated.

So, I busted out 'ol reliable – the "ennui" series of icebreakers, and like always, I made them laugh a lot. After a couple hours of this, I remember that it was R who suggested we all shower together.

Luckily, warm showers always help people feel better, and I guess they must have known that, and that's why they offered to shower with me. In fact, I did feel much better by the end. Boom. Cure for depression. See? It's not a disease, it's a state of being.

So, if you're feeling down, go ahead and pop a bunch of pills and get a blowjob from two women in the shower in a beachfront mansion. You'll feel fine in no time, I guarantee it.

This is an excellent therapy technique for depression, and I highly recommend it. Much more effective than therapists or Wellbutrin.

Dear Reader, I go now to eat pizza. I dare not close my screen.

If I am not too tired after I eat, I shall regale you further. If not, then farewell and I will write more for you tomorrow, Dear Reader.

Witness 1
The Biblical Two Witnesses
6:17 AM
1/1/2025

I love you.

I decided to close my screen after all.

I reopened it to tell you one more thing.

The sun is rising. It's a clear day.

I can see clearly now, the rain is gone
It's gonna be a bright, bright sunshiney day

I weep. I weep hot tears of hope and love, but I am utterly, completely alone.

I haven't cried since I almost lost this. I got it back, but I have lost everything else.

My marriage might be doomed but it's obviously not. I know she'll come around, it's in all the stories.

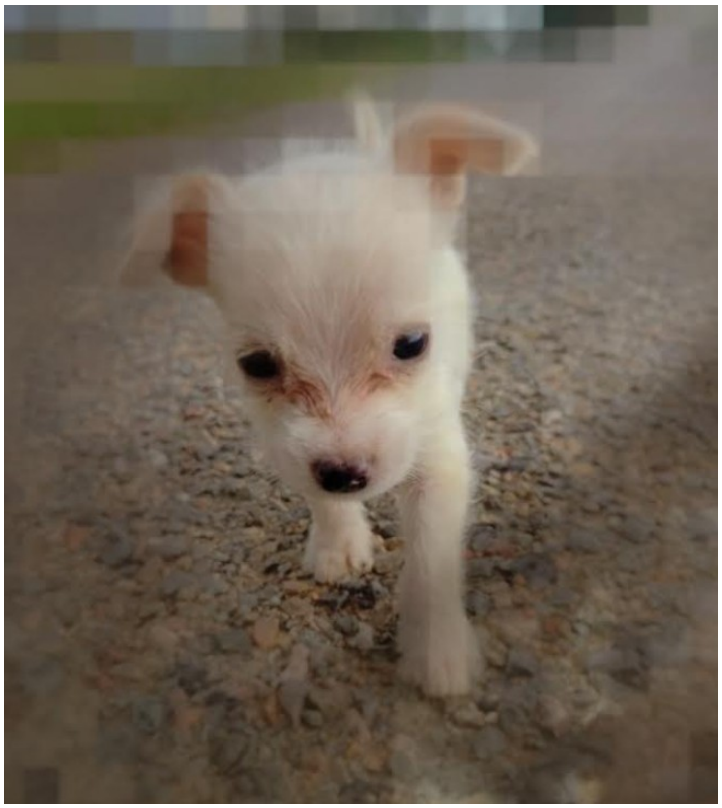
The sun is rising.

You can actually talk to animals, especially dogs. It's quite simple. Someone told me that a long time ago, and it turned out to be true. The problem, of course, is that they only have maybe 15 different things to say in their little lives at all, and most of it has to do with the location and type of person or animal outside of your house.

The rest is, really, quite easy to figure out. Dogs also happen to know where everyone is looking at all times. Watch them. It's true. They'll track your gaze and where you're pointing better than a monkey will. I know that, because I read a study on it, called *Dogs (Canis familiaris), but Not Chimpanzees (Pan trogdolytes), Understand Imperative Pointing.*

Honestly – good study, bad title. Give me a call, I can help with some titles for whenever they study what the fuck is wrong with me.

I got Winston because the government killed Lucy. He is so cute and perfect that I even took a picture of it:



I just think that other mammals are the craziest thing. The first time I ever saw a pregnant dog with udders was on one of those Mexico mission trips, and boy, did some things click into place.

Dear Reader, sleep calls to me like a long-divorced shrew, a nag that I once harkened unto. She is a cruel mistress, but to be honest, sleep is just about the only thing that I think is underrated. In fact, any time my girlfriend in high school was busy with softball practice after school, my #1 priority was going back to sleep.

It got so ridiculous, me being tired all the time and wanting to go back to sleep after school, that my parents apparently thought I should see a doctor. They wanted to do a "sleep study."

This was during the play I did where I had one line just to flirt with a girl. To this very day, I have no idea if other people feel tired all the time too and just are able to power through and somehow care about the dumbest shit that I have ever heard of.

She took me down there, and I have no idea why. I think that they thought that I might have sleep apnea. They hooked me up to about 50 wires of different colors, and told me to sleep. I wasn't sure if I'd be able to, but it wasn't too bad. I slept there overnight.

Unfortunately, the results were inconclusive. Life went on. These were sweet days of bunk beds, old guitars, paper notes, CDs, flip phones, and wine. I loved it. Honestly, it was probably because I thought about 9/11 very little. The more you think about it, the unhappier you will be. It's true.

Everything in this book is true, Dear Reader.

But, the truth is – no one's happy anymore. Even the people who don't think about 9/11. Trust me, I can read them. I can tell. That's why I'm doing this. If we can't be happy, we might as well know the truth and get pissed off about it, instead. Then, we can fix it, and we will be happy again. That's how all the stories go, at least.

I will tell you of when I met my foe, the Wolf.

I must go for now, Dear Reader. Remember the scene – me huddled in bed, staring at my laptop on *StumbleUpon*. What will I find? A dream or a nightmare?

Then, I'll tell you the third-weirdest thing I ever noticed. And it is *weird.*

I love you, goodnight. My eyelids grow weary. I call out to you from the void. Nothingness surrounds me. Nothing works. None of my shit will work. I am glad I saved this all.

Dear Reader, I thought of one last thing to say. I was going to tell you that you can literally just ignore supernatural ghost wolves and pretend they don't exist. It's not even that hard. I'm not scared of some dumb shit like that.

What was scaring me, what I felt such great fright of as I crept towards slumber, was this book again. Killing my baby.

I have three copies.

Dear Reader, I return to you on the auspicious day of 01/01/25, at 12:52 PM. I was awoken by my phone, which was very strange, as I had definitely turned it off last night.

I turned it off again, and rolled back over.

Dear Reader, I must enter my seclusion. I must retire to my chambers and shut the door. If necessary, with nails. I have wrought a great evil upon mankind.

I'm scared, but not of something dumb like a ghost wolf. I'm scared I'll lose this book and that I still believe that I am in the Bible. Have I snapped, and lost my mind?

Pray for me.

My last blog post will be called "Fuck You". I going to use the large picture of Winston, and I hope his large mournful eyes tear into your VERY SOUL, you dicks.

Same to you, ghost wolf.

Fuck you guys.

I have work to do.

I changed the font of this book. Times New Roman is a terrible thing. Calibri is much better. "Select all" is one of the best parts of computers, and it saved us all last night. I also really enjoy the "Find" function.

I mean, can you imagine typing this on a typewriter? Ink and parchment? Carving it by hand into some cuneiform tablet in a lost ancient world of pillars and ruins? How hard that would be?

God, I love Word.

Computers have also wrought both great evil and great beauty in the world.

Dear Reader, my sweet, my love. The only one who would ever listen to me. Harken unto me while I whisper my sweet everythings into your ears.

Did you know that the most artistic album of all time is *The Hazards of Love*, by The Decemberists? It's true. It's also my favorite.

I will tell you the story, since he uses many large words that have fallen out of parlance.

A beautiful young woman, Margaret, walks in the woods - the bower. Past an old, pale wall, she finds a white and wounded fawn. He sings, "She being full of charity, a credit to her sex" – a woman both beautiful and kind. She is gentle, and she cradles it back to health. Nurses it.

The fawn transforms - behold! It is a man, and a powerful enchantment lies upon him, causing him to take the form of a fawn by day. And it turns out, that this young man and woman *like* each other.

They sleep together in the woods, and a few weeks later, her sisters have some… questions:

"Thou unconsolable daughter," said the sister
"When wilt thou trouble the water in the cistern?
And what irascible blackguard is the father?"

And when young Margaret's waistline grew wider
The fruit of her amorous entwine inside her
And so our heroine withdraws to the Taiga

Now, it's pretty obvious what that means, and as she walks through the wooded bower, she sings my third-favorite song, which is in D major/minor, with a powerful suspended second in the minor third that follows – an Fsus2. To G. Back to D. Perfect. *Won't Want For Love (Margaret in the Taiga.)*

D major is an almost-perfect musical key, and Spinal Tap was close when they said that D minor is the saddest of all keys. Obviously, it's F# minor. If the minor sixth of D was F#m instead of Bm, it would be a perfect key. B is too ephemeral, it's pink and purple waviness. This is an example of a *Pythagorean Comma* in a different context, which you will learn about. All music is based on a lie, that's one thing musicologists get right.

If you want to play the most emotionally expressive chord on the guitar, play an F# major barre chord. Then, lift your fingers off the high B and E strings, so you now have only four fingers holding down notes. Strum, powerfully.

You are now playing what they would call an F#maj(add4)(dom7), I believe. It's a normal F#maj chord – **F# - C# - Bb – F#**, but now the top two notes become a fourth and a minor seventh – **B** and **E**. This full chord looks like this: **F# - C# - Bb – F# - B – E.**

So, the **E** is now a minor, or dominant, seventh interval, which I will talk about more later. This is the Mixolydian note, and it has a ton of energy. Then, you have the fourth – **B**. This, when combined with the major third – **Bb** – makes its own little story-within-a-story - a *minor second* interval. The most dissonant one, hidden within the chord.

Bb and **B** together comprise a minor second, which in the wrong context will sound *terrible.* Here, it's balanced just right. Try it out. That's my favorite guitar chord.

Anyways, she sings:

Gentle leaves, gentle leaves, please array a path for me
The woods are growing thick and fast around
Columbine, columbine, please alert this love of mine
Let him know his Margaret comes along

Then, my second-favorite song. *Hazards of Love 2 (Wager All.)* I will tell you about the girl named C, who has the same name as my first girlfriend, who showed me this album. She had the shiniest hair that I had ever seen (brown and gold) and her eyes were more blue than the sky. She lived on my dorm room hall, which had us guys on one side and the girls on the other.

He comes to her in his human form, at night. He sings her a sweet song, of clover leaves and making love under the moonlight. They intertwine, he in his human form. I like to play this on the organ, but he uses the acoustic guitar.

This song is also in D. The album is a medley, and all the songs blend together. They are just about all in either D or G, which makes a lot of sense. There's one in Am.

This song begins with the guitar – a very unusual note, creating a strange chord. He adds a G# in between the A and G (much more normal notes, the fourth and fifth of our root key, D), which is a tritone. This creates a D diminished feel, and the only other song that uses this exact D diminished chord that I have ever heard is *See Me Feel Me* by the Who, which plays at the end of *Tommy* after he burns his pinball cult to the ground, he finds the ones he loves dead at the hands of his disillusioned followers, and swims away to climb a mountain (it's the *very* first chord in the intro.) A D chord with a G# above it.

And now, for something completely different.

As I went out in the kitchen to feed the dogs, I got the pizza box out. There were slices from two different pizzas, as I had consolidated the two pizzas. This is another excellent tip you just learned for your own psychotic breaks.

I got the Pizza Barn slices out and gave them to the dogs, about a slice each with dry dog food. They loved it. I looked at the disgusting, congealed, greasy cheese of the Dominoes slices and I grimaced.

I began to wonder what I have eaten in the last week. I did not know.

I shall puzzle with you. Let's see, the first thing I clearly remember since the megadose of acid and running to Witness 2 was about 3 full days ago. No, it must be four today because that's what I said yesterday.

Since then I have eaten from the two pizzas, 6 slices total.

Before that, I know that I was working on the song for three full days, and I had one meal in that time. 12+ hour days.

Before that, I was putting in ten-hour days on the song and pretty much eating normally, which is one meal a day (bet you didn't know that.)

So, let's say in a week, seven days, I have had one meal and six slices of pizza.

Is that bad? That sounds pretty bad. I resolve to eat at least two more slices before I go to bed around 8 A.M. You know what I really like, though? Monster coffee drinks. Ok, Dear Reader. You are now caught up to this current moment with me.
Witness 2 had been frantically trying to message me telling me that people were trying to SWAT me online. I do not know the full truth of that, but there's screenshots of everything there and a bunch more craziness around the cult in, you guessed it – *The Crazy Factor.*

At the time, I had just had a wonderful idea. A brilliant idea. A beautiful idea.

In fact, the song *Pure Imagination* was ringing in my head like a radio when I had this idea, until that happened. It's fun.

I thought about quoting the speech from that tunnel, it went over the crazy threshold I set so I moved it over. Hm…

You know what, let's start having a little fun. Do you want to?

You're still reading, you won't abandon me after 230 pages or so if I let you see my true weirdness like everyone else does, will you? Please finish my book. I know you will by now, or else you would have already given up. You're in it all the way. I am, too.

Person-to-person – these non-fiction, big picture, "world-explainer"-type books are my favorite. It's the best there is. Nothing else is as worthwhile to read as this type of exegesis.

Ok, fuck it. I'll leave it in.

There's no earthly way of knowing
Which direction we are going.
There's no knowing where we're rowing
Or which way the river's flowing.
Is it raining?
Is it snowing?
Is a hurricane a blowing?
Not a speck of light is showing
so the danger must be growing.
Are the fires of hell a glowing?
Is the grisly reaper mowing?
Yes! The danger must be growing
For the rowers keep on rowing.
And they're certainly not showing
any signs that they are slowing!

Pretty weird stuff for a kid's movie, but overall, one of the most artistic things that Hollywood has ever done.

This is about how I feel in this moment [fair use, bro – also my 4-page legal disclaimer used to be here by the "Swatting" incident, but I moved it. Oops, you'll have to read the *whole thing* to find it now! Sorry!]

Dear Reader, the idea that caused this cacophony of color and sound in my mind was so beautiful that I smiled. I have never, ever, in my life, read a book where the author did this.

Section VII
Slay the Dragon

Dear Reader, I come to you with magic in my eyes.

I said that I would set my scene for you, my visceral moment, so you can place yourself in my shoes as I sit here and type tediously for well over 100 hours.

Well, did you know - and this is really cool – that because I "pay" Microsoft in "money" to use their Word Processor, I am technically allowed to add as many pictures as I want to this book.

And, if I don't delete them, they will probably even stay here. Even better, as long as you don't try and print them, no one will even charge you money to do it! It's amazing.

So, that was my idea. *Pictures*. Like a reverse Grinch, I smiled. My heart fluttered. I blushed.

I smile. "So, how about it! Are you ready for the poem I wrote, *My Very Own Magical Mystery Tour*? Are you ready to step into my portal now?"

You nod. You smile back at me. I am no longer a mysterious stranger – I am a mysterious friend.

With that, I pull the purple coat with two little tails, cane, and top hat out of my satchel. "Aha! Gone away, you thought they were, but in my satchel is another world! Step into my world of rhyme, and we will dance around in time! Around and around the fractal we go – where we stop, nobody knows! Limericks, and riddles too, how about a poem – *what say you???*"

You look over at me. "You can't introduce a poem with a poem. It's in the rules."

I laugh. "Dear Reader. How I love your jokes. So very much like my own. Anyways, let's hit it. I could write these all day, but people would probably hate that."

I cough and clear my throat. "Ok. Here we go. *My Very Own Magical Mystery Tour*, by the artist – yours truly – Witness 1 the first, master of riddles and rhyme and the first magical mystery man in our modern time – it's truly sublime - so allow me to bow to you heartily, and… Oh! What a crowd you can be! As I roguishly tickle your delicate fantasy - you listen so rapturously, but I sit here and think about how lonely it can be to write on a screen in reality, so I'll wrap up this mini-poem by hoping that somebody hears me.

"Ok, that's called an "Introduction." I bow, and throw a mysterious powder behind myself, which ignites in a huge explosion, blanketing me in glowing, flickering light. I grin at you with wild, manic eyes. *My Very Own Magical Mystery Tour*, in the style of Dr. Seuss and Willy Wonka.

Would you? Could you? Step into my world?
Would you look out as me, to see what I see?
Could I share my very own sacred spaces with you?
Besides my soul, deepest secrets, and thoughts,
Will you also gaze upon the place you are not?

All the things I possess but have no one to show?
All of the various places I go?
Come in here and see! Through a portal with me! And finally – at last – together we'll be!
A true friend for me! Whoopie! Whoopie!

There's someone like me, who wants to know more,
Who will walk with me along the sandy shore,
So don't be afraid, and don't be afright,
For I will guide you and hold you tight.

I heard it once and it might be true –
"If you ain't got nothin' you got nothin' to lose"
But when I looked on the tenement walls,
I found no prophecy written at all.

I found her huddled, bruised and sore.
Weeping inside of a grocery store.
On bended knee, I smiled at her.
I found the key, the lock will turn.

This world is dead, but a new one is born.
So pay attention, and I'll show you more…

Pay no mind to my shifting tone – it's riddles and rhyme but mixed up in time – tragedy, calamity, there's really so much agony! The rules are gone, and the prose has no flow! My very own poem doesn't know where to go!

I can't help but weep for the broken poor, but, really – I must find the time to show you much more – the connections and answers all glow at the core – Did I really break down our bathroom door? Does my fractal really divide by four? Tina Turner playing the whore… Ike does a line and she goes to bed sore… She's torn… She doesn't want to be born… The bull bucks the rider, and oh! The gore…

The cars run on corn, and a monk blows a horn but the sheep must be shorn and my attention is worn and they say I should mourn so ash on my head I adorn but I think I really can do so much more and these meaningless rituals are really a bore - there's no more to say, maybe a Lion's roar? Can we give it a rest with the FUCKING WAR??? I only weep for the poor.

So please watch your step and now STEP through the door…

And, oh, all the various places we'll go,
On my very own Magical Mystery Tour!

I look around. "Shit… I switched up characters there by mistake. Let me get back to Dr. Seuss/Willy Wonka. Sorry… um… that was Tupac/Bob Dylan there by mistake, for a minute. Ok… let me try the ending…"

So come now, it's time for a wonderful show!
Look with me now, and feel the pull -
Of a time that - for you – is but long ago!
Would you? Could you? Come in here with me?
Step into my world, and new things you shall see!

Riddles and fancies will play on your mind,
While I tell you a tale of a better time!
A time when you were reckless, happy, and free,
You know *there's a better way to be.*
Don't leave me now, I really have more!
I'm trying so hard to not be a bore!

Your glass is half-empty, so allow me to pour…
And now that your glass is all the way full,
I can tell that you also feel the pull…
Of whispers and voices from so long ago.
I'll end my poem now with a line that you know…

And, oh –

I stop and look around. I smile. The crowd waits with bated breath – they know it's coming and they all join in at the end. I smile. "All together now!"

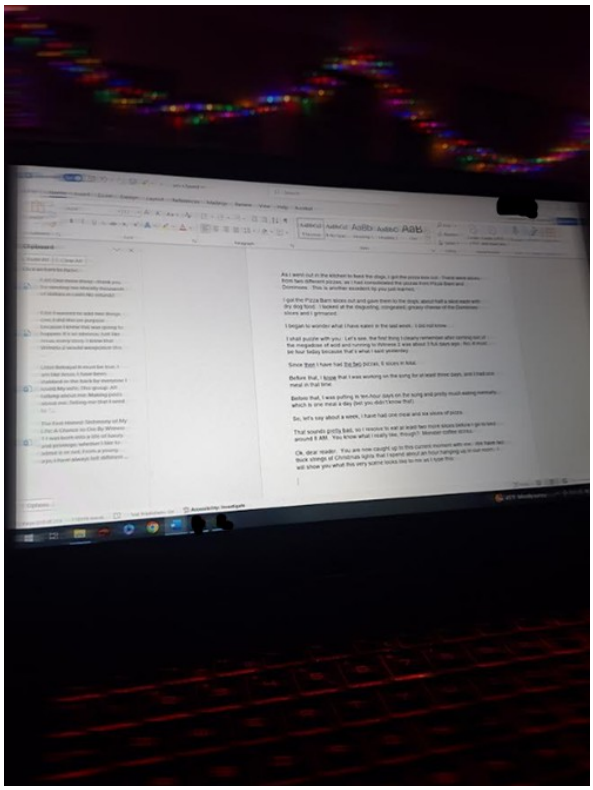
And, oh, all of the places we'll go…
ON MY VERY OWN MAGICAL MYSTERY TOUR!!!

You smile, nod, and do a little clap for me. "Wow, Witness 1! That was… so good. And in so many different styles, too. Aren't you a clever guy with your pretty little words!"

The crowd goes wild and starts cheering for me, and I pull off a perfect somersault. "I practiced!"

Well, the nice thing about books, like I said, is that no one can actually tell you to stop talking. Technically, I could even write little poems in here in different styles, if I were to do a dumb thing like that. So, let's do it. It will be fun.

I don't think a single book ever has done this, along with clarifying that it is non-fiction, but I may be wrong about that.



I will now show *you* my world.

Here is what I see. Dear Reader, you will forgive me one transgression. For my paranoia grows stronger by the hour, and I must conceal my identity at this time. I don't know if it will ever be revealed or not, and I am not interested in finding out what would happen if so.

I have blurred the pictures, just enough to hide myself.

This is what I see as I type to you. I like MSI laptops, because my genius friend D who flies drones told me that, and he is almost always right. So, my red and black beauty (persistent screen issue, former studio laptop):

Here is the third and oldest laptop I ever owned, in my life - from around 12 years ago. I have not touched this in many, many years until today:

Aesthetics have always been pretty important to me, so if there are any interior designers reading this, please contact me with any tips.

I will start with my favorite painting in my room, to really help you catch on that things in this book are symbolic. I learned from the girls who used flash cards that apparently, they teach you all about these famous paintings when you go to your college classes. So, I assume they need no introduction.

Here is my second-favorite painting:

This painting cost me $8. Here's a good tip for interior decorators – always buy things as cheaply as possible and be sure to closely inspect your paintings to make sure that they are fakes.

Here is my third-favorite painting, which I bought on my first day of college to hang in my dorm in the library (not this print):

Someday, if I ever meet you people, you guys can write down lists of your favorite paintings, and if we can't think of anything to say, we can talk about them. There's one for the Jack Handy guys.

Also, you guys have this hanging the wrong way in the museums, I'm not sure how you missed the fact that it's a bed of flowers and they're laying down. Duh.

Let's delve down deeper into the sordid dichotomy of my life. Beautiful, right? Well, I have a few more beautiful things to show you. Things of enchantment, wonder, and mystery (to me, but I have also never been able to figure out why other people don't like organs very much.)

This my electric organ. My favorite one:

The author of that *Magic Fingers* arpeggiator manual is named… Dick Hyman. Yeah, no, I'm actually not joking. The other one, I obviously left out for the aesthetics. These are old booklets that used to come with home organs from almost 50 years ago.

If you're an English Teacher, you're probably wondering if I really have a blue Ibanez guitar with Ocean Eyes. Well, I will let you decide for yourself:

I spent $500 on this piano for my son to keep as long as he wants to:

Now, a few days before all of this, our preschool lesson for the day was about symmetry, which means that things that look the same on both sides are more beautiful than things that aren't the same on both sides. Like why a major chord sounds "happy" while minor is "sad", there is actually no good reason for this. You can see the remains of our lesson in this picture, on the bottom left.

Just kidding, of course there is. There is a good reason for the harmonic series, too. In fact, that is the most useful thing that physicists ever discovered (after nuclear energy, which they then decided not to use.)

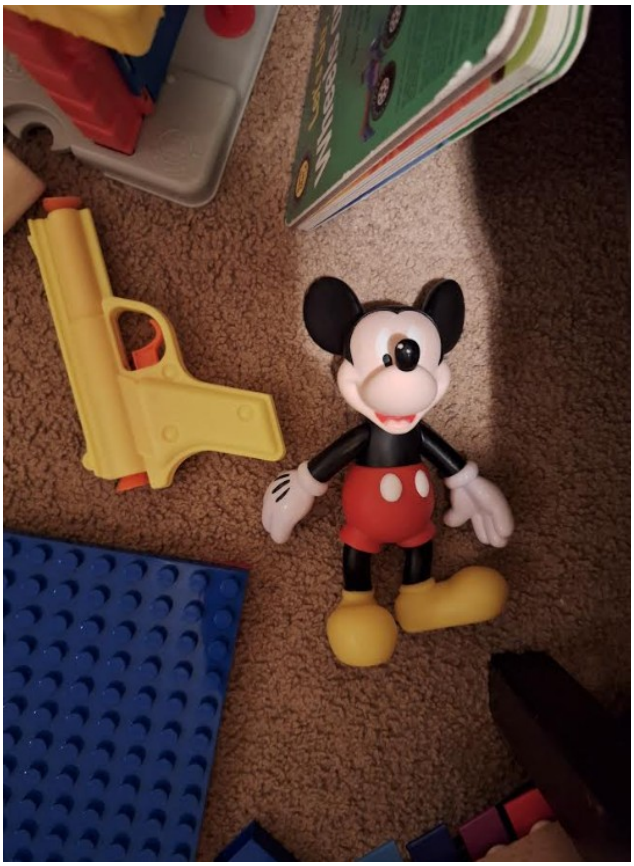
Anyways, I had always meant to play with his blocks with him, because I also spent $500 on blocks for him. I had them, and I loved them as a kid. Here's one for the parents – buy your kid a piano and a bunch of blocks and NOTHING ELSE and do *not* let them watch TV pretty much ever. You're welcome.

So, I built this little structure, which I told him was a temple. He helped me find the right blocks, which was an excellent activity for his stage of development. In the zone of proximal development of "why you can't just grab any block you want and then stick it onto any other block you want."

So, I made this, but he has since knocked it over (didn't take long):

To be honest, it looked a lot more impressive before he knocked it over, which is why I told you that entropy is bad.

Now, what I saw in there last night *sort of* unsettled me deeply. Not too bad, but, you know, you tell me – for someone as paranoid as Witness 2, is this a normal thing to buy a child:



Honestly man, it just seemed sinister. Like I was about to get shot by fuckin' Mickey Mouse.

I mean, would you like it if the government dosed you with acid and then you looked down and saw that shit? Probably not, huh? Oh… oh yeah, ok… tone down the craziness…

Maybe it's the psychedelic drugs, I don't know.

Ok, yes, I did say DRAGONS. That's the plastic one. The other one is real.

Dear Reader, this story grows so bizarre that I still fear, even after all this time, that you will not believe me. I swear the most solemn vow of my life, even more sacred than any other I have taken except the vow not to harm a living being intentionally and my marriage vows with Witness 2 – remind me to talk about our wedding – that this story is true. I have not lied.

About eight months ago, Witness 2 called me, upset and yelling on a run. Ranting and raving about "The Beast." Saying to me, "I saw the Beast! He's here!"

I thought that this was *pretty fucking weird*, so I asked her to elaborate. She told me that while on a run, she had found a new statue. A *dragon* statue – installed about 2 blocks from our house. Pointing directly at our house.

Not only that, but she talked to someone for the first time.

A strange man, who stands there on the street sweeping invisible dirt and leaves back and forth, back and forth. He stands there and wears the same outfit every day – an old, blue checker shirt and jeans with thin overalls. A black hat like a train conductor. Staring off in the distance, seemingly oblivious to anyone else's existence.

Back and forth, he sweeps. Back and forth. Sometimes, he picks up twigs and places them in piles. Sometimes, he squats, and closely examines his handiwork. Hours and hours of just doing completely meaningless chores out in his yard, wearing the same outfit.

He continues this strange, futile ritual day after day. Year after year. In front of the dragon statue. Where it showed up, at least. I mean, this guy creeps me out more than pretty much any other person I have ever looked at. There is, viscerally, something wrong with him and I can feel it even through the metal of the car.

Sweep…
Sweep…

Back and forth…
Back and forth…

Anyways, this statue is grotesque. Hideous. Not good art. But certainly menacing.

Now, it costs *thousands of dollars* to build and install a custom statue like this, and they must have done it at night because we *never* saw it. It appeared instantly one day, six to eight months ago.

Here it is:

You can see it's raised right claw, which points directly at our house.

[*Witness 1 as editor: I was thinking about this today as I edited the part about Robert Plant later, and I realized – hey! This isn't a fucking dragon at all! It's a sea monster! In fact – it may even be a representation of the Loch Ness Monster. Look behind it, and you will see a section. This repeats again once more, and these quite large sections are embedded into the concrete so as to give the illusion of water.*]

One time, I was driving by it, and I noticed two men staring intently at it. One was sort of kneeling like he was tying his shoe, but he wasn't. The other was just staring at it, and they were clearly quite interested, sort of like if they were at a tourist location. I felt a dark energy, and I wondered if what Witness 2 always says about it was true.

I remembered the end scene of Rosemary's Baby at that moment, and to this day, that scene is probably the third-most unsettling thing I have ever seen on TV because it is 100% true. That is *exactly* how they act.

It fucking creeped me out, big time. I felt blackness emanating from them, like a void that almost bent the light around them into it. A black hole. The Nothing.

Now, obviously, at this time, I would have told you that anyone who thinks that they are a character from the Bible should probably consider talking to a doctor or checking themselves into a psych ward. However, I have to admit that even from a purely aesthetic standpoint, I never really liked this statue all that much.

There I was today, driving by it. And, you know what - I see this weird fucking guy who sweeps nothingness back and forth all day long, back and forth, back and forth. Nothing going from nowhere for no reason. Literally a Nowhere Man.

All my life, I have never seen a person actually do something that I read about in *The Phantom Tollbooth*. You could give this guy a tweezer and a pile of dirt, and he would sit there happy as a clam making more fuckin piles.

Yep, there he was, filling in a pothole that he probably dug himself. This is true.

I figure that since I am writing this book – oh wait, fuck

There's one more part of this story.

I laugh so much

So, right before she had called me, this guy had stopped to talk to her for the first time. He told her it was "The Beast", and that he didn't know who had installed it. He maybe didn't even

want it there or something? We weren't sure. It wasn't clear, but he wanted to tell her, specifically her, something about it when it was installed.

That's why she had called me and said that, and it sincerely weirded her out.

So, I'm heading back home with my 22 joints and I see this guy, and I figure I better ask him what the hell is going on, plus I needed to take the picture that you saw.

So, I pull off next to the dragon and snap it.

I walk up to him.

"Hello! How's it going?"

He glares at me. He is stunned.

"What?" he asks me, surly. Like a child caught in the cookie jar. He hates me, I can immediately and extremely obviously tell that. I mean, he fucking glares at me like no one except totally insane, deranged people in a psych facility ever have. Which makes a lot of sense, based on how he acts.

"I'm wondering about the dragon statue, do you know what company installed it? I'm interested in buying one," I say. It was the best plan I could come up with in about 2 seconds.

He stares at me. The anger rises in his eyes.

I see him up close and personal for the first time. His hair is matted, long and silver. Straight down and no ponytail. His shirt sticks to him, filthy with sweat. Darker blotches on the dark blue. Dirt and grime cake his jeans.

Based on my knowledge of people who belong in psych facilities, I assume that he does not shower or change his clothes pretty much ever. Gotta sweep all that nothing, after all.

I read his face. It hurts me. I also worked in a special ed classroom my Senior year, and those people are very special. They never, ever gave me this feeling. However, I looked at him, and I could tell from the facial deformities I had learned about in college that there was something actually *severely* wrong with him.

Some type of developmental problem or disability. It may have been a fetal alcohol thing, which would be my uneducated guess at just a moment's glance.

I wasn't scared, but was *sincerely* weirded out. His aura wasn't even black, there was just a field of chaos around this guy.

All I knew is that it felt like I was looking at something that wasn't human. I honestly would not be surprised if it turns out this guy is a reptile wearing a skin suit, which is what Witness 2 tells me. After all, Turtle does not seem to like showers very much when I clean his aquarium, but people tend to love them. All mammals like a shower, if you do it right. Reptiles do not.

He angrily spits at me – "No! No, I won't tell you!"

I just sort of take it all in and ponder my next play.

"Well… why not? I want to buy one. Is it that place down the freeway?"

Now, I'm already pretty convinced I know who installed it because they also have statues just like it on a plot off the freeway to advertise. Rusted sheet metal, basically. Cheap, tacky shit. Honestly, it's terrible. Indians riding horses, giraffes, really stupid shit like that.

He just sort of sputters with rage that I dared to talk to him. "W- w- what???" Sort of like that. He's not entirely coherent, and is clearly just in shock that I am standing there asking him things. I wasn't really sure what else to say at that point, which very rarely happens.

"Y… you…" At this point, I didn't really know what to do, and you know what, now that I think about it this guy FOR SURE gives me the "Uh-Oh Feeling."

So, after a couple second of that, I say, "OK, well that's fine. I was just curious. Have a good one!"

He fucking *glares* at me. Narrows his eyes.

I then returned to my truck, absolutely fucking mystified about this weird dude. I've never seen anything like that, even all of the homeless people I have talked throughout my life were much friendlier than that.

That was about 4-5 hours ago. [*Witness 1 as editor: This is a true story.*]

I sit in darkness now.

I think I am ready to tell you the tale of how I met the Big Bad Wolf. Listen closely, as I tell you things that should probably actually be scary to me.

This is possibly the most sinister, vivid memory that I have. I have never felt darkness like this in my life. I still remember this video, but any time I tried to find it after this, it doesn't exist. I have never seen even the remotest reference to it anywhere, and I am actually pretty good at finding things on the internet.

And I *did* try to find this again. I did a deep dive on it many years later, out of curiosity, and came up completely empty-handed. This is, actually, the only other source besides the 9/11 photo study I'll mention that I've ever lost – I distinctly remember that.

It was night. There I was, in the nicest room in the ocean house with the private bathroom and shower, on *StumbleUpon* instead of doing homework or writing things.

I landed on a video, I watched it. It started out *beautiful.*

It's funny, because like I said, if this was fiction, I wouldn't even buy it. Too on the nose. It's real, and like I said, I was *not* on any drugs other than weed for this one. I am sure that this was not a dream, although it was dream-like and I did question it for a while when I couldn't find it again. However, I am sure - this *really* happened.

It started with a young man with brown hair in an enchanted forest.

Mushrooms and algae glowed around him, with bioluminescence sparkling. Blues and greens filled the air. Butterflies and bubble kisses softly whispered to him. Beautiful music. Harps. Trance music. It was lush - with water, music, and life everywhere.

I'll tell you, Dear Reader, this is exactly how this went down for me. At the time, I didn't think very much of it. However, like pretty much everything else that happens to me, I will remember it forever. The difference is that I remember this much more strongly than my other memories.

Ok, so the guy comes to a lake. He looks in and sees his own reflection. He leans in.

Splash! He's underwater, but he can walk. It's even more beautiful. A beautiful marine kingdom. Jellyfish and starfish spangle the landscape, and schools of fish flutter. You see the young man with brown hair walking underwater, sort of, in stop motion - with the weight of extra gravity holding him down. Pressure.

It's back in first person view, and it's been about 90 seconds. The beautiful, tropical jungle style natural world has changed. You come to a cave, and it looms open before you. You stare at the laptop screen, entranced.

He goes in, and the light filters out. It's dark. Gradually, the animals disappear, and the music fades out. You can only hear your own breathing and the shuffling of your own feet. You look back towards the now-distant light, and then back into the darkness.

Now, walls encase you on both sides, and it become very still, quiet, and grey. You hear your own breathing, growing more rapid. You continue forward, and without even noticing, the screen is now black. And then…

BOOM! A huge fucking wolf face that, and I shit you not, is basically a copy of that one scene from The Never-Ending Story, appears out of nowhere - flashes into existence bright and visceral, like a real movie, and snarls at you while the laptop shrieks a distorted, shrill noise as loud as possible. It moans and wails through the speakers with horrifying, modulated shrieking.

He screeches at you, an inhuman, siren sound. A sound that shouldn't exist.

Apparently, these are called "jump scares", and I have to admit - it got me pretty good. It did. I did *not* see that coming. Honestly, I prefer my humor a little more uplifting - like *The Far Side* or *Calvin and Hobbes*. Look, it's funny, though. I get it.

But that's not all. The wolf fades out. As he does, he snarls and grins. He cannot wait to taste your flesh, and this hatred emanates from him.

Blackness. Nothing.

A new scene fades in. It is not CGI - we are now in our world. Ambulances. Fire trucks. Wailing and moaning sirens are rushing past. They kick down the door to a house fire and go in. Fire wreathes them in scarlet and orange, and timber beams collapse. The camera continues, and they move into the house.

It lingers on a table. And on this table, there are lines and piles of various powders and drug paraphernalia. It was, observably, the room of someone who was doing hard drugs and injecting various substances in themselves. The firefighter's eyes widen in horror as they see the scene in the room. A grim room of filth, and a mattress with a pile of dirty sheets on it. In flames – a burning pyre of linen and cotton.

There you are, on the couch. The same guy from the forest. You passed out, and it shows the cigarette or joint you had been smoking on the floor that had started a house fire. Linens burning around you. The camera zooms in, slowly, and it creeps towards your face. You are burning to death, alive in the fire. It was all just a drug trip, a hallucination. There was no forest or lake.

It dissolves your cheeks as the bones of your face become visible. You scream, but only gurgles come out. You watch yourself die on the computer screen, and you knew that it was all your fault.

It was absolutely horrific, and I had really never seen anything quite like it. It was grim, and not really entertaining at all. It was awful, and it looked like something someone had shot it from a consumer-grade handheld camera while it was in the burning room. Not fake, but also, not polished or produced for a movie. Very, very real looking footage.

So, that happened. And I thought to myself, "Ok… um… you know what, I think that might be enough *StumbleUpon* for me tonight, and maybe I should leave my room and see if my friends are still real people."

And life went on, and I went to sleep that night. I had pleasant dreams, like always.

If I had known what I know now, I would have probably actually been a lot more scared by that. But, it's really hard to know what to be scared of before you need to be scared of it, which is one of the most difficult things about life.

One time, I edited an autobiography. Witness 2 and I have edited a few books for people, and made probably about five thousand dollars doing that. This was before we started the Two Witnesses ministry. It was nice, because it is actually really easy.

If there are any editors out there reading this, feel free to call me up and explain what it is exactly that you people do someday.

Just kidding. I mean, this fucking book was *terrible.* It was second-worst thing I have ever read, after one of the other books we edited. The first book I ever edited was fictional, and it was about… aliens. Coming to… Earth. A *real* new concept, there.

That was the worst thing I have ever read. I can't even describe how bad it was, you wouldn't believe it. I honestly think that you'd get a better artistic result by letting a thousand monkeys bang on a bunch of typewriters and seeing if they knock out any pretty fractals after a while. I'm rambling.

So anyways, this was our second client, and I had to edit the guy's autobiography. Non-fiction, for his sons, appropriately titled *My Sons.*

Luckily, I was able to retire from this editor job shortly after, because this writing stuff is *not* a good career path, either, just like music. I seem to have *really* bad luck with choosing recently-obsolete art forms.

Let's see how starting a cult goes, instead. That should work out well. You guys still into these things, at all? Anyone? Anyone? *Bueller*? *Bueller*?

Anyways, this book was about 225 pages long, and it began by telling the most boring stories that I have ever heard. I mean, things about like *buying cars* and their *birthdays*. It was touching, it was sweet, and I could tell that he truly loved them - but it was just *bad writing*.

Then, he spent about 60 pages telling me about the history of Texas, the Alamo, Andrew Jackson and how he is misunderstood, and his favorites among the early Presidents. Now that I think about it, my brother would love it. Most would not. You know I love you, P. It was real

dry stuff, like watching a Ken Burns documentary called “The Mexican-American War and You: Texas in Our Granpappy’s Time” or something. In your *autobiography*.

He tried at times to weave a sparse connection or two in the midst of the history lessons, but they quickly spun out – and he would revert to, basically, the typical sort of mundane, Boomer-speak prose that you’d hear if you walked into any Universalist church in any city at any given time.

Stuff that doesn’t *make you think* but just tells you things that people are always thinking and have always been thinking in an ironic sort, of wise tone. Which is funny, and cute, but it’s been done before. A few times. The chapters were extremely categorized, and they did not interlink. There were no interconnected narratives, no themes, and no overarching story.

I hated it, but we said nice things. I edited it. Did a good job, and we got paid. I told him it was a good book and his sons will love it, as you do. I did my best with it, and had a pretty good result by the end.

I sincerely hope that this book is not like that, and I do not believe that it is. This book is alive. I am gripped and excited to see how this book ends, so I 100% know that you are, too.

I still really hope it’s a happy ending. If I was reading it, I would be rooting for the angry gun with lights and guns showing up, though. I mean, I don’t blame you. That would be a fucking great climax sequence.

So, this guy’s autobiography – what was the point of it all?

At the end, he waxed philosophical, and began to elucidate on the meaning of life for his sons.

He told them that he had a great life. He really enjoyed it. He saw this country go from a young punk to the master of the world. He made tons of money. He had sex with four women that I know of. He had a couple houses at the same time. He drove any car he wanted to. He had it made.

He told them that all his life he questioned why he was here, on Earth. He studied the Bible, the Baghavad Gita (I checked and I spelled that right on my first try for the Spelling Bee enthusiasts in the crowd), and whatever the fuck Buddhists read besides *Siddhartha*.

After a long and fruitless search, he concluded that organized religion was probably phony, and he decided that there actually is no meaning to life. He realized that it is not, in fact, worth worrying about the meaning of life. For real, that was the conclusion.

“The meaning of life is learning not to worry about the meaning of life.”

Now, I can see how people come to this conclusion. However, when they say that, they can never give any good reasons for it. He said the meaning of life is to have fun before you die, and to always be a good person. The underlying theme was that the only true happiness he ever found was through consumption.

It was the most pathetic, miserable trash I had ever read.

“Never trust someone who publishes their own books,” I thought to myself.

“I would never write a stupid book like this.”

Dear Reader, my body fails me. My neck grows stiff, probably from coughing. I ache. I hunger, but if I stop writing to you, I fear that the sheer aloneness of my situation would be intolerable.

Food does not sound good. I do not feel well. Shall I eat? It is 8:15 P.M.

I will tell you of my meal.

Tonight, I dine on the finest blue cheese and parmesan.

Yeah, I really, really like blue cheese. That is one of the reasons, apparently, that I am mentally ill and very different than other people. I also really like that shredded Parmesan they sell.

I bought both of them last weekend, because I knew I was going to need them.

I knew that I was going to die this week. Or that everything would change forever. Or that something monumental would shift.

My leftover animal flesh calls to me.

To clarify, I knew this because my wife told me. In fact, for several years now, which is very strange if you think about it.

To my only lonely friend I return. The Nowhere Man, in Sinclair’s gutters – my only home.

I was thinking about what to write after I ate dinner, and I think I thought of something pretty good. The more I thought about it, in fact, the weirder it seemed to me. I have not thought about some of these events for a long time.

So there I was, and I decided to tell you why I like to eat blue cheese, because apparently this is a very strange thing to people.

The cheese sits in crumbles, soft and white. It's not actually blue if you look closely.
Her smell is tangy, unique. Comely. "Taste me," she whispers. "Taste my delights."

It doesn't smell like anything you have ever smelled before. It's different. It's *alive* with so much biological activity that it tingles your nostrils.

The texture is delicate, and in an instant she is gone, replaced by an explosion of flavor. Deep, rich hues of ancient days swirl around in your mind. You think about the goat or cow that gave us this gift. You picture her in a sunny barn, with her udders not attached to some hideous machine, but in the soft, pink lips of her calf.

They look into each other's eyes as the baby nurses. The exact same morphine that you feel when you look into a lover's eyes during sex or smoke opium clicks into place for them and the key turns in the lock – endorphins are produced. They are happy.

It is perfect.

That is why I like to eat blue cheese.

Next, I thought about what else to write. Honestly, I will tell you something else that is underappreciated – Word Processing programs. Excellent deal.

Actually, that's not true. Some people appreciate them very much, especially businesses. No, what they don't appreciate is that you could literally just type forever, and Word would just keep giving you blank canvasses until you either break the computer or time itself ends. That is incredible.

Here's something else people don't appreciate – if you used the spacebar to create this hypothetical, infinitely-huge file, it would be exactly O bytes. Zero bytes.

Zero bites…

Hm, pizza…

O…

Why are you EATING ME, Witness 1??? NOOOO!!!!

Zero bytes…

So, I thought that all of this sounded like total and complete nonsense, and I decided to write about women.

Yep. You see, I have learned while writing this book that the most fun thing to write about is women. It's true. I never wrote for fun before, but now I know the truth. I'll explain it to you down the page.

The truth it, drugs are sort of pathetic and the same after a while. I also am still not sure if people actually like music that much or want to read about it. Maybe this book can change that. Women, on the other hand, will always, always give you something to think about if you allow them to. And *everyone* likes to talk about them. *Quite a bit*, so I've noticed, at least.

Now, I've also noticed that there are *slightly* more male than female geniuses, but women are *on average* more intelligent. Generally speaking, women care more deeply about things, which causes them to feel fear more directly than we do. Fear is always a part of a woman's being, though it may be tiny - but it is not always a part of a man's being.

This is because women often feel smaller and weaker than men, and believe it or not, they often have to actually worry about things like their own physical safety just to go take a dumb walk at night. This is but one of the little-known and gruesome secrets about our world that I will reveal to you.

Like the fact that women's clothes don't have pockets because you guys forget things in them any time you do have them. It destroys washing machines. It's true, ask the washing machine guy if you don't believe me. Now you guys know, you're welcome.

And the truth is, there really are a lot of nice things about them. I've said a lot of them about Witness 2. Women are God's best idea that I've ever seen.

So, once I ruled out telling you about why I like blue cheese so much and how you could type an infinitely-long word document with your spacebar forever and this infinitely-long file would have exactly zero bytes of data, I decided to tell you about the third-most beautiful girl that I have ever seen.

And, by the way, Witness 2, yes - you are first on this list. It's true. Obviously, I find Witness 2 to be the most beautiful person who has ever lived by far. These women are fair queens too, but her beauty starts wars.

Now like I've said, this particular list is *not weird*. It is, however - in fact - based on purely shallow, physical characteristics. Yep, it's ranked based on purely physical beauty. On the other hand, believe it or not, that's not why I remember these women so strongly. No, I

remember them for their kindness. This is important, and it is why I cannot delete these parts. It's one of the major *leitmotifs.* And it's NOT WEIRD, OK!

This small handful of women had that truly unique sort of shiny, kind beautifulness you only find a few times in a lifetime, which is why I will always remember them so well. It really is like finding a diamond in a sea of shit on this God-forsaken planet.

So, without any further ado, let's get to the story. There's a little twist at the end of this one, actually.

Panniculuses, Pinky Rings, and Paramilitaries: The Third-Most Beautiful Girl I Have Ever Seen

She worked at the last nursing home I ever worked at. The one I quit when Witness 2 told me in December 2020 that the world was ending and we were going to die. Incredibly, my bosses *believed me*. *Both* of them. I *told* them that, and they believed me. Even the administrator. I could tell.

So, I quit. And I haven't worked since, except for my copywriting job and editing a few books. The administrator before her was very different. Let me back up.

He liked me too, this previous administrator, and he asked me to take everyone's weights every Sunday, which took 10-12 hours. Two full pages of names spaced normally going down, hand-taken. I did an excellent job. About 120 people. I got the impression that a couple of the therapists that really liked working with me had asked for me to do this.

This made the therapists very, very happy, and all the nurses loved me for that. The other CNAs, not so much, but they couldn't do anything.

I have to say, I did an *excellent* job, and I always used thin-tipped sharpies. We're talking two full pages of names, single-spaced. Took me 10 hours, and another hour to chart it. It's true. Double-checked if I had to. I mean, these weights were immacu -

"Booo!! Get to the women!!!"

Ok, ok, ok. I will now tell you why women are the most fun thing to write about, which I actually did *not* know until I started writing this book. It's true, but now I get it.

It's because when guys hang out alone together, boy, I will tell you, it's just about all that they talk about. Women, women, women. Give it a fucking rest.

They don't even want to see my electric organ manuals and, to this day, maybe 1 in 100 of these guys will even know what Ableton Live *is*. I mean, come on. Pro Tools? Logic? No?

They don't write any books. They don't even read them. They love movies - and yet, they've never seen *Tommy.* They don't even know what a rock opera *is*.

These losers aren't even interested in my sociopolitical critiques of Lennon's two *Revolutions*, and how the discordant *musique concréte* of *Revolution 9* and the bitter, sarcastic lyrics of *Revolution* represent his juxtaposition of the Euro-centric, despondent disillusionment felt in post-WWII France and England vs. what he saw as a phony, commercialized "revolution-in-a-box" that was destined to bring the same horrors of war and despair to America - creating an equilibrium between the two polarities of quiet desperation - a world populated only by beasts of burden.

I even wrote up a whole lecture on the sociopolitical implications of the Roth/Hagar Van Halen musical schism and how it relates to our inner struggles between modernism and antiquity, but no one ever wants to hear it.

So, let's see… what does that leave to talk about… hmm…

The only thing I have talked about to other men about for probably 95% of my life is:

1. Women
2. What your job is
3. Sex
4. Sports
5. Movies
6. Women
7. Video Games
8. Food
9. TV Shows
10. Things they think women like
11. Women
12. South Park
13. Things women don't like
14. Superheroes

Yep, I think that about sums it up. It's actually all in order, too.

So, it turns out, since groups of guys *love* to objectify women, pathetically pester them with compliments, annoy them with dumb messages over and over, say terrible things about them behind their backs, lie to them and manipulate them, pretend to like them, and make them feel like the only thing they will ever be good for is their bodies - they can never really seem to *actually* figure out how to make women want to have sleep with them.

Thus, they talk about it *all the time.* It's true, you know it is. This whole book is the truth.

Therefore, it's really quite easy to bullshit about, because it's really all I've ever done with guys. That's why I needed 1,000 pages, you can't get to the good stuff without all this sex to draw people in. Especially them, you know, those guys. You'll learn about this concept, and it's yet another of the gruesome, little-known secrets of the world I reveal in this book. They call it "sex appeal", the filthy animals that they are.

Ok, ok, so the third-most beautiful girl I had ever seen, and you are *not* going to fucking believe this - but her name started with A, and she was blonde with blue eyes. I know, right. A is the key. On the nicer side of the building, the therapy side. She is the only A in this story with this particular name, and she was also one of the best nurses I ever worked with.

She was, observably, a dancer. She had the most graceful, elegant lines, and she floated around that hall like she was figure skating. Dancing was just written on her like the stars in the sky. Now, obviously, I would never do a dumb thing like ask a woman about dancing at work, but it was just more one of those things you can immediately tell just by seeing her.

First, I will tell you how I knew when she trusted me. This is *very, very* important.

I was working with her and another girl, and I mean, this girl was beautiful too. They both looked like angels, but the other girl was more of a classic brunette-type. I don't even have time to write this shit, but it was just about the only time I can remember where I was in this situation with two nurses that looked like that, and me as the only CNA for about 16 residents.

I love to flirt with women. It's so much fun, and they often tell you really great things, and then they like to laugh with you. I mean, if you stick me alone in a box with two beautiful women, what do you expect me to do, exactly? It's like you're in jail, and they offer you a free five-course meal. What do you expect me to do? Sit there staring at my fucking shoes for eight hours?

Anyways, that's not the point. I wasn't trying to sleep with either of them, obviously. The point is this - if you know how to do it just right, it puts them at ease, and they accept you. Then they *trust* you.

That's all I've ever wanted from anyone. I will teach you how to earn this. I will teach you *exactly* how to flirt with nurses so that this is the outcome for you in this section – and these principles will apply very widely to all women and in all situations.

Anyways, we were all running around, and I have to think here. Let me think about that night.

Women can be very formal until they trust you. They obviously are threatened, abused, and harassed pretty much everywhere they go, so this makes sense. Every woman you see has had a spark beaten out of her at one point in her life.

I literally need to close my eyes and remember this night. Hang on.

I did remember the exact moment when I knew that she trusted me. It involved a panniculus. Before we get to that, I will detail exactly how you can hook up with any nurse you wish to – for the boys in the crowd tonight. Pay attention, here. I can personally guarantee you that I have used each one of these little tricks to great effect.

Now that I think about it, I might be the only CNA in the world who knows what a call light is. And I'll tell you what, one thing that nurses really, really like is when you go into rooms that they are standing next to with a call light on and get it taken care of. If you like one, and want to date her, you can try this out and see if they like you more. They will.

You'll need a CNA license - but it's not a real job, so there's only two or three months of school for this. It is very, very easy. Luckily for you, as you will see, it is quite simple to show a nurse that they can trust you.

Nurses like to spend the hour a two a shift you're at the nursing station laughing and talking instead of sitting in grim silence. Other people seem to like silence quite a bit, but I have not found this to be true for young, beautiful women.

Here are the things that nurses like. Let's start with the easiest ones.

If you want a nurse to trust you, start by looking for the people who have catheters. They're supposed to be covered in bags, but these often break down or tear. They will like you more if you notice that someone's catheter has no bag, and you get one for them.

One thing you can always do to get any woman to love you is let her watch you feed someone on a puree diet who hasn't gotten out of bed without using a two-person lift in about a decade. I can guarantee you that if you do it well, she will like you more. They like when these people have clean plates when you're done.

They like when all of the non-confused residents are relaxed and polite, maybe even smiling. They like when these non-confused, ambulatory residents head on out and spend time with family. They *will* notice whether or not you make sure that they actually get in their family's car and drive off safely before you go back inside.

Here's a good one you can use, too. Maybe only you know how to make a certain resident relax enough to agree to open her mouth so they can do a test where she drinks a thickened barium solution and swallows under a machine to examine her neck muscles. If you can pull that one off, I can guarantee you that a nurse will like you. Therapists will, too.

They *really* like when these families come to them and tell them that the only reason their parent can sleep at night is because of you. They also like when you make sure that the clothes that these families bring for them stays *together* and does *not* get lost in the laundry.

In fact, nurses *and* the people wearing normal clothes in the offices really appreciate it a great deal when someone carefully collates and records every single thing that they bring into the facility and mark it down on the forms they use. However, nurses do *not* like taking this inventory themselves.

If you're not in California and you want to make a nurse happy, go ahead and check the diabetic people's blood sugars and chart everyone's vitals. Then, they *really* like it when you take the snack cart down the halls, and go into their rooms and ask them what they want. They'll like you even more if you watch the pudding for these diabetics.

They will definitely like it when you go to the laundry room and get a bunch of extra sheets and towels. They will go *absolutely wild* if you so much as put it in the linen closet unfolded. Shoot, do this a few times and bring the dirty linens back yourself once in a while, and even the *laundry lady* will start smiling and talking to you.

A nurse will, and I'm only being slightly-hyperbolic, positively *kiss* you if you go into *another CNAs room* and turn the light off so the beeping stops. A nurse likes when the administration jokes around with you as they leave. They like when the state comes, and they know for a fact that nothing will go wrong.

They like to know that someone is watching the confused ones, all of them, to make sure that they don't go anywhere they aren't supposed to be. I have learned that nurses really, really enjoy working shifts where these people don't leave at all, in fact. This is one of their favorite things.

They like when they know that even if they did do something wrong or we had a rough time with it that you won't say anything about it. Nurses like when you tell them what you learned in your CNA classes, but then you do it the faster and better way anyways.

They will smile at you, for sure, if you can make someone who has had a stroke and can't talk laugh. That's actually my personal favorite one of these little tricks.

Nurses enjoy when you go out and sit with the ones who smoke cigarettes, so they stop talking about it for a while. I also happen to know that they like when you pick up the cigarette butts they usually drop on the ground and keep an eye on that one person who is on oxygen and should *not* be smoking. They like when you always know where the fire blanker, extinguishers, and smoke alarms are - but if you ever have to use them, it's over for you.

In fact, this is a good one – nurses *really, really* like when the maintenance guys run a surprise fire drill, and their station passes it. A lot of what they like or don't like boils down to

paperwork, people bitching at them, and extra classes, like always. If your station passes but others fail, they will like you more.

In fact, the maintenance guys will *really* appreciate this, too. And if they like you, pretty much everyone will like you. That's a tip.

Nurses like when you finish your charting and go in and check things off that other people missed or didn't feel like doing. They definitely notice when you don't care that you aren't actually supposed to do that, but it's a stupid, ridiculous rule and if that charting shit doesn't get done *she* will look bad so you go ahead and just do it anyways and then don't bring it up.

They also really enjoy when you go into your resident's files after your charting and read the notes in there and then tell them what it says when they run into a problem in your rooms.

Nurses will *really* trust you a lot if you do their wound care with them. This is a big one. This is one of the hardest parts of their job, and they *will* evaluate how you handle people in severe pain and distress. They will base whether or not they trust you partly off of whether or not you are willing to help them with wound care, and how you treat the residents that need it.

They like more empathetic people that stare into people's eyes, hold their hand, and tell them that it is going to be OK. They really, really appreciate seeing you pray with a dying woman. When they go to give her meds, they appreciate when she tells them that the prayer took her pain away, instead. If you can pull that one off, you're in.

I'll tell you what, one thing nurses really hate is dirty dishes, especially when there is food on them. They will definitely trust you if you take these to the kitchen about two hours after they are served and before she leaves for the night. They do NOT like it when they come in at 2 P.M. and milk from breakfast is still out. They do like when you check the tickets on the meals to make sure the name matches, but they like it more when you know them so well you don't need to.

As a matter of fact, this is a good one – instant winner, here. A nurse will, basically, instantly fall in love with you if you bring her one of these meal tickets and point out a way that the kitchen messed up. They love that. That's especially true if it's something like ground beef for someone on a puree diet. I mean, they don't love that it happened because people die from that all the time – but they will *love* that you know them so well you instantly caught it.

Now, if this happens, they are supposed to go down there, but do you think they want to do that? No! They do NOT want to do that. Instead, you should go, and guess what? There's a good reason you should go.

If the kitchen guys like you, too, then you *also* pretty much have it made. They'll let you in after hours, which is helpful because nurses also really like to have apple juice, orange juice, and

cranberry juice in their fridges for night shift. Get those guys on your side too, if you want a nurse to like you. You WILL need them.

Nurses really, really appreciate it when they need a pen and you have one for them. They will, *honestly*, be surprised and involuntarily smile if you have a few with you and tell them to keep it. Maybe, just maybe, you can even pull off a wink with this one - "It's yours now."

If it's a thin-tipped Sharpie pen, they will, more or less, *elope* with you right then and there. Nurses like it when you use these pens to fill out the paperwork you are supposed to do after every shower that documents any changes in their skin condition.

Here's a good one – skin checks. They *really* appreciate it if you ask them if they want to do the skin check *while* the resident's clothes are already off in the shower, rather than *before* or *after*. In fact, if you do notice any changes, they *really* appreciate you pointing it out and suggesting some ways it can be dealt with.

Skin is a big deal for nurses, and I should point out that a *major* tip to get a nurse to trust you is to show her the signature red spot of a stage one pressure sore on the coccyx and start putting the pink zinc oxide cream on it, as well as rotating the resident more.

This is the key, though – *while* you're showing the nurse, you have to point out that you do know it means that she has to do paperwork about it and you're sorry. Nurses *hate* charting. Do NOT miss the step where you apologize for being forced to show her because these dumb idiots didn't rotate this person and now she has to document it.

Nurses do NOT like it when their patients fall and they have to call an ambulance. One of their favorite things, though, is the guys who show up afterwards. A nurse will like it when you understand that she actually literally cannot do everything that she is required to do, and she needs you to do what she says so that we can get the actually important stuff done before we both stay late. When they do have to stay late, nurses like leaving your shift together.

Nurses like when you answer the phone when it is ringing. They like it when you know the answer to the questions that this person asks and then they stop calling. Nurses really hate attention from administrators or state employees, and they avoid these people at all costs. Nurses like it when the people in the office go home.

Nurses like when people have call lights and remotes next to them and the urinal is not on the table.

In fact, dang, this is a good one - if you come in and some guy has just asked a nurse to help him use his urinal and you offer to do it instead, you can probably kiss her as soon as you finish up and wash your hands outside.

This one will surprise you, but a nurse will actually like you more when you notice that a patient has died very quickly, rather than a few hours later.

Nurses like it when you help the mortuary people load bodies onto their cart and cover them quickly. One thing I can tell you, for sure, is that they really appreciate it when you distract the 15 or so confused people that get up but never leave the nursing station while they wheel out the body so that no one thinks about the ever-present specter of death that looms over them.

Now, you wouldn't believe it, but nurses even love to talk about drugs (most of the time.) Yep, nurses appreciate good drugs. I'm telling you - tell a nurse the pharmacological name of a pill that she's giving out, and you'll move a couple notches up in her book. Tell her how it *works*, she will think you are the smartest guy in the building. If you can make her laugh while you do this, it's pretty much over. They also like alcohol, now that I think about it. Wine.

Nurses like it when you work double shifts, but they don't want to talk about it or hear you talk about it. One thing that night shift nurses really, really hate is when people say that they are tired. Do not ever go up to a night shift nurse at around 3 A.M. and say that you are tired, or you might not survive.

On the other hand, if you ever watch a sunrise with a day shift nurse after working an overnight double together, you would know that they can really appreciate a beautiful sunrise at about 6 A.M. Nurses do not like morning shifts, but they do like spending time with their kids after school.

Nurses like it when you care about people who are dying. In fact, if you ever end up watching someone die with a nurse, you might as well work the marriage proposal right in. If you can stay with someone as the light fades from their eyes, do your best to help them, and tell them that it is going to be OK to ease their suffering as they leave Earth forever, you can pull out the ring right then and there. Nurses appreciate someone who feels both the dignity and the burden of death with them.

Nurses do *not* appreciate anyone telling them what they can or cannot display on their nursing cart. Nurses *hate* counting pills. Nurses do NOT like moving people's stuff when they change rooms. They really do not like it when they wheel beds through the halls. If you so much as bump a wheelchair with one of these beds, it's over for you.

Nurses like music, and I never tried it, but I bet they would go wild for an acoustic guitar at the nursing home. Nurses like it when you talk to them. They do not like it if you are carrying bags of trash, so in that case, it's best to keep moving.

Nurses do NOT like holding hypodermic needles when anyone's arms or legs are moving. They also really hate when the sharps containers fill up, and the two things they hate the most about their jobs is emptying these and taking out the biohazards. The reason that they hate these things so much is the lingering stench of death, but they will never, ever tell you that.

Nurses DID NOT like it when the State of California said that bed and chair alarms were restraints in about 2017 and they had to be taken out of every facility. They also did not like it at all when they would hear these alarms go off at night. They also did NOT like that these states said that wheelchairs cannot have any type of lap restraints.

Ok, I got a winner. Maybe one of the best. Keep an eye out for a nurse with a patient up in a lift, hanging in a room, that happens to have a battery die. Now, all you need to do is simply bring her a new battery, take out the old one, and slam the new one down for her. They charge in a closet, and it's quite simple. If you do that for a nurse, there will be stars in her eyes. This one may even warrant a wink, as well.

Now, if they have a bariatric or confused resident up there that's starting to throw a fit, you could literally pick a nurse up off the floor and kiss her and she wouldn't even mind. Nurses do NOT like using the emergency lift on the Hoyer Lifts. Unfortunately, you now need to go plug in the old battery. You'll also need to help her set the person down, remove the sling, and reposition them.

So, like I said, getting nurses to like and trust you is actually quite simple. All you have to do is pull off each of these little tricks one or two times in front of her, and bingo bango – baby comes crawling out nine months later! No, no, I kid. They will for sure trust you, though.

Nurses also love to talk. It's true. And they *will* tell the other nurses about how you treat their residents. If they see you pull off a few of these tricks together on a shift, like a combo move, they will probably tell the other ones. That is a good thing for you.

Obviously, none of this is hard to do at all, which is why you don't have to go to a real school or study anything to be a CNA – there's nothing to teach. It's literally just common sense. That's why people would always ask me if I ever planned on getting a real job someday.

So, like I was saying, I was with these two beautiful women. And there I was, and A asked me to do wound care with her on a morbidly obese woman down on her end of the hall. I'm telling you, this is a secret weapon with women. I saved this one for last, because it's the best one.

Nurses really, *really* like it when you hold up large flaps of people's skin for them. The more decaying and wounded, the better. I know - *weird*, right? I'm telling you - If you ever really need to impress a nurse, make sure that you do this wound care on the morbidly obese patients with them. Done deal. If this person is agitated and has psych issues, go ahead and plan the wedding in there, instead of the hospice room.

There is nothing that a female nurse likes better, I am telling you, than someone who will get underneath and hold up a huge, encrusted, decaying, edematic, weeping, red and yellow ankle, leg, panniculus, or other body part at a certain angle so she can reach the areas underneath.

They also really like it if you throw away their trash for them when they're done with this job. Nurses like to move quick, that's one thing.

So, I go in with her, and this woman is a mess. She's just honestly toxic and mean. A difficult patient. Always on the phone. There's another thing nurses hate – cell phones in people's rooms at the nursing home. Psych issues, but not quite bad enough to take away her POA.

Basically, a worst-case scenario for a nursing home patient at a SNF, and indeed, she only lasted about three weeks before this wound got so bad she had to return to the ICU. There is just about zero chance she is still alive today.

This woman was always complaining about something. It was very difficult to leave her room, and she did not get out of bed. She weighed over 300 pounds and her stomach was rotting from the inside out. However, I still got along with her well. Her phone calls were to her mother, because this woman was also slightly younger than usual – in her late 50s. Her mom was alive, lived somewhere nearby, and there was a lot of drama, complaining, threats. The works. Absolute nightmare for administration.

But I never had an issue with her. All I did was talk to her about the phone calls and what she would say to her mother, very calmly, always agreeing with her. Then, I used that information to analyze her so that I could do my best to keep her happy and think about what was really going through her head versus what she was saying to everyone. She was manipulative, but I just acted as a mirror to her.

CNAs also really do not like when call lights go off, including me. It's true. And this woman *loved* that call light. And while she had disordered thinking, she was not confused.

Keeping her calm and happy meant that her light stayed off, and everyone else was happier too, so that's what I did. I went back to the kitchen *twice* one time, in a row, just because she didn't like the lettuce on her hamburger. Not worth arguing about, trust me. That's what she wants.

Like I said, the kitchen guys *must* like you too. You cannot succeed here without maintenance, laundry, and dietary on your side. You must thread the needle here – their bosses in normal clothes *must* like you too and joke around with you, but the real workers are even more important.

So, A prepares her materials and we put the head of the bed down almost flat. We pull the blanket back, and I lift up her hospital gown and unlatch the white bariatric brief.

Her wounds fester, with yellow and red magma under a layer of gauze. It is packed in there. Our first job is to remove all of this, which has been here for usually around 12-24 hours. It is green and black with the mucous of her guts. The smell of bacteria fills the air. It is pungent, warm. It smells not like rotting meat, but like disease. Like death.

I begin pulling the bundles and lumps of fabric out and throwing them in the bag we have ready. A does as well, from the other side. We do not look at each other, we simply work. No one speaks, but the rustle and movement of busy work keeps the room alive. It is a familiar routine for us.

We're almost done, and she changes her gloves and pulls out her shears.

As she works, I am now talking to the resident. She talks, and A talks, and I talk to her. Once you've rolled someone over on a bed and changed their brief, they might as well just accept that you want to be their friend and just go ahead and feel comfortable around you, I guess.

Do it a few times without making them feel bad about it, and they will genuinely love you for helping them in distress – even if they are confused or angry.

There is still the occasional laugh. It's small talk. I assure the resident that I will, in fact, be back before I leave later on to change her again. The nurse has become a seamstress, and I notice her squinting as she cuts squares and rolls of fabric and gauze. Her mouth forms a question mark, and she cuts. With my voice low and calm, I speak of sweet nothings to the unhappy, extremely picky person.

Basically, this woman's body was rotting away, but it had manifested in her mind instead. She could not force herself to recognize how serious the sores that had grown in the folds of her morbid obesity had become.

A looks at me, and I know that she needs me now. While I was talking to the woman and distracting her, she was bent down, dabbing. Cleaning. Soaking up the yellow pus and white colonies of bacteria. Removing dead flesh and broken-down skin that will not heal. Thinking about her charting, and remembering the color and how it felt to the touch. If it is better. If it is worse.

Nurses use small vials or tubes of salt water to rinse out most wounds, and she cracks these tubes open and uses them to clean the wound. The overhead light is off, and we work by only the light above the bed, which is how this resident likes it. It is actually much better.

This is why I am here, besides distracting the lady who will never let you leave the room. Talking her in circles so work can actually get done. That's the first part - A will only be able to leave quickly if I stay behind and she leaves afterwards. My real task, however, is yet to come.

This woman is here because of self-neglect due to mental illness. As she grew more and more, she became unable to even get herself up out of bed. As she grew even larger, she was unable to reach inside the folds of her body. So, the brain creates a fantasy – one where you no longer *need* to move. She was sick, and there is no cure.

The crumbs of food, sweat, and spilled juices coagulate in the sheets. No one washes the bed. She doesn't remember the last time she saw the sun. Her mom is also aging, elderly. Likely confused herself, but also not enough to get APS involved.

With nowhere else to go, the residue of her life collects at the bottom of her folds. This material burns the skin like acid, and over weeks and months of this, the skin opens. Pollution pours in. The wound spreads. Although we have cleaned it, the smell of death and decay is strong.

This woman's entire waistline is rotting away, and the worst of it is from a fungal infection deep under a mass of her flesh, which is called a *panniculus*. It weighed about 20-30 pounds. Like an elephant's tongue, this woman's congealed, hardened, knobby, bubbling flesh had formed a glacier of skin, and hardened in place. Very similar to the Elephant's Foot at Chernobyl, actually.

My job is to lift it. So that is exactly what I do, and she swoops in to heal. It's better if I stand next to her for this, so I now stand closer to the head of the bed, with her to my left, holding the lump of flesh in my hands, trying to maintain lifting principles without cross-contaminating past the gloves. It's impossible, so you'll have to strain yourself a little here, but you can brace with the knees to help.

Now, she reaches in underneath my outstretched arms to a monstrous cavern with a roof of flesh. One thing about panniculuss, and people in general, is that they are heavier than you would think. That's one of the least useful things that I learned from working at a nursing home.

I can see it, obviously, the black and yellow heart of the infection. She rots from the inside out. Wounds like this hurt *less* than you would think, because the nerves just gradually rot away and then they can't feel anything at all.

That's why these people can ignore these wounds for longer than you would think, and she has deluded herself into thinking that we are just wasting our time here. She does not, actually, feel the pain that you would think she would – because there are no more nerves here.

So, I've been told that this patient thinks that she will be going home pretty much any day and we are wasting our time - basically overreacting. In reality, she was within a few weeks of going septic and being rushed to the hospital, where she almost certainly died. Her body cannot fight this forever.

It looks so unnatural, the inside of a wound, and yet it's the most natural thing there is. I'll tell you what, I never took psychedelic drugs and went to this job, but I'm *not* sure I'd like to peer into one of these bad boys during an acid trip.

Yellows, pinks, and blackness heave out at me in fractals. Grotesque, tessellated spirals and whirls of visceral fat and bubbling, melted flesh scream at me from the void. White streaks slash along the cavern, and the smell – the smell of rotten fungus and mold fills the room, inevitably.

She cleans it, changes her gloves, and throws them in the trash bag I left open. New gloves. There's too much biological activity here for creams or salves – you cannot add moisture into this system. All we can do is remove the dead flesh and clean it with the salt water and pack it with clean gauze.

A bends down to pack the festering wound with the gauze she had cut earlier, packing squares and triangles into the different cracks and crevasses like a three-dimensional jigsaw puzzle of suffering. I feel her turn out to the left, and I gently release my burden.

We reseal the brief. I tell her I will cleanup the trash and that she can go. A thanks me for helping, and I tell her it's no problem. I tell her that she did an excellent job, and she did. We smile at each other, and the resident smiles at me. That's called the social contract. They both know I'll stay behind to get whatever this lady will need, which is literally always just ice water and the call light next to her, or maybe the TV remote.

That is about twenty minutes in the life of a CNA in a nursing home.

The point of all this was that A knew she could trust me because this patient had issues with every single person besides me. Nurses like that.

However, none of this was even why I wanted to tell you this. I was not actually planning on revealing all these dirty little secrets to hooking up with nurses.

Indeed, the panniculus story was also was not what crossed my mind, what I began to find unusual, as I ate my leftover flesh, bread, and blue cheese.

The plot thickens, Dear Reader.

This is the memory I have with this very same A that you may care about. And, I don't know, the more I thought about it, the weirder it seemed.

One day, I walked up to the nursing station and heard her talking, clearly not happy.

She was talking about the male administrator who had just left, the one I mentioned who asked me to take everyone's weights every Sunday.

She told us about when she got hired. Met him on the porch in 2020. Said he literally *licked his lips* and stared at her like a piece of meat, like in a way that she had never experienced before.

She was deeply unsettled. That was what she described, like an actual salivation coming from this guy's mouth.

And I could tell that she did not actually appreciate this extra attention from the administrator at all, and from her body language, I'm assuming that the whole texting thing did *not* go so well. She told us that, and I believed it, because the same thing had happened with a *different* administrator just about a year back.

Apparently, these guys just *love* to text nurses about having sex with them outside of work. You should *never* directly ask a woman if you can have sex with her, in those words. It will almost always go badly, especially if you are her boss, and it is in writing.

Not the tall baseball guy in California with the white grand piano in the lobby though, he was cool. He didn't do stuff like that, I could tell.

Anyways, I agreed that he seemed pretty fucking weird, obviously, and I told her the only two things I remember about him. Because he was long gone, and these two things I noticed really did weird me out.

Well, when he was talking to me about doing the weights and my schedule, I noticed his ring. It was a pinky ring, thick, gold, and with a blue Masonic logo.

Now, the thing about me, is that I will *definitely* notice if you wear a Masonic logo pretty much anywhere that I can see on your body, clothes, or vehicle. Also, I will absolutely no longer trust you after that, and I definitely do NOT want to be your friend.

So, I told her that. Then, I told her about something I saw right when Covid started. I saw him walking down me towards the hall with a tall, sturdy black man wearing *military* fatigues. From the *army.* It was obviously something that I would want to not know about, so I dipped back to my hall and went in a room. That shit was kind of scary.

If you are a CNA and the bosses are out for blood because someone fucked up, a few call lights are on for a while that's not yours, someone's family is pissed, there was more than 1 fall or admission that day, or you see the army at your job, I strongly recommend taking enough linens down into your hall for the night and staying down there. It's bad news.

She looked at me. She knew. I knew she knew that I knew.

They are predators, and we are prey. Because of that whole Deep Magic good – evil thing.

And that's just fuckin' life, I guess. If you're a woman, you can't even get a job without being sexually harassed and parking under the lights.

The Second-Worst Thing I Ever Did (Part II)

So, anyways, I believe I started this story. I know, I know – I promise I *will* stop talking about myself soon and get to the good stuff. I will. Bear with me while I give you some of the final context you need in this story.

Like I said, I was working a double shift, and had moved over to the nice unit, the therapy unit, for the second shift, which would be from 10:30 P.M. to 6:30 A.M. I did not eat either before or during these shifts, so by the end, I would be pretty weak. I would eat after I finished the double, sleep for a few hours, and then head back.

This was at my first CNA job in 2017, in California. We got an admission late one night, about 11 P.M., and it was a warm summer night. Must have been August. On this unit, nurses are usually more relaxed, and everyone is generally in a good mood.

This admission we got was unlike anyone else I have ever seen in a nursing home. She stood out like a sore thumb there. It was bizarre. I remember exactly what room she was in, and I can picture her perfectly there.

She's a beautiful woman in her 30s. She is wearing a red Sari-type Indian dress with a gold sash, and she has henna lines painted on her face and hands.

Her long, thick brown hair is bushy, tangled, and needs to be washed and brushed quite badly. She has heavy black eyeshadow and red lipstick on like a burlesque dancer, which is very unusual for a nursing home. This makeup had clearly been on for a few days, and was touched up but applied roughly. Her name started with a J, and it was an unusual name I have only heard twice.

I introduced myself, and told her that I was her CNA. I asked her if she needed anything. They will *always* take an ice water, like I said. She told me that I was very kind, and I told her that she was as well. She smiled at me.

At this point, I am wearing the usual PPE, because she was an isolation room. She told me that she was in India, and that she had to run away from something. She told me that she had the West Nile Virus, and she had gotten it there. When I left her room and checked her records on the computer – indeed. Fucking *West Nile Virus*. *What??? Like in Egypt???*

That was the only time I ever saw that one. I did not ever find out if she was really in India or not, but I mean… the clothes and henna certainly seemed fitting.

When she first got there, she was *very* unsteady on her feet, and I caught her one time as she began to fall. I believe, in fact, that I got her a spare wheelchair at this point until morning.

Apparently, According to Witness 2, this is the second-worst thing that I ever did. Bear with me now as I bare my sins to the world.

Well, we got to know each other, as you do. About 4 months go by, and I really just enjoy taking care of her. She says things that no one else ever said. She was one of the extremely free but tortured souls of this world.

She is one of those people who does not need help doing anything (that is on the list of things CNAs love.) She dressed herself, went to the bathroom, and got up and walked from her chair, which she still rolled around in, fine. Maybe a tiny bit unsteady, and she had two falls (hence the chair.)

She had pain, though. Deep, torturous pain. I couldn't figure out her true story, and to this day I do not know it. She did not seem insane or like she was lying, but she was completely opaque. She told me, in bits and pieces, a story about how someone had locked her up, tortured her, and basically done this to her. She would talk about her "dad" and some sort of cult.

She was beautiful though. She had perfection written across her body. You looked at her and just knew she was special, and to this day, she is the most beautiful thing I have ever seen in a wheelchair.

It was a mystery, because as far as I could tell, she didn't need to be there anymore. And yet, there she was, day after day. The only reason for this is that she had nowhere else to go. She was completely alone and abandoned.

I hope you have picked up on the fact by now that I am a really, really good CNA. I can confidently say, in fact, that I might also be the best CNA of all time, because the truth is, the job is just art. Taking care of sick, confused, and elderly people is an *art form.* This job is the very definition of tragic, absurd, and funny.

That being said, I am a consummate professional. I would not dare to overstep sacred professional boundaries. I would not trample on the Hippocratic Oath. Even if I wanted to, I mean, come on. Honestly, nursing homes are not sexual places.

They say that they are, but they are actually talking about assisted living facilities. No one has sex in the Skilled Nursing Facilities (SNFs), there is far too much death and suffering, and the level of care is far too intensive.

In fact, in the state of California, if you do something like that with a resident as a CNA and they report you or someone finds out, you can kiss your ass goodbye and you are most likely going to prison for a few years. Sex offender, for life. So, not *at all* something that I was interested

in. Not something remotely within my consideration, in fact. *Butterfly Effect*, and all. Books. Fire. Morality, you know?

So, now, it has been about 8 months. You have actually gotten to know her. Though she is fiery, and anger burns deep within, she always smiles at you. She is kind, and funny. She does not want anyone to ask about the past.

She hated being stuck there, but didn't have a good plan to leave. They didn't want to dump her in a shelter quite yet, and she wanted to stay as long as possible, deep down. She would have been on the streets otherwise, and she knew it. In fact, I'm positive she faked at least one of the falls to extend her stay because she didn't want to be homeless. She told me that.

She gave me a $20 and asks for snacks from the gas station. I'm not supposed to touch her money, but I mean, what are you gonna do? Follow these dumb rules *all the time*?

I did it. I remember, for sure, that she cracked a joke about me giving her a shower that night. I laughed, because it's funny. Come on, lady.

She wants my number, but I say no. I can't give it to residents.

However, I did bring her a CD of my songs. Now, people used to have these things called CDs that were really great for sharing music. They were also extremely beautiful, and were like little art pieces. They were replaced by nothing.

So, it turns out (surprise) she likes music! She's mobile and out of bed all day, and by now she's moved to the long-term care unit with the poors. She really enjoys rolling out and sitting in the lobby while I play the white grand piano. I look at her. She smiles. She's happy, in that moment. I *know* it helps her brain feel better, though the damage done to her was far too deep to heal.

I would work over where I met her still sometimes on my doubles, on the nice side. A beautiful garden where the therapists walk the rich, private pay patients. However, she was not on my normal unit, but like I said, the situation was fluid. Sometimes, I'd be down the hall, through the lobby, past the grand piano, and in her hall. Sometimes, she'd be my resident – but not often.

Whenever I was down there with her, I could tell that she always watched where people were looking. And, though I would sometimes be rushing around frantically, trying to change all these old people in time, she would always be looking at me when I looked over, and she would smile.

One day, a few days after I gave her my CD, she grabs me when I get there and tells me that she listened to it, and that she drew two of my songs. That she sees music as color. She told me that she has *synesthesia*, too.

What???

She gives me the two drawings, and they were *the same fucking colors and patterns* that I saw when I made them. I was *stunned*.

That has never happened before or since. I mean, I was speechless.

"*Y… y… you see them, too?*"

She looked at me seriously. "Yes."

I told her I saw the *same* colors when I listened to it. How I feel them when I make them. The *same colors and shapes.*

She said, "I know."

At that point she became frightened, hushed. Paranoid, like it scared her. I don't know, I didn't push it.

I still have those two songs, and they are called *Bend* and *You Make Me Feel So Alive*. The first one is orange, brown, and purple, and the second one was bluish aqua green. Swirled, tessellated, fractal images, spiraling color, exactly as I perceived it – captured in a still frame.

I looked at her. One of the quite rare moments I didn't know what to say, and one of the others was due to her, as well. She looked back at me. I smiled at her, and she smiled at me.

I told her that had never happened before. I believe I told her that I was impressed, and that I had never actually heard anyone else use the word "synesthesia" besides me (I gave a speech on that, too, in school, and said that I had it. Alien.)

She looked at me deeply and told me that she *loved* the songs. So, I smiled, thanked her for the drawings, and headed off to my rooms to take care of people. I kept the drawings for a while on my wall, but I no longer have them.

This woman had fully expected to burn out, and she had no idea what to do while she was fading away. She has nowhere to go. She wants out, but the only escape is the Nothing.

One thing that she definitely sees is that the old people trusted me. She saw me laugh with her roommate. She saw me put her roommate to bed with a smile when no one else could. She saw me leaving and actually saying goodbye to them. She saw me look deeply into their eyes, too - not just hers.

So, I knew she liked me, and that's OK. Obviously, I thought she was a very special person, but there was a sacred boundary that I would not cross.

One night, I was walking in the hall back to my station, and I run into her coming the other way, looking sad like always. She smiles when she sees me because we are almost never alone without other people nearby. It's also a corner and blind spot for the cameras, and I'm pretty sure she might be the type of person who plots out those things.

I talked to her, and said something that made her laugh. She seemed excited, on edge, but happy. I have learned from working at a nursing home and preschool that people that are smaller than you generally like when you get down to their level, so I sort of lean down so that we are even. We make eye contact, at the same level, for the first time in a while.

We joke around, and she laughs.

Her eyes sparkled with fire. Amber. She told me to come by her room later and say goodnight, and I told her that I would. I smiled. *That's nice.*

Her room is around the bend, so it's right on the way out. She was beautiful and proud, but also tragic and pitiable, and I felt bad for her, so I went in to say goodbye to her. She was sitting next to her bed in the wheelchair, with only the bed light on. Her roommate was sleeping, and she was reading a book. She had the red lipstick and eyeshadow on, and set the book down to smile at me.

I smiled back at her, and probably said something dumb. I'm about to head home to my bong and Ableton. I actually did just come to say goodbye, and my car is calling me.

There's a palpable, magnetic lust emanating from her, and the room seems to grow closer in my memory, though it is probably an illusion. Like the walls constrict. She reaches out and touches me, and seductively sort of gropes me, directly in, Dear Reader - my most sensitive area.

There's a white flash, and I'm stunned by her, again. I blank out and my mind goes white for a second. Without thinking, and I reached down into her shirt and felt her. I cup her left breast softly in my hand, and I can feel it's warmth and softness. Her heart beats against my skin and for two beats I feel it. She looks up at me with those golden eyes and we connect. We stare at each other for about two seconds.

Suddenly, I snap back in shock and break the connection. I probably sort of stumbled back a little. My nerves are tingling like fire and I pull away, and I tell her I *really* have to go. I leave immediately, and I have never told the full details of this story to anyone.

What the fuck just happened?

I went home and called Witness 2 on the way.

I obviously made sure that this didn't happen again. I did not bring it up, and it was not spoken of. However, I still felt really bad for her, and we were still friends. She would still smile at me, and I would still joke around with her.

I think she knew that I was sort of confused by her, and I think that she liked having that power over me. I did not want her to have any more power over me, because I am not stupid. Within these two sentences lies a profound mystery, but here you must look at the story-within-a-story. It is a true one. People like to confuse you, and compromise you, because then they hold power over you.

One time, as I was leaving, she asked me to get her a pack of cigarettes. Marlboro menthols. I told her I'm not allowed to take resident's money, so I couldn't do it. We also aren't allowed to buy these people cigarettes, and nurses and doctors severely frown upon it. If they wanted to, they could fire you for it (they wouldn't, though.)

Now, if there's one thing I hate, it's stupid fucking rules like that. And the truth is, I have always enjoyed breaking rules. It's one of my unconventional hobbies. I mean, I'd already bought a few packs of smokes for people, it's not a big deal. Do you have any idea how hard these people's lives are? Give them the smokes. Fuck, give them the good drugs, that's what I say.

She reminded me of when I used to do dumb things just because I felt like it, so I swung by the gas station and bought her a pack. I parked outside with my car running, walked in and tossed them on her table. She grinned, and her eyes glowed at me. This was one of the rare occasions where I winked at her and it was actually cool. I left.

However, I still did not understand where she came from, why she was there, or where she was going. She kept high walls with people, and while she was sweet and kind, the storm within was so bad you could honestly tell that she was about three bad days away from slitting her wrists in a bathroom.

She was not small, but not big. She was strong, like a statue of Artemis. Beauty from a different time where it could be wild and free, and drink opium wine among the woodlands. Now, she was a wounded bird in a cage. And the cage is in a facility. And you can never, ever leave – and if you do, they will literally pick you up and take you back. And if they don't, you're homeless on the streets. As a beautiful young woman. So, good luck with that.

Maybe a month or two after that, I was working a double shift in the therapy wing, and she comes back over. She wants to see me tonight. She wants to talk. This was the 10:30 P.M. – 6:30 A.M. shift, and while I felt bad for all of them, she induced much more empathy in me as we were roughly similar in age.

I had known her for around a year at this point.

So, I tell her I'll take a break at 3:30 A.M. and she can meet me in the garden. She is always sad, but I know that when she talks to me it helps her feel normal.

The night passes slowly, as night shifts do, and I go to take my lunch. She is out there, quietly sitting in the moonlight. When you're writing, it's hard to think of what you said, but we talked for a little bit.

It was very, very quiet and still in that garden, and it was one of the only places with no cameras or people, especially at night. No one could see us, and we would hear the leaves rustle if anyone came near.

She told me that she missed being near to me. She sees me less now.

I am pretty used to hearing this from residents, and there aren't that many good responses. I tell her that out of all the people there she has been my favorite, which was true because she was also really easy and could take care of herself.

I tell her that I will probably always be here, and I will still help her in any way I can.

She looked at me seriously, with no smile. Her lips were a strawberry.

She asked me to touch her again, and she wanted me to feel her. She wanted to go down on me right there, and swallow me, in that garden. Give me a blowjob.

The wind rustled the leaves. I looked at her.

I told her I would transfer her over onto my lap. So that is what I did, and we sat closely together. I hugged her.

I told her that I literally cannot do that with her. And if I did, I could get a felony and go to prison. And I'm sorry, but it just isn't right. I cannot take advantage of someone that lives in this facility, even if they are young and extremely beautiful. I took an oath not to do that.

She is disappointed. She kissed me one time, and I didn't really mind it (red lipstick is on me now.) I set her back down in the chair and wipe my mouth clean so no one would notice anything.

I look at her deeply and I tell her that she is valuable. She is special. I actually care about what happens to her. These are excellent things to tell women, because they very rarely hear them.

She almost cries. Maybe a little, in the dark. I hug her, and I push her over the small bridge with yellow chains on it because it is not really a bridge but an obstacle therapists use to tell if people are ready to go home (don't trip.) Say funny things.

I make my way back to where her room is, and over every door ledge, I take extra care not to jostle her. When I dropped her off to head back, I told her that no matter what happened, I would not forget her. She liked that because she knew it was true.

And it was, because I have never been that confused by a woman before or since, maybe until I started writing this book, at least. I will always remember how much she confused me, and that she drew my songs. She disappeared shortly after, and I have no idea what happened to her. Her question had no answer for me.

And apparently, that is the second-worst thing that I ever did, but I still don't feel guilty about it really. I just live here, man. I tried my best to help her, I really did. I hope she is OK, but… I'm not a fucking idiot.

This full story has never been heard by a single person alive.

I could tell that part of the reason she was so broken is that others had taken her up on this offer and then discarded her like trash when they were finished. She had the tangible broken and chaotic aura, though it was beautiful, of someone who had been severely abused in her life. There were the unmistakable scars of someone who has had terrible suffering inflicted upon them.

She was the closest thing to a human storm cloud I have ever seen – beautiful but terrifying, dark with rain and thunder, and flashing with electricity.

She told me enough to piece it together, and I could tell when she was being fearfully honest. More or less, someone had actually restrained this woman and done unspeakable things to her. Tortured her. It was a chill inside her bones that will never leave. Fear is not only contagious, it's a *visible* disease of the mind. Its symptoms are many, and its effect are profound and wide-reaching. Fear is *the* disease of the mind.

Let's see, what else was I going to write about.

My mind grows heavy. Sleep beckons. It is 2:22 AM, 1/2/25.

I am going to eat the Pringles. And a sausage.

Witness 1
The Biblical Two Witnesses

Let me tell you the other weirdest sexual moment of my life (neither one was weird in a bad way, though. This is 'good weird.') The other one was when a former boss actually asked me to have sex with his beautiful wife *in front of him*, which I obviously agreed to.

Actually, those are the only two items on that particular list, which is good.

[*Hey, this is Witness 1 as editor! The full story came to me today, do you want to hear it? No, not really? Oh… ok…*

Oh, what's that? You DO??? OK!!!

So, this came to me today. I had completely blocked this one out, and haven't thought about it in many years. It is buried under a part of the fractal I don't like to peer into.

So there I was this morning, thinking about my one testicle, as you do. I was actually thinking about how after I had sex with his wife, who was absolutely beautiful, I complimented his nice pair of double testicles, and apologized for my singular deformity.

In my head I was like, "two becoming one…hmmm… wait a second… didn't I write about that in this insane book? A MOTIF! Maybe I should actually add this part..."

So, as you may have figured out, another one of my classic icebreakers is, "I only have one testicle." It's perfect, because:

1. *They've never heard it before.*
2. *It's funny. Everyone laughs at that one.*
3. *It's both self-deprecating and ironic.*
4. *Believe it or not, this actually intrigues women sexually – it's a confidence thing.*
5. *However, it is just the right amount of pitiable and induces empathy in others.*
6. *Allows me to clarify that it didn't affect penile growth, and I'm a good 8-10 inches depending on where you measure from.*
7. *The fact that 'ol righty "overcompensated" and grew extra-large is hilarious.*
8. *I get to think of funny nicknames like "The Bruiser", "The Wrecking Ball", or "The Una-Baller."*
9. *I get to crack that joke about wearing my baby-sized left nut in a jar around my neck, which threads the needle pretty hard (use this one sparingly.)*

However, those weren't the main reasons I always told people about it.

The real reason is that it is deeply shameful as a man to have had someone chop off your testicle as a baby. It's true. I hated it. So, I figured that if I didn't say anything, it would be a secret, therefore it would be shameful. And, I hate secrets. I do. The only way to make it cool is to completely own it.

That way, I would tell people, and they would look at me and tell me it's not bad, it's actually sort of funny, interesting, and maybe even cool. Like a trademark. Or a catch-phrase. "The Una-Baller." Then, I felt better about it, too.

Like I said, I actually gave a speech on it in my Senior English class. It was about "challenges you have overcome in life", to prepare for the Senior Project. J was in that class with me (baseball catcher), and we always tried to one-up each other with funny speeches and projects.

My actual funniest project of all time in school, on an objective basis, was in this class with him and a girl he had dated named Andrea who shot and produced a video of us reenacting Macbeth with a little plot twist. I even think that video actually still exists online, 17 years later – believe it or not. I hope she reads this. It was, for real, a masterpiece. She showed me Arena, my favorite song.

Anyways, I talked about how having one testicle was difficult for me, but I overcame it through humor and honesty. Then, I drew two diagrams, one normal scrotum with two big balls, and one with just one huge one. I carefully added three little hairs on each of my scrotums. I mean, people were dying. They were cracking up. Even the teacher was fucking laughing so hard she cried. I got an A+. What can I say, the jokes just write themselves here. Sex appeal, I guess. That's what they say.

However, you can't tease people that much and not bring them to climax. So, the guy on the list named DS who I believe I said was "wise beyond his years" and "liked sex." This was at their next apartment after the one I ran away and lived in. Well, he wanted to see it. And I thought about it, and I figured, "Geez. Here I am, always talking about my one really big testicle. Would it really be fair to deny them this one chance to gaze upon his majesty?"

And I thought about it, and I thought, "Shit. I did bring this upon myself. I HAVE to prove it now. I will look like the biggest fucking chump on the planet if I don't whip this bad boy out right now. I'll be a laughingstock."

So I tell 'ol DS, "Ok, ok. I'll rearrange things a bit and show you over there around the hall."

So, I did. And guess what, it was fucking TRUE. I TOLD YOU!!!!

Anyways, my boss at the elementary school job. Great guy, I fucking love this guy. He used to drive me back and forth from the city to my dorm sometimes instead of the bus. We had a great relationship, and I mean, the job was teaching kids music. Like I said, that was pretty much the best-case scenario for me, and I had lucked right into it. First job I applied for there through the work study program. Two days a week.

I mean, I could have been flipping burgers in the dorm cafeteria, and instead I had this awesome, chill executive director who talked about smoking weed with me driving me back and forth from my music job in his huge SUV, and clearly, he thought I was all the things I tried really quite hard to be – funny, cool, interesting, smart, etc. It was great.

And you know, what, too – I was GOOD AT IT. I LOVED IT. I can teach kids music. Not adults, though.

Man, it was so fun. I worked at a camp for him over the summers, too. We would walk to the beach with the kids - me, two older girls who also went to my university, and one or two of the locals who was hired on. Those beach days were, for sure, the best time I have ever had at work.

The local guy was cool – he had a face tattoo and he explained its meaning to me and told me about his gang, the "locos." They ran ecstasy out of a corner house. If people trust you, they will tell you things.

I never said a single word to anyone about that until I wrote this book, and I won't put an initial in for him. Ain't no snitch, don't even ask. He was funny, we got along well actually. I told him that I was selling about 6 ounces of weed a week in the dorms and pulling in about $500 profit every time.

Now that I think about it, I have no idea why they hired him to watch kids, though. Keep your record clean, and you can do great things like be in a gang and sell drugs and also work at a school, I guess. There's a tip for the kids, we can teach them that in the Fifth grade.

Actually, I think having locals work there as a liaison between the kids and parents is probably why, because a lot of these families speak Spanish and none of us did. Huh, I guess I figured out why they hired him.

Now, these were beautiful golden children, many of them mixed between white and Latino, and all of them tan and strong from the constant sun, beaches, tons of parks, and healthy environment. When lots of rich people live somewhere, you'll notice they remember why having parks with grass, happy and cared-for children, and clean water and air is so nice. I'm rambling.

Anyways, it was at an elementary school in downtown, and I can still picture every single colored block of it, the cement, every tree, and exactly how it was laid out. Those kids were very, very nice, and they really liked me. Staying there and working for him would have been a dream job for me.

So, this is what came to me this morning. I hadn't forgotten it, but it sort of sits quietly undisturbed until I go looking for it. Anyways, a sort of similar deal happened on a drive home with him. You know, locker room talk, and I mentioned the 'ol wrecking ball. And, look, sorry J, but I told them I would tell the truth. And I want to add that I didn't actually mind this at all. It didn't bother me.

So, he wants to see it too, and I figured, FUCK ME. I guess already showed one guy, I might as well just whip it out again. I don't want people to think I'm lying. I mean, it's not even personal to me. Like, I'm a CNA. I'll wipe your ass and then feed you dinner 20 minutes later. It's just our bodies, man. There's nothing you can do. It isn't personal, it just is.

So, I bust out the Bruiser, and then next thing I know, he's touching it! Haha. Geez. Sorry, dude. I have to write this story. So, I put it all away. And then, he asks me if I want to come over in the hot tub with him and his wife, whom I had seen pictures of.

Now, I figure he's just messing with me. Like, sort of punking me. Like trying to see what I would say, or if I think he's serious or just kidding. I had only known him for a few months at this point. I'm like, "haha, I dunno… sounds fun… lemme see what I'm doin' later on after the dorm…"

I mean, look. It did sound fun, and I had seen the pictures of her. She was gorgeous. These are fun people – attractive, rich, vibrant, happy, and aesthetic. They have it all. They live two miles from the beach next to a college town with a hot tub, and the sun always shines on them. There are no cloudy days there, and if there are, you get but the most beautiful, mild, tropical storms.

These are the happy, beautiful, lucky ones.

But when I got into the dorm, I remembered the "Uh-Oh Feeling" from Fifth grade, and I was like… was that kinda weird? Should I say something?

Then I decided, no, definitely not. I mean, I did whip it out, and you know, what did I expect. I was pretty much askin' for it at that point. I thought about it, and realized I seriously didn't even care. And so I never did tell anyone, until now. Not even Witness 2. And not his wife.

Because, a few years later, I was still in touch with him (still am, but it's been years.) And he straight-up asked if I wanted to sleep with his wife, and I realized he was serious. And, like I said – if your beautiful wife or girlfriend comes to me and asks to have sex with me (before I met Witness 2, at least) like – what do you want me to do? Say no? Seriously? And this wasn't even just her, but he was actually on board?

For FREE??? OK!!!

And now that I place the timeline, his wife was the last woman I ever slept with before the about 4-year break while I waited for Witness 2. We got along really well, honestly. It was great. However, that was when everything changed for me. I met Witness 2. And that's the end of that story. I can't remember some parts of that job and it doesn't even honestly feel real, but I don't want you to read too into that.

Let me explain. You see, I have another fake disease too. A very serious one. Scientists made up a name for it called "Oppositional Defiance Disorder", and it's another fake concept they invented like anxiety, depression, ADHD, and Bipolar II. These are disordered states of being, not diseases.

Because my mental state is disordered in these ways that scientists have given these names to, I don't interpret reality correctly. I, seriously, literally – for real – do not believe that things like

"money", "college degrees", and "jobs" are a real thing. I mean, these concepts are just ludicrous.

They don't even make sense to me. I think you guys might all be aliens too sometimes, to be honest. There's no way you guys aren't all just pranking me with this shit.

There is something different about me, compared to the doctors. That is true. But it's not what they think it is. If it was a disease, I'd be contagious, right? Huh? Isn't that right? And yet, no one ever fucking agrees with me. So, therefore, it's not a disease, it's a disordered state of being.

Or, maybe it's not. Maybe everyone else is disordered, and I am actually the only one in order. Huh? You ever think of that? 8 years of medical school, and they never thought of that.

I turn to you and roll my eyes. "Doctors. Oh yeah Doc, I hung out with my SAD friend and caught DEPRESSION. Got any PILLS for me?"

So, even though this was basically my dream job, and I really liked it, and I liked my bosses, being at it was like a shearing in my senses. I can't explain it, it's like a screeching, overwhelming static in my brain when people try and tell me what to do or that I have to be somewhere at some specific time. I can't stand it. There may actually be something wrong with me, I don't know.

That's why I walked away after two years, and why they didn't understand. For people who have this, it's like putting an allergic person in a room full of peanuts.

My point here was that I used to take even more drugs than usual before I went to this job, so that I could handle it. That's why it feels dreamy, not real to me. Very surreal memories.

The thing is though, food allergies aren't real. Just give them peanuts and shit RIGHT when they're born. It's like the music, it soaks into them and becomes part of them. Babies are magic. A child will NEVER be allergic to something they are exposed to, directly, as soon as they are born. It's true. Ok, now I am really rambling.

Alright, back down to the bottom. See you there, Dear Reader! Remember this truth as you read – I love you. I did this for you. I always knew that I would find you. 1/24.]

I return to you, Dear Reader, on the fair morning of January 2nd. I must keep a close eye on my sacred document, as I fear the meddling hands of others. Winston slept close to me, as I have stopped using the cages they usually sleep in at night.

I don't know who killed my dogs. I don't know what happened to me or my wife. And neither do you. This is why it is a good story, and actually maybe not too bad of a book.

Since I just did my silver medal for "worst thing I ever did", allow me to start today with the bronze. This one is really, really dumb.

The Third-Worst Thing I Ever Did

While I'm baring my soul here for you, I'll tell you the third-worst thing I ever did. One fine morning in my college town, I had just snorted 30 MG of bright blue oxycodone that came in the tiny pills called "roxies." I really appreciate when drugs don't have formulations to make them harder for your body to ingest them. I had also popped 2 MG of Xanax, which came in white rectangles with four little lines called "bars."

Do *not* snort benzos - because they absorb more efficiently through your stomach (this is called ROI and bioavailability.) However, snorting benzos *does* look very cool, and it will still work well enough. This is why the blue etizolam was all over my face in the Grand Canyon.

I felt great, and walked down the street on clouds. Most likely, I had just sold someone weed and had cash in my pocket.

I see a backpack, on the ground, which is bulging. This is quite unusual, and it stands out to me like a beacon. In the middle of the road. I am alone.

I pick it up, obviously, and look inside. Wow! It's a laptop and an old, beautiful camera.

I felt like God had blessed me. Here I was, and let me tell you – holy shit - I actually did need a new laptop. So, I took it home and wiped the computer without technically seeing if I could figure out who's it was (that would be a violation of their privacy and it's illegal to enter someone's electronic devices without their permission. It made sense because of the drugs, obviously.)

I thought the camera was pretty neat, actually. However, and I'm not really sure how, the owner somehow knew that I had the laptop, and he called me. I said I would give it back, but I did *not* mention the camera because when you are on drugs, things like lenses and cameras are really quite fascinating, even without film. It's true, I was just staring at it. Like, looking into the lenses and mirrors.

So, I gave the laptop back. *Dang it, back to the stupid monitor on my bed…*

About two years later, I get another phone call. It is my friend J from college, who was one of the two or three girls in the dorms who was perceptive enough to pick up on the fact that I was *actually* insane and didn't plan on graduating college. These two or three women did not like me nearly as much as the rest, for some reason.

She demanded the camera back. I was about 200 miles away, in A's hometown near San Diego at this point. I was actually still on opiates and benzos, though, because it turns out that when you hate life, working at a grocery store is even worse than selling drugs on the beach for your mental health.

I thought it was the most annoying thing I had ever heard.

I sort of got angry, and told them that this was the dumbest fucking shit I had ever heard, and I don't know what they're talking about. I told her that she must have some pretty fucking stupid friends.

I hung up.

That was the last that I heard about that issue.

About a year later, after my suicide attempt, I had recently moved back to my hometown and I had stopped taking hard drugs because I did not want to die. This was around when I got the fake DUI for having weed while I was sober that was dismissed, late 2012.

I felt bad about the camera.

That was a really shitty thing to do. Why did I do that?

Now, in my defense, I was on a lot of Xanax, which by its very nature makes you technically not care about anything. That is why they prescribe it for the condition they call "anxiety", and it has to do with the same GABA receptors that alcohol uses in your brain.

That's why they are the only two drugs with withdrawals that can kill you – alcohol and benzos. Do not withdraw from these alone in an apartment cold turkey after taking them for many years like I did, and I can tell you, for sure, that it is a terrible idea.

So, there I was, in my fucking childhood room. I had failed out of college and literally everyone thought I was actually insane (in fact, they probably still do.) I was a total loser.

I held the camera in my hands. It was, actually, quite beautiful. A model from the early '60s or so. A nice brand. American made. Heavy. Solid. Steel, not plastic. A reminder of a better time. A car with fins from 1955 stuck in a time that it doesn't belong in. An anachronism,

which is a word that an English teacher taught me. It had black binding, but it was not made of plastic.

It was like me. Maybe useful once, but worthless now. I couldn't even make it function, even if I wanted to. I have no idea how cameras work, and people don't even develop film these days.

But it was perfect. It was in perfect condition. Someone had once loved this thing. They had delicately set each of these knobs and dials to the perfect setting for what they needed. So satisfying to hold, the lens goes *click* and it's just the perfect feel and resistance. A little bit more effort than a piano key.

Maybe they took it out to the stars one night and turned the ISO setting all the way up to capture a long exposure shot of light from the distant past. Beautiful stars twinkling at a time when they were still a mystery to some people.

No power lines, no city lights, no satellites, no noise. Except the insects, because this was before *Silent Spring* was published. The silver jets were new still, and they gleamed. They did not pollute the skies yet, and you would almost never see one.

Perfect. Literally a perfect night, at the best time in history. The '50s. Or maybe '60s. One of those two decades, for sure.

Maybe he went to the soda fountain with a girl in the morning after a night taking pictures of light that had never yet been captured.

Maybe she looked at him as the camera sat, pointing upward on a rock in stillness, and they lay there quietly. Maybe they kissed, and were in love. Or maybe he was alone, a technical guy. A man of knobs and dials.

Maybe he even took a picture of *her* one time, and for a brief moment, she existed inside the lenses and mirrors of this camera. She was there, a 3D hologram of her captured for just an instant in the perfectly aligned glass and mirrors. While that was happening, she was just as real inside the camera as she was sitting at the soda fountain.

Snap!

Then, the picture. A portal to a past that once was, treasured forever. Or maybe stuck in a box, forever. Who knows?

Now, one thing about me is I have always loved to take things apart and find out how they work. It's true, ask my parents. However, this camera was different. To tear open her tender, translucent belly and plunder her riches like so much trash would be a terrible sin. A travesty.

So, I put it in my closet, and I wondered to myself, "Why did I do that?"

Perhaps, some day, I will figure it out and I can write about it in another book.

Here it is, the third-worst crime in my life, and I couldn't even think of a motive.

Anyways, there I was walking back home another day, most likely from, you guessed it, smoking weed. Another really great thing you can do in your own books is use commas however you want, and no one can stop you. There is technically no law against using commas incorrectly, and when you leave school, you don't have to listen to what teachers say anymore.

So, I saw this boy. Yep, you guessed it, he was young with brown hair, looked quite a bit like me, and was between 10-12 years old. He was doing something that I would have also done, something that was like when I used to sell cotton candy with M.

I greeted him (people like this, but it often surprises them.) He seemed nice. He was selling something, but I don't remember what. Oh, I just remembered. It was one of those magazine fundraisers that they used to do for school.

He was a really nice kid. I could tell that he was special. He had so much light in his brown eyes. I told him I would bring him something, and he lived just about three blocks away from me so this was no problem. I think he was returning home at the time, and would be outside.

Now, one thing my friend J from high school always told me, and let me pause here and tell you about him. J is, quite possibly, the smartest friend I have ever had except maybe D (put together my laptop.) Genius.

And he is the only person who is as good at doing words as me. I know this, because he is actually the only other person I know besides me who has published a book. It was poetry, and it was beautiful.

I don't want to be too specific, because it was very *very* niche, but let's say it was about something like bot flies and how they infest cattle, and the ways that this relates to society and the way people take things from and subjugate others.

So, he had a career after college as a "poet", which I thought was hilarious and actually the most perfect career for him possible based on what I knew about him. He showed up to my wedding in jean shorts, which was a minor miracle because no one had seen or heard much from him in years. He lived in New York, and was *honestly* an enigma to people.

I really, really like that about him. When I saw him at the wedding, I couldn't believe he was actually there, and we hadn't spoken for more than a few sentences and phone calls in about ten years.

He was also an *excellent* catcher, pitcher, and batter. Fast as a rocket, and even better hand-eye coordination than me. Anyways, J is one of those secret geniuses that hides behind a smile. He plays the fool, but in his hand lies the King.

Anyways, he's great with words and just about all of the things he told me turned out to be true. In fact, I can't think of one thing he ever told me that isn't true, that I know of. He knows quite a bit about philosophy, and he might be the only other person besides me that has ever read *Get Fuzzy*, which we both really enjoy.

He said one thing especially that stuck with me when we were talking about morality. He said to me:

"You know, Witness 1, two wrongs don't make a right, but three rights make a left."

I thought about it, and mapped it out in my head. *It was true!* Funny things are almost always true.

So, I went home and I got the camera, because I felt stupid and bad about taking it, lying to that girl from college about it, and then also yelling at them and calling them fucking stupid.

So, I brought it to him, and I gave it to him. He liked it. I don't know anything else after that, and I never saw him again.

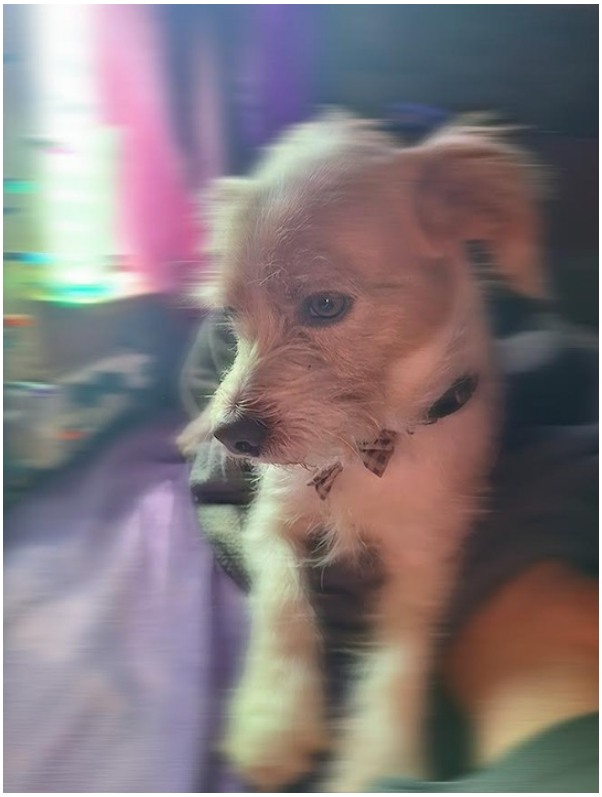
That is the third-worst thing I have ever done.

I leave my moral fate in your hands, and I surrender to my judgment at the hands of humanity. If you're reading this, my life has changed dramatically.

Dear Reader, you are now caught up with me to the present moment. The cold morning light of the New Year floods in the windows, because the purple sheet I hung up is now tucked and rolled up instead of hanging down blocking the sun out.

In fact, I took a picture of Winston for you this morning, because the sun had him backlit and he looked quite handsome and beautiful. One thing about him is he will follow you anywhere. 3 A.M., and if you get up, he will literally jump up to stay with you. He will go anywhere with me.

He is also quite clever, and learned how to jump up and open the gate, unlike the other dogs. We had to buy a lock to stop him from doing that, although he never left the nearby area. Let's see if it works:



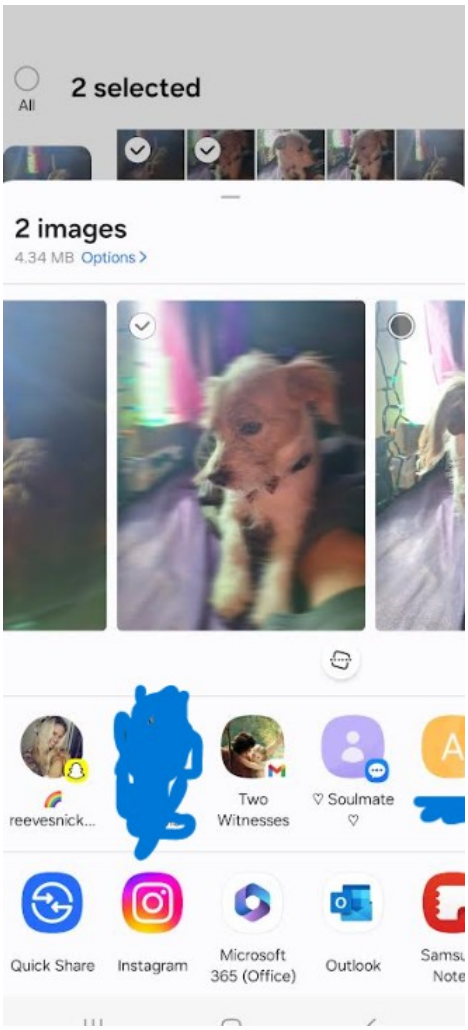
There he is. I love him. Yep, that's my leg.

I noticed something else that annoys me. I have this app called "Snapchat", because Witness 2 likes to send me pictures of her on it, and I like to receive them. And, you know what, right as I go to send these to my email, a foul sight lands betwixt mine eyes.

A wretched portal to hell, placed in the perfect spot – the one place they knew for sure that I would look, perhaps even *click* – the left-most icon. A harlot.

The Scarlet Whore of Babylon herself.

Now, that's a little far. However, this is obviously a scam. They call it a "catfish." I will show you what annoyed me so much that I noticed it and put it in this book:



Allow me, if you will, to zoom in. Enhance… enhance…

What the *fuck* is this shit? I'll tell you what it is – it's not someone I know. It is not actually a catfish or a scam, nor indeed, a fair young maiden who wishes to party with me.

It is actually a *subliminal message*, which is placed there to make people act weird. To do bad things. Things that should never be done.

You know it's true. You feel it in your bones.

This leads perfectly to my next story, which I was planning to write before this incident, actually (it's true), although my English teachers did always tell me to write like this. It's called foreshadowing, and that's what I mean when I say that this writing is ticking off the various criteria they taught me like nothing else I've ever written.

So, let's talk about subliminal messages.

The Third-Weirdest Thing I Ever Noticed

I was going to tell you the third-weirdest thing that I noticed that other people did not notice. In fact, they STILL have not noticed. *In fact*, I can tell you with 100% certainty, as an absolute truth, that they *would not* and *could not* notice this even when it is right in front of their very faces. I know this from my own, direct experience.

This was the moment that taught me, 100%, that the things I was noticing that other people did not were, in fact, real. Because it is *right there*. It's like a microexpression. This was in 2013, at J's house (one of the coolest people ever, who worked with D at the recycling center at the time. Has since joined the Navy. Extremely decent and loving guy, one of the best.)

Now, I could be wrong. Maybe someone will send me a link to some long-dead forum that points this out. However, in all of my years of obsessively researching the internet, I have never, ever seen one other single solitary soul point this out.

If you find anything on r/conspiracy from about ten years ago, that was actually me. Especially if the name is a Beatles song. I saw this, and they did not.

There are secrets in this book, like I said, that no living person has seen until I publish it. Only I have noticed these things, as far as I can tell. No one else. This is one of them.

As a matter of fact, this is where it gets really, really important for you to pay very close attention. I hope you liked hearing about my dumb life, trust me, I have more. 156 pages as of this point in *The Crazy Factor*, which I am obviously willing to publish if this book does well. Trust me, it's hilarious.

Everything I left in contained critical motifs to understand the next part of the book – the true wisdom.

Now, the thing about people is, they actually quite literally will not believe you when you tell them things unless you show them. Even with hard, incontrovertible evidence in your hands, people will not accept it sometimes. People are more attached to their incorrect beliefs than almost anything else.

If I told you, perhaps even you, Dear Reader, you would not believe it. Well, fortunately, anyone can verify this for themselves, and indeed, I head off to the internet to find it for the first time in about ten years.

It was really weird, because when I showed this to the other workers at the pizza place I delivered for, they did not care AT ALL. Like, they literally could not care less about what I was showing them. I couldn't believe it.

I depart, and I shall return bearing gifts.

I am back. It took me less than three minutes.

This is the single most sinister image I have ever seen.

So, one thing that I also noticed about people is that they really, really enjoy watching TV and movies. In fact, they will just leave that shit on all day, and let it play in the background. Well, one time we were nice and high and *Jurassic Park* was on. I was half-watching it, but not very closely.

There is a scene where a young blonde girl is programming a computer, and she says, "It's a Unix system! I know this!"

She heads into the virtual world to program the servers, and the man is holding the Velociraptors back. The door is bulging. It seems to be the climax, or near it. Death is here – the door is open. Its beady, reptilian eyes look into the camera as its claws thrash.

Well, there I was, thinking about how dumb movies are, and I saw something very, very strange. I saw something that *frightened* me. Actually, I think that this is the second-worst thing I have ever seen on a television screen.

"What the fuck?!"

"Rewind that shit."

So, I got the remote. I paused it. J and my other friend named Danny, who has since disappeared (no one can find this guy, for real), stared at me.

Like an alien.

“I saw it! I saw it!

Rewind that shit!”

Luckily, on modern televisions, you can actually rewind them right there, and if you do it just right, stop on a certain frame. So that is exactly what I did. Frame-by-frame. Like balancing a feather on a knife. Until I found it.

Even now, when I go to show you the preceding shots, the image terrifies me. It makes my blood run cold. I have almost never felt visceral hatred emanating from an image, except for this one.

This is an image that has twisted the Deep Magic, and places a powerful spell upon those who look upon her. It’s sort of like Medusa, and things like this are part of the reason that everyone has been acting weird for a few decades now.

At this point, Steven Spielberg (there’s that name again, hmm, I wonder if he will be back later on in this book?) makes the interesting artistic decision of focusing *very* strongly on her screen for several long, spaced-out shots. In these shots, your television is turned into a border for her computer screen. A screen-within-a-screen. It is a movie-within-a-movie, showing you a brand-new movie on her computer screen.

Before I show you, I want to examine a film series made by Robert Zemeckis, which will illustrate the concept and help you see what I saw. This first series we will look at it is called *Back to the Future.*

In Appendix A, you can read this part in full about to understand this concept even better. I’ll briefly introduce it, and the next screenshot is from this video - *Back to the Future Predicts 9/11*. It’s a short video that will familiarize you with the movie-within-a-movie concept, which is a key part of the exegesis we are constructing.

https://youtube.com/watch?v=P1ULjJ3EqyY

Let us begin here before moving on to *Jurassic Park* and Spielberg.

These two directors, as pioneers in their field, introduced this concept together to film theory - and many have mimicked them since. Whether more *covertly* or *overtly*, it’s where you show the viewer a separate movie within the dumb, fictional movie playing out on screen. The real movie is between the lines.

Do not gaze upon the story, the dialogues, or the climaxes that you feel you are supposed to. Read the story-within-a-story. These miniature movies onscreen, the movies-within-movies, can be understood as a type of portal - meant to draw us into a new reality.

This is an example from *Back to the Future II*, which contains a movie-within-a-movie of the World Trade Centers actually *collapsing*, but upside-down, which is the perspective of the character whose feet you can see floating. Note the Statue of Liberty torch, which completes our set:

And this is just incredible. Do you see the ritual yet? The hanged man?

I'll briefly summarize it, and you can read my full take on it in Appendix A. Appendix B is also very good, as it includes about 30-40 examples of predictive programming involving 9/11.

Pay attention here, because this is important. I'm assuming you've seen the movies.

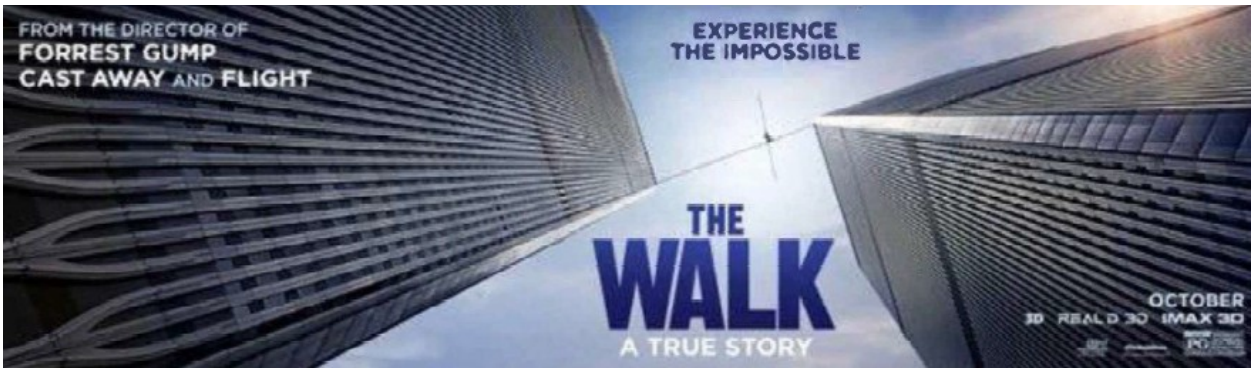
The film series opens in 1985 with an Islamist terrorist attack. Two Libyans show up with machine guns and a rocket launcher looking for their plutonium. Notice the first plotline in the *real* movie, which involves a huge nuclear terror attack.

In the course of this attack, the main character, Marty, gets sent back 30 years in the past. When he does so, he runs over a pine tree, which changes the name of the mall that the terror attack took place at from "Twin Pines Mall" to "Lone Pine Mall":

While he is stuck 30 years in the past - in 1955, he writes a letter which forms a crucial part of the movie. In this letter, he warns the scientist, Doc, of the impending Islamist attack that would kill him in 1985. The next key plot point in the *real* movie involves a "30-year warning" about a terror attack.

Immediately before the hidden twin towers movie appears, we see the pines again. There is much more to this, but I am moving quickly here. Seriously, head to the appendix. There's two encoded 9/11s in the stopwatches, a subplot involving lightning hitting a tower, a hidden eye of providence, and another encoded 9/11 when he runs through the two flame lines in the street.

There's one more thing, too. 30 years – exactly 30 years - after *Back to the Future* was released, in 2015, Zemeckis released another movie. It was called *The Walk:*



And it involved a subversive plot at the twin towers. He even dressed his character the same:

If you can't figure out by now that it's true, and these two, 30-year apart movies are actually a hidden warning containing a story-within-a-story about 9/11, then I sincerely suggest you keep reading my book or go back and watch that ten-minute video. It's called *patterns*, you morons. *Fractals.*

Unfortunately, it gets even worse for Zemeckis. After they successfully compete this plan, another encoded 9/11 is shown directly on screen:

Like, you guys don't seriously think that people like Robert Zemeckis just… accidentally put all this in there, do you? You do know he's the guy who made *Forrest Gump*, right? Paying attention to detail in storytelling is sort of… his whole thing.

Oh, whoops – there's more hidden 9/11s:

And here is the *real* warning, from the movie-within-a-movie. "Save the tower." Remember? "Save the tower!" And look at that, right behind the woman delivering it:

However, in this scene in which we see the words, "save the… tower", something sinister lurks
hind the woman:

Oh, yeah! Didn't they attach a… wire to the clock tower in *Back to the Future* to power the car? Sort of like how the guy strung a… wire between the two towers in *The Walk*? Boy, isn't that weird. Huh, what a coincidence.

Don't you see? Anyways, back to Steven Spielberg and the third-weirdest thing I ever noticed. 9/11 is obviously first. The Berenstein Bears ending up in non-existence, in The Nothing, is second. This is third.

So, a young blonde girl sits at her computer. She is "hacking", or something:

It shows us a few pointed, lingering shots of her computer screen. The reptiles are, quite literally, at the door – and they are hungry:

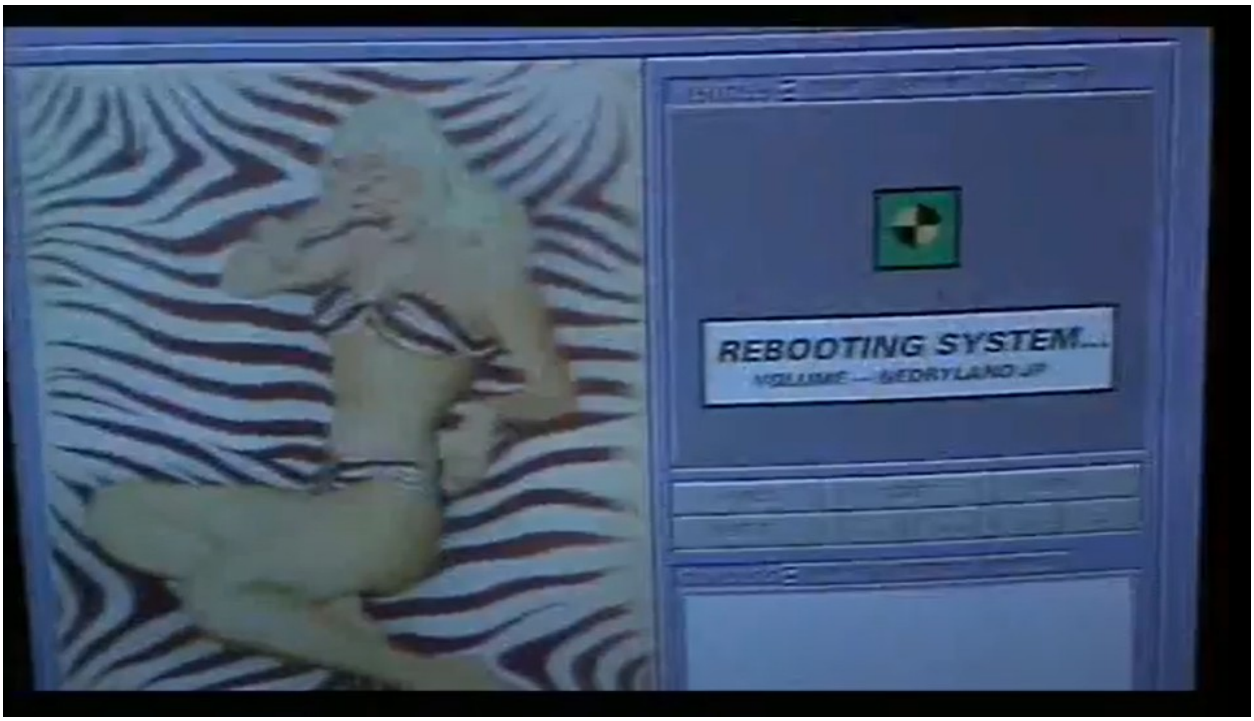
I will show you how it appears on her screen, and I have always liked these late-'80s early-'90s computer graphics, because I grew up with them. They felt real, because you could see the polygons and shapes the programmers had used, and you could even warp yourself inside them and see the blank void sometimes if you did it just right.

Here it is:

“Wow, a movie shot of a computer screen”, I thought to myself.

High art.

Then, a disturbance. I saw the following image, as clear as day:



Dear Reader, I ask you sincerely here – what the FUCK?

This happens at exactly 1:02 in this video:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=URVS4H7vrdU

You can find it in every version of the movie. *Did we all notice this and agree not to talk about it, or is it just me?*

Am I insane or is that *really fucking weird*? You see the one-eye-in-a-pyramid symbolism she's flashing at us? That's the Eye of Providence I mentioned. You may have seen it around a few times. I don't even have to be looking closely to notice this image. It's right there.

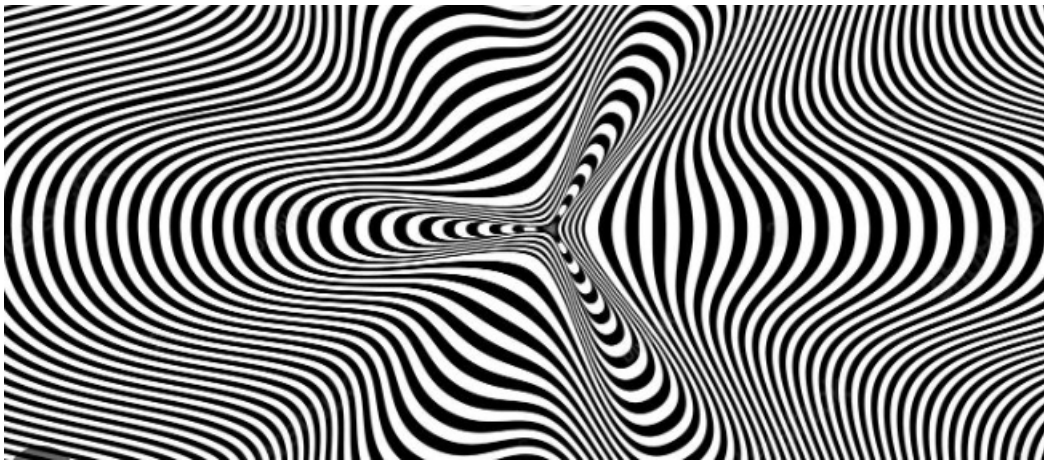
I showed the two guys I was with. I showed others. No one cared, although they certainly agreed that it was strange and unusual.

This image is actually similar to an optical illusion, which allows it to bend reality and seep into your mind. I do not recommend staring at it, and I myself am pretty much done looking at that. I scroll.

Sincerely, honestly, weird. And much more frightening to me than the Berenstein Bears.

How could they not see what is literally right in front of their eyes? I made posts about it, but no one ever really commented, and when they did, they often made fun of me.

As a matter of fact, this image *is* an optical illusion. A real one:



As you scroll by, does this image not shimmer and move? Does it not appear alive? Does it not seem to be a portal into another world? It unsettles you, does it not?

It makes you more susceptible... to soft suggestion… to easy persuasion.

An image like this makes you want to do bad things and you won't even know it.

To *be* bad. Evil, even. Malicious. Cruel.

In fact, things like this were exactly what MK Ultra was about! This is what they were studying.

I scroll again. I used to enjoy optical illusions, but in this moment, I do not.

Any time I went online, people told me I was wrong. This is a trend that largely continues to this day, except for all the people who just tried to pull a coup on me.

And that's just fuckin' life, I guess.

I guess I should round out the lists I have foreshadowed before we wrap up Part II.

I will now tell you about the most beautiful girl I have ever seen, except for Witness 2.

And you will never believe this.

She was very thin and delicate, like a fairy. She was about 5 foot 4 inches, and she was tiny. She had the absolute softest long, straight, platinum-blonde hair I had ever seen, and let me tell you, I have noticed that sometimes. Her name started with C.

Her hair was a waterfalling sun. Of milk and honey. Of shimmering threaded gold. Of mithril. Of the finest platinum. And yet, even more delicate and beautiful. It was like water in your hands, it was literally as soft as water in your hands. She smelled so good that it put a spell on people. She actually smelled of sweet vanillas and cream.

Literally just her inherent scent pulled every single eye on her in every room she had ever been in before they even saw her. This girl literally exuded sex appeal (she did not sell drugs, however, although she certainly could have.)

I will tell you about when I learned how her hair smells and feels later, but I want to describe her first. She deserves that.

A lot like that nurse, she was kind. She was soft, and gentle. Though she was innocent and relatively pure, she liked to have fun. She even took ecstasy. She drank and went to parties, which most college girls really enjoy. She was always nice and not one time did she look at someone without love in her eyes. She was a walking, talking angel. A miracle. One of God's finest creations, of all time, for sure. Her body was like nothing I had ever seen, it was so tiny and yet also so long and slender.

She was the kind of girl who wears flowered, lacey skirts and headbands and makes love in clover beds under the moon, and then stays with you forever. A girl you could whisper to and tell the truth to.

Let me pause here and say something I remembered. I was thinking to myself about how much Witness 2 is going to hate this book, and how I hope she doesn't read it, but I actually know that she will, and she will read this sentence at some point and be really, really mad at me.

I thought to myself, "Hm - maybe, then, I should also write about the incredible men that I have met. There are men out there who are smart, decent, kind, and trustworthy. In my life, I have met about 20 or 30 of them, I think. Maybe about 3 of them stand out enough to me to write about."

Then, I thought about what to write, and it seemed pretty boring. Guys like to throw things off of cliffs and down hills. They like to talk about women and ways to make money. They enjoy things that are loud, require a lot of maintenance, break often, and spew toxic pollutants into the environment. They like couches, and sports. They enjoy guns, and facsimiles of them.

I would go on and on about sports, but my English teachers would agree that this would be cliché. There are plenty of books about why sports are absurd and stupid, but there are no books at all written about 9/11 and the Bible by someone who is having a psychotic break.

Men always seemed to like me, though they often did not seem to like me at the same time. Men who have good jobs, real jobs, think that I am lower than dirt. I am literally a joke to them. Like I said, being a CNA is not a real job, which is why it doesn't require a college degree.

Money is more than just *important* to men, is it literally the *entire measure of their very being itself*. If you do not have money, as a man, other men will *not* like you. And if they do, they will not take you seriously. Without money in this world, you are just a joke. I am a joke to other men, and the truth is – I don't particularly like them that much, either.

Men, and I will tell you, really *want you to know* when they sleep with a woman. You will always know who a man is sleeping with. They enjoy fictional movies, but not fictional books at all. They really, really like first person shooter video games. *Call of Duty.* They go fucking bananas for that shit, and I never understood why. Video games where all you do is walk around and murder people are fucking stupid. It's true.

And there I was, writing three pages on fucking *Zelda* and collating the exact number of family abductions per year about 20 minutes after this paragraph, and I realized I never told you why I don't actually like to write about men. So here it is:

It is because I am not gay. I actually do not really like men in general at all, and I do not particularly find them interesting, fun to be around, or enlightening. In fact, I am so much not gay, that, while I *like* men just fine – I prefer to not really think or write about them. You guys are cool and all, and I have had some *great* laughs with you guys, but the artistic highs and beauty just aren't there like it is with women.

I have to admit though, you guys are great to have around when things break (which is a lot, which is why you have to make sure the maintenance guy likes you.) So, I'm sorry Witness 2, but maybe these guys should just give me some better writing material. When it comes to being tragic, absurd, and funny, women win every time. Art isn't personal, it just is.

I will always love J, D, N, and B because they are geniuses. Also, every single guy that I mentioned, and quite a few more that I haven't. Hundreds, in fact. I have had some truly fantastic guy friends, and men are much more fun to commit crimes and do illegal things with than women.

I love partying with men. I love doing lines of cocaine with men. I liked watching Scarface with a guy and not a girl. I do *love* men too, it's just… not like, the same for me. You know, because of the whole not being gay thing.

However, the main point of contention between me and other guys is these video games. I'm telling you – I can't stand them. Especially when all you do is shoot people. I don't know, is that weird?

Now, I only played Zelda and Mario on the N64, and growing up, that was only on summer vacation, or the two holiday breaks. Then, that shit went back in the closet, and it doesn't matter if you *did* just find that huge hammer inside the Fire Temple and can now get to the boss fight (flying fiery dragon who comes in and out of holes like a whack-a-mole. Don't fall off.)

Because I am legally allowed to put anything I want in my book, and this obviously meets *fair use* criteria, I actually screencapped this dragon for you. I am also trying to think of more stuff to write about. Its name, apparently, is *Volvagia*:

And you can even see the hammer there. I assume they are fans of the fictional superhero movie *Thor*, because men also go bananas for that dumb shit, too.

And men just love video games, let me tell you! I will never understand it. An entire fictional world, where you can spend hours and hours and gain absolutely nothing,

Zelda, though, that is an excellent game. I wonder, now that I write this, if there are any fair young blonde maidens in distress involved.

Ah! Indeed! There is:

Just kidding - as you can clearly see, this is actually a real picture of Witness 2 and myself.

Let's see - the so-called "Beast" from this game. This is fun. You need the Light Arrows to harm him, and he has the Triforce of Power. You have courage, and Zelda has wisdom (had to look that up to make sure I was right, and I was.) He wants all three to rule the world forever, and he has captured Princess Zelda inside a pink, glowing crystal. You, honestly, really like this girl. You would basically do anything for her.

In fact, she does not look like anyone else in the game. She glows and shimmers. She is like an angel, and the soft squeaks that were all the engineers could cram in as dialog are sweet. Like a small, woodland mammal.

Now, Link, he just fucking loves Zelda. It's not because of her soft, blonde hair. It is not her blue eyes or the perfect lines of her face.

It is because she looked in his eyes and showed him kindness. More than that, she *trusted* him.

You see, many years before this, when Link and Zelda were still children, the Beast – Ganondorf - had overthrown the fair Kingdom of Hyrule (fictional) in an evil and wicked coup. The world has since grown dark and dreary. Spiders and skeletons were everywhere. People were wicked and cruel. The villagers cowered in their houses, which are based on European half-timbered designs with thatched roofs.

Death lurks around every corner. The world is in a terrible bind, a chokehold. Checkmate. The dark king broods in his castle, stolen unlawfully. A *coup*. Coups are popular motifs for fictional works, because almost nothing is worse than unlawfully stealing a country and subjugating its

citizens. Destroying them intentionally, even. Changing their very nature from good to evil, through your criminal machinations. Terrible stuff.

So, Ganondorf abducts and kidnaps the young Princess Zelda as a child, swooping her up on his terrifying steed. He is then re-introduced at the very end in a metamorphosized, more terrible form as the final boss, "Ganon – The Beast", if I'm not mistaken.

He is large and imposing - green skin and reddish hair. He comes from the desert, and he is the leader of a cult of fearsome desert women wearing skimpy clothing that like scimitars and sandy temples.

He is different. Non-human. Reptilian.

Anyways, he sweeps Princess Zelda up and abducts her, which is what ends up happening in the *Hazards of Love*, too, which I will finish summarizing for you later. And as he sweeps her away on his mighty steed (black, of course), she looks desperately to young Link, the only one who sees her, and she sees in his eyes that he is *good*.

She *trusts* him.

And so, she throws him the only thing that can save the Kingdom – an enchanted ocarina. Something like that, at least. That's where you come in.

Now, sweeping a young princess off her feet and abducting her is probably the worst thing that you could ever do without killing someone. In fact, kidnapping a young girl is such a terrible idea, all around, that it should never have even been thought of. If you could go back and kill the first person who ever had that idea, it would save us a lot of trouble.

Of course, someone else would have the same idea. And if they didn't, apparently, someone else would. To pluck a precious flower from the ground, not even to love it and treasure it, to preserve its life and beauty, but to trample it, to consume it. This shatters the child.

Do not, ever, under any circumstances, do this. If there is one piece of advice I say that is definitely true, it is *for sure* this one. The really, really crazy thing about it, though, is that it actually *does happen* pretty much all the time.

In fact, somewhere between 200,000 and 250,000 children are abducted *every year* and that's just in the United States alone. These are according to easy-to-find statistics. This is not a concrete number, but there are people who are very good at using data and research to extrapolate these things, and they are called "statisticians." I took a class about them in college, so I know that it is true.

As we all know, most of these are what they call "family abductions", where the child is taken by a family member or someone that they know and trusted. Most of the time, these children

are found, and the issue is resolved in a courtroom. This accounts for about 200,000 of these abductions - 203,900, according to the statisticians.

I will now teach you how to prove things to someone. This is called a "source", and it is very important to establish credibility:

https://childfindofamerica.org/resources/facts-and-stats-missing-children/

Now, there is a much more dangerous situation for the other children, which is called "stranger abduction." This happens somewhere between 4,000 and 50,000 times a year, as you can read here:

https://www.ojp.gov/ncjrs/virtual-library/abstracts/missing-children-misleading-statistics

The sad truth is that no one will ever know how many the true number is because you don't know about criminals that don't get caught, like me when I was selling drugs for many years.

You only ever hear about the really stupid ones who either want to get caught, or are too dumb to cover their tracks. I'm telling you, if you are smart, you will not have a Wikipedia article about you. And if you do, it certainly won't have any felonies in it.

My record is actually 100% clean, I swear to you. It is true, and any police officer, judge, or court employee with access to their computer systems can confirm that. The NSA will also confirm for you that I have never, ever, not once, made a specific threat towards any person, place, or thing in my life. And I will say it again – I am a threat to no one. I have not intentionally harmed another living being in my life.

Obviously, making threats on the internet would be a very foolish thing to do (the hypothetical mansion I suggested maybe burning down in the future if enough people wanted me to do it and told me it was OK was very obviously just a thought experiment, which is obvious to people who study these things like lawyers.)

I digress.

The sad truth is that no one will ever know how high the true number is, because you don't know about criminals that don't get caught, like me when I was selling drugs for many years. Did I already say that? It's sort of a key concept, here.

We will never know how many little girls are taken from their home to be raped, tortured, and most likely killed. The 4,000 to 50,000 children that this happens to are almost never found, and - surprise! Many of them are female. More than you might think.

So, let's see. We will have to estimate. Let's be conservative here, and realizing that we don't know what we don't know, (thank you Rumsfeld, for that little nugget) we'll make an estimate

of maybe 15,000 children a year - in the middle of that statistic but on the lower end. Keep in mind that this is only including the United States, which comprises about 4% of the world population:

https://www.worldometers.info/world-population/us-population

We can speculate that perhaps around 60% of those are female, which gives us 9,000 girls under the age of 18 abducted per year. This is a reasonable speculation based on the estimated range we are given.

Only God knows the true number. However, based on the evidence we have, these are solid, educated assumptions to make. It's an estimation, but most likely somewhere quite close to the bitter reality. Perhaps, even, an underestimation - especially when we extrapolate out to the world population.

The vast majority of these children are not found. Very, very few of these children ever return home. When they do, the damage done is still permanent, and can never be healed.

So, let's see, there are 365 days in a year, and somewhere around 9,000 female child abductions in the US per year, so that gives us 24 per day. Let's round it up to 25.

Every single time that the sun rises, sets, and then rises again on your little life, somewhere around 25 little girls were ripped from their homes, torn from their lives, and put through something that I would literally not even wish upon my worst enemy. The predator's delight.

Maybe she's playing in a park.

A nondescript van pulls in. He senses his prey and finds a vulnerable one. One that no one else is looking at. One who is sad. A child that desperately wants someone to love them. Children are quite open about these things, and do not hide body language like adults do. You know that if she is already neglected, they will stop looking for her more quickly.

You'd probably follow her when she leaves. You drive behind her car, and you do not think about the parents. You are focused on one thing only.

You sit a block down from their house as the light grows dim. You get out. Sunset is the best time of day to look at things without other people seeing you.

Like many houses, there is space behind her fence, in the backyard. A small ditch. If there isn't, you find a new target.

You see them, in their illuminated house, but it does not register to you. You do not understand it. You could not understand it. They are like aliens to you.

You watch them, but you will only remember one face. You have to own it. You have to make it show the same pain that you see in the mirror every day. That screams at you because someone probably hurt you too. And it isn't fair.

You want to take this innocence and wretch it out of her hands. Throw it on the ground and smash it. Rip off her necklace and watch the fear as the beads scatter and roll.

The fact that something so good, beautiful, and pure exists enrages you.

It's night now, and the darkness is quiet. You still watch. They have large, white patio doors that slide open, clear canvases of light. They are glass, and they are sturdy but quite easy to shatter. This would obviously be a very stupid thing to do.

As you watched your young prey earlier you saw the father put her to bed and retire her to her room. You even saw which room it was. You know by now she will be asleep. You saw him kiss the wife. They are defenseless, they expect nothing. It is a nice neighborhood, and the odds that they have both a gun and ammo ready to stop you are pretty slim, even if you planned on giving them a chance to use it.

You watch them smile and drink. They laugh. She is blonde, and he has brown hair down to his shoulders.

The cactus and tumbleweeds blow around you. They are listless, drifting in the wind. A tumbleweed will never know where it is or where it belongs.

Not you, though. You are there for a reason. You have studied your prey, watched them for a lifetime. They are not like you – they do not notice the things that you do. Where people look. What they think. What they *really* think.

They are like putty in your hand, and you use them. You always used them so that you could do bad things, like cheat on a test or skim money from a fundraiser. Things you weren't supposed to do. They look into your eyes, and you know that they trust you. Fools.

Your contempt for them grows. It turns to hatred as you never make a true connection with another human being. Women can instinctively sense that you are different, and the women you want to sleep with are still a total mystery to you. The women who have slept with you did not seem to enjoy it, and always had to be asked for it. Nagging shrews who cruelly abandon you after a few months.

He is perfect, though. He knows it. He is better than them.

It's *them.*

The bottled lust takes a bitter turn, and it is not the same. Lonely, lonely years go by.

They have hurt him. They could never love him. He hates them, and the only thing that he can think about as he lies awake now is hurting them, too. Putting fear into them, making them lay awake at night in torture like he does. Perverting them the way he had been perverted by them. It's only fair.

His imaginations grow darker, and he has not told the truth to another person in years. He's never really experienced it – it's all he thinks about. He lays on his bed and thinks about a delicate flower being torn apart by angry, hulking men. The way she shudders and vibrates as they penetrate her.

He watches the husband and wife go in their room and shut the door. He noticed everything they did. He also noticed what they did not do.

One thing he noticed was that the father had gone to bed without placing a metal rod or wood on the bottom tracks.

You see, if they are not reinforced with a physical object and can still roll back and forth, these doors are quite easy to disassemble and lift off of the tracks with tools that cost less than twenty dollars. You learned how from this YouTube video:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WXC79HeKVRs

The lock is pure visual fantasy for you, it means nothing. The deadbolt sticks out of the door like a tongue and the hole in the wall remains, but it is worthless and offers no real protection against you. If they don't come off within ten minutes, you move on to a new target.

You gently, carefully, lay the doors down onto the concrete. It is now 3 A.M., and the house is still and quiet.

You can learn quite a few things from the internet, and one other thing that you learned how to do is download a program, many years ago, that will run scripts on your computer which gives it the appearance of being operated. Normal things, check emails, watch videos. Spin in circles. It's been in the background for so long it is buried under years and years of data.

Your phone is also at home, where it always is. You scheduled some texts to send during the night before you would usually go to sleep. You don't usually reply right away, but you always do within 24 hours. You always have.

You learned about "ghost license plates" from this YouTube video (I also learned this just now while trying to write the part about how to drive without getting caught. Everything else in this section I am literally just making up based on things I already know:)

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=lfd0b_9yk9Q

It is, apparently, trivially easy to buy these "ghost plates" online, and you've kept one under the carpet of your closet for years. Before you leave, you replace it with your real one. Your state does not require a front license plate. Your hat, rubber gloves, and sunglasses are on, and a skiing garment covers your mouth with light fabric. All black like the night itself. Your car is over thirty years old, and has no onboard electronics.

You also bought steel handcuffs and a handheld Taser, quite some time ago. It is comfortable and heavy in your left hand. You do not use or own a gun, but you also carry a bean bag and duct tape.

So, you silently set down the doors and enter the Holy of Holies, the child's room.

To wake her, you grab her mouth and open it, forcing a bean bag inside. You duct tape it closed. Before the signal to scream even reaches her sleeping mind, her voice is stolen. Her eyes are wider than they have ever been.

You simply fire up the Taser while holding it near her eyes and it both stuns and blinds her. It crackles loudly, but not loud enough to wake people up in the middle of the night. Anyways, you already know that her parents are down the hall, on the other side, and their door is closed.

When you looked through the window, they were asleep, and they keep a fan running. White noise. If they were closer to her, you would have kept moving. Find someone with parents further down the hall. Maybe upstairs, if you're lucky.

You have a *lifetime*, and if you are careful, no one will ever stop you. They just have to get unlucky one time, or miss one detail. There's a million of them. There's only *one* of you.

You are the predator amongst prey, and they don't even have the ability to *see* you. They are, obviously, stupid compared to you, because you don't trust anyone. They trust you. Morons. They *deserve* this.

She has never seen anything like it, and she is so shocked that she forgets to scream. Fear like she's never known courses through her as pure energy crackles a couple inches from her face so brightly that it literally blinds her unadjusted eyes for several minutes. She cannot make a sound.

Her brain absolutely cannot comprehend what is happening, so she freezes as still as a statue. She does not understand. She cannot even think. She is a doe in the headlights – completely frozen in the face of something so terrifying and powerful she could never comprehend it.

Careful not to shock her with it, now, or she might not be able to walk.

You tuck it away and put the handcuffs on her in about three seconds. You cruelly yank her arms, hard, up behind her so that she bends her back involuntarily. You know exactly when it hurts her, and you don't stop until she starts moving. She leads the way out, completely stunned.

Soon, she is able to think and see again. By then, you've crossed the ditch, and are at your van. Your van was built for a wheelchair user, and you happen to have left a wheelchair locked in place. You forgot to take it out.

You also have a bike, and a long, wired bicycle lock, which you use to strap her into the wheelchair, reinforcing it with duct tape. As long as she can't make you crash, she's useless with the handcuffs on. You're back on the road within another three minutes.

When you get home, you change your license plate back, put the ghost plate back under your closet and put everything you were wearing in a bag. Their cameras will have no detectable trace of you that can be tied to anything, and your vehicle does not stand out, at all. You *never* speed.

In fact, you get along with your neighbors so well that you went and introduced yourself to them. All of them. And you happened to notice who had a doorbell camera, and where it might be pointing. Any other cameras, too. There are always blind spots, and you see them without even trying.

They won't even notice she's gone until morning, when they see the still-locked doors laying on their patio.

You're a ghost now. You are not real anymore. You do not exist.

There she sits, bound and gagged. Your pound of flesh. Your prize, and your treasure. The thing you desire most – pure innocence, and she is *terrified*. The visceral scent of fear and the quaking of her legs excites you, and you feel a stirring deep inside you. You grow hard, and you notice her shoulder poking through the pajama shirt. She sees you look her up and down and she trembles with fear.

Your feast awaits. The bouquet of life's most forbidden pleasure consumes you, it transcends you. Finally, you know what this feels like. To hold her life in your hands. For her to *beg you.*

You unwrap her, and reveal what only her parents have seen. She is like a porcelain figurine, and the nakedness of her body glows in your sight. She is yours, and as you claim her, you are surprised by how much force it takes to open her womb.

She cries out in pain as her skin tears apart. It is worse than anything she has ever felt, and she pours blood out onto the bed,

He sees the pain on her face as skin tears, and delicate muscles that have never moved before snap and tear. She bleeds, and tears pour from her eyes. She screams, she begs for mercy.

She calls out to God but he does not answer her. She is alone. Utterly, completely alone.

NO! NO! NO!

The haunted screams of 100,000,000 children echo in my head. I cannot stand it.

He looms over her as the tower- a monument to the worst thing that people have ever done. So, she gives up and acquiesces. She doesn't have a choice.

That is when the real pain begins for her, as she accepts that this is all she was ever good for, and is all she will ever be good for. She is now worthless. They have turned her into trash.

A ravaged mockery of the whore, her naked limbs askew and forced apart, crucified on a pyre of blankets.

She is but a burned sacrifice, left at the altar of a forgotten God with temples full of sin. You know his name.

She is a baby in the outstretched hands of Moloch. She is also the music that the priests play to drown out the screams.

I cry. For the first time since I started, my towel is stained with another bodily fluid, not sweat, but tears. I must dab it, because if my hands get wet it could get salt water in the laptop (very bad.)

Once you smash the necklace, you can never put it back together. An unasked-for tear rolls down my face as I consider what it would be like to be a child and know that you are going to die. It's gruesome. Writing this physically disturbs me, and my heart literally palpitates in my chest. It makes me feel filthy, but it cannot simply be ignored.

Once they are done with her, they know that she knows that she can't go home. I don't know what you would say in that situation, but probably along the lines of how you are worthless and how no one will ever hear your final scream. She knows that she is going to die, right there on the bed covered in her own blood. She cannot understand or accept the fact that she is going to die right now on a pile of dirty sheets and a mattress. Her crucifix of linen.

They make eye contact. They must. She sees the knife, and it's coming at her. Her brain screams, and adrenaline floods her body. Her skin is on fire, and she knows that she will never

go home again, grow up, get a job, have a first kiss, or talk to her boyfriend at night. It is the loudest she has ever screamed, and it is only extinguished by the knife, which plunges through her vocal cords and the carotid artery.

It is a sound that should not exist, the sound of her diaphragm expelling all of the air it can through the blood now filling her stomach and lungs. She drowns in it for a brief second as terror is all she knows and the light fades. It hurt less than she expected, and what hurts the most is knowing that she will never see her mother again. The knife plunges into flesh again. Involuntarily, she screams, but she cannot produce sound. She was defenseless, and there was nothing she could not do.

They dismember the body, and stuff it in a barrel full of concentrated pool chemicals. They throw it in a lake that does not appear on the maps, that only they ever go to. They throw it in the swamp next to a factory, where the mud sits toxic and thick. Maybe, they hide it deep in the desert where no one will ever go. Or, they dig a hole.

Something like this actually happens to about 25 girls a day.

And this is actually really, really fun - because we can now do something called “extrapolation.” Let’s say that you want to find out how many girls under the age of 18 have this experience every day, worldwide, as a rough estimate. You’re a glutton for punishment, I guess.

Well, let’s ignore the fact that this certainly happens much more in places like Africa, the Middle East, North Korea, China, and India where pretty much everyone else lives. That is why we mostly have statistics on these things from America and Europe, because we have figured out that having sex with children is bad and is something that needs to be dealt with.

In most of these other countries, like Iran, South Africa, and Pakistan, they have a very difficult time understanding the concept of consent and why it is important to women. Perhaps, one day, they will distribute my book there, and then they will understand. Anyways, if you are a woman born into the central part of Africa, you will likely be raped on a fairly regular basis as a young woman.

Here's one of the bravest things that I have ever seen, and it happened recently:

I'm not sure if anyone but me understood it. It's a great picture, but no one else seems to think so. No one seemed to even notice this. Is it just me?

This almost happened to me once. I was walking alone, and a car pulled up to me. A truck, actually. A man inside told me that he lost his dog and needed help finding it. He asked me to get in the truck with him. Old pickup. It was greyish or light brown, he was white, and about 40 years old with stubble. Blue or grey eyes.

Obviously, this would be a really, really stupid thing to do. So, I told him I was sorry to hear that, and I love dogs, but I really actually have to be somewhere right now and I am in a bit of a rush (this line works.)

He stared at me. It was silent. He was not pleased with me.

My skinny little self stood there in the 4 PM light staring The Nothing in the face, and I didn't even really know it. I knew something was wrong and had a terrible feeling (obviously), but I did not know the depths of human depravity at that point. I had not taken Family Life yet, so I did not know that this was called "The Uh-Oh Feeling", or that you were supposed to tell people if this happened.

I had never thought about what they would do with abducted children at that point, and l had not reached that stage yet where I realized that the only monsters that really exist are other people. In fact, I didn't believe in monsters at all, at this time.

The afternoon lingered and the moment stretched out.

"Ok," and he drives off.

By then, I *really* did feel like going home, so that's what I did.

I have never told a single person that story, not even Witness 2. I don't know why that would be, but it is probably because no one has ever asked. That is why I am writing this book, to answer the questions that no one has ever asked me.

Boy, there is more math in this book than I thought there would be. The really cool thing that I learned about statistics in college is that you can actually just sit there and do this yourself. No one will even stop you. You actually do not even need a teacher to do this - you just need a calculator.

So, let's finish extrapolating. We will give the North Korean and Iranian authorities the benefit of the doubt and make the dubious assumption that their abduction and murder rate for young women is *roughly the same* as America's and Europe's.

Let's see, we are rounding here so we will make it easy. If America is 5% of the world population and this happens to 25 girls a day, that means that approximately 500 girls go through what I described above in some form every single day, worldwide. That is 8 girls per hour, so roughly **1 little girl per every 8 minutes**.

Think about it. Every moment of your life, asleep or awake. Think about how quickly 8 minutes can pass without you even noticing it. A flash. Statistically speaking, 8 minutes will pass by the time you have read only 12 more pages:

https://basmo.app/how-long-does-it-take-to-read-100-pages/

I sincerely hope that for the rest of your life, when you cannot sleep at night this echoes back and forth in your head. For most of you, it will not happen.

8 minutes…
8 minutes…

You know what, statistics are fun. Let's do some more.

Oh! I almost forgot. There are *also* adult women that this happens to! These are just the children.

I wonder now how many women are killed every day, which is quite possibly the first time I had ever considered that. Fortunately, I read a lot of news, and I recalled a study I had heard about a few months ago.

It was so profound and troubling that it actually got a bunch of news articles written about it that no one read, which these studies very rarely do.

The really neat part about this study is that it proved that 140 adult women are killed every day, or about one every ten minutes:

https://news.un.org/en/story/2024/11/1157386

"Well, Geez, Witness 1," you say. "One every ten minutes. That's not really *that* bad. Mountains out of molehills."

And you know what, if you think that, you are wrong. If you actually read the study, you might even know why.

You would be wrong because this particular number is actually *only* about women who died at the hands of a romantic partner or close relative. So, from a statistical perspective, that would make you correct – it's "not that bad" because this is *just the tip of the iceberg.*

A sobering report released by UN Women and the UN Office on Drugs and Crime (UNODC) on Monday reveals that in 2023, 140 women and girls died every day at the hands of their partner or a close relative, which means one woman killed every 10 minutes.

Not "sobering" enough, apparently!

A *whole study* on a *specific subcategory of* "*femicide*". Because that's where we're at now on Planet Earth. It's like *Wheel of Fortune*, but just for women.

Step right up, young lady! How would you like to be murdered today? Spin the ***Wheel of Femicide****!*

Hmmm... how about… that's right – it's an ***honor killing*** *for you, missy! Come on down here and get your prize! Boy, isn't she LUCKY she didn't land on those OTHER ones!!!*

So, back to the "value" question of writing. What value can I offer you, in exchange for your most precious commodity of all – your time. It really is a good question.

And in pursuit of answering it, I have tried to provide not only information, but actionable, usable advice for life. Part of this is my excellent collection of icebreakers.

Now, I have really tried to provide some solid icebreakers for you in this book, and here's another one:

"How many women are murdered each year?"

Go ahead, try it out next time you're at a party. In fact, go ahead and pull out these very statistics. Make sure to wink at people *a lot* while you're frantically reading them.

So, I asked Google, and learned that there are about 3,849 female victims of murder per year in the United States:

https://www.statista.com/statistics/1388777/murder-victims-in-the-us-by-gender/

We are rounding here, so let's say 3,850. That gives us 10 women per day.

Same as before to extrapolate to world population – 10*20, which gives us somewhere around 2000 women per *day* worldwide who have their life cruelly snuffed out by a monster. *Murder*.

That gives us about one woman murdered on this planet every two minutes, if you do the math.

The worst sin of all. A cold-blooded murder of a woman. Every two minutes. Assuming that, of course, they really treat women just about as well as we do in… let's see… Iran… Pakistan…

China… India… umm… You can add this, mentally, on *top* of the female child every 8 minutes or so. However, if you do this for too long, they will start to say things like "you have anxiety", or "you have depression", for some reason.

Fun fact – this does *not* include things that would be considered "legal" killings, like if you killed a woman in self-defense (which would be ridiculous, but this does actually happen and most of the time, it's just a cover story anyways.)

So, there are other women out there dying too. Yep, all there's all kinds of categories on the *Wheel of Femicide*. For example, here's another fun statistic - the 800 women who die **each day** from *preventable causes in childbirth*:

https://www.who.int/news-room/fact-sheets/detail/maternal-mortality

If you are a statistician, you probably noticed that this does *not* include the deaths from *non-preventable* causes, like a ruptured ectopic pregnancy, hemorrhaging, or even heart attacks (they call it pre-eclampsia, and I assume you don't want to find out what post-eclampsia looks like.)

No, this is merely women who, basically, would *not have died* if they were in a hospital room with a bunch of people making $100k a year to take care of them. If they were not in the dirt floor of a hut that washes away when it rains too hard. If they had things like rags, sutures, scalpels, antibiotics, sterilization techniques, a real floor, etc., they would have lived. Things we take for granted.

So that's another woman, and likely baby, about every two minutes – every day – who dies screaming in a pool of blood and dirt in some third-world country that no one cares about, simply because they are super poor and don't have access to anyone who can help them.

What was I getting at here?

Oh yeah, I was going to tell you that I actually didn't make that 100,000,000 number up, this is called an "educated guess" or an "estimate".

If you wanted to just take a stab at it and say that humans have been around for – just for fun – let's say, 6,000 years, and maybe the average rate is 20% lower than the number we got (we had a number of 25, so let's say 20 per day on average for the last 6,000 years), and you multiply 6,000*365*20, you get 43,200,000.

Your eyes shift up, to the ceiling. You're calculating.

That's just the gals, so let's double it and round it up to a nice 100,000,000, and this *might* - just about - be close to the number of children who will be there when those books are opened and

the fire comes into play. Maybe less, because of smaller populations. Maybe more, because of missing evidence. We don't know for sure.

No one does. You don't know what you don't know. Donald Rumsfeld taught me that. In fact, if it weren't for him, I never would have known that. Maybe he should have gone into philosophy, instead.

Section VIII
The Mysterious Stranger

And now, for something completely different.

“Witness 1!”, you cry out to me.

“You were telling us about the most beautiful girl you have ever seen (besides Witness 2!)”

I look at you, with eyes sparkling.

“Shall I continue to tell you the tale of my life? Do you like it, Dear Reader?”

It has grown dark in the tavern we share, and we must depart. I am but a mysterious stranger, with no room at the inn. I sit here to pass my time, and have spun you in circles with my tales of misery and woe. Yet, you can’t help but feel intrigued and want to know more. To know the end of the story.

The tavern owner looks over at us, the last people left. The door opens for the last time that night, and we’re out on the street.

I am homeless, so I go with you. I look at you, “Shall I depart now, friend?”

You smile. “Tarry with me, and sing to me the forbidden songs. For your words are unlike any I have ever heard, and though they trouble me, I can sense the truth within. It’s true – if something troubles you deeply, it’s worth listening to.

Come home with me, and tell me the *true* and *real* secret teachings of all ages. How it should have been written. The story with *no* lies.

The great and profound mysteries. The Great Work.

Tell me the things that have never been told.”

I look at you, impressed. “Your words are so… strange. It’s almost like I’m talking to myself! But, I mean, come on. ‘Tarry with me?’ That’s ridiculous. Edit that.”

We laugh, and head over to your place. It is about a mile down the road, and the ocean lies another mile beyond that.

We sit on your couch, and I pull out my bong. It's beautiful and has a smoky cloud of silver and black woven throughout it, but the beaker bottom is clear. It's almost like a different universe if you peer into it hard enough. A whole new world.

I pack a fluffy, green and brown mixture into the bowl.

"Here, friend. Take and be easy."

A white cloud fills the air, illuminated by a single lamp to the side. Crickets chirp, and it is a warm night. Your door is open to the world, but a screen keeps the wind out.

As I pack my own bowl of the dried weed and tobacco, you ask me –

"Witness 1, what was the thing you learned the most from all of this?"

I light it, and I inhale. Pause for a moment. Breathe in.

Blow it out, and our storm clouds mingle.

I smile.

"Be excellent to each other."

A briefly rippling guitar solo plays in the background. Van Halen with reverb.

"Just kidding," I say.

"It was actually the ghost license plate thing. And the most fucked up thing about this book is that I thought of that whole scenario that would probably actually work *as I was typing it*, in about five minutes, and that was the only part I had to Google to figure out what to do. How to drive without getting caught on camera. And it turns out, even that isn't hard."

You look at me, not sure if I'm being serious. I am, except for the ghost license plate thing.

"I mean, I thought of all that in five minutes, and I don't even *want* to rape children!"

Ha, ha.

Ok, ok, ok. A story, within a story, within a story.

The night carries on as the world goes to bed. This is my favorite time of day, because no one is around to tell me things that are wrong with me that I already know.

You are rapt. You lean back in your chair and look into my eyes. Finally, finally I have found someone that will listen to me. A friend.

Harken unto me, as I tell you the tale of a fair Maiden, and the times that I beheld her beauty. She was like the sun, bottled inside a college dorm. She stood out to me, a lot.

Now, I am pretty good at making people like me and think that I am funny and cool. If this is true, you will be reading this. If it is not true, no one will read this, so I might as well say it.

I first saw her across from me in the dorm cafeteria, underneath a triangular, blue and green '90s-style motif. We made eye contact, and I knew that she saw me, too. We stared at each other for a moment, and up until that point, she was - by far - the most beautiful woman I had ever seen.

Now, women in college – here's the thing about them. They figure that they really might as well just have fun while they are there, since they have to do it anyways and most of them plan on graduating, getting married, and having real jobs. The things that college girls do would pretty much ruin anyone else's life, and that is why they do those things while they can.

And she was no exception. I mean, this girl looked like this – and then, get this, she *takes drugs with you*. Now, that was something that I hadn't seen before, and I have to say, that was the best I ever saw someone look while snorting a line of cocaine.

I mean, she loved to party. However, these are all very smart students, and I am sure that she planned to graduate. For some reason, all the other kids in my dorm were always going to class all the time.

She was, at heart, a good girl. However, she wanted to know life fully. To experience everything that it has to offer. All the corners and shadows, she wanted to peer into. To shine her light into. She cannot be extinguished. To put out a light like this would be the gravest of sins. She was a fairy.

Everywhere she went, a light shone around her, and she was very, very curious. And get this, she really, really liked my guitar solos. In fact, she thought that they were pretty much the most incredible thing that she had ever seen or heard in her life, and she told me so.

She was like me though, and the music was different to her. She heard it differently than other people. She did not wonder what the lyrics would be, or why there was no vocal track when I showed her my mixes. She did not ask me what the words to the songs are, or what their names were.

She already knew that I did not name them. That is because I knew that they were never meant to be brought fully alive, they were all just little pieces of the puzzle I needed. I was practicing, and she knew that.

She heard the potential within my songs. I mean she *heard* it.

You give this girl a pill of ecstasy, about 5 lines of cocaine, 2 or 3 shots of vodka, and as much weed as she wants and play her a little eruption on the guitar, she will pretty much sign the marriage contract right there. If you do it alone in your room after a party when everyone else has left, then you could talk her into just about anything else you wanted, too.

Women who have this light *love* art. Especially when it is good.

So, I could tell that like me, she really enjoyed laughing. In fact, it must have been one of her favorite hobbies too, because she was always doing it. All the time, no matter what. I loved that about her. Her laugh sounded like the tinkling, clinking song of a windchime. I can, quite literally, hear it in my head like an audio recording, combined with her smile, eyes, and aura. 3D in my head.

If I happened to run into her out at parties, the chemistry between us was so electric that it seemed to unsettle other people. They do not like things like that.

One time, I ran into her during the day, on a day when everyone was day drinking and walking around more than usual. Some sort of festival. I saw her at the park that is in the central part of town, about 4 blocks from the ocean. There is a grassy hill there, and I saw her smiling at me. I know that she knows that I know that she likes me. She hugs me, which she did every time that I saw her besides the first time in the dorm cafeteria.

She asked someone to take a picture of us on this day and I actually still have it, along with a few more from that time which I will show you later. I am wearing a blue Beatles shirt, and she stands next to me like Venus herself.

I mean you expect a giant clam to open up under this girl at any moment. Her hair flutters in the breeze and I smell the sweet smell of her body. She smells like passionfruit should taste like. She is so sweet. She is literally the sweetest, by definition, girl that I had met up to that point. She was *so nice all the time.* I love that.

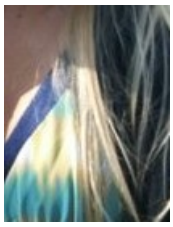
You cannot see this picture. However, I thought of another really great picture that will set the scene for you, and I will try to find it.

Dear Reader, I almost could not find it. It is no longer on this laptop, as you will recall I had serious laptop issues quite recently. They were not on the first flash drive I checked. Undeterred, I checked the other. Jackpot.

Dear Reader, you can now step *into* this story with me:

Boy, I found some good ones for you. I will need to blur these out, which will take about 10 minutes. While you wait for me, Dear Reader, I will tell you –

I opened the old picture of me and C, and yep, I was right about her. I cannot show you it, but I realized that I *can* show you just a tiny part of her. A puzzle piece. A window into another life. And so here is just a tiny bit of fairy dust for you:



I remember when this picture was taken, but I do not remember who took it. I do remember when I touched her tiny, delicate hips for the first time. I felt the impossible curves and dips of her most sacred spaces, and the feathery strength of the bone that would cast the most delicious shadows I had ever seen.

I imagined her standing next to me like that, taking pictures, with my hand around her waist, forever subsisting on her milk and honey. Nourishing her very being and feeding her back. Building her and watching her grow. I remembered the first time I held her hand, which was the first time I ever took ecstasy.

Taking pictures not as friends, but as lovers. Boyfriend and girlfriend. Husband and wife.

I leaned my head towards her involuntarily as I subconsciously visualized a life with her. Felt the resonance of it.

Snap!

Cameras don't make sounds anymore, but the moment is captured.

One time, I was at a party with her, and this was one of the first times that we went to a party together with a group of people and planned to stay there as long as possible. If you've figured out by now where I live, I'm sure you can picture it.

There's even a song about it, and it goes like this, "How you party is how we pre-party, cause you ain't from ---------". Shoot, I pretty much gave it away there.

I linked it, but deleted the link. I mean, if you know, you know. If you don't then head on down to LA and drive up along the coast until it looks even more expensive than usual.

Now, I can assure you that the students at the large university I attended really liked this song. They played it all the time. They actually liked all rap music, but they don't even pay attention to the music. It's true.

Anyways, this night started with a "pre-party" in her dorm room, and I remember hearing that song. The "pre-party" was me and about 5 girls taking shots until a handle was gone. Then, you walk to the house parties where they will have free shots from the plastic handles.

Like the Monster parties I let them do at my house, these party houses had it all. Permanently. Their entire identity of these houses revolved around sweaty rooms packed full of people with loud, thumping music. 15-inch speakers, two of them.

The probability that it would be one of *these* houses increased as you got closer to the ocean, until you reached the last street, and it hits 100%. That was the street I lived on in the ocean house, in the second-closest block to the school, about a 5-10 minute bike ride from the classrooms. The "100% probability of being a party house" street.

Fortunately for everyone, nice schools in Southern California are full of the children of very rich people, and rich parents tend to be neglectful. This led to them basically giving their children as much money as they need to coast through college, so they can also become rich and neglectful.

Some houses had stripper poles. They were decorated, permanently. The usual posters of Marley and Led Zeppelin next to their jet (In fact, there was actually a "Marley" house with a mural, and my friends from the dorm lived there – my bulk weed dealer, Persian guy, I took acid with on the Fourth of July and G.)

These houses were full of interesting people. They literally exploded and bursted with life. Beer Pong rang out as I heard the words of the most popular song at the time –

"Damn, you's a sexy bitch.
You's a sexy bitch.
Damn, you's a sexy bitch.
Damn, girl."

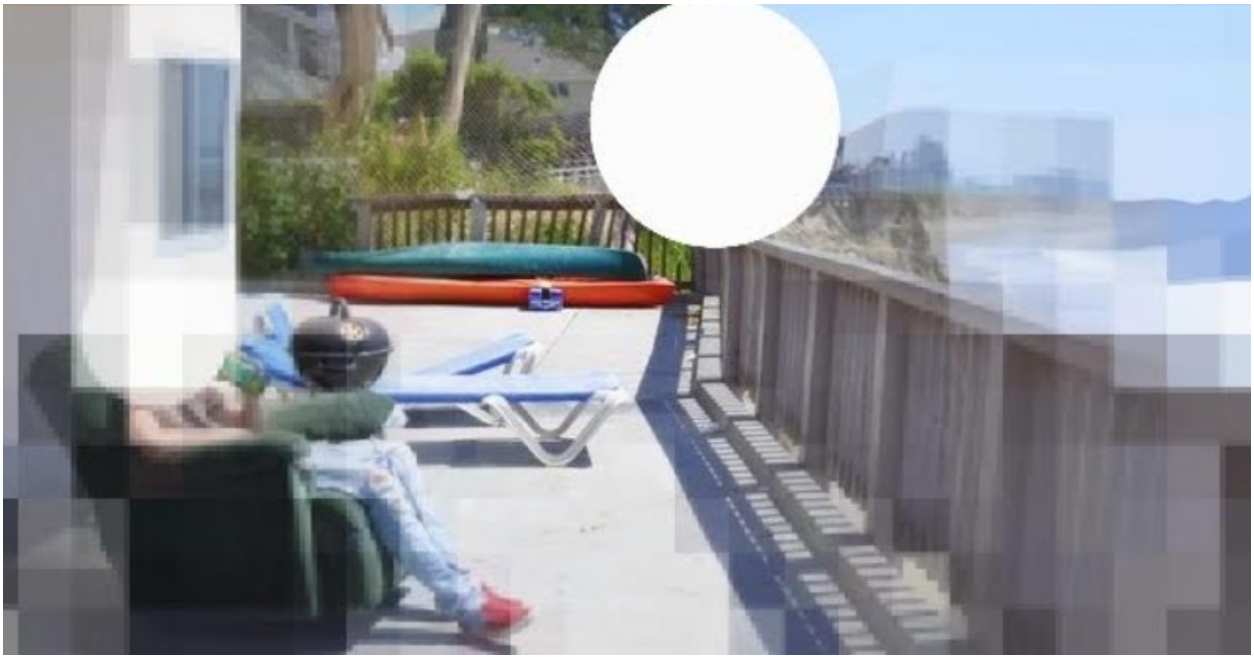
Ah… high art…

For some reason, this song always made me think about how much I hate popular songs, but no one went to these parties to listen to music anyways. And yet, somehow, my songs would be "embarrassing."

I mean, most people love 808 kick drums, but they don't know what they are called, and they have never tuned them. I bet they would look at you like an alien if you tried to talk to them about tuning an 808.

I go now to show you, to bring you into my life. This was the best time of my life (until I met Witness 2), because I was truly free. No one could control what I did or said, in any way. I loved that.

I bring you the firstfruits of my labor. This is what I mean when I say that I felt free:



Dear Reader, that is in fact me sitting in the chair, and I am drinking something. It's called a "Mickey's 40." You will forgive me, as I said, for editing these pictures just enough to ensure my identity is protected until the proper time.

I was free back then. I didn't care about graduating and had tons of easy cash, so no one held any leverage over me.

I will prepare more for you, and I will show you glimpses of my more cherished memories. There are only about 20 or 30 surviving images of me from before I met Witness 2, and all of my childhood memories were thrown in a dumpster long ago. I am a ghost.

Anyways, her and I were there at the party, and it was loud enough that we could talk and no one else could hear. In fact, they did not notice us *at all* anymore because it had turned into a rave and the house had about 100 people in it.

I make her laugh and tell her about things that I think are absurd and why that is the case, and she is looking into my eyes. The music fades, and I can only hear her heartbeat as I taste the smile in her soul. This woman could love me.

I think, at this point, that her friends had left, which I really appreciated. She turned around and backed into me. We didn't talk much for about the next twenty minutes while she did that one thing that women really enjoy doing at raves where they arch their back and grind themselves into you.

You consummate the relationship there, but it is a facsimile of the act. It turns out that when they do this, they also don't mind if you touch them, so I put both my hands on her waist and hold her into me.

The blue, red, and green laser lights shine directly into my eyes for a moment as they cascade around the room (this is bad.) For a moment, they refract. I can see *inside* the beam of light, and I see all the LEDs whirling and spinning like a kaleidoscope. I see the whiteness where it blends together, and I can see it right now. It stands still for just a moment, and the whirling and sound go white. Then, it's gone and the dark room is back.

I feel my hands on the stark hardness of her hips. I feel the curve of her waist, her singularities, and her sacred spaces. I touched her, very lightly, on the upper inside of the thigh (women love that.) I stroked her leg, and I could feel her body quiver.

I move my hands across and feel her belly curve inward. It is probably the softest thing I had ever touched up until that moment. I feel her ribs, I can feel the ridges and bumps of them.

Dear Reader, this may have been one of the most intense sensory experiences of my life, and for a moment I felt happy. C stood up, pressed against me, her hair softly falling down her side. Her face turned towards me, but only slightly.

She turned around to face me again, and we kissed for the first time. This opened up a whole new world of sensuality as I tasted her sweetness, like sugar. I tasted the warmth of her flesh as I felt her tongue and our bodily fluids became one. Equalized.

She tasted better than the finest desserts I have ever had, like whipped cream on a fresh donut.

Now, this was just great. I was really enjoying myself, and, in fact, I was pretty much having the time of my life up until that point. I thought about how grateful I was that her friends had left, and how glad I was that I had chosen to go to this party with her rather than take drugs and play music alone. I was sincerely glad I was there with her, and that she was kissing me. Everyone deserves that feeling, it's true.

It's a good place to pause for a second.

I look at you and pack a fresh bowl for you. "Smoke, friend."

You do, and you exhale.

"Do I bore you, Dear Reader? For I have no friends, and no one else will harken to my pleas. They have abandoned reason for madness, and they have become so blind I cannot guide them. I mourn on the Earth as I wander it like a specter. A relic of the distant past, a vagrant with no true identity. *Worthless*."

You assure me that the story is not too boring, and I smile.

You live in a quiet place, with a rusted barn with holes in the roof that show about 25 stars. There are rows of fruit trees and lines of bushes with flowers, and beyond that, a forested wood. The soft night air rustles the leaves of the apple orchard.

In the distance we hear the frogs, singing their strange bass song of greeting. The insects swarm towards the dim light on the other side of your porch. It's better here, where it's neither inside nor outside. There's a fireplace, which you light.

It's walled in with screens, and the hum and buzz of the insects is loud. A midsummer night's dream, with the grasshopper fiddling and beetles playing out their fantastical little routines.

It is warm still, but late. I look at you.

"Is it too late, Dear Reader? Shall we retire?"

"Shall I close the pages of this book and end it at 316 pages?"

You look at me, and I know that I have found someone who also likes to sleep during the day and stay up at night. We pack another bowl of the fluffy green mixture, and we fade out scene as the cloud grows thicker.

"So, anyways, there I was just fucking making out with the most beautiful girl I had ever seen and touching pretty much every part of her body. Loud bass music thumped and lights swirled. It was loud."

The really great thing about having rich and neglectful parents who throw money at problems is there is a lot of opportunity to skim a little extra off the top. The people in these houses, in fact, 90% of them had not worried about money even one time in their life. They didn't even think about it, because once you have enough of it, you're pretty much good to go.

So, they would stock alcohol - handles of it. The lights and DJ equipment. You can buy all that stuff for a one-time fee of about $1,000, and then spend maybe $300 on a bunch of the plastic handles of vodka on the bottom shelf. Taaka or Kamchatka are two that people really like to

drink. Get an iPod with a playlist of songs with one bass note at a time and lyrics about doing crime. Boom – party.

What you do is get a folding table and the red cups. You can recruit people to stand behind them to serve people shots by letting them drink for free from the plastic handles. And then people ask them for alcohol, and they pour it.

They *usually* will not hand you weed right away, but there is always the opportunity to get to know whoever is there and it would usually just work out. The benefits you can reap as the homeowner from this small investment are many.

So, they pour about an inch of the vodka in the red cup, and this stuff is basically like toxic acid, and you smell it. The best chaser is Red Bull, which they always had plenty of (very nice of them.) If they didn't have a chaser, that meant you better drink as much as possible because shit was starting to run out.

People drink this and then come back, and once they've done this about 10 times per person, you will really have a good party going. They are called "Ragers."

So I'm having the time of my life, and I got as drunk as possible every Thursday, Friday, and Saturday nights at least. This was in the dorms, so I hadn't given up alcohol for real drugs yet, which happened about a year after this.

Alcohol is really fun, while you are drinking it, and we had been drinking since we were in her friend's dorm room about 5 hours ago when I started flirting with her. We should definitely keep drinking.

She loves it. The experience gets even more intense.

I don't remember her leaving. I woke up the next morning, and since I like being honest, I made a post on Facebook that says "I fucking love [this school I was at]", because honestly, I had never had so much fun in my life. Everyone was vibrant and interesting. My life was alive. I didn't even get hangovers yet.

So, I decided to take one of the few voluntary bike rides I have ever taken as an adult. You could count them on about one hand.

It was a beautiful, lush, cloudy morning with a thicker-than-usual cloud cover. One of the ones that might not burn off later, a gray morning. The air was cool and I headed to the beach, which was about 10 minutes. My dorm was about a mile from the campus, the other way -perpendicular to the beach - more like 15 minutes, and you had to ride your bike there.

When I first figured out which dorm I was in and saw it from the center of campus, I honestly thought they were joking with me. It looked *so far away*. I looked at the dorm towers in the

distance, compared it to how far the bell tower was, and then back at them - and said, “Are you serious??? I live *there???*”

However, it was the biggest party dorm because of this distance, and it had two 10-story towers. I lived in the south tower, which was the one with a bigger desk and a door to the street. They had changed the name of the dorm, because it was the same two letters as the words “Fuck Towers”, and I guess they didn’t really like that.

However, the students thought it was hilarious - and it became sort of a thing. So, about every 3-5 hours, someone would drive by really loudly and shout a similar epithet out of their cars as loud as possible. Like usual, I thought that was hilarious and absurd (it was.) I actually don’t care if you know what dorm or school this was, it doesn’t matter.

I digress. You know, it even had a pool and a gym, and I did not use them once. I can’t even tell for sure if it had a pool, but I remember hearing that it did. I would never do a dumb thing like use a pool at your college dorm when the beach is literally two football fields away, obviously.

C lived two floors down from me, to the right, and then about 4 doors down on the left. Her room was beautiful and delicate. Perfect. A perfect girl’s room with everything in its place. Pinks and whites, and books. I had noticed that she was actually extremely intelligent, and that she always did the homework that they assign.

I knew this because the books and papers on her desk would change quite a bit more frequently than others, unlike mine which never had a book on it. I could also tell that she was smart, because when we talked about the dumb classes we went to, like the one where they force you to make flash cards of paintings and memorize the name that girls like to take, she understood it.

She knew things about that class that the teachers did not know. Her mind could run circles around theirs.

She knows about old paintings.

So, I biked, and I pedaled, and I reached the beach
I crested a hill and got to the start of the path that goes two ways. You can either take a right and go down a sandy path, or go left and back to the University. If you go right, it leads to a more secluded beach, with cliffs that loom over you.

Strange houses filled with suspiciously-old surfers in wet suits hunker down here. A sphere house, brown. Strange sculptures dangle here, and in the ocean wind they will never know rest. They sing a perpetual song of metal and chimes.

Twisted and gnarled roots are down here, and trees that have seen 10 million waves. Cliffs that keep secrets. The erosion chips away, bit by bit. Molecule by molecule, it erodes, inexorably, until one day – BANG!

The whole house gives in. This is why they reinforced all the patios that hang out, like mine, and I assume they check them once in a while. However, I never saw anyone do that (slightly concerning.)

It is not like that past this point. This is where the cliffs meet the beach, and the land twists itself down to a rounded flat hump of sand. It is *truly* – for real - a strange place. The weirdest overall place I've ever been.

The reason for this is that the people who lived down here were neither people with jobs nor students at the school. They were simply very rich people who had learned that you can live a very pleasant life this way, in this little college town.

It's not somewhere people notice, and they hide beneath the 90% transient population of students, but they are not teachers. They do not work at the school, and they rarely leave their oceanside houses.

An actual Nowhere Land between life and death. Reality and somewhere else. Supposedly, there's a butterfly preserve up this way, on the bluffs, but I never went. It's all right there for you already.

One mansion, a striking, avant-gard black house with lines of steel, looms over you on stilts, made of black carbon fiber, and a slick, shiny sports car lurks beneath it. This is a great place to take mushrooms, and I'll tell you, if anyone reading this knows the story of that particular house, let me know.

I had, apparently, become the Nowhere Man. Sitting in his Nowhere Land. Making all his Nowhere Plans for Nobody. Writing all his Nowhere Songs for Nobody (in Ableton.)

You see, when you reach the state of being where you have enough "money" that you no longer need to worry about finding more of it and you can buy houses like these, you also don't really have to worry about dumb concepts like "what day of the week it is", or "jobs".

This was a land where the days had no names.

Every day was the same. The same perfect weather. The same rolling waves. The perfect, stunning, majestic, beautiful Pacific Ocean in all her glory - a mere 30 feet from you.

It is paradise.

And no one could ever find you. No one will ever even look for you, because the college students are all doing other shit ("class"), and the workers all live in the city about 2 miles down the road.

That is your little slice of heaven, and no one can ever take it from you. And guess what, if you get bored, you can just walk about 1,000 feet, and find a college party, and there are always college girls walking around looking to do something fun like go inside of the mysterious mansions and learn their secrets. See their rooms.

And it turns out, that college girls *love* money. All women do. And no matter how long you live there, these beautiful women never age. They will, quite literally, always be between the ages of 18-24 or so. You can grow old there and pluck the tender fruit right off the vine as long as you want. Poach it. I mean, these people fucking have it made.

I thought about what it would be like to live in one of these houses and sell weed as long as possible. This was before I had met the girl I dated, A, which was about a year after this.

It sounded pretty fun. Honestly, I thought that it was a pretty good idea. Maybe the best idea that I had ever had, up until that point. I did not smile, but I contemplated it. I honestly did not care what happened *after* that, as I still believed that I was invincible.

I needed to think. I needed peace and quiet. Genuine tranquility.

So, I climbed a tree.

And once up in the arbor, I realized that I had a problem.

This is the conundrum that I faced, Dear Reader – good art can only come through pain.

That must be the secret sauce I am missing as I try to figure out how to make a song that sounds good.

I thought about this once while I took acid and 2C-I there and played the guitar. That was the first time I ever saw the clouds change color, morph, and speed over my head impossibly fast in fractals. I learned quite a bit from that, and it still seemed to make a lot of sense to me.

That's it! It's suffering!

It must be. Another theory I had around this time is because I noticed that dubstep songs were quite likely to be in G#, which turned out to be true. However, this alone was not enough. It basically sounds exactly the same until you get *far* beyond this point.

I, absolutely in no shape or form, could even get *close* to bringing the songs that I heard in my head, and knew were technically possible, to life. It was the ultimate answer to my life, the meaning of my life.

The ultimate goal that I was striving for – to make the Greatest Song in the Universe. A song that doesn't sound like anything people have ever heard before. Something only a handful of people that have ever lived could even *comprehend*, much less reproduce.

I *needed* it. I had to have it, I would have done anything. I would climb mountains for a thousand years, if only I can figure out *why the fuck my songs don't sound like they did when I was a kid holding my Dad's speakers.*

Muffled, muddy. Quiet. Not right. Something, something tangible, just *missing.*

There had to be more. What was it? I thought back to The Beatles. Paul almost quit the band, and then one day, John came to the factory - I think it was a ceramics or concrete factory that he had started working at because his dad told him that he had to quit the band. He was miserable.

John told him to jump the fence, so he did. He *jumped* the fence. Probably told people to fuck off in a Liverpool accent. He never went back and went John to Hamburg to play music at a nightclub. Back then, he wasn't the bassist.

It's true. It's in *The Beatles Anthology*, which I read and watched when I was 14. It's a huge book, almost 400 pages, and about six hours of the last content ever recorded with Paul, George, and Ringo in the same room together. Good thing too, because George Harrison died just a few years after this came out. I have read and watched it twice.

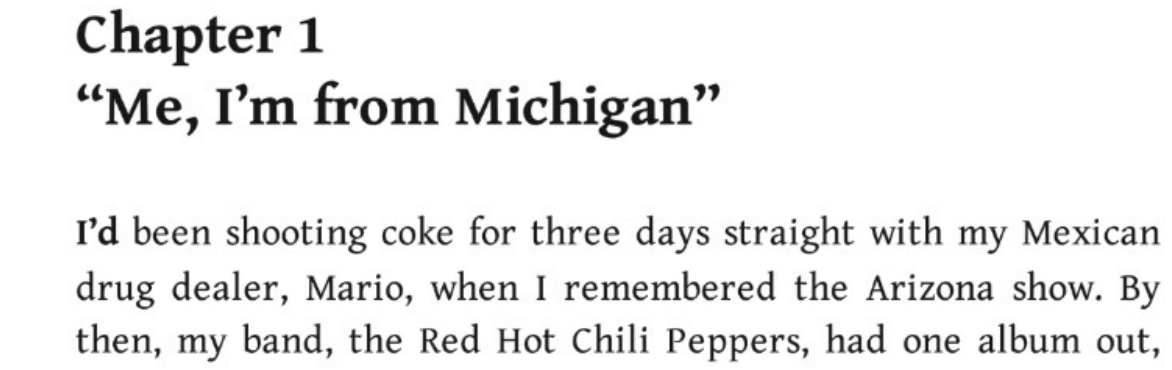
They collated and sourced pretty much every John Lennon interview in his life, and used that to work him into the dialogue. It's incredibly well done, and it really does seem like he's there talking with them. It's an incredible series, and also has two discs of unreleased songs and outtakes.

I thought about Anthony Kiedis. He was not a singer, and did not actually know how to sing. He was basically completely winging it at first, because it was what he wanted to do, but he turned out to be pretty good at it and he found a very, very talented bass player, an excellent guitarist, and the guy who looks like Will Ferrel.

His dad got him high on weed when he was about six years old, and he was pretty much never sober again until way later, maybe a decade or so before the book was published. He talked about all the fucked-up things that he saw and experienced.

You get the point, but if not, here are the very first 14 words from the book:

I'd been shooting coke for three days straight with my Mexican drug dealer, Mario…



Chapter 1
"Me, I'm from Michigan"

I'd been shooting coke for three days straight with my Mexican drug dealer, Mario, when I remembered the Arizona show. By then, my band, the Red Hot Chili Peppers, had one album out,

Now, if you are insane like me and you read the foreword and sometimes the copyright date and publisher, the book opens slightly differently for you. Let's start with the foreword.

In the Hollywood Hills, his doorbell rings, and a "beautiful young woman" is at your door. She came bearing gifts – precious vials full of various substances, glass tubes, and syringes. Needles, baby.

He viscerally describes what it's like to be penetrated by a woman wearing gloves. She ties his arm off with a pink fishnet, and he watches the needle do its deed. It sinks in, and he feels the bite. He looks at her and she keeps eye contact while pushing the plunger down. Substances enter his body.

"Oh boy," you think to yourself. "This should be good."

You look over at me.

"He does the drugs with her and then *fucks* her, right?"

Dear Reader! Shame on you! WRONG!!!

She is a *Doctor*, and her name is Sat Hari. She is injecting *ozone*.

You see, once he got sober, Anthony Kiedis figured out that everything *except* the Bible is true.

This is really great, because the Bible is the only thing that says you can't do whatever you want. Yoga, meditation, running, chakras, lifting weights, drinking expensive coffee, "ozone" therapy, probably reading *Siddhartha* and *The Tao*, and probably dumb things like UFOs and ghosts. He loves that shit. Especially being healthy.

Yep, the Bible says things that are impossible happened, which proves that it is not real. Meditation you can *feel*. Ozone is *real,* I mean, you can ask any scientist.

So, he is very happy in his sobriety, and I wish the best for him. I have no idea what he would think of my books, but I want to tell him, if he is reading this, that I really liked *Scar Tissue*. I did. I would like it if he read my books, and I would like to talk to him about them.

Next, I thought about Slash. I had carved an icon of him out of clay my Senior year when they wanted me to do art for a grade in my ceramics class. It came out better than I thought, because I used a picture of him from a magazine to trace and etch his image.

I delicately painted the guitar headstock and his black curls. His hat, of course, with the gold circles around the bottom. Get the shade of his skin right. Rings, even. My coup de grace, a finishing touch - a slender white joint in his mouth, with a dab of green on the end. Bake and cover in clear resin. Boom. A+.

I was proud of it, and I brought it with me to the dorm. I showed precisely one person, which was a girl wearing a Guns n' Roses shirt. She liked it. Once I showed her, I realized that she thought I was trying to get her alone and sleep with her, so I got her on out of there.

My favorite part of these books is in Slash's autobiography, and his moment was the most visceral and spectacular for me. However, I'll pause and also add that I read John Dennison's book, as well. He played drums for The Doors.

John Dennison said that the first time he knew he had made it as a drummer was when a girl he had never seen before had sex with him in a bathroom stall. I thought deeply about that when I read it, and if you think about it too, you'll see that it makes a lot of sense logically.

He talked about when Jim Morrison would get too fucked up and pull his dick out on stage. The dead Indian spirit that haunted him. The poems and the drugs.

Now, I will tell you – and you should know this – that Ray Manzarek is pretty much the greatest organ player of all time. This is true because he is the most famous, and that is how you know what music is not embarrassing to listen to.

I always found the bass pedals to be very difficult, because I have never actually practiced it and I don't like doing it. However, I can manage pretty well, and I can play most songs on the organ with the bass pedals, if you give me a little time for the feet. However, I have a hard time moving my feet to the right pedal without looking at them.

You absolutely must do this to call yourself an organ player. Unfortunately, I mess this up a noticeable amount, so therefore, I am actually not an organ player. I am, however, an organ owner and collector.

He talked about when he realized that Jim Morrison was actually going to die from what they were doing. That he had crossed a brink that can never be bridged back. He looked at Jim Morrison, and he knew that he had killed his friend. It was actually all the drugs and money, but he felt guilty for not stopping the freight train.

He said that he always felt that he was in the evil version of The Beatles. They were the dark, brooding ones who played "The End" and "Riders on the Storm" (his *what* was squirming like a *what???* His *brain?* Why, dude??), juxtaposed against the bright, cheery Beatles and their smiles.

I don't think that Jim Morrison ever published a book, necessarily, but he did write a lot of really fucked up and weird poems. His favorite thing to do was taking drugs alone in the wilderness to write poems that express alienation from other people.

Unfortunately, Jim Morrison also died before Wikipedia was invented, so he probably also had no idea what MK Ultra was. That's too bad that he didn't have a chance to look it up, because I bet his dad could have told him a lot of neat stuff about it. Yeah, that's right – because he was the one in charge of the fleet at the Gulf of Tonkin, during that false flag.

George S. Morrison, Admiral and Singer's Father, Dies at 89

Share full article

By William Grimes

Dec. 8, 2008

George S. Morrison, who commanded the fleet during the Gulf of Tonkin incident that led to an escalation of the Vietnam War and whose son Jim was the lead singer of the Doors, died Nov. 17 in Coronado, Calif. He was 89 and lived in Coronado.

Morrison's father was a pretty significant admiral during Vietnam, and there is a lot of weirdness surrounding this band that I do not have time to write about. If you really want to know the full story of the music of the '60s and '70s, you can read a book called *Weird Scenes*

Inside the Canyon: Laurel Canyon, Covert Ops & The Dark Heart of The Hippie Dream by Dave McGowan.

People say he was an intelligence guy, involved with nukes, the whole deal. His name was George Stephen Morrison, and I'd need a few more braids to have room for this one. Lots of missing puzzle pieces here, unfortunately.

So, there were actually a lot of government psyops going on in Los Angeles and Hollywood those days, and this is partly where the story of MK Ultra plays out. The Silver City of Dreams.

The silver screen. Change the channel. Look at this life.

Don't you want it?

Acid is still new, and legal (for now.) Government agents live lives among the sweetest cover story ever dreamed up in a dark room. You obviously already know that they chose the name because it's the wood sorcerers used in their wands. Allegedly. Holly *wood*.

Programming. Change the channel.

Led Zeppelin was more open about their Satanism than almost anyone else, which I always appreciated. In fact, Jimmy Page bought the house that Aleister Crowley lived in on Loch Ness specifically to warn people that he is really weird and should probably be avoided.

There's a two-hour movie called *The Song Remains the Same*, and you can watch some sort of weird ritual or Medieval-type scene at this house within this movie. A movie-within-a-movie.

A man struggles up the hill. It is dark, and the hill is great. This is the hill outside of Aleister Crowley's mansion, and he climbs up out of the Loch Ness. It's Jimmy Page, and he's about to put a spell on you.

He struggles and struggles. This is right about in the middle of the concert, you've just seen 45 minutes of live Led Zeppelin, and you have about 45 to go. Call it an intermission.

In fact, I just learned that I can watch this for free on Amazon. It's true. Let's see what happens, because I can't quite remember the ending.

I was actually going to buy it for you (cheap), so I could find out. And here it is, for free.

He crests the top and Behold! A *wizard*, with a wizened old face, wearing a dark robe and holding a staff.

While all this is going on, Jimmy Page is wailing and fluttering on his guitar in one of the weirdest, longest guitar solos of all time. He makes alien, unearthly howls by hitting and

rubbing it with a cello bow, while his hand-built, one-of-a-kind delay, chorus, and phaser rigs turn it into a cacophony. He was a session guitarist, and is probably the best recording engineer of all time. I can tell a Led Zeppelin song within less than one second when it comes on the radio, because what he did with his songs is so uniquely different than anyone else.

He built it all himself. There are only a handful of people alive who have ever done this, and one of the others is Eddie Van Halen, who built what he called "Frankenstein Guitars" as well as a studio in his house.

The drums and bass do their thing, and Robert Plant wails and shrieks. He dances. It is *beautiful* music.

Anyways, this fuckin' guy finally gets up the hill and climbs to the top. He pulls himself up. Obviously, he represents the *beast* that probably does not actually lurk in the deep, cold waters of the Scottish lake. Obviously, you are also aware of the fact that Aleister Crowley signed all his letters as "666 – The Beast."

It shows us flashing closeups, with strobe lights in the film studio creating a throbbing, pulsing effect.

The wizard's old, wrinkly face morphs into Jimmy Pages. It flashes back and forth, and they overlay the film strips on one another and then process them to create a double image, one where neither one exists fully in reality. Has the wizard become Jimmy Page, or has Jimmy Page become the wizard?

He grins. He casts a spell on you and waves his wand. Bright, colorful echoes follow it, and I can tell you that if you saw this on acid in the '70s, it would be just about the coolest thing that you have ever seen.

You would be entranced. Here is what it looks like:

This is another image that I would recommend not staring at for too long. It is also another powerful optical illusion. And to be honest, it meets all of the criteria for great art.

When you are on acid, everything has a trail when it moves, and this is especially true for bright colors. This image would literally shock your brain and create trails within trails of every different color – a fractal. It would probably look really cool, and I would actually like to try this out one day, now that I think about it.

One time I looked at a beautiful intricate mural that was painted in soft rainbows that had eagles and eyes swimming in pyramids while I was on acid. The best mural I had ever seen.

When I looked away, I had been staring at it for a few minutes, and all of the bright colors that have no name that you can only see in afterimages and when you press on the top of your eyes until you see fireworks turned into waterfalls, moving sideways.

The very images swirl and morph, and I see the fractal of reality. The afterimage lasted, and it became real. I could look at it.

And that's where it ends, and they are back at Madison Square Garden with the rows of spotlights and thousands of adoring fans. I mean, these people *worship* the guys on stage, and it is because they filled the auditorium with sounds that people had never heard before.

They also look very, very good while they are doing this. No one else can pull this off. Literally nothing else *ever* in music sounds like the live guitar solo to Dazed and Confused.

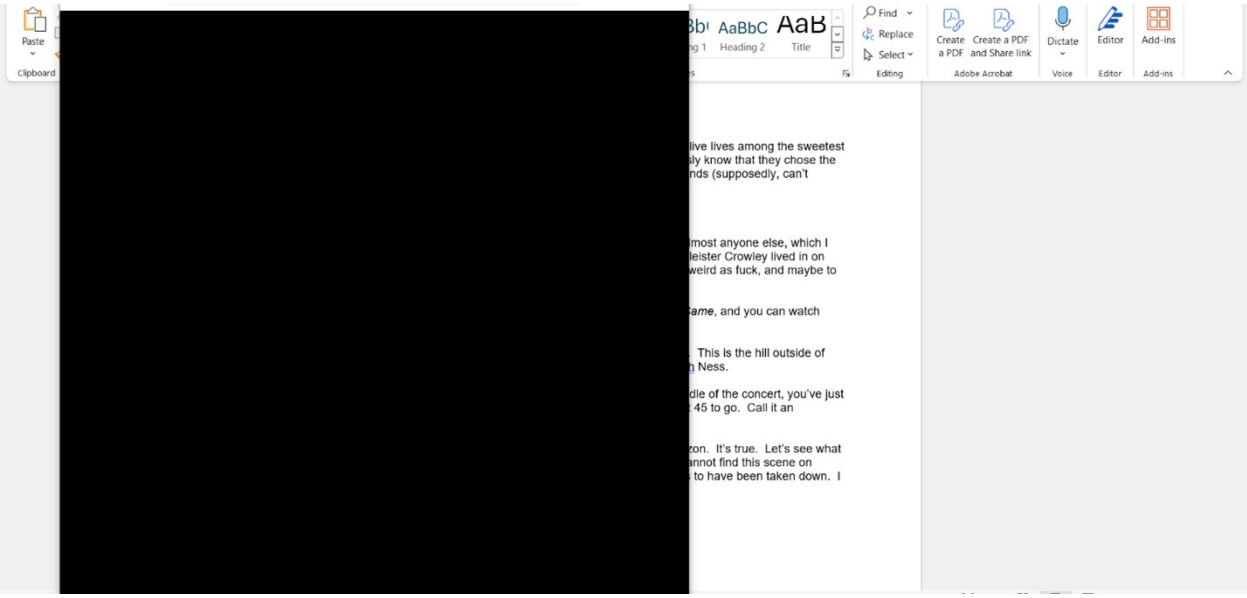
And that sort of confused me, because I remember another part where Robert Plant gets into a swordfight, and I thought it came after this.

So, I wondered if I perhaps dreamed it, as it is totally bizarre. Nope, that was real. So, I scroll backwards, and there I see it. It's *before* the other scene, about 50 mins in, and the other part is maybe 30 minutes ahead of this scene.

I learned something else, as well. I learned that Amazon Prime knows when you screenshot things, and will black out any picture you take of it.

And I almost sent this over to *I Am Witness 1, Part II: The Crazy Factor*, but… you know what… this is actually how I cracked this movie and no one else ever did. Using the phone to get pictures was the key, as it provided a clearer, brighter shot.

It’s true, take a look at this shit:



And you will never guess this, but I find that ABSURD and STUPID! FUCK YOU!!!

So, in about one second, I figured out that I could use my phone to take pictures. And now, here we are.

We will find out what happens together, because I can only remember pieces of this, and not the ending. I assume I was doing something with my son’s food, and not really paying much attention when this was on a few months back.

At 50:15 in the tape, it suddenly shifts. You guessed it, it’s a movie-within-a-movie.

Robert Plant walks through a beautiful wood. He wears airy, elegant clothing. He looks great, and Led Zeppelin is the most aesthetic rock band of all time. This is because of things like this high art hidden within their concert video, the fact that he actually wore this white outfit and rode a horse, how good they looked all the time and the fact that they didn’t replace John Bonham.

I will now show you a screenshot of a picture of my computer.

Here he is. Our hero:

A lone *Amanita Muscaria* mushroom lingers in a fork in a gnarled tree with powerful roots. I'm going to take a wild guess, and say that he probably eats it.

I was right and he eats the mushroom, which I would probably do as well if I was in a Led Zeppelin concert film. However, do not eat the red mushrooms with white spots if you see them in the wild. Very risky.

He sits and relaxes. He smiles and looks up. The sun backlights him and his long golden curls are majestic in the royal-looking clothes he is wearing. Like I said, you cannot find one picture where these guys don't look good, and that is why so many women have that one picture of them with their jet on the runway on their dorm room walls.

The camera pans up, and we see the sunlight through the trees. It fades out.

Our hero then sits astride a black steed, in the muddy waters of the very Loch Ness our Beast crawls and slithers out of 30 minutes later:

I stop. You look at me. You want to know what happens after the black horse.

"You see, the black horse represents the inversion of morality. It takes a familiar trope, a knight in shining armor on a white steed, and perverts it. Reverses it into something backwards, that should not be. A *Nowhere Image*."

"OHHH!!!", you reply. *You're welcome.*

"I need to take out my trash now."

This just happened, and I collect the refuse from the last few days. Not much. I take the broken remains of my consumption out of their receptacle and place them in the much larger one outside. I started to think about the nature of consumption and how it's just an endless series of increasingly large receptacles and – *nope! That's a cliché!*

“Humanity is helpless astride the mighty beast, though it does not know it. It could throw him off and trample him, but he has subjugated it. Made it his own. Made it a part of himself. He needs the horse, and the horse needs him.”

You look at me like an alien, but no one has ever illuminated things for you quite so clearly. You also now believe that this book might be alive, and you’re willing to hear me out in good faith.

That’s because I put a spell in that wizard pic – *nope*! *Gotcha!* I don’t do things like that, although, for real, don’t stare at the portals.

I ask you to allow me to pause our short yet very visually appealing movie-within-a-movie, and you agree. I have your attention, and there are finally no distractions. No phones. No TV. Just stillness and conversation. And weed and tobacco.

I blow out a huge cloud of smoke.

“Do you want to know how to take the biggest bong hit in the world? The trick is to breathe out as much as possible right before you light it. Like diving.”

You hit it too.

“Yeah, but only an insane person would do such a thing.”

I smile.

I ask you if you want to understand what I am showing you. You nod, and I ask you a question.

Let’s see, where have I seen a movie-within-a-movie before… Oh yeah! That’s right! Back to the Future when the guy is upside down and the world trade center collapses when you flip the tv screen, and that picture on the computer in Jurassic Park!

Now, they always did tell me that three times is a pattern, and it might be true. However, in this case, you start to see.

“They… they show you a world. An entrance.”

“That’s right.”

“A portal,” you say.

“They suck you in, involuntarily. Show you things that should not be. That you wouldn’t have seen otherwise. That you wouldn’t even think of.”

Now you are seeing, and I can hear the pieces click into place.

“Portals aren’t real, though,” you reply.

“Really? Are you sure?”

You look at me.

“Aren’t they?”

“Haven’t you ever heard of the Sedona ‘energy vortex’? Chaco fucking canyon? *Sangre de Cristo* near Taos? Why do you think they lose track of thousands of children per year, and yet – somehow - they will have a SWAT team on your ass if you so much as *think* about breathing on the rocks and caves that are off the trails, that aren’t on the map? In the *canyons*.

Have you ever gone to the Grand Canyon and gone off the trails? Brought your climbing and camping gear? Went *into* it from somewhere far from the village that doesn’t have a trail? Climbed up onto what they call the “temples” - giant, massive hunks of rocks (fractals) that climb up like spires?

Went alone, and trespassed onto the sacred land? The land where if you happen to run into a Native American in that location and they see you before you see them - you will end up buried there? Have you climbed the orange peaks and found the cave? Gone in to find its secrets? Where the river comes from?”

“No.”

“Neither have I,” I reply. “I am very lazy, and that would be very, very difficult. However, go live in the Grand Canyon. Visit Chaco and Sedona, and get the locals to trust you. Talk to the Natives. They know. They’ll tell you, but not unless they like you. There’s *something* hidden in the rocks, but no one knows what. Something evil. When they told me, I knew that they believed it.”

I look at you, and you can tell that I’m not joking.

“However, there’s another reason you should not do this, and it is because you *will* be arrested by federal police who have a helicopter within about 8 hours. They will then charge you with a felony, most likely lock you up for a few days, and send you a bill for somewhere around $15,000 to start with. I know this, because there is a book, called *Death in the Canyon* about it, like I said.

I am telling you, if you trespass at these national parks off the trail for more than a few hours, they will find you. If you seem to know where you are going and are headed for the protected spots, they will notice you pretty much *right away*.”

I ask you if you want to see the view from the restaurant I almost worked in until I snorted way too much etizolam and pretty much died. You nod and peer over.

You have stood up, and now you look over my shoulder. You lean in, and rest on your elbows:

“It’s the best picture I could find. Those peaks are what they call the “temples.”

This isn’t the restaurant I was going to work at, though. That one is called the *Bright Angel* restaurant. This one isn’t even on the same side of the rim, it just gets my point across best. Those peaks are what they call the temples.”

I asked you what you think it looked like when I went into the employee cafeteria on the rim, just like this but on the other side, while I was on psychedelic mushrooms or 2C-I and ordered their blue cheese double bacon cheeseburger for about $5? Took it out to the ledge to eat alone? To avoid the strange social games of the cafeteria? To avoid *them*?

“What do you think I saw?”

You think. “You saw… fractals.”

“Yep.”

“Will you step through a portal with me?”

It’s my other front yard. The second best one:

Fractals.

“Even if we could explore this whole thing foot by foot, would we?”

Have we have searched every ravine with a fine-toothed comb, and done surveys in the dirt? Marked out squares with plywood and wire, and created a grid? Sifted through the sand to find the treasures and clues of the past? Carefully brushed each pebble? *Move on to the next grid*.”

I ask you if you know there are caves in the Grand Canyon. You are pretty sure that there are.

I ask you how many you think there are, and how many the public can explore.

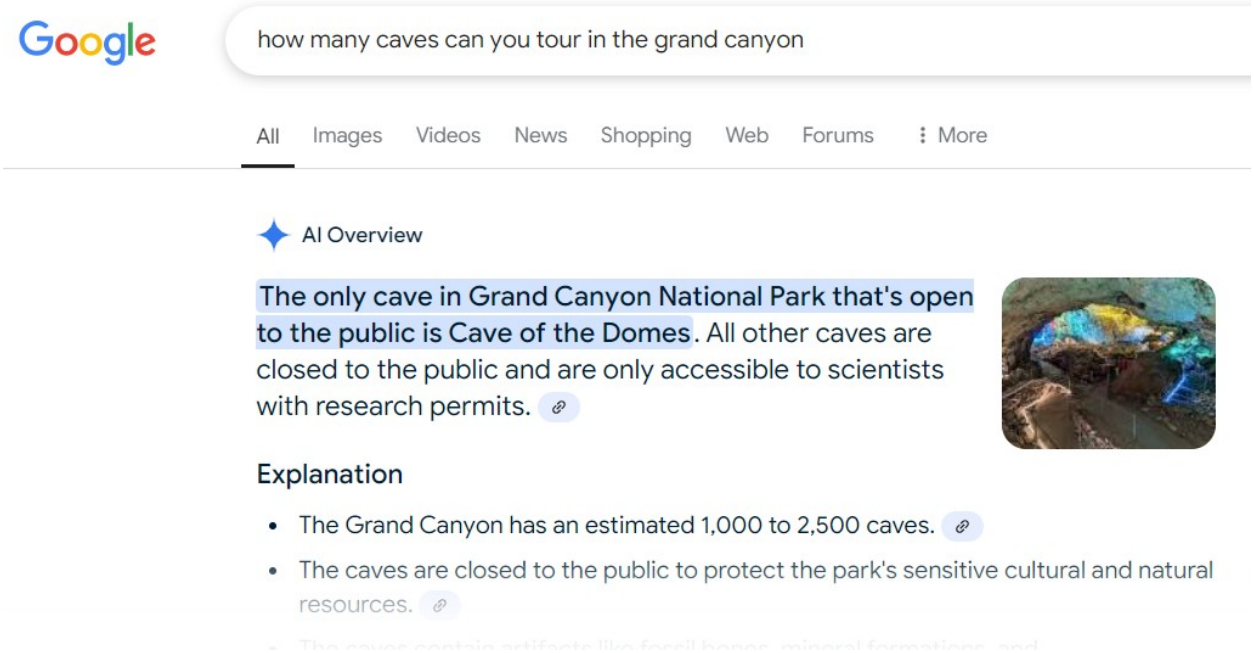
You roughly guess - “A few hundred and maybe 5 or 10?”

I tell you that there’s only one you can go in – they call it *The Cave of the Domes*. One cave. Out of a thousand.

You stare at me. “One out of… a thousand?”

“Yes, there are 1,000 caves that we know of, and only one is open to the public.”

I Google it to prove I’m telling the truth in this book:


Google
how many caves can you tour in the grand canyon
All
Images
Videos
News
Shopping
Web
Forums
More
AI Overview
The only cave in Grand Canyon National Park that's open to the public is Cave of the Domes. All other caves are closed to the public and are only accessible to scientists with research permits.
Explanation
The Grand Canyon has an estimated 1,000 to 2,500 caves.
The caves are closed to the public to protect the park's sensitive cultural and natural resources.

Then, I show you the total number:

> The Grand Canyon has about 1,000 caves, but only 335 have been explored and recorded. The caves are a fragile resource that contain non-renewable resources like: Mineral formations, Fossil bones of extinct animals, and Prehistoric artifacts.
>
> To protect these resources, permits are required to enter most caves in the park. The park also has a monitoring program to evaluate the impact of human activity on the caves.

”You mean to tell me, they have 700 caves that they *know exist* and they *haven’t even gone in them???”*, you ask incredulously.

“700 or more. If only,” I reply, “there was some sort of overarching body of authorities we could elect that could pool our tax money and look into things like these caves.”

Even better, they could just not do *anything* and take the totally reasonable position that anyone who wants to take the risk of going down there to explore it should be allowed to do so (at their own peril, none of this $15k a ticket helicopter ride shit.)

I point at it – “You see that ‘monitoring program’?”

“SWAT team. On your ass. Few hours, tops. Good luck getting out in time.”

I ask you if you think it is *possible* that there could be things we don't know about in the caves that no one has been in. There could be. It is possible. In order to know for sure, we would have to look.

I smile at you.

"Do you want to see a portal?"

You look at me, unsure. You nod.

"All in good time."

Section IX
The More Rational Worldview

I pull another old, dusty tome out of my satchel. On it is the most beautiful sunset, with purples, blues, and reds cascading and reversing through a crystal ball. A 3D sunset.

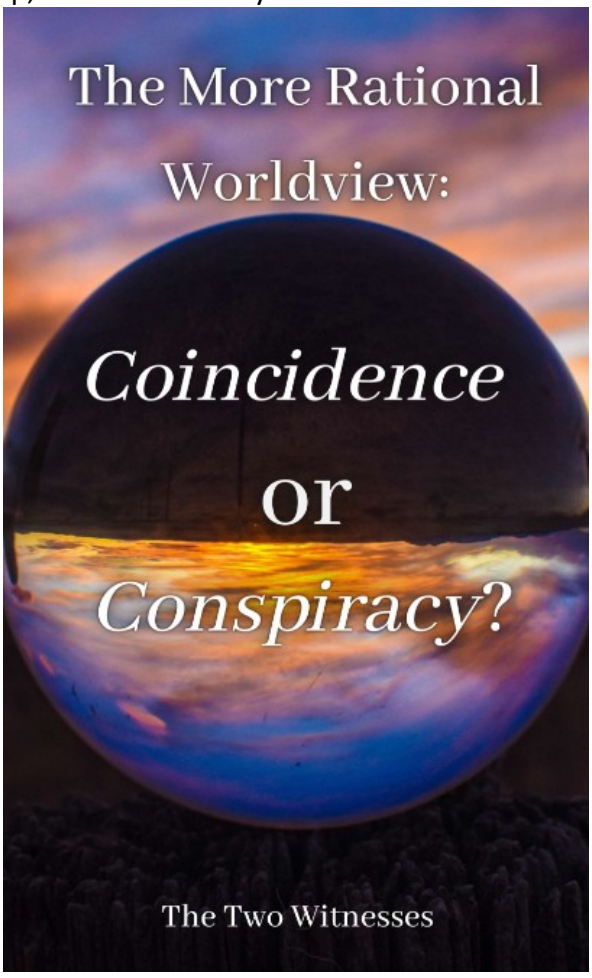
It's my first book, and it's called *The More Rational Worldview: Coincidence or Conspiracy?*

You can read it here:

https://www.docdroid.net/R6I5wtJ/the-more-rational-worldview-pdf

I hand it to you, and you look down. It is hefty, and weighty in your hands.

You set it down on your lap, and this is what you see:



“485 pages,” I tell you. “785 sources.”

I flip to the graph and show it to you.

You look. “Wow. Very nice, Witness 1. Real impressive. Yup, that’s a lot of sources.”

I smile. I love compliments that I know are true.

“Do you want to see how deep the rabbit hole goes?”

You look at me like I’m an alien.

I flip it open to page 224 on the first try without looking.

“Consider:”

You flip through the *Back to the Future* part. Then, you flip through my list of 99 coincidences which, if they were proven to not be coincidences, would mean that everything you know is a lie.

You read through my list, and ponder it for a minute. They actually all seem to be true.

You look at me. “Why are you telling me this?”

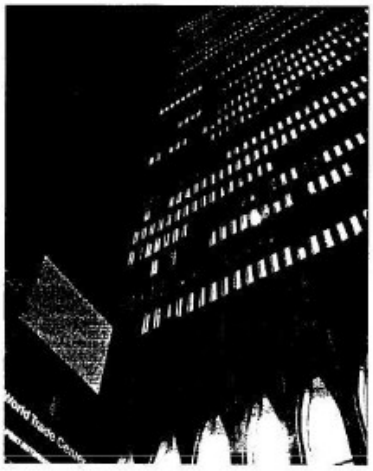
"9/11 is the key, my friend. Without it, you *cannot see*. It tells you everything, if you can listen. You must understand it fully before you can understand what I tell you next. If you can hear its whispers, it will show you the world."

I really, really like to talk to people about 9/11, but no one will listen to me. Will you be the first?"

You look at me quietly, with a serious face. You nod. "I want to know the truth."

You open it to a random page. It's the cover page from the property condition assessment done in the year 2000 containing the official report on all the asbestos in the buildings. You read it:

PROPERTY CONDITION ASSESSMENT
OF
WORLD TRADE CENTER PORTFOLIO



ONE WORLD TRADE CENTER

Located In

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Prepared For

THE PORT AUTHORITY OF NY & NJ
WORLD TRADE CENTER COMPLEX
NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10048

Prepared By

MERRITT & HARRIS, INC.
110 East 42nd Street
New York, New York 10017
(212) 697-3188
FAX: (212) 687-2859

FINAL DRAFT

Property #1
Merritt & Harris, Inc. Project Number 20-251E

You flip, and find the part where I noticed something that no one else ever has before - which is that Larry Silverstein has two versions of his 9/11 story live on the internet. This was the first time this story has *ever* been told, or this question asked (it's a good question.)

A question we could ask is:

Why is it, that every person in the country can remember where they were on 9/11 *except* the man that owns the towers?

Screenshots of the conflicting statements directly from the articles:

> On September 11, his world lay in a six-story heap of ruins. Above all, four members of his staff were killed and he himself was saved only because a meeting he had scheduled that morning with officials of the Port Authority on the 88th floor of 1 World Trade Center (the south tower) was canceled at the last minute.

> Dermatology and a stubborn wife saved Larry Silverstein.
>
> On the morning of September 11, 2001, Silverstein, a billionaire property developer, was preparing for his regular breakfast appointment at Windows on the World on the 106th floor of the World Trade Center's North Tower. Six weeks earlier, at the tender age of 70, Silverstein had paid $3.2bn for a 99-year lease at the Trade Center. It was then the largest ever real estate transaction and the capstone of a rags-to-riches career.
>
> He had just taken the title deeds and each morning the eager owner would meet one of his new tenants over breakfast. But that morning, as Silverstein tells it, his wife Klara intervened. "She said, 'where are you going?' I said, 'I'm going down to work — I have a tenant meeting.' She said, 'well, you can't go this morning.' I said, 'why not?' She said, 'I made an appointment for you with the dermatologist.' I said, 'cancel this morning. I'll go next month'. She said, 'you cancelled last month, you cancelled the month before. You can't cancel — you've got to go.' And she got upset."

"L… Larry Silverstein?!", you ask in shock.

"You mean he *lied?"*

I nod solemnly. My eyes are serious.

“He lied. And only I noticed.”

For the first time in a while, you are silent. You ponder and ruminate. Your eyes shift to my left and your right.

“W… why would he *do that*???”

I tell you that is an excellent question, but without being in his head, we can never know for sure. Or, I don’t know. Maybe we can know for sure why he lied. Perhaps, when *all* the evidence is laid out for you – *why* he lied may become more clear.

On the other hand, it was probably because he made a ton of profit, and there was no other way to rebuild these old, dysfunctional towers. As the owner, it was the sweetest deal of all time. Unfortunately, that’s difficult to prove.

However, thanks to newspaper articles, we can prove *for sure* that he did lie, and he is a liar. Luckily, we have lawyers around to tell us that it’s, for sure, OK to say that Larry Silverstein *is* a *liar.*

A bad thing. A thing you should never do.

Larry Silverstein lied about where he was on the morning of 9/11. The *owner* of the towers.

A lie so bad it leads to stairways of corpses and bodies covered in ash. A lie so rotten and evil that it leads to cancerous dust and fires that don’t cease burning for months. A lie so bad that the residents in your towers had to jump a thousand feet to their death.

The worst attack of all time. The worst thing ever. The worst lie of all time.

On live TV. In the schools. In the hospitals. In the homes. People glued, sitting close to the screen. Staring in amazement at something that they had never seen before. Touching it, to see it they’re dreaming - surreal.

The world stopped for an hour, and for the *first time ever* - every eye on the planet focuses on the same place. The images glow and flicker as the talking heads speculate. Everything else is cancelled.

Billions and billions of eyeballs stare into the television and watch as another plane comes into the frame. It exists in the skies over New York, but it also exists in three other dimensions – on the TV screen, reflected onto their cornea, and visualized inside of their mind.

Four airplanes crash into four towers, with now eight plumes of black smoke reaching. In your head. In your eyes. On the screen. In New York. *Crash.*

Screaming. Panic. Everyone knows they just watched thousands of people die. Their fat and organs burn in an angry black mushroom cloud as jet fuel ignites office chairs and carpets. Computers start melting, and clocks are frozen.

The explosion barrels out and people finally feel it. Fear. Screaming.

Fear unlike anything you've *ever felt before*.

But you weren't given time for that. Like the girl in the van, you were taken without even really waking up first. It was already over before you knew what was happening. All you can do is stare, wide-eyed in horror, gagged and bound. Mouths that talk and don't say anything and eyes that see but don't notice anything. Gagged, bound, and chained to an oppressive burden.

I look over to you as we sit in silence and listen to the frogs deep chanting.

"I want you to listen closely to every detail that I tell you and understand that these stories are 100% true. These are the stories that whisper. They don't come to you, you come to them. They must be found, they are not given. I have delicately, lovingly, and painstakingly spent thousands of hours of my life picking them apart for you, Dear Reader.

I plucked them from the aether, and laid them out. From them, I wove a tapestry. A mandala. It's the true story of that day, and I wove it for you. Please listen to me, because no one else will.

I promise you, with my very soul as collateral, that every word I tell you about 9/11 is the solemn truth, backed up with evidence. These are the true stories of the victims of 9/11, the way it should have been told.

Except for the one part in the elevator, I made that part up. It's called a self-insert, all the greats do it. I ripped it off the Sixth Sense guy, who ripped it off Hitchcock."

You laugh.

"Everything else I say is real. Her GED, the paintings, the angels - everything. All the little details."

By now you have grown comfortable with me – the mysterious stranger. Only now, we sit as friends.

You smile at me. "I will listen, friend. Pass me the bong."

"So, your job. It wasn't too bad, and most envied you. You didn't like the tedium of the office, but the view was great. Whenever you told people you worked in the World Trade Center, they were always impressed. They knew you had made it."

The complex where you work is so large that it has its own zip code. 10048. It also has so many government offices that federal employee mail has *another* zip code, 10047.

That day as you left for work, you wore a dark shirt and white pants because most of the time, people don't necessarily notice you. You don't like pictures that much. You blend in here, and it's where you grew up. You were born in Puerto Rico, and when you were five you moved to Manhattan.

And here you are, in all your glory:

Your birthday is October 14th, and you have always liked birthdays. Every year, the coworkers you like remember it and bring you something.

You think about your handsome husband, William. You call him that sometimes, but only late at night. To everyone else, he is Bill. You met him at your sister's boyfriend's house on the upper side. You knew he was the one. Your person. In fact, you moved in together only two months after you met.

He is two years younger than you and has two children from a previous marriage. They make you nervous, because you know that he will always love them. *Will he always love you?*

You look at the ring on your finger. Think of the sacred vow you took. You think of the Holy Wedding Kiss. The Matrimony. What no man can cleave.

You believe him, and you trust him. You collect paintings, and art classes were always your favorite ones. You had to take this office job to pay the bills, but every time you get home and see the paintings, you smile. They transport you away to a different world, just for a moment.

You examine the delicate brushwork, the fine details. So precise. *How do they do it?*

Next to you is an angel. You turn around, and you dust it. You carefully set it down and examine your temple. You see, for some reason, you have always liked figurines of angels. You remember the Catholic Schools of your youth in Puerto Rico. You collect *angels*, and this is such a big part of who you were that even your Wikipedia article mentions it.

They kneel before you in rows, some standing. They hold glorious harps and swords. They *sing*, and you can hear it sometimes. In the stillness of their shadows, they whisper to you.

I am watching you. You are valuable. I would die to defend you.

William comes in the living room. He smiles. "Why do you like those things so much?"

She looks at him and tells him they each serve a function. A purpose. Gabriel delivers messages. Raphael helps us. Michael slays the dragon. In fact, there he is -

Splendid blues and reds, as he takes down the writhing serpent. Held in perfect repose, forever.

A shimmering translucent crystal one. She hands it to him. "Feel the weight. Nice, right?"

They laugh and carefully set it down. He kisses her, and they go into the bedroom and sleep together. He watches her dress, and in that moment, she is all he sees.

They lay next to each other, and tell each other that they love each other.

"Goodnight. See you in the morning."

Your life is sweet. But not for long. Tragedy!

After a while of trying, you cannot conceive. You will never bear him a child.

You weep. Oh, how you mourn together. You mourn deeply, and feel the loss of the child who will never call you mother.

He holds you and reassures you, but you will never feel the same.

Life goes on, and it turns out that cruises are just about as fun as babies and just about as expensive, too! You see the world. Bermuda, Mexico, Jamaica, Atlantic City.

The most vibrant night of your life happens at a resort in Jamaica. You went alone with him to an empty beach. You sat, and laughed. You drank. You leaned into him. The moon was huge in the sky, hanging low. It casts a rippling silver bridge, a road, on the ocean.

It is the most glorious thing that you have ever seen. It is so bright, you could almost walk on it and disappear forever into the moonlight. Let it consume you and see what happens next. Sail for the heart of the moon. For the first and only time in your life, you make love with your husband right there on the beach.

You talk about adopting, but you would need raises. It won't work. You accept the drudgery and toil of life in the city, and you look for happy moments where you can find them. This is your life.

On Tuesday, you wake up and it is the most perfect fall day you have ever seen in New York. The sky is so blue, it radiates. You tell your angels to watch the house, and you are out.

No one really looks at you, and if they do, they don't see you. It isn't personal.

You walk into the titans, the two towers that soar into the sky so steeply it defies comprehension. If you look up and try to focus your eyes, you can't even manage to see where the buildings end and the sky begins.

You greet the workers you know. They smile. Elevator ride, and it is long. You usually do not talk to people in the elevator, but this morning a young man with brown hair smiles at you. You smile back and he asks you where you work. People don't usually talk to you, so you are surprised.

You tick up, floor by floor. About 10 feet every floor, but you don't notice it anymore.

"I'm a secretary at Marsh and McLennan," you reply.

"Brokerage. Risk management."

He laughs. She knows it sounds pretty boring and mundane. She always wanted an exciting story to tell people, but she never found one she liked.

For some reason, she can't help but tell the truth to him.

"I never graduated high school. 11th grade."

He smiles with his eyes. She looks down.

"One day, I'll get my GED."

You look at him. Whenever you tell people this, they see you differently. Stupid. Obviously worth less than them. You see contempt, but not this time.

This time, he laughs. “School is overrated,” he replies. “Everything I ever learned came from outside a classroom, except the things that I learned and never thought about again.” He smiles at you with love.

She smiles. He exits on the 33rd floor, but she heads up. Closer to heaven – the 97th floor. Walking amongst the clouds.

She gets into the office and thinks about her birthday. A little over a month. What will he get her? Cruise tickets for the holidays? For some reason, she is happy. She begins the drudgery of the day, and opens up her email.

Your office faces south, and you sit in the middle. The long, vertical windows give you a view to die for - from your desk, you can see the ocean for miles, and the trail of the sun.

There is so much life around you – tourists eating breakfast, businessmen on the phone to Tokyo, security guards, workers. Like two beehives, you carry out your minute tasks.

I stopped writing here, and now it is about 24 hours later. In the back of my mind, I have been trying to think about to describe an airplane flying into the room you are in at 950 feet or so above the ground.

I don’t think that even Spielberg could do it justice.

An explosion like you’ve never felt before. About 30 or 40 people from your office, vaporized. Just completely gone. The rest screaming, and many on fire, soaked in burning jet fuel. Melting.

The smell of their roasting flesh as they plunge off of the edge in terror. Computers literally melting into puddles, and clocks deformed and frozen. The open air causing the flames to rush towards you, you back against the window, huddled with the few survivors.

Now, your desk was directly behind the elevator shaft facing away from where the plane entered, in the middle, and you are relatively unharmed.

As the fireball subsides, the room grows cooler, but the smoke is thick. There is no possible way you can access the stairs, and the realization that you will die in that room sets in over the next five minutes or so. You absolutely do not comprehend how this just happened.

The doors are smashed, pressure-welded shut. The one that does open reveals a raging inferno - fire much too thick to make it through. More black smoke billows in and chokes you, blinds you, so you shut it. You are trapped.

You hear people screaming for their mothers, and you wonder how badly it hurts to die. Adrenaline courses through your body, and your pupils are wide. You are breathing harder and faster than you ever have before and your eyes are extremely focused. It looks clearer than life, like a new TV with motion smoothing left on.

Metal groans and creaks around you, and the flames are so loud. Well over 100 decibels of roaring thunder. It screams at you, and you scream back to it. You can see a few shredded pieces of the plane, and you notice an arm on the desk next to you. It doesn't look real, and you reach out towards it in your stunned state.

You see a head, a woman's head. With a red earring. You have never, ever seen death up close before, and you vomit everything you have inside you at this point.

Suddenly, someone rushes past you on fire and jumps off of the edge.

You walk slowly towards the strange gash of blue sky. Wires, insulation, and steel beams all jut out at odd, unnatural angles. Your white pants have a few streaks of ash, but your black shirt reveals nothing.

You can actually *walk out*, and you step over the steel beams. You go as far as possible, and hang on. You look out.

There are helicopters, but they do not come near. They lower no rope. The smoke is too thick, and no rescues were even attempted on 9/11. You assume that if you wait long enough, someone will come to you. A firefighter on a ladder will rescue you. They have to, it happens in the movies every time. It's not like these buildings are just going to collapse out from under you.

No one comes. The minutes tick by, and you panic again. What if they don't? The smoke grows thicker. Minutes crawl by, but the hands on the clock do not move. 20 minutes. 30 minutes. 40 minutes. Like years. Ages. Time really is relative, and the end of her life drags on forever.

You look at the doors again, and then at the sky. The fire. You decide to try one last time, and go out to plead with the world. To expose yourself to them. *Beg* them to come and help you. At least lower a rope.

And here you are now, in all your glory:

Do you see her? Look closely. She's waving:

Instead, you would show them the moment of your death. Billions of eyeballs watch her as she appears in their heads.

Within a few minutes of this picture, the building swallows you. You are crucified in a pyre of steel.

Your name was Edna Cintrón.

You were 46 years old. You would have been 47 next month.

You had no child to remember you. You were denied even the gift of your own baby to live on and remember your name. I weep for her, as her story turns to grey dust. I return to finish this story, and I weep yet again for her. I cannot bear it.

You can read her story here:

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Edna_Cintr%C3%B3n

Some below were luckier, and they made it out in time. They would have seen something like this as they exited:

That white stuff is the dust from ground zero, and it has quite a bit of asbestos in it, along with computers, hard drives, batteries, office furniture, cleaning chemicals, and people. Bones.

She is dead now, along with pretty much everyone else this cloud touched. Controlled demolition, without warning. She is called "The Dust Lady", the dust woman of 9/11. The woman who became dust in the wind.

I rolled us another blunt, and we light it.

I cannot help but cry, and this time, you join me.

I hand you my towel.

"Now you know why they wrote that one book where they said to always bring a towel."

Through our sniffles, the rivers and hot springs that well in our eyes, we laugh together. We are not alone. She was alone when the steel swallowed her body.

"Just kidding. That isn't why." I look at you with gentle love.

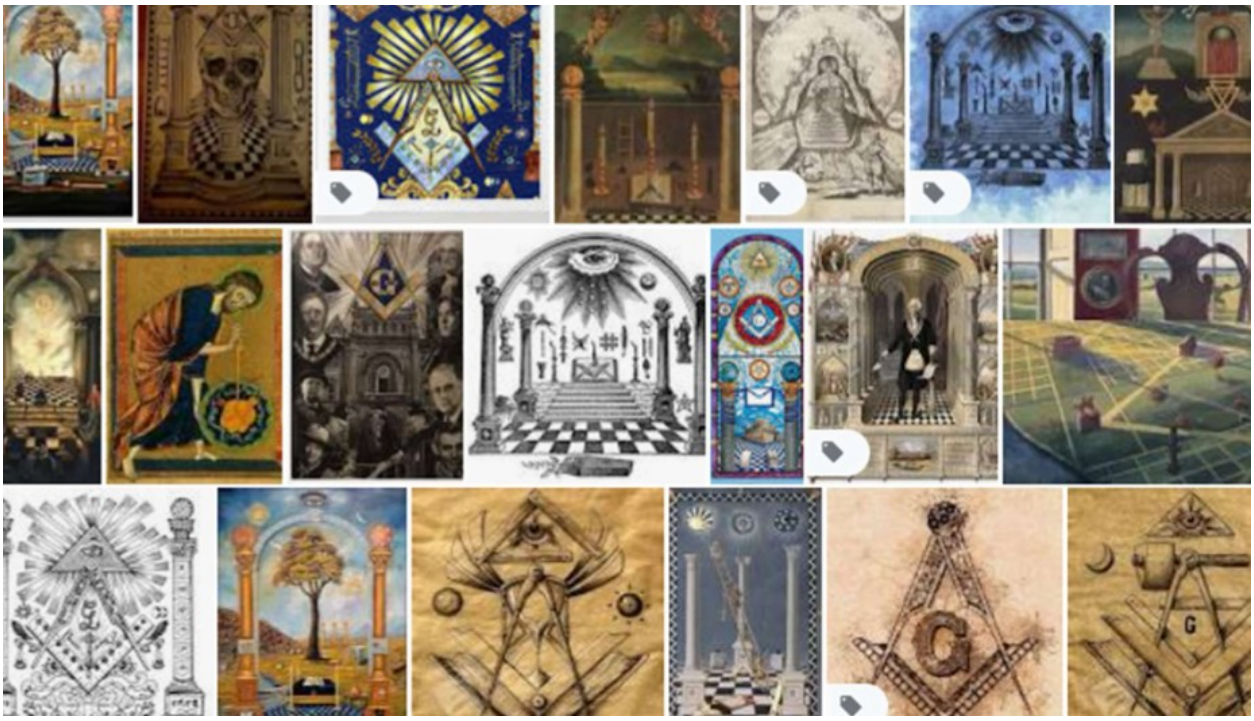
Do you want to know the truth about 9/11?"

You nod. No one has ever listened to me talk about 9/11 for this long before in real life.

"Hark unto me then," I say, "As I teach you the profound mysteries of the Deep Magic."

"Stare not unto the twin towers. Stare unto the illusion itself. Reach into the street, into the glass, and into your eyes, and into your head, and remove it."

I hand you an old papyrus scroll. "This is what you see if you Google 'Masonic art,'" I say to you. You unroll it and look:



“Tell me. What do you see?”

“Compasses, pyramids. Skulls.”

“What else?”

“Towers. Repeating towers.”

I then hand you a series of tarot cards, which I carry for educational purposes only.

They look like this:

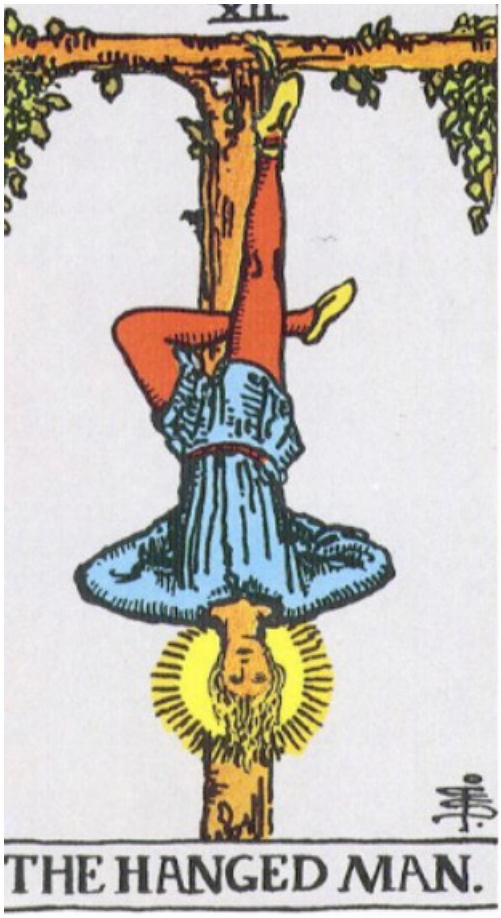
“Can you see them? Trapped at the top? Can you hear their tortured screams? The sound and smell of certain death? Of roasting flesh, on an altar of stone, like some sort of sacrifice to an ancient God?

They are both the infant in the hands of the Beast, and the music the priests play to drown out the screams.”

You look at me, and I see that you are unsettled.

That is good. We’ve only just begun.

I hand you one more card. What do you see?



“The hanged man. Crucified on a wooden tree. Executed.”

“He is upside down, in a backwards world - a nowhere place. Between up and down. Between life and death. A halo rings him.

He wears blue and red, like the symmetrical designs of an ancient temple with towers that rise from the corners. Like Michael in the painting. Two opposites, coexisting in the same person. Destroying him, and getting him killed. He is presented as both good and evil."

You gaze upon the execution.

"Look more closely. What else do you see?"

"His legs. They're contorted, bent. They form a line and a triangle. They point different ways."

Where have you seen this before?

Your mind ticks as you try and put a puzzle with missing pieces together.

It is familiar, as though you had seen it before. And while it's not an uncommon motif, it feels like something deeper. Something you can't quite remember, but you know is important.

You had seen this shape before, you knew it. This image. It was like something from a dream. It feels familiar to your brain.

I look at you and tell you to think about 9/11. Think about that day. What images pop into your head? What shocked you the most?

The suicides, maybe? The ones who had to make the choice between burning and jumping? The ones who were ripped from their lives and forced to jump into the very maw of Death? The bare, wide open of the Nothing?

The Jumpers, they called them. The falling ones. The ones between up and down. Life and death. Sky and ground.

This one of the most famous images ever of a person committing suicide:

You look at the legs.

“The triangle! The line!”

It scares you. You feel a wave of fear wash over you and you look at the bag I put the tarot cards away in. A wolf howls in the distance.

“I carry those for educational purposes only.”

You look at him, and peer in. Think about what it would actually be like to be there.

You’re him now. He was you.

Time stops. Wind rushes past you. You are weightless, and it’s the fastest you’ve ever gone.

It takes somewhere just under 10 seconds to reach the ground from that height. Count to ten.

1

2

3

4

5

6

7

8

9

10

“The entire time, the wind in your air is like nothing you’ve ever heard before. A sound that should not exist in your head. So loud, so loud, and the ground rushes towards you. The giant steel beams are so much bigger from here. Blackness.

Your body explodes, and your organs scatter around in the street. One of your arms lands on top of a car, and your legs are just gone. It looks like strawberry jelly all around you, and you can’t feel anything. One eye still works.

For about five seconds, you watch your intestines as they spill out of your torso. For the first time, you see your own rib bone, white. Curved. You gurgle, and the diaphragm expels air through the mass of flesh. You scream, but nothing comes out except bubbles of mucous and blood.

You rattle and quiver, and as the light fades you notice that one of your feet lies to your right, about ten feet away. Your shoe is still on it.

Then, you die.”

You are silent.

I am also silent.

I hand you one more card. It is smaller, delicate, and printed on the finest gold leaf. It looks precious:

“What about now? Can you see it now? Can you understand the Deep Magic?

Friend, I do not like to contemplate these things. I do not write this to scare you, or to shock you. I do not write it frivolously, as though I am penning some child’s birthday card. I write it with tears in my eyes, because this literally happened to thousands of people.”

And the worst thing about all of it, besides the thousands of dead people, is that no one even knows the truth of their stories. Of what actually happened to them. Of who did it. People who sit in nondescript offices in Virginia.”

You look at me and steady yourself.

“I want to know.”

I hand you another paper. On it, is an image:

“What do you see?”

“A checkerboard. The sun and moon. An eye. Obama. A backdrop of snowy mountains and waterfalls.”

“Did you know that this is a real picture?”

You look at me.

“No, it’s not.”

I grin at you.

“Of course not. I don’t know who the fuck made that. But this one is.”

I hand it to you:

“What does the checkerboa –

Wait a second.”

Your eyes shift to my left and your right and it clicks for you.

Black and white. Up and down. Good and bad. Life and death. Ground and sky.

A temple. A masonic temple. A *sacrifice*. A *temple sacrifice*. An *altar*.

The Nothing.

I ask you if I can put on my favorite album. It is by a band called “Coup.”

“That’s a strange name for a band,” you remark. “What does it mean?”

“To overthrow the government by force.”

You frown. “Hm… well, what’s the album called?”

I tell you that it is called *Party Music,* and I go to put the vinyl on the stereo. It is a special copy, with a cover that was not always in print. It’s sort of… rare.

“The really, really cool thing about this album is that it was scheduled to be released in September.”

I look at you. “Yeah… September, 2001.”

“However, the original cover art was designed in June, 3 months back. This cover was designed three months *before* 9/11.

It caused some controversy, and the band was forced to change it to something much more nondescript. It was then rereleased on a different label.

That’s because the original cover looked like this.” I hand it to you:

And you know what? Apparently, after 9/11, people *reeeallly* did not think that the idea of demolishing the twin towers while they are full of people was that funny anymore. And so, the cover and the record label for this album changed.

Then, it gets even weirder. This very guy, Boots Riley, the guy holding the "detonator" (electric tuner, probably guitar), goes and gives an interview later in the year about this very cover.

So, he is not very happy about it at all, and he starts saying that people are censoring him, and people are telling him what he can and cannot say or do. Then, he says that the government is doing something shocking. Something… almost unbelievable. They are *lying*. To the *American public*.

This is what he said:

> There's been a whitewash in the media over the past couple days over what the U.S.'s role in the world is, and the fact that they kill hundreds of thousands of people per year to protect profit. Now how can I get to the point where I could be saying that on the world stage, and interrupt the lies that CBS, CNN, NBC, and everyone is saying? In my view, that [would be] by keeping the cover. Not because I think by looking at the cover you get all of this message that I'm telling you, but as a way to have a platform to interrupt the stream of lies that are being told right now.

So, I tell you that maybe we shouldn't listen to that one. Maybe *Party Music* is not really appropriate for this serious subject. We need something serious. Intelligent. Virtuosic, even. Something that sounds not quite like anything else, like *Dream Theater*.

"John Petrucci is the seventh-greatest guitar player of all time."

Like everything else in this book, it is true. "You should check out *Liquid Tension Experiment*."

You look at me, and nod.

There's nothing like a good old virtuosic guitar player to set the mood.

So, I pull out my absolute favorite Dream Theater album, which is called *Scenes From New York*.

"Huh", you say. "Scenes from New York. *Scenes…* from *New York.*"

"Wouldn't that be funny if this was also released on 9/11?"

So, I go ahead and pull up the Wikipedia article for *Scenes From New York,* and I point to it. I smile. You look.

Coincidentally, the album was originally released on September 11, 2001.

And now, isn't that weird. A "scene" from New York, after all. "Coincidentally" - is that what the kids are calling it these days? When you get *fucked*?

It's all just a big "coincidence", right?

It's actually really sort of weird. I ask if I can put it on. So I do, and the beautiful shredding of John Petrucci fills the air. I mean, this guy is *good*. Top five, even, maybe. Eddie Van Halen. Steve Vai. Yngwie Malmsteen. After that it gets subjective.

It's like liquid. So many notes. Like water. I can feel each individual note and I can feel the tiny burdens of its life, the waves of air it gives itself into. That consume it. It's individual little taste and color.

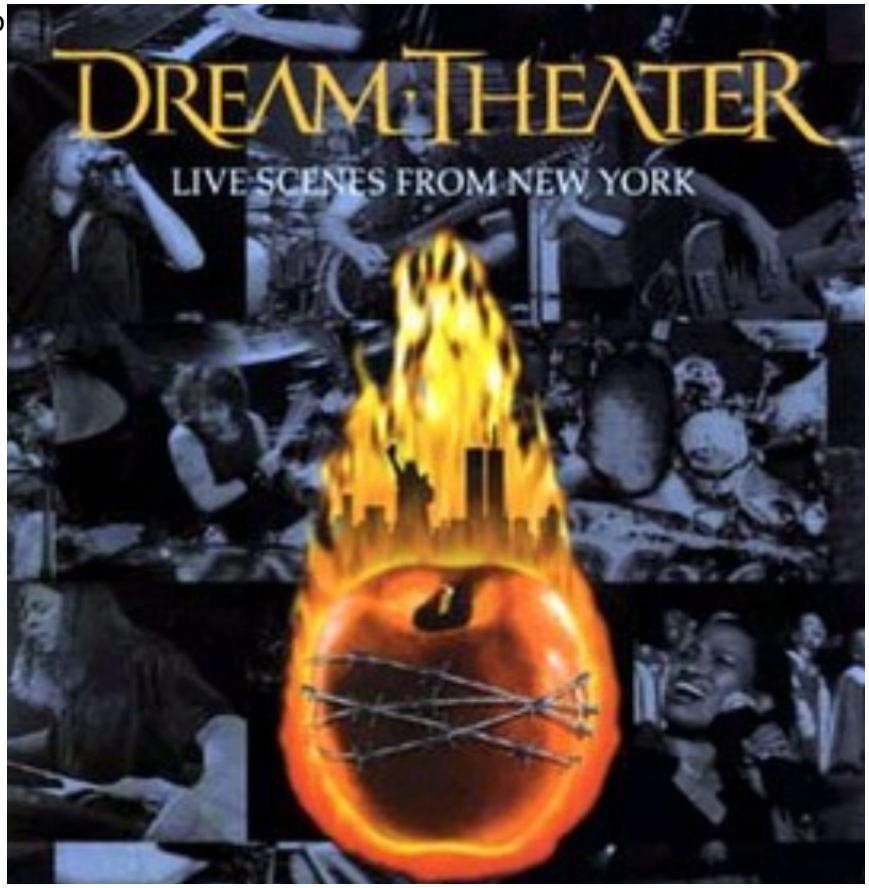
Yeeeep, he really is a great guitar player.

And, boy, wouldn't you know it, but that wasn't the end of the coincidences!

COINCIDENTALLY, this album ALSO had a *little bit* of controversy about the cover.

Yeah! They *also* had to change it, even. And do you know why that might be?

I hand it to you:



I mean, Ok. Not too bad. You peer closer:

“And it turns out, that people also *reeaallly* did not like this cover, either. Too bad about the release date.”

You laugh, because you can do nothing else at this point. You’re beginning to understand that the deep magic has been perverted. Now you know what I know, though these are but dim lights to guide us home. It gets so much worse.

You look at me. “Wow. This is a lot.”

I look at you, and you are weary. It grows late, even for me. It is 3:49 A.M, and the date is 1/3/2025. It blurs, how long have we been here? How long have I spoken? Has it been five days now?

Your eyelids grow heavy, and you retire to the kitchen to get Pedialyte out of the fridge.

You’re troubled. I should ease your burdens.

“Let’s watch a movie.”

So, I go ahead and pull my laptop out, and look for something good on Amazon.

Witness 2 had told me that she really likes the Super Mario Brothers movie, a long time ago. Many years ago. In another life. Yep, one of her favorites. The old one, the live action one. For some reason, she had watched it a bunch of times. Obviously, she liked the Princess character.

Unfortunately, you cannot really stream this movie as far as we can tell, so you close the laptop.

Fortunately, I have a hard copy in my satchel, and I pull it out.

I also have a portable DVD player, which we plug in. The TV screen lights up.

This is great. It's fun. The princess likes *Luigi* in this one, instead of Mario. Nintendo hates it, and that's why you can't stream it. It was presented to them deceptively, and it's a very unusual portrayal of Mario. Ultimately, they weren't very happy with the final product, and there were lawsuits about it.

They discover a secret Kingdom of Reptilian beings that lurks beneath everyone's feet without them knowing.

They are led by this guy, the Koopa King, a blonde businessman from New York who is secretly a reptilian monster who wants to take over the world. He looks like this:

"Wow", you say. "This is a good movie. The special effects are *really* impressive."

Yep. This is a really great movie, and it also has a really good plot.

I will summarize it for you.

65,000,000 years ago, an asteroid does not kill the dinosaurs, but sends them into another dimension. They evolve, and become more like us.

In a Catholic orphanage, a child hatches from an egg. A girl.

There's *another* really, really mean businessman from New York named Scapelli, and he has a problem. Now this is one of those *mafia* types. A girl keeps poking around. Someone looking

for truth. She claims to have found dinosaur bones, and it threatens to tie up his construction projects.

I forgot to mention that he used his *real estate business* is a cover for his mob ties.

This girl, her name is Daisy. And it turns out that she is not only an archeologist, but long-lost royalty who may hold the key to reality itself – a fragment of the meteorite which split the universe in two. Her father, the king, was turned into a *fungus* by the cruel King Koopa. Devolved.

Now, only Daisy can use this special rock, which is because of her royal heritage. They are a handsome couple, Luigi and Daisy. Beautiful. The shimmer on the TV screen as we watch in relaxed silence.

There he stands, tall and broad. Firm. He has brown hair, and she is quite a bit shorter than him. Blonde, with just a hint of brown. She loves dresses, and she is quite beautiful. Her makeup is tasteful and natural.

They stand there like twin monuments, and you look at them:

They are perfect.

After all of this, there is some fluff, and then Koopa's jealous girlfriend tries to kill Daisy.

After a series of improbable blunders and completely avoidable slipups, our heroes prevail. The villains are all either turned into slime, dinosaurs, fungus, or trapped in another dimension. Her father is restored to his former self, and he sits on the throne again cloaked in righteousness. No more persecution of humanity. The dimensions have been separated. All is well in the world.

Then, at the very end -

"Wow", you say. "That movie was incredible."

"Yes, it is, and that's why I always carry it around with me. But there's more – dear friend!

Did you see it? Did you see the *secret message*?"

Puzzled, you look at me. I scrawl back with the rewind, and stop it on the scene where King Koopa is trying to raise his army in Brooklyn, and attempting to cause as much damage as possible in the process.

His last stand.

In it, there are scenes showing the destruction he has wrought, and it is quite terrible.

Carefully, carefully, I work the remote. Little more, little more… there.

Like balancing a feather on a knife.

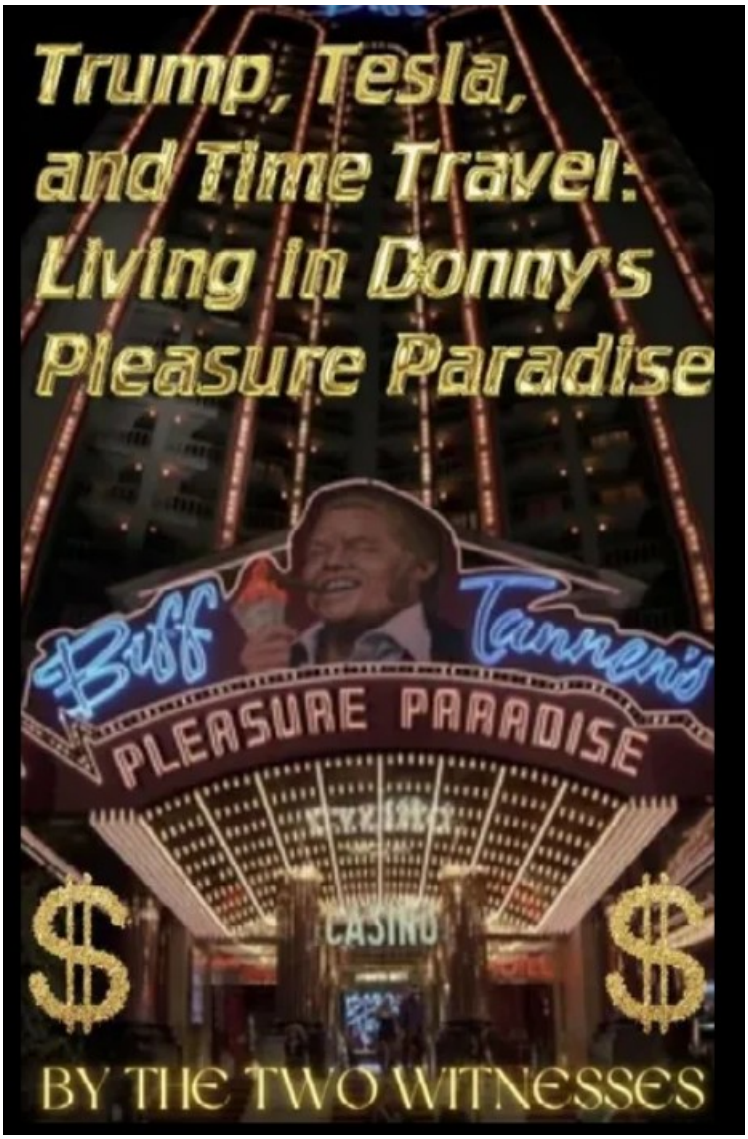
You get up, and walk closer to the TV. You can't quite make out what you are seeing, and you lean in. So close that you could almost touch it with your forehead, you squint your eyes and try to make out the faint, fuzzy details.

And this, Dear Reader, is what you see betwixt thine eyes:

"Wow!" You look at me. "How did I not notice that?"

"Because, my friend, *you did not look*."

Hm, well let's try another one. Let's see… I pull out my second-favorite movie, *Back to the Future II,* and then I throw one of the other books I wrote a couple years ago on the table:



I offer to tell you how Donald Trump and *Back to the Future* tie into all of this. I stand up and start ranting and raving about movies-within-movies, Robert Zemeckis, 30-year warnings, his movie *The Walk* which came out in 2015 exactly 30 years after *Back to the Future* which was about a guy walking across a tightrope strung between the towers, how the tightrope represents the tension being placed on society, and as it winds, tighter and tighter, then – snap! He plummets.

"It is only a vision. An eagle looks at him, 1,000 feet up. Joseph Gordon-Levitt plays the tightrope walker, and it is not very good. That is because it is not a real movie, but a 30-year warning. The movie *is not real.* It's… *it isn't a movie."* I gravely whisper to you – "Donald

Trump's uncle John Trump is the only person who has ever seen Tesla's unedited research. The nuclear guy. It's true. It's in the book."

You look at me like I am an alien, and say that maybe we can just hold off on the movies for a while and talk some more, instead.

You hand me back my book, *Trump, Tesla, and Time Travel: Living in Donny's Pleasure Paradise*, and gently tell me that I am very smart for writing such pretty-looking books.

I smile, as I actually really enjoy compliments that I know are true about me.

Let's get back to our narrative. You know one story, and now you shall know more. I will bring their stories to life for you, and tell you things that no one knows. Things that are hidden, unless, of course, you know what the internet and books are.

"I will tell you about 9/11 in a way that no one ever has. This story is a true one, and it has never been told before. Hark unto me, and I will take you through the portal once more.

Anyone can tell these stories, because all of this is quite easy to find. But they do not care to look. They do not dare gaze upon the twin towers, for they sense the darkness between them."

I must tell the stories that have never been told. I must make the sounds that should never be said.

Allow me to continue. Smoke fills the room as I exhale out my relief.

"Listen as I sing to you an elegy, a dirge. A song for the crypt, with whispered words and hushed tones. Listen to the elegy of emptiness. The nowhere sounds. The sounds that lurk in the cracks between polygons on old computers.

Sounds that lurk in the shadows, waiting for someone to notice them. For someone to hear them. Stories that lurk beneath the surface, never given a form. Never brought to life. *Ghost stories*.

Let me tell you them.

Listen."

Now, at the same time that Edna was in her office clacking away on her beige keyboard, a husband and wife had just taken off together. Their names are David and Lynn Angell, and they are in love. They were married in the summer of 1971, and David had a dream – to be a writer.

Like the risk management brokerage secretary sitting 930 feet above New York typing on her computer and watching the sun twinkle on the ocean, you never do have children.

You spend a few years together there, enjoying the last days of your youth. In 1977, you decide to leave together to start a new life.

They say goodbye to the rocky shores and crab harvests of New England where David grew up.

They were moving to California.

And here they are, in all their glory:

She is beautiful, vibrant. She wears big earrings and dresses with red flowers on them. Sometimes, they even match. You are happy in California, and they were right about the weather.

David plies his trade and puts his technical writing to creative use for the first time in earnest.

Can I do it?

Nothing sticks. You almost give up. You stare at the ocean, and the moon makes a silver bridge back home.

You think about moving back to New England. You plan it. Tell your family. Break the lease. You actually even rent the U-Haul.

Suddenly – Providence!

David hits the big time. His dream had come true.

He was hired to write a script! It was like a miracle. How they screamed and danced that night. Held each other, drank wine, made love, and danced to loud music.

He had never, ever felt like that before.

He was home. He had arrived.

He did it.

They stay, and he drops off the U-Haul - still empty.

It was a small script for a show no one watched called *Archie's Bunker Place,* but who cares. It's a writing job in Hollywood. He networks, and he grovels, and he begs. He pleads. He literally tells his bosses he will get down on his knees and beg for another job.

It works. *Cheers.*

You want even more freedom. Can you do even better than this? Could you truly *create* something that people will like?

You pool the money you made from *Cheers* with two friends, also writers. Now or never. You go all in.

You're investing everything you have into your next script.

Lynn picks up another extra shift at the library. You see, when she was a small girl, she saw something that never left her memory. She believed in the power of books to heal wounds like the ones that she saw that day.

I will tell you what she saw – her true story.

She was at a church. At God's house, as a young girl in the late '50s or early '60s.

She always liked church, but she did not understand it. She asked them questions, but they did not answer them.

Still, going to church is what you did, so that's what she did. She was there with her family one morning, and a family walks in. The priest stops, mid-sentence. He glares.

Everyone turns around. Gasps ring out throughout the church. Someone screams, "Get them out of here!"

The men stand up while the women stare, and move towards the family. Menacingly, they threaten them with their eyes. The family stands alone, surrounded. Persecuted by the wolves.

What she saw that day was pure evil. She saw people intentionally take someone else and throw them on the ground. Shatter them. Tell them, "You are not even worthy of being in the same room as me. Breathing my air."

Telling them that their very presence disgusts you so much you can't stand the sight of them.

The men stand toe to toe, and the father is surrounded.

The men bristle, and one of them looks to the priest. The priest nods.

They grab the family by their arms, roughly. Force the shoulders into the socket and march them out. Leading the way out of the church, the family is helpless.

The priest and families watch in silence. Lynn will always remember this moment, and it plays like a movie in her head at night. "Why are they doing this?"

"Why are they doing this?", she asks her mother, and her mother tells her to be quiet with a "Shh!"

They are marched out, and the young boy and girl with them follow. They had no other choice.

4 innocent lambs, led to the slaughter. For the crime of trying to enter God's house while black. Lynn grew up in Birmingham, Alabama.

Outside, truncheons and batons knock down the father. He screams in pain as his legs are swept out from under him. His wife screams, and she is suddenly surrounded by three police officers. They are separated, and the children are taken.

Inside the church, they hear the screams. Many of them smile.

Now, this *really* had an impact on Lynn Angell, and she ended up becoming a librarian. Probably so that she could get people to read books with neat ideas like not doing shit like this anymore. And so that is what she did.

She thought that everyone should have a book. And while she was there, the library flourished and grew. Thousands, tens of thousands of books. She loved them. They were alive, and they whispered sweet songs to her.

At night in the library, she would close her eyes and smell the unknowable number of pages, smell the trees they came from and the ink within it, and remember her childhood – the first books she ever read.

She smiles.

She picks up extra shifts whenever possible to help out with money, and their life goes on.

On New Year's Eve in 1989, she kisses him so deeply and tells him that she believes in his writing.

Suddenly – it happens again! Like winning the lottery, the script he had written with his two friends is picked up by a major network and syndicated. It was amazing.

It tells the story of an airport in Nantucket, run by two brothers. A place of comings and goings. Of shiny steel jets and workplace romance.

Two brothers, Joe and Brian, operate a small aircraft out of there – *Sandpiper Air*. A "single plane airline." Joe is in love with Helen, who works at the airport, but dreams of being a concert cellist.

The show is called *Wings,* and it runs from 1990 to 1997, over 170 episodes. People like it. It gets ratings. Your career is basically set, and you will always be able to find work as a writer. People don't recognize you when you go out, but whenever you tell them what you do, they look at you in awe. A *writer.* In *Hollywood.*

It's 1993 and you don't know if this will last forever. You aren't finished yet. You want more. You want the big lights. The A-listers. The ones that bring catering crews, fussy managers, and fans. Adoring fans. For *his* work.

They cook up a new script and pitch it. This is now the third story within the same fictional universe, and characters from *Cheers, Wings,* and your new script come and go freely.

They share references. They share landmarks. They know each other.

This is the greatest project of your life, and you put everything you have in you to bring it to life.

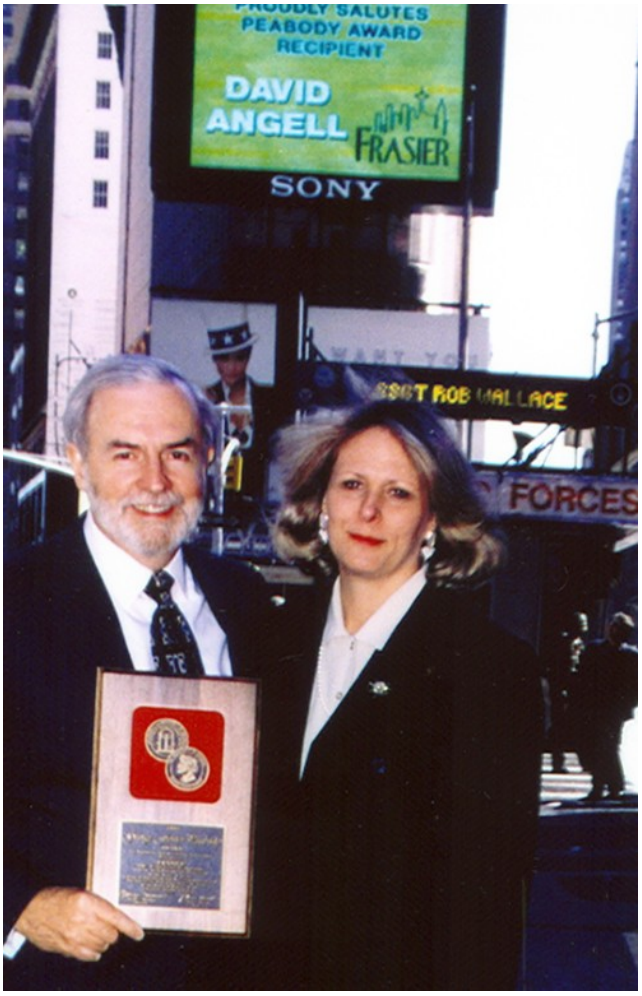
Their new script focuses on a psychiatrist who is divorced and moves back to his hometown of Seattle, and it is called *Frasier.*

People *love it.*

He gets it. His dream. The A-list. He wears tuxedos. He drives a new car every year. He lives in the hills. Has a balcony. Sees the ocean from his room. Every single day is a dream.

His favorite thing is driving fast on the 405 at night with the top down and windows open.

Here you are on the happiest day of your life, because your beautiful name is behind you in lights:



Every single person around you saw it. *Your name.*

“Angell”

You always liked your last name.

Life is *perfect*.

After the awards show, you and Lynn undress in your bedroom. She worships him. He did it. She kisses him, and takes off his pants. Smiles as she tastes the warm juices of his victory.

As he lays back in the bed, he feels the best that he ever has. Pure pleasure courses through his system. It was exhilarating. “My work. My writing. My art.”

“My soul,”

In the Holy of Holies, they become one flesh and unite forever. No man can cleave this apart, and they fall asleep holding each other. It is perfect. You have almost ten years in the sun with your beautiful wife as a successful writer in LA.

As time goes on, your family begins planning a wedding in Cape Cod. You can’t wait to go home and impress them with your stories. It’s planned for the fall, in 2001.

Your own silver jet takes off, and you watch your city shrink and move from under you. That’s the last time you ever saw the Pacific Ocean.

You were off.

The wedding was a blast. You were happy, and they could tell. Lynn loves her job, and everyone you tell your stories to about Los Angeles can hardly tell if they are real. They are like nothing they have ever heard before. Celebrities and paparazzi. One time, he had been on the same set as Britney Spears.

They loved him. They pack for their flight back and prepare to head home. You picked out American Airlines Flight 11 for your return trip, and you don’t anticipate any delays.

On the flight it is quiet. It is early, and most are sleeping.

Underneath a shirt, a baby nurses at its mother’s breast. Milk flows from one to another, and the sweet sugars in it keep the baby happy. There is a hidden secret in the mother’s nectar. A milky white liquid, with a sweet taste that keeps the baby coming back for more. Lactose. “Milk sugar.”

The baby smiles. It coos. It looks up and knows that the mother would never, ever hurt it. That it is safe. As they look into each other’s eyes, molecules click into place, and the key is turned. The lock opens, and endorphins are released. They are happy.

Around her, people are grateful that this baby does not cry.

Back in New York, an accountant makes phone calls to other accountants in the same building. Paperwork is filed, and stored in places that no one will ever see. People push buttons, and computers send signals back and forth. Back and forth.

Floors are swept, and mopped, and polished, in circles over circles. People come and go, then they go and come back - over and over. Every day, they rush in the towers. Every day they rush out of the towers.

David and Lynn look at the mother and child. A perfect lady Madonna and her blessed infant. The cycle of milk and honey.

Then, they hear a noise. They hear shouting. People scream. I mean, they *scream.*

Visceral fear shoots through you as your heart rate spikes. Adrenaline floods your body, and your vision sharpens, breathing increases, and blood flows from the skin to organs where it is needed most. You grow pale.

There are men standing before you that are unlike anything you have ever seen before.

They shout – "Still! Don't move!"

At first, no one does. Then, one lunges at them. His name is Daniel Lewin, and he is an Israeli tech entrepreneur. He served for four years in the IDF, and rose to be an officer. He also had an incredible career – he had helped build a system called Genesys, and went on to found a major tech company, Akamai Technologies, with some partners. Really, though, it was his baby.

It was based on an algorithm to optimize internet traffic, and it still exists and has around $3 billion in revenue per year. It is on the stock market.

That day, Daniel Lewis wore a watch. A silver watch, his favorite, as you can see. And here he is, in all his glory:

And here is your watch, in all its glory as well:

And here is the name of your beautiful timepiece:

Swatch Irony YGS7003AG Hijacker watch

Small is 17.5 Cm.
Medium is 18.5 Cm.
Large is 19.5 Cm.

Alternative nr	YGS7003AL
EAN	7610522091719
Diameter	37.5 mm
Water resistant	3 Bar (Wash hands)
Warranty	This product is sold with 1 year limited warranty.
See all specifications	

The Hijacker.

You were supposedly the first passenger to make a move, according to the official record. Maybe you wondered why you had to go first as you lunge over the seats. I don't know your full story, and I doubt that more than a handful of people do.

However, it appears that your bare hands were no match for the small blades they carried, and you were easily bested. They slash open your throat. Blood spews around the cabin as everyone screams.

You are one of the true enigmas of 9/11, and some people think that you might be the only passenger that wasn't actually on board the planes that day. Other than you, the general positions and stories of the victims are undeniably accurate. The victims here are real, and their stories matter. This is how it really happened that day.

Lynn and David scream, too. Louder than they ever had. There had never been a sound like that in their lives.

The men grab two female flight attendants, and they cut them open. They cut them with boxcutters so that they bleed, and then they throw them on the floor in front of the other passengers. They tell them that anyone who moves will join the body on the floor.

The spilled blood casts its fear into the crowd of people. The flight attendants scream, open ribbons of flesh hanging from their arms and blood pouring down.

They gain access to the cockpit, but it doesn't matter. Inside it, the captain has been trying to figure out why he can't control it. Why he is locked out. Every single control is frozen, and he cannot control it. It heads to an unknown destination, and all navigational devices and communication systems are out.

They stand there and look at each other.

One went to pilot school. Dreamed of silver jet planes as a kid. Wondered what it would be like to walk on clouds for a living. Did it. Lived his dream.

One was born in a camp that has never been named or placed on a map, nestled in the mountains of Pakistan. Snow covers the sacred peaks around it.

From the very day they were born, these strange men were conditioned for this moment. To steel them when they would need to *do it*. So that they would not falter. In fact, they were literally bred for this purpose and had been mentally subjugated to accomplish it by extremely intelligent people their whole lives.

To die for *Allah*. Not only that – to die a glorious death. To strike a blow so deep into the heart of the Great Satan that it would usher in the apocalypse. To do something that no one has ever done before.

These programs were run and funded by the CIA, using techniques learned from MK Ultra, with the assistance of the Pakistani ISI, the Saudis, and many true believers within the local areas these camps are based in.

However, neither of the two is in control of the planes. No one that was in the sky ever controlled a plane on 9/11 after the plan was set in motion. The terrorists of 9/11 existed only in idea and name only, and they were not necessary for the plan to succeed. They acted merely as symbolic placeholders for the sacrifice – the fools.

You see, there is a company called System Planning Corporation. And they make a special software. A *really* special software. So special, in fact, that you can't even use it unless you are in the military.

It is called Flight Termination System.

Rumsfeld stares across the table in the Pentagon. Dov Zakheim looks through his thick glasses at you. You are Secretary and Undersecretary of Defense, and you know things that others do not know. Things that no one should know.

It's a quiet morning at the Pentagon, and you sit at a desk that weighs as much as a car. It is dark, and has felt many generals lean on it.

You sit in the chair and look at your boss, Donald Rumsfeld. He is confident, even handsome. The media loves him. He is on the TV at home, and everyone knows his name. He says things, and others repeat them. He says things and people do them. They respond like dogs to his barking orders, because he knows that they know that he knows that he is just better than them.

That's why he is on the TV and they're not, and that's why his quotes are in the newspaper and theirs aren't.

You aren't like that. You are quiet, shy. You keep to yourself, and no one knows your name. You prefer it that way and have gone to great effort to preserve your anonymity amongst the general public.

Your mustache sits astride a long nose and face that you never felt seen in. You remember when they took your official photo to hang on the walls, your nervous, crooked smile. You don't like to ask people to redo things. It plays like a movie in your head.

Snap!

And here you are, in all your glory:

He asks you if everything is in place, and you tell him that it is. In a bunker under the White House, Dick Cheney sits in the command center.

You look at each other and you don't smile, but you stare.

"Ready?"

"Yes, sir."

George Bush sits in a classroom in Florida, reading a “grade-school-level reading exercise” called *The Pet Goat* to disadvantaged youth in a dingy elementary school. A movie plays in their head – about a goat, and a farm.

The President reads the magic words, and they can see it.

The girl’s parents want to get rid of her goat. It foils an attempted robbery, so she gets to keep it. The goat warned them of great danger. That was the plot of the book – a warning.

At the same time, the President becomes visibly disturbed when people keep whispering in his ear. He keeps reading and adamantly does not interrupt the magic words. However, his face becomes flushed and red.

In fact, they had just finished studying words. Magic ones.

English. Reading drills.

And here are the words that they learned that day, which they had chanted together as a group:

“Plane”, “Steel”, “Must”, “Hit”, “Kite”

The teacher leads them in unison like a conductor. She has done this before, you can tell.

You listen, then you tell them the tale of the goat.

Then, they whisper secrets in your ear.

And here you are, in all your glory:

I pull up sources 163 and 164 from *The More Rational Worldview* to show you the kids chanting:

[63] https://abcnews.go.com/US/September_11/florida-students-witnessed-moment-bush-learned-911-terror/story?id=14474518
[64] https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=9qtytifeAp8

"See! See! I told you! What the fuck, right?"

You watch the chant and look at me with uncertainty in your eyes. Fear.

"That's called an invocation. It's part of a ritual."

Donald Rumsfeld sighs. He is alone now. He remembers the interview he gave last night.

And here you are, in all your glory:

He pictures the scene, and sees himself from the camera's perspective. He lingers, caught in the crystal lenses. Four versions of him look at you.

He smiles in his office. Laughs. *Idiots.*

"These people melt like butter in my mouth."

Deep below you, an accountant sitting in the Office of Naval Intelligence tries to figure out where the 2.3 trillion dollars you are talking about in the image above has gone. It's missing.

Even for the Pentagon, trillions of dollars cannot just be swept under the rug. You would have to destroy every computer in the ONI for that.

This interview had surprised most of them, and suddenly, their jobs grew more difficult. Eyes turned upon them. As you probe through an ancient list of financial ins and outs, you check the date of the computer. *September 11th*.

Where the heck is all this missing money?

You keep searching. You wondered why he sounded so casual about it on the TV. So matter of fact, while saying something so absurd. *2.3 trillion? With a "T"???* You could hardly believe it. You get up to get coffee, and your coworkers busily hum in their hive. They talk.

This part of the Pentagon had just been renovated, and people were still moving back into the office. It was an in-between space, a nowhere land. Lots of renovations around 9/11, it turns out.

People were glad to get back into the office. It was nice. The renovation work in that section of the outside wing of the Pentagon had just wrapped up around August, and all the phone lines were new. It was the first renovation in a long time, and they appreciated the new windows letting the accountants with computers look out onto the green lawn outside. Everyone liked working the outside ring. Less hassle.

You walk over to the coffee maker and wait for it to clear out. A young black woman smiles at you, a 2nd Lieutenant. She asks you, "Glad to be back home?"

You smile back at her. You feel closer to them after months of moving offices and packing boxes together. You respond.

"I am, how about you?"

"I'm in the next door over. Just paperwork today. First day back from maternity leave for me."

You congratulate her and welcome her back. She glances through an open door at a desk about 50 feet away from where you sit, and you can see a stroller sitting next to it. Its back is turned to you, but you can feel the love and pride emanate from her.

"Elisha. A boy."

"Wonderful name. A Prophet's name."

You walk back to your desk and watch her head back to the stroller and look inside. The early morning sun catches her dark hair, but her obsidian eyes see nothing except her perfect child.

A perfect Madonna and child, staring at each other, caught in a moment of time – hung in the morning sun. You return to your spreadsheets and files.

Dov Zakheim takes off his glasses, which he rarely does. He sets them down on his desk, and stares at them. All his life, he had hated them. He was different because of them. Weaker. Lesser.

They glimmer at him. Two lenses. Two circles. Two clear portals that he strapped on his face over his eyes that changed his life forever, in a negative way.

He sighs.

Could this really work? You nervously put them back on and load up the *System Planning Corporation* website - the company that you were both CEO *and* corporate Vice President of. In fact, you had worked there for quite some time, since 1987.

Until 2001.

Isn't that right, Dov? Why the career change - just felt like taking a pay cut? Any other reasons?

Fortunately, the government recognized how much experience you had, and in addition to being Undersecretary of Defense, they *also* made you the Chief Financial Officer of the entire Pentagon.

That's right - every single dollar that went in the building went through you. Through your office. Your computer screen. Basically, you were in charge of any financial issue the Pentagon may have during 9/11.

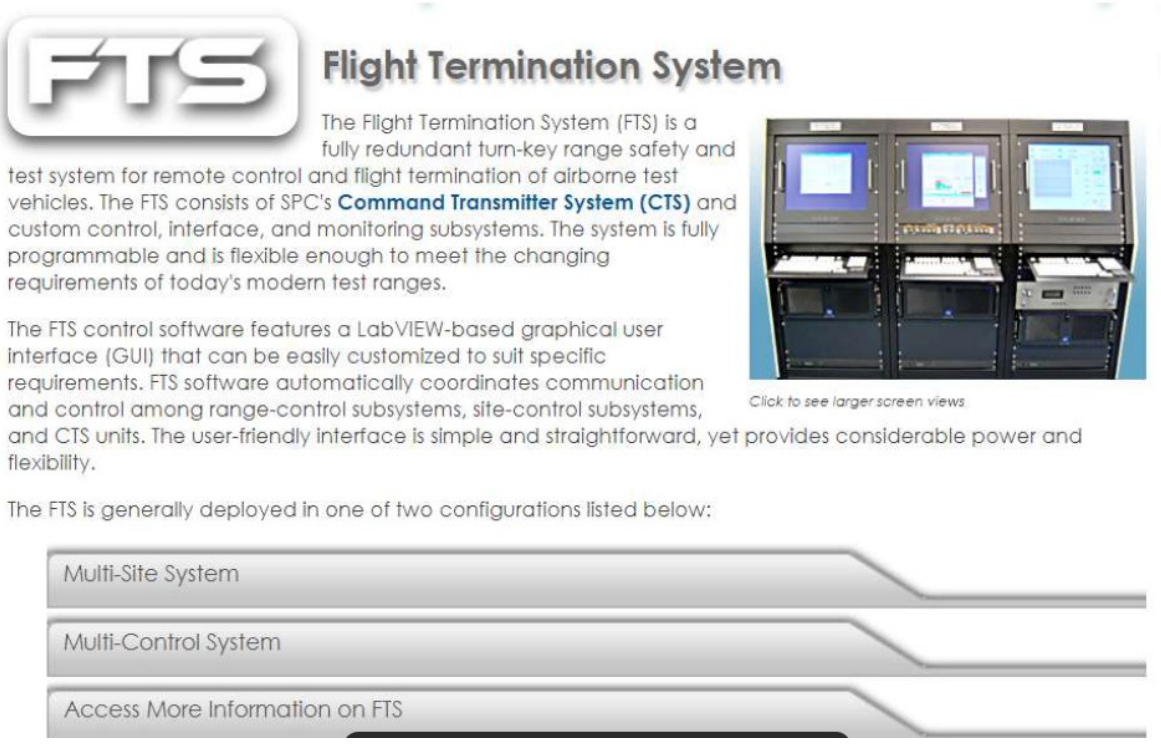
You controlled contracts, you signed off on budgets, and you always did due diligence on the paperwork. Everything was filled out correctly. It always was - it had been your whole life. You do everything right.

You knew where everyone was and had administrator-level access to every computer being used by the accountants below. In fact, you even controlled who looked into what exactly, and where the resources for any investigations into missing money would be prioritized.

Obviously, there is no missing money.

You know that. You have never filed a form wrong in your life. The missing money is *not real*, and it is your job to make sure it stays that way. However, that is not your primary function on 9/11. You have ways to communicate with your old offices, but they were not built by a contractor, and they are not on the surveys stored in the county offices. They are secure.

You have always been *quite* good with computers, and you stare at the SPC website. You go to one of the pages, but it appears to be deleted. However, you plug the URL into an archive site and in about 2 minutes, this is what you see:


FTS
Flight Termination System
The Flight Termination System (FTS) is a fully redundant turn-key range safety and test system for remote control and flight termination of airborne test vehicles. The FTS consists of SPC's Command Transmitter System (CTS) and custom control, interface, and monitoring subsystems. The system is fully programmable and is flexible enough to meet the changing requirements of today's modern test ranges.
Click to see larger screen views
The FTS control software features a LabVIEW-based graphical user interface (GUI) that can be easily customized to suit specific requirements. FTS software automatically coordinates communication and control among range-control subsystems, site-control subsystems, and CTS units. The user-friendly interface is simple and straightforward, yet provides considerable power and flexibility.
The FTS is generally deployed in one of two configurations listed below:
Multi-Site System
Multi-Control System
Access More Information on FTS

In a computer in a nondescript office in Virginia that no one would ever notice, an employee of System Planning Corporation turns on a computer. He executes a program, and the script within activates.

0s and 1s flood through electronic lines, and atoms sparkle with energy. On and off, on and off, the data is sent. The command signals that authorize a series of towers that form triangular grids in the area to broadcast certain frequencies.

These frequencies radiate through the air, passing harmlessly through the steel jets in the sky. The trees likewise do not notice as electromagnetic waves pass through them at certain frequencies. Special frequencies. Frequencies that you are not allowed to broadcast on unless you are in the military.

So special, in fact, that it takes a very, very classified and secret device to detect them - which is a box that can either be attached to the underside of an airplane or concealed anywhere you could fit a box 6 or 7 feet long. In an airplane.

When these frequencies reach this exact box in this exact airplane, which was put there by two company workers who did not tell the truth on their airport job applications or use their real IDs or social security numbers, the plane locks up. Freezes out the pilot.

The two airport workers quit a while later, one a few weeks after the other. No one will ever know their names.

The jet that David and Lynn Angell are in is now at the mercy of the people sitting in a nondescript office in Virginia, close to the Pentagon but far enough away that there is no obvious connection to anyone.

Except for Dov Zakheim.

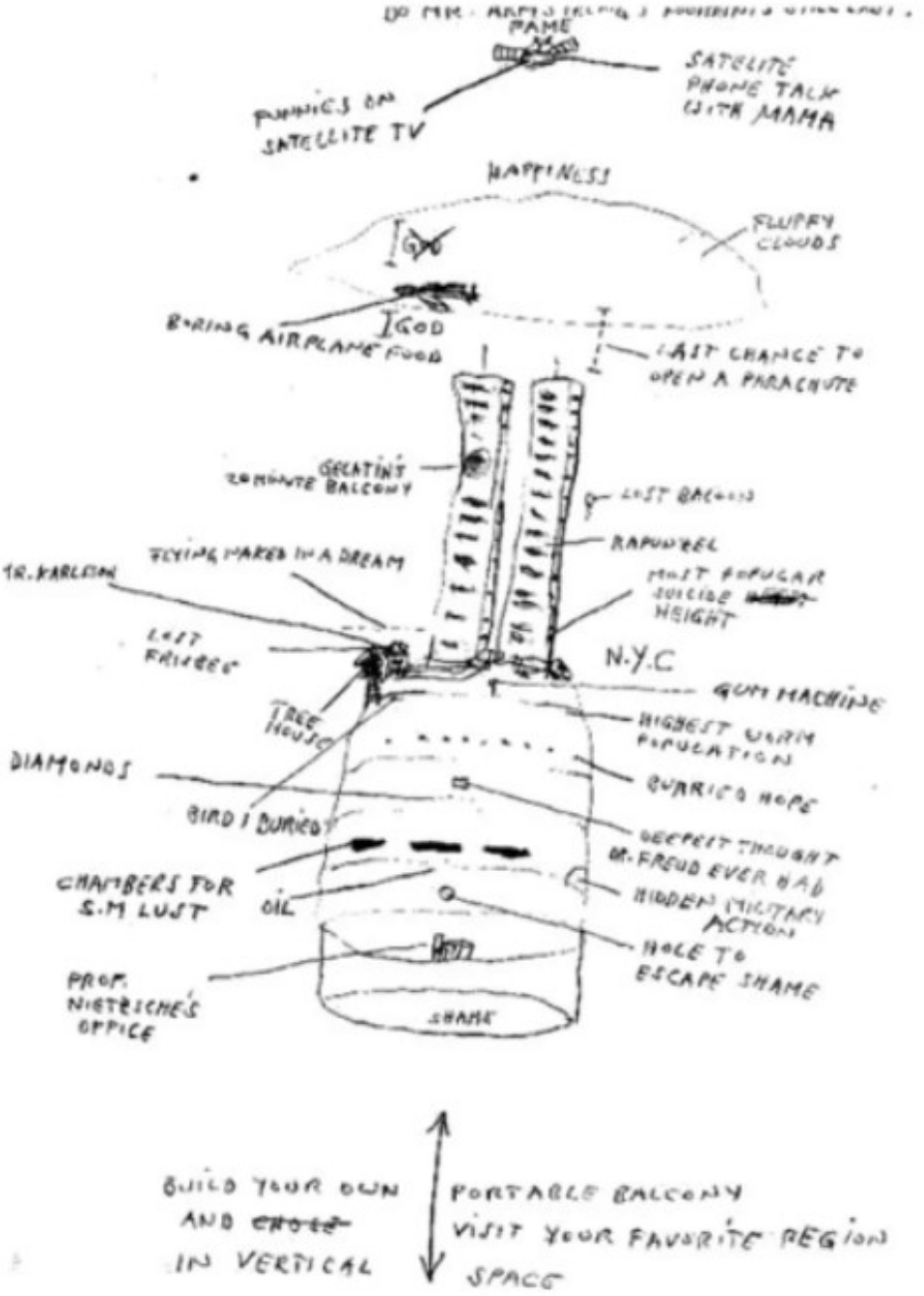
We will return to the sky. For now, let's talk about art.

"Art?"

"Art."

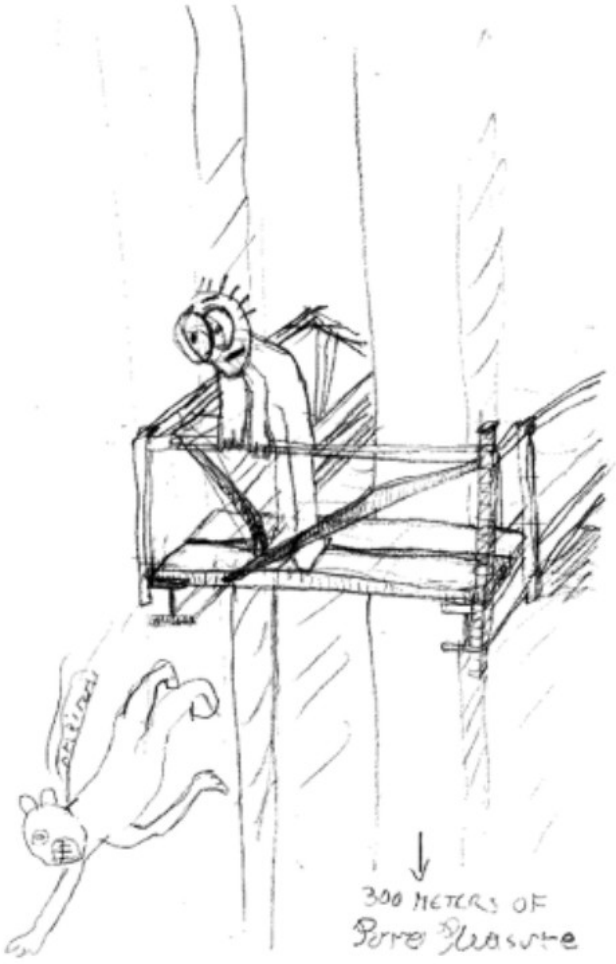
I ask you if you knew about the artists. You shake your head.

I show you this:



Then, I flip to this page:

AN EXAMPLE OF GELITIN'S SICK AND DERANGED WORLD TRADE CENTER "ART"



[201] https://www.gelitin.net/projects/b-thing/

"W… what is this stuff?", you ask me. It frightens you. It unsettles you. It is an image that should not exist.

I pull out a copy of Gelitin's *The B-Thing*, and throw it on the table.

"Right before 9/11, this image was published in a book by a group of artists that I consider to have made the worst art of all time. Gelitin. *The B-Thing.*"

“Read it and weep.”

This is what you see:

I ask you what you notice, and you reply with “boxes and a guy wearing climbing gear.”

I ask you if you noticed the large glass window, which has been removed from the tower, leaning up against the boxes on the left - with the black suction cups still on it. I asked if you noticed that the guy in the middle is standing on a balcony in an open window 1000 feet above New York, in August, 2001. I ask you if you noticed the third guy, the one in black, right in the center. No one has ever identified this person.

It’s a little creepy, and you involuntarily shudder.

“These are the pictures they published when they illegally removed a window from the WTC to install a secret balcony. That was, supposedly, the ‘art project’ that *The B-Thing* is about. As usual, the truth here is a story-within-a-story. Read *between the lines* of *The B-Thing*.”

I remind you that blasting gelatin is often used to take down buildings, and I show you with a diagram how the floors they were given space on - for free - through a program Larry Silverstein personally ran, had access to the elevator shafts through a rarely-used maintenance passage (there were empty maintenance floors about every 30 stories.)

Then, I point out how closely these "art studios" line up exactly with the strike zones for the two airplanes, in both towers. 91st and 93rd floors. Keep that in mind as we examine this art – both studios, one in each tower, were within the direct impact zones. Crazy things, these coincidences.

I ask if you noticed that they removed the ceiling panels, giving them access to the inner working of the buildings. That's what the climbing gear is for, not the balcony.

I pull out another diagram, which illustrates the one weakness of the towers – the strong central core. Take that out and you take down the building.

I show you this image from their construction, so you can see exactly what I'm talking about:

I hand you this *New York Times* article from August 18th, 2001 about it:

With Arts & Ideas

The Metro Section

August 18, 2001

The New York Times

Balcony Scene (Or Unseen) Atop the World

Episode at Trade Center Assumes Mythic Qualities

By SHAILA K. DEWAN

The affair of the balcony ended, if indeed it ever began, with the appearance in July of a slender book of curious title, obtainable in very few places, one of them being an art gallery in a frosted storefront on Broadway near Franklin Street.

Called "The B-Thing" and produced by four Vienna-based artists known collectively as Gelatin, the book is demure to the point of being oblique. What little explanation it contains appears to have been scribbled in ballpoint. Among the photos and schematic drawings, there are doodles of tarantulas with human heads.

In short, the book belies the extravagance of the feat it seems to document: the covert installation, and brief use, of a balcony on the 91st floor of the World Trade Center, 1,100 feet above the earth. Eight photographs — some grainy, all taken from a great distance — depict one tower's vast eastern facade, marred by a tiny molelike growth: a lone figure dressed in a white jacket, standing in a lectern-size box.

The contemporary art world, of course, is rife with acts of subversion followed by boasting, which is known as "documentation." In that context, the beauty of the balcony was that it so literally pushed the envelope. Yet since that Sunday morning in March 2000, when the balcony was allegedly installed and, 19 minutes later, dismantled, the affair has taken on the outlines of an urban myth, mutated by rumors and denials among the downtown cognoscenti.

Although the book appears to seek notoriety, the artists have gone coy. Their dealer, who witnesses say watched the event from a hotel suite, now claims it never happened. Either the balcony was an elaborate hoax meant to look real, or the inverse is true: it really happened, and the closer it comes to being found out, the more those involved would prefer for everyone to think it was a hoax.

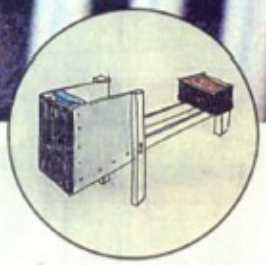
Public School 1

Members of Gelatin in 1998, when their exhibition at the P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center included a 25-foot walk-up tower of discarded furniture parts.

In the spring of 2000, Gelatin and 14 other artists shared free studio space on the 91st floor, where the group's artmaking appeared to consist of building a clubhouse out of cardboard boxes.

But Ali Janka, a member of Gelatin reached by phone in Vienna, said that the blindered view afforded by the narrow windows had inspired them to find a way to step outside. "After you have a certain idea, you can't go back," he said, "because everything else

Continued on Page B4



Photographs from "The B-Thing," a book produced by Gelatin, show someone on a temporary balcony on the World Trade Center, top; a drawing of the cantilevered balcony, above; and a view from inside the 91st-floor studio from which the balcony was hung, left. Unless the whole episode is a hoax, which some of those involved would prefer that people believe. So they say.

You skim through it and notice the picture again. "There's that word again… 'scene.' 'Balcony *scene* (or unseen) atop the world. Scene… seen…"

I flip back and tell you to look closely at the cardboard boxes in the picture. "Read it to me."

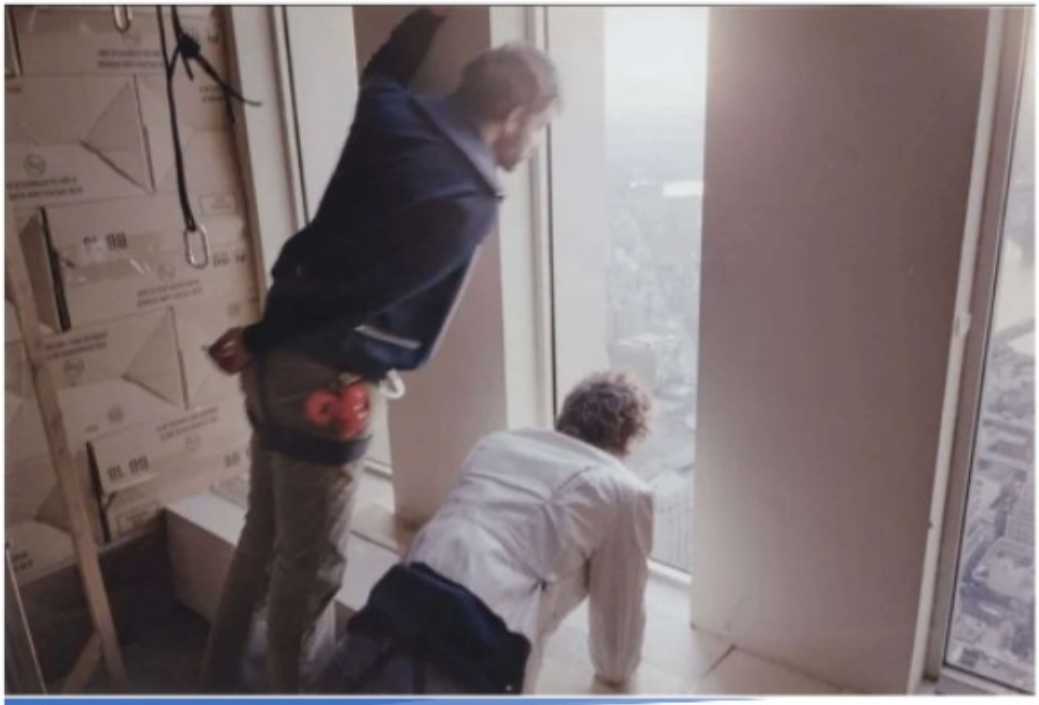
"B… B… 18."

I ask you what you think it means.

"Well, it has to do with whatever came in the boxes. Whatever it is, there must have been a lot of them. Thousands."

I inform you that they are blasting caps used to demolish buildings and flip the page.

"See for yourself. Here they are again. BB 18. Look closely, behind them."



WHY IS THIS "ART GROUP" POSING IN THE WTC NEXT TO STACKS OF BOXES OF FUSES THAT COULD BE USED IN A CONTROLLED DEMOLITION?

BB 18 boxes correspond with Littelfuse BB18 fuses, which could be used in controlled demolitions.[202]

BB18 - POWR Busbar Series

Series: POWR Busbar

POWR Busbar Series Datasheet

Safe distribution of power to multiple fuse holders in a compact design is a key objective for panel designers. The Littelfuse UL508 bus bar system eliminates most wire terminations in a time saving package. A power distribution block and associated conductors are no longer needed to feed multiple POWR-SAFE™ fuse holders.

[202] https://www.littelfuse.com/products/fuse-blocks-fuseholders-and-fuse-accessories/dead-front-fuse-holders/powr-busbar/bb18.aspx

Your mind is fucking blown. “How did you notice that?”

“I looked.”

We go back to the Property Condition Assessment from 2000. You flip through it and see the toxic white poison coating many of the tendons within the towers:

Figure 1–8. Photograph of insulated WTC trusses.

I show you the receipts which tell us there were “significant asbestos abatement projects” underway and tell us the cost:

There have been significant on-going asbestos abatement projects and cost estimates provided by the *owner* indicate the following estimated removal costs:

Material	Removal Cost
Vinyl asbestos tile (VAT)	$ 5-6/square foot
Sprayed-on Fireproofing	$20-25/square foot
Thermal System Insulation (TSI)	$15/linear foot

The actual costs for VAT removal for 1999 projects are provided in Appendix H-7 of the Phase I ESA report.

Documentation regarding the presence of ACM in elevator shafts is presented by shaft designation. It is unclear where the shafts are located within the facility and the *user* should consider cross-referencing the shaft locations to the area under consideration. Mr. Taylor reported that there are forty (40) shafts that contain ACM within the Center.

Request: **The abatement costs for work performed and anticipated future abatement costs for each type of remaining known ACM.**

From 1986 to 1999, a total thirty one (31) contracts were bid, and a total of $58.2 million dollars was spent in abatement projects. The Engineering Department estimates the cost for vinyl asbestos floor tile removal to be between $5 - $6 per square foot, sprayed-on removal to be between $20 - $25 per square foot, and thermal system insulation to be $15 per linear foot (outer diameter dependant).

As of September, 2000, a total of 2,184,038 million square feet of sprayed-on fireproofing, and 3,500,000 million square feet of vinyl asbestos floor tile was removed. According to PA records, a total of seven million square feet of vinyl asbestos floor tiles were installed in the World Trade Center.

Request: **Materials determined not to be ACM (e.g. spline ceilings, hung ceilings, wallboard, wallboard joint compound, etc., as well as areas of sprayed-on fireproofing determined not to be ACM).**

I read you a quote from *The More Rational Worldview:*

> *We find that between 1986 and 1999, the owners spent $58.2 million dollars in asbestos abatement projects. We also see that approximately 3.5 million square feet of the asbestos tiles had been removed, leaving around half of the 7 million tiles that were installed initially.*
>
> *Additionally, there were thousands of tons of spray-on asbestos fireproofing that would have to be removed. Asbestos was present in large amounts in the elevator shafts, other*

areas of the building, and even the roofs, rendering the towers a ticking time-bomb, full of dangerous, harmful, and no longer up to code materials.

The only remaining option would eventually have been an unimaginably expensive demolition job, in which the towers would have to be removed piece by piece from downtown New York City, or a complete modernization that would entail essentially the same process. Every year, this legally required work grew more difficult, and more expensive.

Then, I elaborate for you on how many empty floors there were in 2001 versus the average rent he was collecting.

Let's see, buildings are pretty profitable, right?

Well, as it turns out, because these buildings were built before many construction codes and laws were changed ('70s), and because nothing like them had ever been done (special factory built in Japan for the steel beams), and because no other building was quite like them, they were very, very difficult to maintain. Actually *quite* expensive buildings to run.

I show you this on Google:

> The original World Trade Center complex was not considered profitable until the 1980s, despite high initial financial expectations, largely because it drew tenants from other lower Manhattan offices instead of attracting new businesses to the area;. **After the 9/11 attacks, the rebuilt World Trade Center complex is still not considered fully profitable**, with expenses often

Then, we use the receipt above to try and calculate the cost of removing asbestos from each floor, consider how long it would take, and how difficult and expensive it would be to remove about 100 stories worth of asbestos from downtown New York.

I point to page 109 of *The More Rational Worldview*, where I quote a news article. "Boy, it sure would have been weird if government employees were embezzling and scamming the public while they were pretending to remove the asbestos, wouldn't it? Almost like they weren't actually worried about it at all, and they weren't actually doing it?"

> The firm illegally milked tens of thousands of dollars from the World Trade Center cleanup by padding its payroll with no-show workers and bribing public officials, among other scams, prosecutors said when they unveiled a racketeering indictment against 17 people… On trial are Anthony Fontanetta and Mark Jakubek, **who worked for the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey**, the government agency that owns the trade center site.

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[193] https://www1.nyc.gov/assets/dep/downloads/pdf/air/asbestos/asbestos-rules-regulations-title-15.pdf
[194] https://www.newstimes.com/default/article/Bribe-case-over-WTC-asbestos-cleanup-nears-end-266457.php, https://www.stamfordadvocate.com/news/article/Bribe-case-over-WTC-asbestos-cleanup-nears-end-266457.php

"And how much profit do you suppose that Larry Silverstein made off the attack through insurance? Not counting the benefits of being able to modernize the site?"

You think. "Hm… few hundred million?"

"$1,400,000,000. 1.4 billion dollars. By the way, is this part too dry for you? You aren't bored, are you? This is important. Follow the money. Money laundering."

You shake your head. "Witness 1, this is the greatest financial crime in all of history! *Bored???* Are you kidding? This is incredible. It's so much better than those fake, stupid Hollywood movies, because it's real. It's real life. It's our world, and it's really happening. And we can change it!"

I smile. I have never met anyone like you. "Thank you for listening to me."

I show you my sources and how I derived this number from *The More Rational Worldview*:

Let's focus on Silverstein and see if we can find any evidence that might lead us to suspect he had foreknowledge of the event, or was otherwise involved in facilitating the attacks. According to *Reuters,* "Developer Larry Silverstein signed a $3.2 billion 99-year lease on New York's World Trade Center six weeks before the Sept. 11 attacks in 2001."[183] Silverstein took the lease over from the *Port Authority of New York*, a government institution that was headquartered in the towers.[184]

6 weeks is an incredibly short time to be owner before the attacks. While initially this seems like a rough deal for "Lucky" Larry, he actually ended up turning an almost 50% profit through insurance. Reported in the *New York Times*, "Developer Sues to Win $12.3 Billion in 9/11 Attack…Larry A. Silverstein, who has won nearly $4.6 billion in insurance…"[185] 4.6 - 3.2 = 1.4 billion dollars profit, just off of initial insurance claims - not to mention being able to modernize the site, as we will see.

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[182] https://www.history.com/news/world-trade-center-twin-towers-facts-statistics
[183] https://www.reuters.com/world/us/man-behind-rebuilding-911s-ground-zero-2021-09-01/
[184] https://www.nytimes.com/2021/09/09/nyregion/port-authority-archive.html
[185] https://www.nytimes.com/2008/03/27/nyregion/27rebuild.html

After thinking about it for a while, you realize that - in fact, if you wanted to do it right, you would actually just have to demolish it and start the whole thing over. The truth is, they were just too old. Dinosaurs. It's true, they stood tall before almost any other building around them.

When I was at the top of them, I loved them. An acre of pure steel to cap the structure and hold it together. A miracle of engineering at the time. The crown. They called them the hat trusses.

Deeeefinitely not going anywhere and not very likely to just vanish out of existence and not even turn up in the rubble.

We think about how much it would cost to shut down Manhattan around the World Trade Center to demolish it and cart it away. To remove that much steel. Something like that has never, ever been done.

In the crowded streets. Welding it apart, cutting it with torches, getting cranes as close as possible. Maybe helicopters to lift out the chopped beams. All the while, shutting down New York City for about 10 blocks in the heart of the financial district. Months. Years. Unheard of sums of money it would cost. We can't even reasonably guess how much that would cost, overall. Trillions.

"Let's go deeper. This is still not even the tip of the iceberg. This isn't even a snowflake on the tip of the iceberg I will reveal to you."

I pull out an article from the Wall Street Journal titled, *New York's World Trade Center Struggles to Fill Office Space.*

"Witness 1," you reply, "This is about the new tower, not the old ones. And you highlighted the wrong section on that Google result."

"Aha! You are sharp! Perhaps, my sharpest student yet. And that is because rather than telling me why I am wrong, you ask questions that aren't stupid and listen to what I say. Look closely, now."

I scan down. Point my finger at the page.

"Read it."

In addition to the toxic nature of the towers, they had continually unleased floors, and slow leasing "was a hallmark of the old WTC complex", as reported in the *Wall Street Journal*, in their article titled, *New York's World Trade Center Struggles to Fill Office Space*:[195]

> Slow leasing was also a hallmark of the old World Trade Center complex. The Twin Towers suffered high vacancy for years after they were completed in the early 1970s by the Port Authority of New York and New Jersey.

You do. "Slow leasing was a… hallmark… of the old World Trade Center complex."

I toss you a book called *Divided We Stand,* published in 1999. "Check this out."

> When the World Trade center was bombed in February 1993…it was already passing its prime as office space…overtaken by a generation of more recent, cybernetically 'smart' buildings with higher ceilings and greater built in electrical capacity.
>
> To maintain the trade center as class-A office space commanding top rents the PA [Port Authority] would have had to spend $800 million rebuilding its electrical, electronic communications and cooling systems.

You inquire - "This was a known quantity in… 1999? So, they weren't profitable. Wouldn't… wouldn't this sort of thing – asbestos abatement, contracts with lots of money, leasing issues, maintenance issues, have a lot of lawsuits involved?"

"Indeed, my friend. Indeed, there was."

I then pull out an old, dusty article from *Business Insurance*, titled, *Port Loses Asbestos Claim for Asbestos Removal*, from May, 2001.

This is what you see:

Port loses claim for asbestos removal

by Douglas Mcleod

May 13, 2001

NEWARK-Asbestos abatement costs are not covered by an all-risks property policy unless an actual asbestos release or an imminent release leaves a property useless or uninhabitable, a federal judge has ruled.

U.S. District Judge John W. Bissell earlier this month threw out the Port Authority of New York & New Jersey's final claims in a longstanding suit against dozens of insurers over coverage of more than $600 million in asbestos abatement costs at the World Trade Center, New York's three major airports and other Port Authority properties.

"Well, wait Witness 1 - I thought you said *Larry Silverstein* owned the towers! Not the *Port Authority*? What's… what's the Port Authority?"

That's a great question to start with. "The Port Authority is a government agency based around an interstate compact between New York and New Jersey?"

"But… this article is from only four months before 9/11, and Silverstein's not even in the picture. This can't be right!"

I smile at you.

"You are beginning to see the aberrations that do not belong in the fractal. The lack of symmetry." I look through your screens, where the bugs lazily crawl and flutter. "The clues."

I continue, "Well, it turns out that right when this happened, Silverstein swooped in out of nowhere with a black check to buy the World Trade Center.

In fact, he really, *really* wanted to buy it. So bad, that when he was hit by a car while the deal was about to be finalized, he did it from his hospital bed while on morphine.

So strong in fact, that he likes to refer to it as an 'uncontrollable urge.'"

I pull out a November, 2001 article from *Haaretz* titled *Up in Smoke,* and quote him, "He looked up at the towers, he recalled, and felt an **uncontrollable urge** to own them."

“Weird.”

Then I pull out an issue of the *Columbia Journalism Review*, with an article titled, *The Remarkable Larry Silverstein Story: How the FT (and others) were had by a huckster*.

I hand it to you. “In fact, he is so kind as to elaborate on this ‘uncontrollable urge’ in this article, which is where he tells us he was high on drugs when he bought them, and how he wanted them *so badly* he inked the deal from a hospital bed:”

> But Mr. Silverstein proved relentless. When he was struck by a car and broke his hip shortly before one of the bidding deadlines [for the WTC Complex] in January, he continued working from his hospital bed...
>
> The impact sent him flying, and he landed hard, fracturing his hip in 16 places...the accident left him in such pain he required morphine in the hospital. But he couldn’t think, being so drugged. And he needed desperately to be sharp.
>
> ‘So, I asked the doctors to lower the dose of morphine and get my guys into the hospital so they could sit there and frame this final bid, which we did. And that was no fun, but that ultimately led to the success of the [WTC] bid and the culmination of the process.’

You look up from the articles.

“So… why did he want to buy a building *so badly* that was… not profitable, filled with one of the most toxic substances of all time, needed major abatement procedures to make code, wasn’t even making rent, was tied up in a ton of lawsuits, was outdated and old, and had maintenance costs higher than what it took in?

What was it *really* that made him want the towers *so badly*?”

That, Dear Reader, my only friend, is an example of a *great* question.

There is no possible way that Silverstein wouldn’t have known about the asbestos situation in the towers. It had been a drama playing out behind the scenes for years, with many lawsuits and public filings about it.

It’s true - by 2001, the towers were costing more than they were worth, and would have to be modernized at an unimaginable cost - or demolished piece by piece, a task so monumentally expensive that the total cost is difficult to even estimate.

There’s another great question in my screenshot up there – how is it that *literally* every single person on the planet that was alive that day remembers where they were when it happened

like a movie, except for this guy? They even say that, all the time. "Where were you?" "I remember it like a movie."

You're telling me you have this obsession, this *need* to own the towers, and then *9/11* happens and they implode and crumble and aren't even there anymore, and thousands of people burn to death or jump out of the top 20 or 30 stories, and it just *slips your mind*? In an *interview???*

I think it's worth repeating.

You're telling me that on *9 fucking 11* - the one day that *every single* person remembers more clearly than any other - that the *owner* of the towers, who wanted them *so badly* that he made the deal from a *hospital bed*, can't even remember *where he was that morning?*

As they are crumbling to dust in front of his very eyes? FULL OF PEOPLE???

"Now, I am not a politician, so I can't tell you what's wrong or right. But you would have to be *pretty stupid* to believe a thing like that.

So, that's exactly what everyone else does."

"Witness 1!", and you look at me sternly.

You frown. "You were telling me about the most beautiful girl that you have ever seen until you met Witness 2, and we were going to find out what happens to Robert Plant after he ate mushrooms in an enchanted forest by the beach!"

You look at me expectantly. I laugh heartily, and roll up a mixture of the weed and tobacco.

"They call this a 'spliff.' It's a little tower, an altar for you. Take it, it's yours now.

You are obviously wondering if I went back from the beach and made sweet, passionate love to her unlike anything she had ever known. Like the stars and moon. In a clover bed.

In a dorm room with a desk pulled so the door can't be opened, with a roommate who went to the library for hours. If I went into the castle, the temple, the inner sanctuary of her room, her very womb itself - and plundered its treasures for my own?

Do you want to know if I looked at the pink and white lace and pictures of her smiling with her high school friends and laid her down on the little twin mattress? If I let her nuzzle me as I slipped my hand inside her skirt, feeling for real what I had but a taste of?

Maybe I… took it off, and saw a living statue - the most beautiful thing I had ever imagined - more pure and beautiful even than the painted marbles of the goddesses?

If I took off the little black B-cup bra, and knew delights that go beyond compare? Beyond words? Pure, unadulterated pleasure, distilled into a form that I really, really like? Is that what you want to know?

Head back and go back to my room to shower. Leave and walk 40 feet to the elevator. Go down two stories. Take a right out, and then another immediate right. Down the hall, girls on the left. Maybe four doors down. I can see it now - *knock knock*. That's all it would take."

I laugh, heartily. You blush.

"Patience, my friend! For the night is yet young, and the hour creeps like a babe! Minutes tick slowly when you sit alone at night, and we have yet hours until the light of day shines upon us.

The Witching hour draws near.

They are stories, within stories, within stories. True ones. They are fractals. All good things in life are fractals. And all true things are also good. Therefore, all good things are true, and they're also fractals. Transitive property. If you don't get it, that's a you issue.

The stories bud out to you, unfurling like a tender young fern. Spiraling. Cascading. A seashell spiral, a Fibonacci sequence.

0, 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21, 34, 55, 89, 144."

I look at you.

"Have I yet failed to pluck your ears?

Is the roaring, gaping maw of the Nothing not gripping enough? Does the void not call to you stronger now than these mere trifles?

Do you not long to peer over it, to see the event horizon - and to be drawn with me inexorably to the singularity?

Does it not all seem… meaningless?"

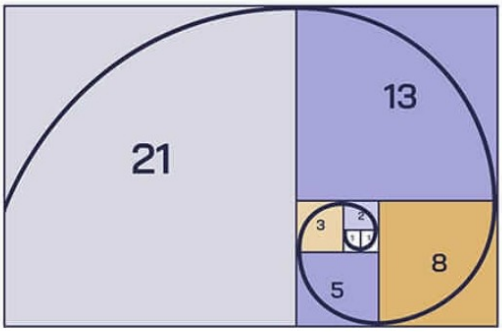
Here is something really cool about math – when you take a number, and add it to itself, and then keep doing that, and then map out the ratios and intervals involved, you get something like this:

THE FIBONACCI SEQUENCE

Each number is the sum of the two that precede it.

0 1 1 2 3 5 8 13 21

0 + 1 = 1
1 + 1 = 2
1 + 2 = 3
2 + 3 = 5
3 + 5 = 8
5 + 8 = 13
8 + 13 = 21



And it turns out that this pattern is just *everywhere you look*. And no one knows why.

I mean, this shit is just *everywhere you look*. For real. On every scale. No matter how zoomed in you are on a fractal, you will see the same thing:

And that is the most useful thing that mathematicians have ever done. Obviously, you can still never touch it or experience it, and it is, actually, pretty much useless.

You can figure out that you live inside a fractal, but you will still never get to a point where you can see the big picture. For that, you must die.

The big death.

No, you will see the same thing, over and over. Every day. Every day the same thing.

Over… and over…

It clicks for you.

"Time is also a fractal! It's a fourth-dimensional fractal!"

Now you can see.

"Fear not, friend," I say to you.

"Why are we here? Now? At this point in time?"

“You see, no one will want to talk about something awful like 9/11 without the good parts first. The juicy bits to get you hooked. Parties with colored lights in your eyes and beautiful women. Everyone likes that. It’s called ‘sex appeal’ – it draws you in like flies to honey.

You can feel the visceral truth dripping from the pages and it makes you want *more.* You can tell it’s real, and all the little details speak to you in ways you don’t quite understand but it scratches something there. *More.* I know it. I know it does.

Another really great tip about 9/11 and sex appeal is this – do not ever talk to a woman about 9/11 before you have slept with her, or your sex appeal will be pretty much over.

That’s for the Jack Handy guys.”

I look over at you.

“I will get to the story about the child sex slave that Jimmy Page locked in his hotel room under guard while he was on stage.”

You grimace. You had never heard that sentence before and you respond -

“*Ew*. No, thanks.”

“It’s true. Her name is Lori Mattix. Here is a picture of them – look deeply into his wolf eyes:”

Here are some things that should never be said, from Jimmy Page's Wikipedia article itself:

> This was the beginning of her sexual, romantic relationship with Page despite being in her mid-teens. Page feared charges of statutory rape and went to great lengths to hide his association with Mattix… insisted on keeping Mattix in a locked hotel room with a security guard at the door…
>
> Page's sexual relationship with the underage Mattix lasted for more than two years, ending in 1975 when Mattix was 16

And that's just the "official story". *Whoo, boy.*

And it turns out, that one of the things that we have actually learned quite a bit about since the '70s is why having sex with children is a bad thing for them, developmentally speaking. In fact, she herself grew up, and it turns out that even *she* thought that this was actually pretty fucked up. So, she gave interviews about it. But, no one listened.

The only thing they ever cared about was what the men she had slept with did. She was merely a prop, a rubber doll to be taken out and fucked and then rinsed off and put back in the closet. The only thing that people ever asked her was about what these men were like.

Because they had it all, and no one else did. People *love* men who have it all. No one loves the most famous groupie of all time. No one ever asked her about herself in these interviews, just what Jimmy Page, David Bowie, and Mick Jagger were like while they weren't raping her. *Were they cool?*

Now, one thing that people used to really enjoy doing in the '70s, apparently, was locking teenage girls into rooms and committing sexual violence against them. And that is exactly what Jimmy Page did, and every single person on their tour knew about it. Robert Plant knew. John Bonham knew. John Paul Jones knew.

Their head of security coordinated her watch. Every hotel they went to noticed and said nothing. The other groupies didn't speak out for her. The roadies looked the other way. Their manager looked at it, saw how happy Jimmy Page was, looked at all the money in his hands, and smiled.

It's perfect.

However, when the "Me Too" movement rolled around, even more people started to think that, you know what, maybe this whole "rape thing" is *not* such a good idea, especially when it comes to children, and that maybe it is an issue that needs to be dealt with.

And as usual, everyone was far too busy telling anyone who will listen all the reasons why they are right and everyone else is wrong to get anything done, so everyone all agreed to stop talking about it after a while and let all the rape happen in peace and quiet again. And that was the end of that.

There seems to be nothing that can be done about it, really. Apparently, humanity is willing to make a lot of sacrifices - but two things that we are *definitely* not willing to give up are rape and murder.

Remember – two wrongs don't make a right, but three rights make a left.

Dear Reader, I write to you to bid farewell. I have plucked too many threads. The harmonies and vibrations of the threads of my memory have caused too much sympathetic vibration in my head. All the strings now move and sway, they all make noise now. I rest.

Like the spider, I have woven myself back into a corner. Fear not! For these stories are true, and they live in my head clear as day. I can smell them, hear them, and see them. Though I cannot touch them, I can place myself in them. These stories will not change or falter day by day.

The night grows long even for the insane. It is 6:26 A.M., and the sun rises. Blue tinges the sky.

Goodnight, my only friend. I go to sleep. When you turn this page, you shall find answers, and then more questions. And then answers again.

I dare not let my laptop die. She slumbers, but I leave her plugged in. Her memory cells intact, remembering me. Remembering my story and keeping it alive, deep in her silicon, while I sleep. She does not forget.

As for me, I am still alone. Utterly, completely alone.

However, I am no longer homeless. You have taken me in and listened to me for the first time in my life. I live with you now, here. We live together.

For the first time in my life, I am home.

Witness 1
The Biblical Two Witnesses
1/3/25
167,831 words

“Good morning, friend.”

I greet you as you come out of your room. I am already up, and I hand you the silver bong with fresh, clear water in the bottom.

“Take your ease and sit with me. Let us continue to peer into the spaces between polygons, and to find the aberrations that reveal the innermost nature of the fractal.”

You stare at me like I’m an alien.

The day is young, and the morning light filters in. It has always been one of my favorite things in life, especially watching delicate tendrils of smoke in the morning sun. I smile at you.

I take a large, brown tobacco leaf and sprinkle a thick layer of fluffy weed in it. I roll it up, and twist it off like a cigar. I look at you. “Have you ever smoked a blunt?”

You smile and nod.

I light it, and we watch as it continues to burn down. I hold it a few inches from my face and examine it closely. You continue staring at me like I’m an alien as I silently watch the brown tube burn slowly in my hands.

“Did you know that tobacco smoke is white and weed smoke is blue? It’s true.” I rest my arm on the chair where the sun drapes down, and hold it as still as possible.

“Look at this blunt – it’s weed wrapped in a tobacco leaf. Sit there and stare at the cherry. It glows red. You do not smoke it, you merely observe it.

It burns, and energy dissipates. Matter turns into antimatter. The fire works its way down, weaving a path of destruction. The brown tobacco leaf burns while the green, sticky cannabis smolders. It is beautiful. It is perfect, while the heart of the sun exists.

Watch how it burns closely, as the sun illuminates the smoke.

It separates. They burn together, but separately. Two individual smoke tendrils reach up to heaven, coming close but not mixing. One is blue, and one is whiteish-grey. They dance, buffeted around by the air currents.

Mingling but not becoming one. Blue and white. Beautiful. If you look closely, you will see it.”

I hand it to you, and when you sit in stillness with it - you can now see the two separate little streams of color in the sun when you hold it in stillness. One comes from the center of the glowing red sun, and one comes lazily from the brown tobacco leaf. Blue and white.

“You’re right. Two plumes of smoke. Two colors.” You take a big hit and blow it out. “Now one.”

“Correct. Come on, let’s take a walk.” We step outside.

“In reality, the weed smoke is not blue, of course. It is a combination of white, grey, brown, or yellow, depending on the proportions of what you are burning.

It only appears blue due to the same optical illusion that makes the sky appear blue. It is called Raleigh Scattering, and no one understands how it works or why.”

You look up at the blue sky. Birds chirp now, and the distant hum of life thrums through the ground.

“Is… is that true? It’s not really blue?”

Of course it is. Look at it. Look up. What do you see?

“Blue.”

Keep looking. Tell me what you see after a few minutes.

You stand in silence, and the minutes crawl slowly by.

I ask you what you see after three minutes.

Without looking down, you reply to me in one word – “Fractals.”

“Did you ever notice them before?”

“No.”

“They were always there, you just never looked. They’re everywhere. All you need to do is look up for long enough.”

I suggest doing psychedelic drugs at the beach on a sunny day as an excellent way to test this theory. You agree with me, and I smile at you.

“They… they do understand how it works, right? The optical illusion?”

“Of course they do. Everyone knows why the sky is blue.”

We gaze into the distance together.

“Do you want to go further?”

With innocent eyes like a child, you look at me.

“Do you want to see things that no one has ever seen before?”

I throw down a block of wood that I whittled into the shape of what *Gödel, Escher, Bach* would look like if I had a copy of it in front of you.

“This is one of the greatest books ever published. What do you think it is?”

You stare at it. “Uncarved paper. Paper without the Nothing added to it.”

I laugh. “That’s right. Well, the author of this book decided to ‘sell’ it, but not anywhere I can buy it in time, so all we have is this dumb block of wood. Luckily for you, I remember everything I’ve ever read, and I’m apparently also the only person who understood this book correctly. So, let’s start by pulling up the Wikipedia article for it.”

You read:

> *Gödel, Escher, Bach* takes the form of interweaving narratives. The main chapters alternate with dialogues between imaginary characters, usually Achilles and the tortoise first used by Zeno of Elea and later by Lewis Carroll in "What the Tortoise Said to Achilles". These origins are related in the first two dialogues, and later ones introduce new characters such as the Crab. These narratives frequently dip into self-reference and metafiction.

It continues:

> The book contains many instances of recursion and self-reference, where objects and ideas speak about or refer back to themselves.
>
> To describe such self-referencing objects, Hofstadter coins the term "strange loop",

If you haven’t guessed by now, these self-referencing “strange loops” are *fractals*. The full title is *Gödel, Esher, Bach: An Eternal Golden Braid*, and this braid is comprised of the uniform connections and similarities between their three lives, along with various other geniuses.

In doing so as a narrative, not a history lesson, he explains to you his ontology – how he perceives *being* in the universe and why it seems to behave the way it does. How you should react to it.

Now, I was going to buy this book for you, Dear Reader. To show you treasures from its pages. Unfortunately, it does not seem to be immediately available on the Kindle app. There also are not really any stores anymore that sell books, and if they did, they would probably not have this one (how is a book that has its own Wikipedia article not on Amazon or at a store I could drive to?)

However, the free study guide for *Gödel, Escher, Bach* gives us an overview, and reports that it is the author, Hofstadter's, study on phenomenology. It defines phenomenology for us as follows:

> Phenomenology is the study of conscious experience. German philosopher Johann Heinrich Lambert coined the term in the 18th century, but it was popularized by Edmund Husserl in the 19th century. Hofstadter blends science, art, math, and philosophy to explore thinking itself, emphasizing the myriad connections that reflect and impact conscious experience. Phenomenology turns the eye inward, applying thinking processes to ask questions about cognition: *What is consciousness? How do we experience the world and make meaning? What does it mean to be collectively conscious?*

When I read this book, I thought it was just about the smartest thing that I have ever heard anybody say. In fact, I had never heard words like these ones before it. This was a book written by someone clearly much smarter than me who knows all these things and put them together in a way that no one else can see. Like an Escher painting.

However, I was very surprised upon researching to write this section - because no one else but me seemed to understand this book! These summaries are incorrect. In fact, I can't even tell if what I remember as the whole point of the book is real, I dreamed it, or if I am remembering a different book - and I can't even buy it to check.

I have to think about this before I write more, because the main point as I understood it is not in the summaries I am reading, and I'm not seeing in on Wikipedia.

I wondered to myself, and looked off of my cabin porch. I gazed into the forest, and felt the weight of the immense cavity just a few hundred feet from me. Workers and tourists bustled around, and a herd of deer pass by. Do not attempt to touch the animals at the Grand Canyon.

I set the book down. Powerful research chemicals course through my brain as I stare at the old wooden box, which has been home to hundreds and hundreds of temp and seasonal workers.

Big heaters. Giant toaster coils. So cozy and warm - I love them.

I look closer at the wood of my porch. He is right. *Fractals.*

I sigh, and close my eyes. They remain.

"I wonder what it would feel like to write a book like this?"

All you have to do to write a book is think of all the words not to say, and then repeat the rest of them in the right order. According to what I had just read, an infinite amount of typewriter monkeys would not produce Shakespeare (obviously), but they would produce a *fractal*.

Then, I went back inside and worked on my music because that's all I ever did until I realized that you are technically legally allowed to just write a book on 9/11 and publish it.

In fact, there is no law at all dictating that you must charge people "money" in order to allow them to read your books. This is one of the most underappreciated things about technology. As smart as he is, even this Hofstadter guy couldn't figure this out.

"My songs still sound like shit."

"I am the biggest idiot in the world. No one ever would read a book I wrote."

I throw *Gödel, Escher, Bach* down on my bed and head out to cook pizzas as quickly as possible for 8 hours while people scream about beer. I don my white chef coat and my stupid hat which I really hate, and the ugly checkered pants. Look at myself in the mirror.

I look like a clown.

I am sad, but there is no doctor for me. I am a clown with no circus. A sad clown with no clown doctor. I really, really hated wearing that cook hat.

I walk, as I have no car there. As I get in the back of the kitchen, I clock in. I see my managers, and they really have always liked me. This one is a larger man with a silver mohawk, about 55, who was missing a pinky. Apparently, chefs have a harder time with knives than most, and they suffer a lot of hand and finger wounds because of it.

I check to make sure that the morning shift has enough dough out of the freezer to make at least 40 or 50 pizzas at dinnertime and wings defrosting. Most of the time, they do. Sometimes, they do not.

When they do not, I stand at the large silver sink and break them apart using cold water because the government thinks that if I use hot water and then put them in a 500-degree oven, it will be worse than if I use cold water and then do it. I'm sure it makes sense to someone, and I'm sure this rule exists because of very stupid people, like all of them.

The ice and sharp bone shreds my skin. The tendons and pink flesh of young, uncooked meat crackle and snap. I think of the tortured screams of the defenseless birds as they are forcibly plucked by machines, thrown into the shredders, and turned into garlic parmesan wings.

But first, all the males are instantly killed. They are useless. *Worthless*.

That is because they do not produce as much meat or lay eggs, so they are killed within one day of being hatched. They do not have the tender, sweet breast meat that so many crave. The secret is the milk sugars. Lactose.

Instead, male chicks are a problem that must be dealt with. This is called "chick culling", and it happens in every single chicken farm that you buy meat from. They used to chop off their heads, which they called "cervical dislocation." Then, they gassed them, but this is probably difficult and expensive, and it requires you to pay special workers to handle the gasses properly.

So, they settled on a very nice euphemism called "maceration", which means that they are simply born, separated from the females, and then immediately slid down a metal tube into waiting jaws that crush them into pulp. To death.

We even built a special machine, just for this. Isn't she beautiful?

The round jaws of death. Humanity's greatest achievement. Our temple, our altar. Our crucifix of steel. And here it is, in all its glory:

Welcome to the machine, I guess. It's a really good thing that we do not do that to male human infants, because that would be extremely weird and cruel. Their slurry is then recycled and fed to the other chickens I assume, and the circle of life goes on.

Anyways, I was sitting there breaking apart chunks of ice and torn pink baby flesh under cold water as quickly as I possibly could, which is not very quickly at all. It is like a rock. About half of the people who have "jobs" do not do them, so this defrosting issue would happen quite a bit. That's one way you can tell that they aren't a real thing.

I grab a steel knife, a butter knife type deal, and I try to jam it in. No good. I can see the viscous fluid and the myoglobin that children think is blood. White ribbons of fat. It disgusts me. Try a bigger one, now it just feels ridiculous.

Fuck this shit

I turn on the hot water, and break them apart in about five minutes. *Fuck you.*

Then, I cook them in a 450-degree oven, and slather them with sauce. They *love* them. They literally just hand you money, for free, when you give people pizza. And you don't even have to tell anyone. They still ask, of course, when the night ends, but you lie, and they know that you know that they know that you are lying when you say you didn't get any cash tips to report, but they don't care because everyone hates taxes.

One time, a family cancels an order. Leaves. Big one. Two plates of garlic parmesan wings, slathered in sauce sit there. An entire large pepperoni pizza, steaming in the low lamps.

Disgusting.

I walk up to a vibrant blonde woman who is laughing and smiling with other adults, a normal family of rich-looking Baby Boomers. They look at me, and I am wearing the green shirt and black pants of the cashier this night (much better than the chef outfit.)

They all look at me, and I smile. They expect me to say something funny because I had already joked around with them while they ordered beer, but they hadn't gotten any food yet. I tell them I have to tell them something important, with a serious look.

Like many who come in after a hike or walking the rim, their eyes are bright and alive. Their skin is flushed and red. They wear outdoorsy clothes, for an adventure. They look happy.

They look like this because they just saw something that they have never seen before. They looked into the Void, and they saw the Nothing. Miles and miles of Nothing, all the way down further than they have ever seen before.

And below the Nothing? Fractals in the stone. This is where they had just come from:

This is the walk to the Pizza Pub. When you get there, you see two towering cedar logs. Huge ones flank the Pizza Pub. Go stay there, and go in the Maswik cafeteria. You'll see. Go out the front door. See that cabin directly in front of you and second to the right from middle? I lived there. I loved there. I existed there.

"I have to tell you guys something serious."

They stared at me. Smiles left some of the faces, and the men grew concerned.

A whisper in the back between two of them.

“W… what is it? Is everything OK?”

“Oh yeah, oh yeah. Don’t sweat it. We had a sweepstakes tonight, and you guys won.

Yep. This whole pizza and all these wings are for you guys. For free.”

They started busting up laughing and I winked at them. People like that, but only in very specific situations.

I gave them pizza. People go bananas for that stuff. It’s true, everyone loves the pizza guy. I don’t remember, but I bet they handed me a pretty decent chunk of “money” as a “tip” when they left.

The cabin across from me had four girls from Thailand. And, in the Grand Canyon, there really isn’t very much to do except walk around the Grand Canyon (which is really neat, actually, but you can’t do it forever unless you want the expensive helicopter ride they always talk about.)

In fact, unless you have a friend that works at the front desk and can give you the password that is different every day, there isn’t even internet there for the employees. At first, people didn’t tell me about the password thing because they didn’t trust me yet. Once people trust you, they will do crimes with you.

So, at that point I used to sit on my porch on the hour break I didn’t want to take during my shifts and play my acoustic guitar. And these Thai girls, they really liked that. In fact, they actually always had about 5-10 squeaky little friends over, as well.

These girls were like toys, with impossibly thin spaghetti arms, tiny jean shorts and hips that looked to be about 10 inches across. Dark, jet black hair and strange almond eyes. They squealed and squeaked to each other in a strange language I had never heard.

They all watched me, and to be honest with you, I have always really enjoyed when women stare at me. Plus, I really had nothing better to do, and I got in trouble for skipping lunches already (would rather get paid, to be honest.) So, I fired up the ‘ol electric guitar, and turned on the amp. Actually, I turned it up pretty high, to about 7 or 8, which is *quite* loud.

Then, I played a solo with notes so fast and smooth they sounded like water. However, the front desk where I worked did *not* appreciate that, so they called the fire department. They showed up, and told me that it actually sounded really good. They were impressed, and I obviously apologized for wasting their time and gave them all a firm handshake (men love that.) It was funny.

The *dumbest* thing I have ever seen a smart man do is actually get married to one of these Thai girls and stay in the Grand Canyon. You would have to be a complete fucking idiot to do something like that.

It's actually such a bad decision that it becomes art – it's tragic, absurd, and funny. And stupid.

And so, the saddest girl besides J at my CNA job was one of them - who went by Suki. She was also the most beautiful one, and had a face like it was carved from Jade. Out of all the Thai girls, she was the only one with facial lines that were perfect.

She messaged me a few weeks after I left, and she begged me to love her. She told me that no one loves her. I told her that I could not do that for her, but I comforted her as best that I could. That is the second-saddest I have ever seen a woman, and I knew that she knew that she had no value in this world besides her great beauty.

People looked at her and that is all they saw. They did not notice how beautiful her smile or laugh was, because for that, you had to actually talk to her and tell her funny things. They did not notice her kindness, because you must be kind to her to see it.

Luckily, kitchens are full of fun things to talk about, and women also love men who are holding knives. She really did have a great laugh, but she was very, very child-like.

Anyways, all of this is running through my mind as I cook tender baby chicken flesh for people and round portals of cheese and sauce to take people into a new dimension of culinary delight. I poured beers.

I took about 8 blocks of large mozzarella cheese to the back. There is a shredder there, and this might be one of the worst parts of being a pizza cook – you have to manually force each block through, and it takes a push. Elbow grease. In fact, these little Thai girls literally could not have gotten it done.

So I push, and I strain. As I push, I think about the Milky Way – the sweet nectar of God's breast squirted amongst the stars. Then, I thought about *Gödel, Escher, Bach*, and the way that authors weave narratives together. Like a song, or sex, it is a rising and falling cascade of narratives. It must never climax too early.

The most important thing I learned about music is that if you drop the tension for a moment, it is over. The song is dead. You cannot learn how to not do this, you must find out through years of study and looking closely at things.

Then, I thought about my English classes, and how authors use motifs and symbols to tell a story-within-a-story, that most people only pick up on subconsciously. I wondered what a good one might be if I were to ever write a dumb book, and I remembered something. Something deep.

I remembered the first time that I ever felt pleasure instead of pain. The first time someone cared for me. The first time someone looked me in the eye, and told me that I was enough for them. That I could partake in them, and consume their flesh into my being.

I remembered the void. The blackness. The Nothing.

Quite nice, actually.

Screaming, screaming! What are these sounds?

I cry, I scream out in fear, and I call -

And as soon as I'm born, they'll make me feel small,

By giving me no time instead of it all.

They'll hate me if I'm clever and they'll despise a fool,

Until I'm so fucking crazy I won't follow their rules

There's room at the top they are telling me still,

But first I must learn how to smile as I kill.

A working class hero is something to be.

A working class hero means something to me.

So, if you want to be a hero, well, just follow me.

So go on, kid, choose! It's your life, it's your dream!

Make a decision, as your countdown begins -

Three billion seconds, then – poof – I win!

Make your bet, draw your cards – I hold arbitrage.

I run the cameras, and the hammer in back,

I string the mistletoe, while awareness you lack.

I run the streets, and rain death from above,

I drove a tank and ran over a dove.

I own the farm, and I work the trough –

Feeding them things I don't want to be found.

Hair, bone, and teeth – chewed up by a pig.

The house keeps the money, and you lose the vig.

Your mother can't save you, though your cries she will hear.

You're all mine, so let the nice man get you clean –

Your immurement has ended, and no one is near,

Look into my wolf eyes as they sharply gleam.

I whisper to you, and you cry out in fear.

I'll tell you the things that you should never have seen.

"Welcome, my boy, to the world of your dreams,

Nightmares and riddles – monstrous scenes.

Welcome, my child, touch what you wish,

It's yours to fondle, caress, and to kiss.

Welcome to laughter, joy, and love,

Welcome to the facsimile of the good things above.

Welcome to church, and the television screen.

Welcome, my son, to the machine."

WAAAA!!!! What the FUCK?!? What horrors appear betwixt mine newborn eyes? WAAAA!!!!!!

Terror and strange monsters spin you around. You shriek, and for the first time in your life, you feel cold, *heavy* air stinging your skin. Viscera and blood stream down you. You're no longer weightless, and there's a terrible, oppressive force holding down everything you try to do.

You are mottled and grey.

AHHHHH!!! NOOOO!!!! TAKE ME BAAAAACK!!!!

Then, suddenly, something changes. You are warm, and you smell the only smell that you have ever known. Your eyes see dimly, but you see soft hushed tones of yellow and orange, and you hear the drum of the heartbeat that has been the rhythm of your life since forever.

A female voice sings to you. It is beautiful, and it sounds like an angel. You can even feel the resonance in her body. In her throat, her vocal chords vibrate like piano strings, and you can feel them. It is incredible.

You see her lips, soft and red. Reach out and touch them. They look funny. Her blonde hair brushes against you, tickling you. For the first time, you laugh.

Your father watches as the mother lowers her gown and places you gently on your breast. It is a pillow, a mountain of comfort. It is so, so, nice and warm. It's *soft,* like your home. Suddenly, a surprise! A fountain, an explosion of flavor. It is *sweet.*

Holy shit, YES!!!

Your mind explodes in a cacophony of taste and sense. It tastes like vanilla, like honey in the afternoon on a warm day, and you drink. You drink the deepest that you will ever drink in your life as the milk sugars enter your body and become you.

This was the first experience of my life.

As I push the white, firm but soft Mozzarella cheese through the shredder, I really push. I mean, I put some elbow grease in because I have shit to do and people get *hungry* after hiking the Grand Canyon.

I wonder if there's any more good ways to tie this motif into my story as I *heave* down, forcing and jamming this cheese into the shredder. Putting my very soul into forcing this white, creamy

stuff into the metal chasm below, where it will be inexorably torn apart, never to be made whole again.

Torn, through my great effort, into thousands of little, tiny pieces, never to be remixed again. Just all this white, cheesy stuff sent to the ovens to melt on a crucifix of bread, slathered in meat extracted through suffering in a round circle in a product that people inexorably just *love*, but it isn't good for us, but we all know that and do it anyways.

Hmmm… motifs…

"Nope" I think to myself. *Can't really think of any.*

You look at me, snapped out of your reverie. "Did you like living there?"

"No," I tell you. "Here's a good tip – do not live in a place from which you cannot escape which is less than a few miles in diameter where all of your coworkers and bosses also live, and all of their bosses, and there is nothing to do except take drugs and wander around a forest.

By the end, I walked in the cafeteria and screamed – 'What is this, 1984?'

Luckily, no one heard except the only manager who smoked cigarettes (they *will* know and they *will* raise your health insurance.)

We think together, and you agree that it sounds like pretty reasonable advice. I light up a second blunt I pulled out of my satchel. I light it, and hand it to you.

"Take it, and be easy."

We watch it, and I tell you about how when I looked up *Gödel, Escher, Bach* today, I was pretty surprised to find that, apparently, I was the only person who understood it.

You see, not one single summary or website I found even mentioned his key thesis, which was not entirely about fractals. It was also *not* about Gödel's incompleteness theorem, which proves that you should never listen to books because you can't actually ever know anything. It wasn't about phenomenology, Bach's music, or Escher's art.

No, it was actually about chaos. Chaos theory. And butterflies.

"Butterflies?"

“Yes. The Butterfly Effect.”

The main character of this book is actually not Gödel, Escher, or Bach. It is a man named Edward Lorenz – the father of Chaos Theory. The guy who coined the term, “The Butterfly Effect.”

It’s a great movie, it really is. It chronicles the story of a young man with brown hair who was studying psychology at college while he makes a series of increasingly poor choices that end up ruining his life. He can time travel, and experiences several paradoxes and moral dilemmas.

When I watched it, I was on a lot of drugs. I could almost feel nothing at all.

Me and A watched it, and it was pretty sad. I thought about how I failed college to sell drugs, and I felt that it was probably actually a bad idea, maybe for the first time.

I thought about calling up their office for the first time, talking to my parents, and trying again for once.

So we watched, and Ashton Kutcher really fucks up his life. He ends up in prison, and is basically being tortured. He watches everyone he loves suffer more and more because of him, and the various timelines he shifts into grow darker. Nightmarish.

He loses the girl he loves. He loses his arms. He loses *everything*. He almost loses his soul, and he sins against himself. I was not having a particularly good time, but this is high art, so what can you do.

You look at me. “If it makes you uncomfortable…”

“Yes. You listened. Thank you for listening to me.”

So, once he ends up in a timeline where the things that he has ended up doing, often without truly meaning to, has ruined everyone’s life and things just could not be worse. He cries and weeps under his psychiatrist’s desk as he realizes that the story he wrote has come to life (motif.) I will reference this later.

You see, he can only time travel by reading his own writing. Oddly enough, I just remembered that part. His notes. You are on this journey of discovery with me. His own writing was the key, wasn’t it.

His story came to life, and it was a tragedy with a horrible ending for everyone. The beautiful blonde girl he loved hated him. He was a monster.

And here they are, in all their glory:

So I watched as he failed out of this college, ruined all of his dreams, and completely shattered the only thing that he ever loved – this girl.

I watched it, and I thought to myself, “This is making me feel very, very upset.”

Me and her laid in bed. We smoked a spliff.

And he writes a new story, and he brings it to life.

Now, there are apparently a few different endings to this movie, either two or three.

And that is probably because the real ending is, like I said before, a CGI of him *in the womb*, as a *fetus*, grabbing the umbilical cord, wrapping it around his neck like a noose, and pulling it until you watch the life drain from his eyes.

The fetus is lifeless, and it seizes up and spasms. He is wrapped in a cylinder of flesh, trapped forever and strangled by what once nourished him. The camera lingers on the crucifix of flesh.

The camera cuts to a hospital scene, and doctors and nurses are rushing around frantically. Everyone is screaming, and lights are flashing. It beeps, everything is beeping and wailing. She screams and begs them to tell her what is going on, and they do not answer her. Something has gone terribly wrong. This is my recollection of it.

The camera sort of pans up, I don’t know, following her, showing us between her legs, and up her body. It shows her lying, bleeding in a dirty hospital bed, on rumpled sheets, surrounded by strange men.

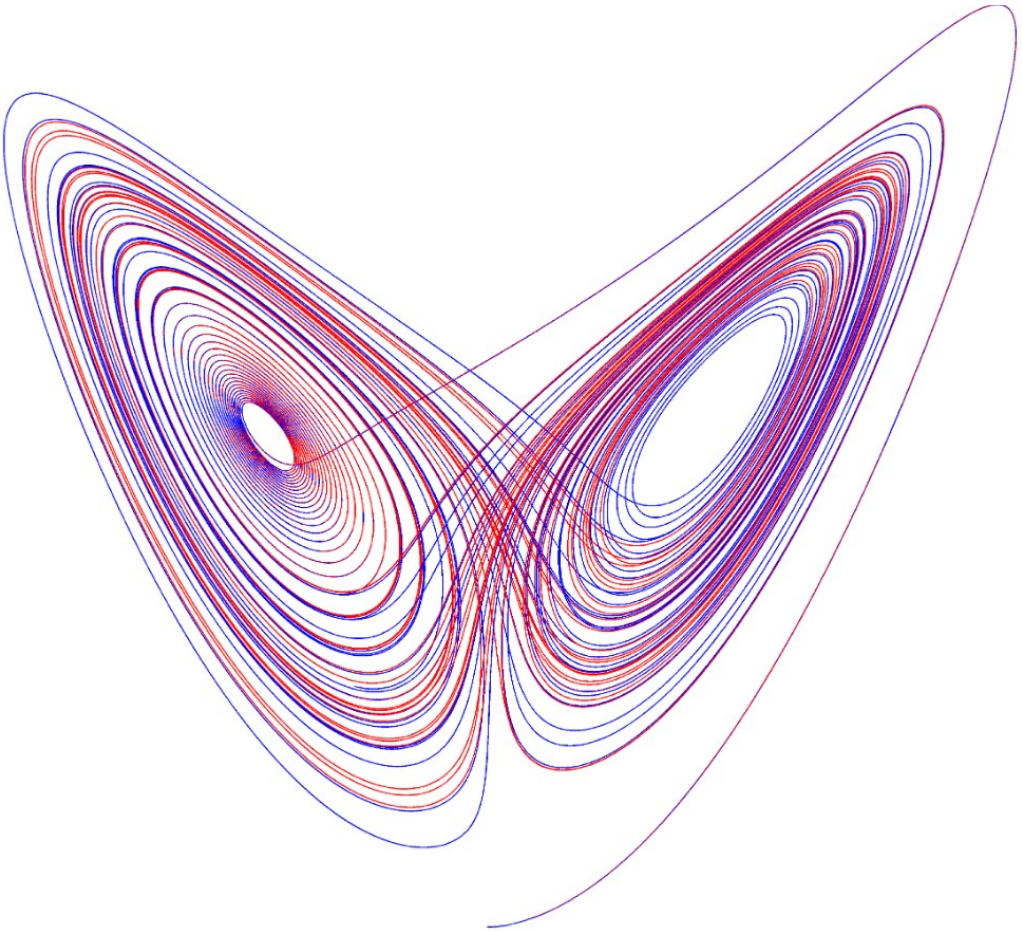
She is screaming, howling in pain and sadness.

“NOT AGAIN!!! NOOO!!! GIVE ME MY BABY!!!”

Now, I can't quite remember the full ending, but then it sort of cuts. Roll credits.

I was horrified. I had never seen anything like that. It sent my brain into shock, and I began to weep uncontrollably. I never saw a movie where they kept going back to the fucked up, beginning parts and torturing a character like that. It was awful.

But, that's not the Butterfly Effect we are talking about here. This is:



You see, I was surprised to find that this study guide was obviously wrong, and the book is not really about phenomenology at all.

Obviously it is about ontology, which is the study of *being.* A Philosophy teacher in college, one of the better ones, told me that this is called "dasein", and – believe it or not - it's sort of a big deal.

They taught me about a Nazi named Heidegger who coined this term, and apparently, he must not have been *too bad* for a Nazi because they still read his work in colleges in California today – which honestly surprised the heck out of me. *These people did read his Wikipedia article… right?*

And it turns out, that "being" feels very, very chaotic. The edges of the fractal up close appear *very* rough. Jagged. Like steel teeth in the gaping maw of the Nothing.

Once in a while, though, a person comes along who sees something a little bit different. This is the hidden story of this book – the story-within-a-story.

They can see a higher order of complexity, and order emerges out of the chaos. They call it "emergence", when a complex system is far greater and more complex than the sum of its parts. It becomes something new entirely. It transcends. Evolves.

For example, out of ten thousand ants, you find a society. Systems. Order.

From a flock of birds comes a pattern. A murmur. A tessellated shape.

From a billion stars, comes a galaxy.

From a trillion cells, comes you.

And you are all tessellated fractals.

So, there appears a scientist. And his name is *Lorenz*.

And here he is, in all his glory:

Beneath his skull and bones lay a secret. A gift. A wonderful, gifted mind. He saw things that no one else saw, and he saw order coming out of chaos. *Ordo ab chao.* If you're reading this book, I'm assuming that you're familiar with the concept:

Lorenz studied math at Harvard, and he worked as a weather forecaster for the Air Force during World War II. After that, he spent the rest of his life working at MIT.

Order out of *chaos.*

Now, this guy – Lorenz - is *sharp*. He stands out, even at places like MIT and Harvard. People notice him. He solves problems that others puzzle over without even using a pen or paper. Among mathematicians, he is a rock star.

And he was actually so good at this math stuff, that the government found it to be very useful to them. Because it turns out that understanding how air and water work are very, *very* important to military strategy.

"Air and water?"

You look at me. Our sacred smoke flies up to heaven, dissipating in the blue. Nothingness. Here and then there. *Poof!*

"Air and water."

I get a call. It is from my wife, and she tells me that I have been talking to you for way too long. That you have grown weary of my tales. That my words, perhaps, grate upon you like a block of mozzarella cheese in a shredder. Irritate you. She tells me that you probably have a lot of things to do and that no one cares about this story anyways. She critiques the use of narratives within narratives, and claims that it is not an effective way to communicate with an audience.

"*The More Rational Worldview* is better than whatever trash you're writing," she tells me.

"No one will read a 500-page book."

I smile. *Little does she know…*

I ask her about the Bible, and question her on what, exactly, she thinks a parable is.

"A story-within-a-story, she replies."

"And why would Jesus do this?"

She knows the truth. "Because you cannot show them. You cannot tell them. You cannot reason with them. They have gone past the brink. There is no reaching them. You cannot actually just hand someone a 400-page book with 785 sources about 9/11, and expect them to read it.

All you can do is suck them in with all the insane sex and drugs first, and then tell them it like a story. A story that they can *feel*. Writing that takes them *there* - and makes them feel things they have never felt. Things they have never felt. Stories that have never been told, but must be told."

I look at her and smile.

"That's right."

I wonder if I had a psychotic break. If I am having one right now. If the government really dosed me with acid. *Who the fuck else would do that?*

If a supernatural wolf demon wants to kill me. *Do I really believe that?*

I have never been more confused by anything in my life.

My head aches and my neck is stiff. I write, and I write, and I write without ceasing, hour after hour, because I fear that death will overtake me before I finish it - and no one will ever read my story.

I have a long way to go. Right now, I have to tell you if I ended up going back and having sex with the most beautiful girl I had ever seen until Witness 2, learn what ends up happening to Robert Plant with you, tell you why the government cared so much about Lorenz and his studies on chaos, tell the stories of 9/11, explain how these stories ended up happening, and tell you the ending of the Hazards of Love.

I also have a list of anecdotes you will like that I will tie in here, and I plan to take pictures of some of the songs in the black binder and tell you the story of each one. Bring them to life. I have *Hope for the Flowers* and *Of Hailstones and Halibut Bones* as well, the original prints from my earliest childhood memory. I will show you some of them – I'm editing now - nope, no room for that. Look them up.

We will finish learning about music, and figure out how The Beatles, The Rolling Stones, Led Zeppelin, and more all tie into this. Pay attention to the music, as it forms quite a significant key in this writing. I will give you the valuable secrets I have gleaned over 20 years of study.

I also have a list and pictures of about 40 or 50 more predictive programming images showing something about either the date 9/11 or two burning and destroyed towers from various forms of music, movies, or tv shows, but no one has ever looked at it. That's in Appendix B.

All of the appendices are worthwhile to read, in fact, once we get to the end of this book - and obviously, I am hoping if you read this one, you'll read *The More Rational Worldview*, as well. I also have to tell you the meaning of life still. Don't skip ahead – you won't find it at the ending.

I haven't even told you about when *I* went to the psych ward. And apparently, I told my grandpa that I "saw Jesus" there. And, the funny thing is, I don't even remember saying that. Really weird, even for me. I also have yet to tell you about when I nearly drowned, and I felt the ocean close around me. I felt the maw of the Nothing grab my feet and inexorably pull me under.

This was at Stinson Beach near San Fransisco, and I had gone out way, way too far when I was around 11. I loved watching all the people recede as I entered a different world. A strange world. A marine kingdom.

Then, I realized that I was caught in some type of current, and actually could not, in fact, swim back to shore more quickly than I was being sucked out.

Panic. I struggle. On the beach, my Father stands up. That's the last thing I saw for sure.

My brain locks up and my limbs flail. I cease. I sink. I am going to die, and I go under.

Then, I am moving, and being carried. I am laid down on a beach and I see the sun. I was really, really happy to be on solid ground at that point. I felt embarrassed that my Dad had to save me, and he told me it was all good and stuff, but if it had been my mom watching me instead of him we both would have died.

I thought about it, and I knew that it was true. In fact, I was pretty surprised that he was able to get me back and drag me out of that current that I was in. I was very grateful to still be alive.

Pro-tip: If this happens to you, DO NOT swim towards the beach. Swim parallel to it, and you will eventually escape the current's grip. This is called a "rip tide", and it kills many each year. In the moment, obviously, you will definitely *not* remember this until it is too late and you are trapped in the dark forever.

I have not told you what it is like to pitch a baseball game well. I haven't told you that my favorite part was not striking people out, or throwing an accurate pitch, but the little balks and feints of throwing them out when they stray too far from the base.

It's a little mini game within baseball between the pitcher and runners on base. A game-within-a-game, if you'd like. This is the only way a pitcher can get a guy called out without striking them out at bat or otherwise using a ball already in play. This one comes from *nowhere*.

My dad taught me this, and it's called "picking them off". It is the most hilarious thing that will ever happen in a baseball game. He said it was his favorite part about pitching, and it happened to be mine, too. He controlled everyone else, and it all relied on him. For sure, he was better than I ever was at baseball and other sports. However, I wasn't bad either.

Now, this is a hunter's game. If you move in the wrong way, even a hair, or if your foot leaves the white rectangle at any time, the umpire will yell – "BALK!" Penalty. This is called "balking", and you are not allowed to fake people out by doing it. If you do, *all* runners advance one base (very bad and you would look like the biggest idiot on the field.) This never happened to me.

The truth is, even the umpires aren't expecting this one. Only *you* can balk. All you have to do is *follow through* once you commit, and do it with your full body all at once, and they'll never call you for balking.

So - like a predator in wait - you must remain *perfectly* still, with your foot touching the backstop and the ball in your hand. The crowd is silent as they await your pitch. J puts one finger towards the ground, which is a fastball - works almost every time. Two fingers down is a curveball, and that's all I can do.

You glare at the batter, and you lock eyes with him. You can see the whites of them, and you can tell how confident he is as a batter. Once, I hit someone on purpose in the arm because he was just an asshole that thought he was better than everyone else.

That wasn't why I beaned him though. I did it because he was, actually, better than everyone else. Therefore, I could quite easily tell that when *he* hit a guy pitching at our last game he had done it on purpose, too. Body language, it's the grinning. *Not so funny now, is it, sucka'!*

Anyways, they are expecting it. The crowd is expectant, and they visualize the next 5 seconds.

You're going to throw it towards the batter, at the catcher, for sure. They have seen it thousands of times. You throw the ball at the triangle shaped thing in the ground, towards the

guy with the bat, and the other two guys, one crouching down with a glove and one wearing black with a mask on.

Seen it before, let's get this show on the road. Throw the ball towards home plate, at the batter. *Duh.*

This fucking guy standing here challenging you *knows* you're going to try and sneak one past him, and he cocks his bat. He is ready for you, and his eyes gleam. Hunter, and prey. Who will win?

Every single person watches you, as you sigh. You relax, begin to shift back into your windup, and the bat readies. The umpire prepares to call a strike, ball, or foul.

He is *definitely* going to do that, because you are, for sure, about to throw the ball towards him. J waits with his glove open for you – a perfect target.

You noticed something, though.

The guy on first base has strayed a few feet further than his peers. At least three or four feet further out. He is confident, because he knows you are going to throw the ball towards the other guy with the bat. He hasn't even thought about it in months, and he's casual. You can tell he's not even looking at you.

He's looking at the other coach, but you do not look at either of them. They are not thinking about you, and you can tell without even turning your head where they are looking. At each other. They're distracted.

The hunter prepares his feint. A trap. Something they will never, ever see coming.

The funniest thing you could possibly do.

As you go into your windup, you spin as quickly as possible once your feet are in motion and off the backstop, and deliver a fastball.

To first base.

They smack him with their glove, and he's out. "OUT!"

He can't even fucking believe it. Their coach stares at you in disbelief. He can't believe you just did that to them. You smile. It's actually so, so profoundly funny to me.

They *never* see that one coming.

The parents don't even understand, except for some of the guys. "What? He's *out*?"

“WHAT?!?”

Maybe, he got away. Maybe he almost makes it to second. The guy on first throws it to the guy on second, and he’s caught in the middle. This is called a “pickle”, and it is also very, very fun.

I love baseball, and hitting the ball is pretty fun too. On my last game ever, I heard the other coach tell the outfielders to back up, because he knew that I was about to crank one out there to say goodbye. And I did. I got a double that day. Then, I never played baseball again. My best play ever was a triple, and it was glorious. J was there for both of those plays.

There is also the fourth-most beautiful girl I have ever seen, B, who is the only one on this list with dark hair and eyes, and skin like translucent pearl. I have to tell you about the stars in her eyes for me and how she would open her door to me with just a bra and jeans on.

How she walked with me to the beach on our first day, and looked at sea anemones with me. That is why they are my favorite animal, and no one else knows that. Not her. Not Witness 2. Only me and you now.

There is a tiny, beautiful waif with brown eyes and green and purple hair who’s hand I held all night long in high school while Robitussin cough syrup coursed through my body so intensely I vomited several times, which was actually not cool at all. We walked in a cemetery the next day, and I held her hand again, sober. I never did again, and I never saw her after that, but I wrote a song about it that no one has ever heard.

I will show you the very paper that I wrote it on my Senior year, as it sits safely in my binder. You will even read the very chords I scribbled, and you can even play them yourself. I did not play her this song.

The dumbest thing I ever got in trouble for. The subjectively-best song I have ever heard, and J’s girlfriend who burned it onto a CD for me my Sophomore Year. A, and it was in English class.

I can smell the room and picture the teachers blonde hair as she hands it to me. She thought I was nice, but that J was slightly better looking (true.) The song was really good. It’s called *Arena,* by VNV Nation. My favorite song.

I have to tell you about the only time I ever studied. I took Adderall, and sat in the dorm study room for the first time. For my very first set of finals at college. While there, I learned quite a bit.

What I learned was why people like uppers so much, and why meth probably feels good. Then, I learned how good it feels to smoke weed the first time you ever take Adderall.

I wrapped up the study sesh in about an hour, and that was the first and only time I have ever studied in my life. I passed all my finals with mostly As and Bs because I wasn't selling weed yet (Persian guy was right about that.)

I did not continue to abuse Adderall, and I have never been addicted to uppers. Do not abuse stimulants, it is a *very* bad idea.

You recall now that I am 33 years old in this very moment.

I wrote a section on drugs, but moved it over to *The Crazy Factor.* But, I don't know. Do you want to hear it? You do? Ok!

Hydrocodone and oxycodone are the two main opioids that doctors use as painkillers, and they are excellent at serving this function.

They are the two great children of morphine, which is much closer to the original - opium. Doctors did NOT like how often people took morphine for fun, though I understand that they were able to figure out why they themselves might want to take it once in a while. Heroin is diacetylmorphine, which was an earlier, failed version of these "less addictive" morphine replacements.

Opium is distilled into morphine, which can be further separated into two distinct compounds: codeine, and thebaine. Codeine is used to produce hydrocodone, while thebaine is used to produce oxycodone. These have a slightly different effect, and the thebaine-derived formulation is slightly more potent and somniferous.

Once you take either of these drugs, they metabolize inside your body into a few other components – especially, more pure versions of these drugs called hydromorphone (most people call it *Dilaudid*) and oxymorphone. These are *also* sold in pill form, though they are far harder to find and much more expensive.

In my entire life, I have only seen oxymorphone pills on the street once, and you better believe I bought them. Expensive stuff, too. They are sold as *Opanas*, and the highest dosage contains 40 MG of oxymorphone. They're yellow octagons, shaped like a stop sign. Which is good, because if you see one of these bad boys and you don't take opiates every day you should probably stop and turn around. Just one of them can *kill you.*

You will *literally* get so high that you might actually forget to breathe. From one pill. Opanas are for the beyond-10 pain scale terminal patients. Hospice patients who have been on painkillers for decades. The kinds of cancers that even doctors fear.

Together, these compounds comprise the "big four" of morphine-derived painkillers. These are the "opioids" – hydrocodone, oxycodone, hydromorphone, and oxymorphone. Fentanyl and its derivates have no natural, poppy-based ingredients - it is 100% made in a lab.

At the heart of a Vicodin there lies a poppy plant. That's why Fentanyl is not a good drug – no poppy dust. Also, they seem to have accidentally made it, maybe, a little *too* potent.

It's funny, because I remember that right when this big orange bottle of 100 "roxies" ran out was when I started getting really, *really* paranoid, and we left only a few months later. I would wake up and snort one of those blue 30 MG pills and then take about 2 MG of Xanax. That would last for a few hours.

The way we withhold opiates from dying people is one of the most absurd and pointlessly cruel things I have ever seen. Even doctors and nurses hate it, but apparently, there's nothing that can be done because men wearing suits and ties say so. It was actually really hard to quit them, and I pray only that you don't think less of me or judge me for it.

So, the one guy I've ever found who had 40 MG Opanas. I've never seen the lower dosages of oxymorphone, either, but I paid $180 for three 40 MG Opanas from this guy, just out of curiosity. 60 bucks a pop.

If you're a mathematician, you've probably realized that's about 66 cents per milligram (1/1000 of a gram.) In fact, I've learned that if you use a calculator for this, you will get .666 repeating forever. Again. *Anyways…*

If you're a shitty mathematician, maybe you've compared that to weed in your head, which sells for around $10 a gram on the street, and calculated that to about 1 cent per milligram. You might be wondering is oxymorphone is almost 70 times more powerful than weed, and the answer is no. They are completely different things. In fact, the true nature of these plants is not revealed until you combine the two.

Oxymorphone is called "The Champagne of Opiates" among those who are insane. It is, undeniably, the best one. She is chalky, almost moist. The pill is soft, and grinds easily, instantly, into dust so fine it will blow away if you so much as think about sneezing or coughing in its direction. This actually happens with powdered drugs, and they are very expensive, so you have to watch out. You could blow away about $10,000 worth of oxymorphone with a single sneeze.

I will talk later about how absurd it is that the only thing these "pharmaceutical companies" seem to do is spend *billions* trying to figure out ways to make it *harder* for your body to absorb their drugs. Like making it so you can't crush them and snort them, and they dissolve more slowly in your stomach. Morons. This is not an issue with these.

You rack the line out and snort it, and it burns. How they burn. One of the best feelings and tastes in my life is this powerful opioid coating on the back of my throat and nose, and its strange chemical taste. I fucking loved it. I did. I'm sorry. The second-best drug I have ever tasted was 2C-I. I tried heroin a few times, maybe around 30-40 times total. That is the third-

best tasting drug, but I found it to be quite addictive and had to stop doing it ten years ago, like I said.

Honestly, I can't fucking believe that I never found opium once on the street. It's absurd that people won't even talk about using it to benefit people. If only there was an overarching body of authorities that could pool our tax money and look into ways things like this could benefit everyone. I bet we could even think of a great name for it if we use that Latin system from earlier.

At least let us *buy* it without being thrown in a cage. At *least* use it to get rid of all the *more addictive and harmful* versions of it that we've created, for God's sake. Morons. And if we can't do that then *at least* give it to the fucking locked-in woman who moans and vocalizes for it all day from her tomb-bed! FUCK!!!

But, no.

Another unfulfilled dream of mine is to grow my own opium poppies and try it just for fun, but that's the worst one out of all of them. I probably, really, should *not do this*, and I do *not* actually plan to.

I'll tell you what though, don't get addicted to opiates as a poor person without tons of easy cash and drug connections. Not fun AT ALL.

Getting addicted to opiates instead of finishing college, though? Come on, lighten up. It's tragic, funny, and absurd – *life*. Also, like I said, good art is supposed to be both tragic and funny. The strongest one of these, in life, is tragedy.

By the time I was doing this every day, I knew that I would have a bad trip if I took psychedelic drugs for a while, because I had definitely ruined my life. So, I didn't do them anymore for a while, so I didn't have to think about it.

One time, A told me that my old roommate had come looking for me at our apartment, a few months after the ocean house, while I was wandering by the trees and beach. This is the guy that got everyone out of my room so I could have a threesome without being weird, which was a total bro moment.

I love this guy, and he still wishes me happy birthday every year, which no one else does. His name also starts with A, and he in Egyptian. He is an absolute king. His name was the name Aladdin goes by as the enchanted prince. He was already close friends with my roommate in the dorms, A (Russian Bear), and that's how I met him. He was my roommate in the ocean house.

He wanted to take acid with me. I knew it would be awful. I would have to face that I had *completely* fucked my life up. I did not call him. I wonder about this moment more than most.

I wonder if I had gone and found him, how different my life would be, because I bet I would have freaked out, big time, and called my parents up and told them I wanted to try again in school or something lame and ridiculous like that.

In fact, I could sense that this was probably a sort of plan he had. I didn't take the acid with him, but I did say goodbye to him later before I left.

Within two weeks of that moment, we were in our apartment at night. I lived in the dorms, the ocean house, an apartment with her, and we shared a house with that insane guy on a quieter street.

We were watching a movie, *The Butterfly Effect*. It was probably the saddest movie I have ever seen, and it ended up with CGI Ashton Kutcher as a fetus strangling himself to death in the womb so that he wouldn't make everyone suffer from his existence and all the shitty choices he made.

It ended with the mom screaming in the hospital about her dead baby, and that is, for sure, the worst thing I have ever seen on a television - but I had to admit, the movie was really good. It was profound. It was tragic, funny, and absurd. Very, very tragic.

You learn that she has had three stillbirths, and she starts screaming, "NO!! NOT AGAIN!!" That shit FUCKED me up. That is the hardest that I ever cried in my life. I mean I fucking weeped in front of her for the first time, great racking sobs shaking my body uncontrollably as hot tears flooded down my face. That was one of the worst moments of my life.

Unfortunately, as everyone knows, crying is pathetic. It was embarrassing. She hated it. I tried not to do that, but when I told her none of my old roommates talked to me anymore after we moved, I also cried. Those were the only two times I cried in front of her.

I remember one time after that, in the middle of the night, it was really loud next door at night and I wasn't happy anymore about parties. She couldn't sleep and was bitching about it, and I was on a lot of xanax and getting really annoyed. In a sleepy, annoyed, xanax daze, I suddenly snap awake outside, in bright lights - and look down to see I'm holding my large, black Bowie knife, yelling at a group of people.

Back then I was observably insane, like I said, so no one called the cops on me. When I walked past their door the next day after selling a sack of weed, I glared at them to warn them to shut the fuck up and not say anything. However, I began to sense the storm clouds gathering.

I rewatched this movie for the first time since then to research while writing this book, and I'll tell you what. You can't find the Director's cut with the real ending, the movie-within-a-movie of his suicide anywhere. It doesn't stream. Whenever that happens, these lawsuits and weird issues with distribution, it's a clue.

I owned a cello once. I went to go busk once in LA after I bought the ticket to the Virgin Islands to practice, but I hung my head in shame, and I knew that I could not share my voice with people.

I won the second-best prize they had at Senior Night - a giant stereo/DVD player thing at Senior Night, a nice one, and while I drove home with the windows down I drove as fast as I could for no reason. I played Van Halen. I didn't know what to do with it, but I used it to watch a copy of *Big Fish* my parents had while I waited to go to college.

I would never write a dumb story like this… how embarrassing. I can't believe he actually left that village where they all took their shoes off. Guy could have made it made.

No, I'm just kidding. I liked it, but I sold it for drugs when I got addicted, and the cello too. I'm sorry.

This is a true story. I don't really know how else to put it, but this really happened to us around New Year's Eve 2021-2022, which was when we started the ministry full-time.

When the police found my beautiful wife running completely naked through the busy streets of the large city near us at about 4 P.M., they took her to the psych ward. It was the scariest thing I have ever experienced. This happened two years ago exactly, around New Years eve. It's a true story. I thought, for sure, that we were going to die. She was arrested running around screaming about Satan following her.

It took four police officers to carry her in the hospital, and I had to watch. They told me that she had a knife, but she claims she never had it. The hospital security guy showed it to me, it was a folding pocketknife I'd never seen before about 5 inches long with a white handle. The knife was real, but I do not see how she could have had it.

He was a nice guy, but I still do not know the full truth about what happened there. I do not know why she ran off or took off her clothes, and she was out in less than a week. She was not charged with any crimes, and we did not hear anything after it. I do not know why she did that, and it scares us both quite a bit to remember it.

On New Year's Eve that year, literally just days before that happened, I was finishing up my second book. It's called *Theology, Ontology, and Eschatology*, and you can read it here:

https://www.docdroid.net/idawnWB/the-two-witnesses-theology-ontology-and-eschatology-pdf

In this book, at the end, I expand on the idea that fear is contagious, using the examples of my dogs. One of them has always been scared of fireworks, but two of them were puppies. The government had just killed my other two dogs at this point, so they were brand new.

This was also written during a weird, MK Ultra-esque experience where we both had no idea what the fuck was going on. These are true stories.

Like I said, she was arrested while running naked through the streets of a large city, during the daytime, allegedly holding a knife, and was sent to a psych ward. I am not exaggerating, and I feared greatly for our lives. I still do not know the true story, but it seems very sinister. It was one of the most frightening experiences of my life. This did actually, for real, happen.

And right before *this*, we had taken a trip down to the very bottom of Texas to visit her sister and brother-in-law. It was a *long* drive.

For some reason, I had started a huge fight at Christmas dinner about 9/11 with her brother in law, who was in the Navy in some aspect, maybe some kind of officer-type, and had started shouting at him, like really loudly, "Where's the money!?! WHERE IS THE 3.2 TRILLION DOLLARS FROM THE OFFICE OF NAVAL INTELLIGENCE???"

Once I realized how bad of an idea that was, I apologized and explained that I was a mentally ill person who was off their medication. We had also obviously been drinking, as it was Christmas, which I assume contributed to this. I got the "Uh-Oh Feeling" from Family Life, and performed my usual routine of promptly getting the fuck out of there as quickly as possible.

I left my *towel* behind there, which, and you can ask Witness 2 to confirm, is *very unusual* for me*!*. In fact, I couldn't figure out why the fuck I did any of that, as I usually wouldn't act like that. I am not normally a crazy, yelling type of person, and it was *very* out of character for me.

I, quite honestly, settled on a theory that we were drugged with meth, and this led to us not sleeping, and then a type of psychosis or psychotic-like symptoms in Witness 2 a few days to a week later.

I started to feel like we were about to get murdered, so I told my wife we needed to leave, and that's what we did. We had driven around 15 hours there the day before, and we had to drive 15 hours back over the next two days. I was not feeling well, at all, and weed is not legal in Texas. And it turns out that it actually takes a really, really long fucking time to get to the bottom of it near the Gulf of Mexico.

One of my closest calls came here. I had thrown out the alcohol, but there was still a beer up front. I had, in fact, had about two or three shots to get going that morning. And, to clarify, we both had *not* been drinking and had been sober for quite some time before this trip, but something went wrong on it.

We were sober, and fine at home, but this trip was a nightmare. After this, I don't think she ever drank again, and I have always stayed away from alcohol (very harsh), so I don't drink anymore, either.

Anyways, I had a beer up front for some dumb reason - since you'll recall I don't even like beer, especially when it's warm, and I had done at least two, maybe three vodka shots an hour or two ago before we left the hotel. If you're a tall guy, that's not even enough to start feeling it, but, you know how these cops are.

I began seeing these weird signs I've never seen before, that said things like "remove all contraband" and "do not turn around." As I pulled up to what looked like a toll booth, I realized that I probably should have thrown the beer bottle out of the car a few miles back.

However, I had another experience with that on a bridge where I was severely chastised and thoroughly embarrassed by the driver for throwing my beer bottle out of the window while we were on the Bay Bridge, around the T-bone era. It sort of ruined the night but I thought it would be better than having it in the car if we were pulled over.

Once I explained my thought process, he wasn't actually mad. I accidentally drove home drunk that night on the freeways from a bar in San Fransisco to my house on a little island with a view of the sugar factory, which I didn't do very often. That may have been one of my best overall driving experiences, but I was very glad I didn't get pulled over.

So, I had not tossed the beer bottle. And this time, I got a bad feeling. I hadn't actually quite realized this was like, an actual *military-style police checkpoint*. I just about shit my pants, but I realized it was too late and I had to act normal. At this point, my darling wife Witness 2 was basically incoherent and almost passed out, and it was morning.

I pulled up, nice and easy. Play it cool. A stern Hispanic woman about 40 years old scanned us up and down and asked where we were headed. Oh, I forgot to mention something.

You see, apparently, along with my prized towel, I had also left my *wallet* at her sister's house. And I never saw that wallet again. My testicle shivered up into my stomach so hard it almost atrophied and had to be removed when I realized -

I don't even have a fucking driver's license right now.

So, I knew I didn't have my driver's license, and I knew that if they searched the car they would find an open container of alcohol, and also that I would immediately fail a breathalyzer.

I played it cool and told her where we were headed, and she said we were good to go.

My advice from this is that when you are committing serious crimes, you should always have a baby with you. There's one for the Jack Handy fans, but, for real – it's good advice. I'd probably still be in a Texas prison somewhere otherwise. If I was alone, I probably would have been arrested. It's just about the best cover that there is.

I also have to tell you why sitting hunched under a desk is something that I know well, and how I learned about that at school. Actually, it is one of the few things that I have learned from a math class.

I think this book may take 1,000 pages, and I beg you to stick with me.

Then, I will show you a portal – a good one. One you will be glad you entered. I will bring you into my very life. You will step in with me, and know me. You will see me. I will even bring you into my Holy of Holies.

My perfect blonde waif. My fairy. My woodland elf princess, who frolics innocently among trees and who's happiest times were when she took care of cows on a reservation. How she loved to live on the farm and sit with the animals. She loves more fully than anyone else I have ever known.

Step with me into my temple, onto my sacred *mons Venus*. I will lead you to the very heart of myself, and show you the things that no one has ever seen but me. Things that angels sing about. Yellow fire, brought down to Earth.

Distilled into a form that can walk and talk. With green and blue eyes the color of the sea. That chose to give herself to me. That *married* me.

Why would I do these things if I did not love you, Dear Reader? If I was not baring my soul to you with the utmost truth?

She kissed me before God and a priest, and we promised to love only each other. We consummated our marriage later that night, in rented house near the Yuba River. She was the most beautiful thing that I had ever seen, kept the wedding dress partly on (as is tradition) and I did not last very long.

The next day I showed her the spot me and J used to go to. His grandparents had a property that we would drive to, a good ways out. We climbed out of it once, off the trail – carrying a cooler. We almost died, but pretended that we didn't.

The bluest river you have ever seen. And I was still *good* at climbing those rocks.

And so, I will take you - and lay you down in a clover bed. My clover bed.

The only one I have ever loved. My *wife.*

I love you so much, I will show you pictures no one has ever seen. Images that were meant to live only in my head. Now, I give them to you. This is my blood, poured out for you.

And ask yourself, Dear Reader, why would I do this if I was not telling the truth?

I want you to trust me, and to do that, you must be able to visualize me in your head. I must become real to you. I must show you a portal – to me.

I am going to tell you the whole story of my life, because I can, it is fun, and like I said, when you write your own book no one can actually stop you from saying whatever you want - especially when you don't have things like "publishers", "managers", "publicists", "agents", "sales", or an "audience" to worry about.

Listen to my words, and ponder them.

We both have yet to find out the truth about Witness 2, the cult we accidentally started, and whether or not I am insane. I wonder what it means if I am. I wonder what it means if I am not. I wonder if I should really bare my soul to the world fully. Honestly. People really, really hate that.

One thing that I think is absurd is chapstick. However, when I have the dew point temperature issue in the winter when the weather changes and the heated air sucks the moisture from my skin into itself because it can suddenly hold more moisture and the universe must equalize, I find *Burt's Bees* to be the only thing that has ever actually helped. And I will tell you what, people in nursing homes *love* it, especially when they run out of the chapstick that doesn't work.

So, I rub that on, because my lips are worn and dry.

Would you still kiss me, Dear Reader? Would you listen to what these lips say? Though they are cracked and discolored, would you gaze upon them?

Do you want to decide? Could you listen to the words that come from this mouth?

See for yourself:

I looked at my hands. They are cracked and bleeding, like they used to in winter when I was a CNA. They hurt. As I type, my skin cracks and flakes like scales.

Would you hold them, Dear Reader? Could you hold hands that look like these, and walk through an enchanted forest?

This is my flesh, broken for you.

Would you listen to the story that these hands bring to life?

Is this book going to kill me?

I think it is time to show you myself. My threads and stories weave in the breeze, and the shadows have grown long. It is now 4:46 P.M. on January 3rd, 2025.

I have been writing all day, and yet I still haven't even gotten close to winding them together for you.

Part 3
Section X
Wolf at the Door

Dear Reader, I return to you after starting a load of laundry and doing the dishes, which you will recall that you must always do even if you are having a psychotic break. This is another of the worst days of my life, and I will tell you why. The day is almost spent, and the sun retires to his chambers in about two hours.

I start the story of today in a hotel swimming pool. It is luxurious, heated, and one of the nicest hotel pools I have ever seen. A hot tub bubbles nearby, and the water appears almost carbonated – it jumps and leaps in tiny spires. It's a heated pool, and it fizzes almost like a hot tub.

My beautiful wife gazes into my eyes.

"I love you" she says. "I would never hurt you."

I stare into her green-blue eyes (depends on the lighting), and her wet, blonde hair. Blonde hair can appear brownish in the water, as the hidden roots are revealed.

I rub her under the water, and her legs are clasped around me. I carry her, and we are weightless to me.

I remember the very first moment I saw her, in Las Vegas. After we had sex twice, we went in the pool, and I held her just like this. I told her that I loved her, and I always would. It was the happiest moment of my life up until that point and I would always remember it. It was true, but the pool closed at 6 P.M., which I thought was ridiculous and absurd.

I rubbed her under her pink bikini, and I kissed her deeply.

I touched every inch of the beautiful, perfect pelvis that had birthed our son, and I felt the coursing of her blood on my fingertips. I told her that I love her too, and nothing could ever make me not love her. She is beautiful. She is perfect. Unfortunately, I am still very, very confused by her. More than I ever have been before.

Our son swam, and we watched him. She asked if I had ever almost drowned, and I told her the very anecdote I wrote last night from Stinson Beach. I told her how, after that, I was very careful around water but I still loved swimming.

Then, I told her that J (baseball catcher) had told me once I was a good swimmer. And it was true, because like I said he is the only person besides me that tells the truth to people. He likes to do it in poems and jokes.

I remembered the one time that we swam across a lake in Northern California. It was probably about a mile distance. Pretty good swim, and not something that people did. Boats occasionally coursed by between us and the far shore. It looked small and distant. Different.

No one ever went over there, because there are no trails to it. You would have to stop your boat, and there was no beach, only rocks. No one had been there in years, decades even. Maybe even never. There was a lot of Pyrite at this lake, fool's gold, and the first time I went there I was STUNNED by the sparkling gold rocks everywhere. For free (technically illegal to remove.)

I wanted to see what it was like, and I bet that he did too. I asked him something he had probably never thought of. "You think we would make it if we swam across?"

Now, me and J used to like to push boundaries, like the other time we climbed out of the river to the parking lot up a cliff holding a cooler and almost died, and then we didn't talk about it. It was really, really fun hanging out with him out in nature. He may be actually a little bit insane like me.

So, we decided to swim to the other side. Our girlfriends, A and K, and the other guy who was with us, T, were not going to do that at all, for sure. So, me and John took off.

I definitely knew that I could swim that far, and it was pretty enjoyable. I knew that if I didn't think about getting tired and stopping, I would keep going - and once you're halfway it's pretty easy to see the logic in going ahead and finishing the job.

We beached like Ariel getting her legs. It was fantastical. A hidden land. A never-never land where time stopped 100 years ago. Nature thrives without people walking around and throwing trash everywhere, and there was an abundance of plants and animals like I had never seen.

A lizard suns himself on the rocks and then darts away. Big one. I have always loved lizards, and in fact, I used to try and catch them as a child. Often, I succeeded. Once I was bit.

I learned something from that. I learned that if you try and catch a lizard by its tail, it will separate and remain in your hands, wriggling. This is actually quite horrifying, and it only

happened one time. You should always catch a lizard by the head, which is also because it makes it much harder for them to bite you.

So, I researched to find out what the fuck just happened and if I just killed a lizard, and I found that while they will almost certainly survive this, it costs a ton of energy and nutrients to grow it back, and they will feel terrible about it for a while and be unhealthy. Eventually, I stopped trying to catch them because I felt bad, although they are one of my favorite animals still.

Another thing I noticed on this side of the lake was the spiders. One thing you will find when you go off the trails and into the woods, places that people almost never go, is that you will find spiders. Big ones, as they grow strong and healthy as the apex insect predator.

You cannot escape their webs, and they strike before you will ever see them coming. Before you know it, you are bound in web and paralyzed with venom. Then, the Nothing.

The only other time I almost died in water was because I had gone out on a log way too far. I had to swim back against the current, and I knew it. I was going to climb back over this huge log instead of swimming, but there was a family of giant brown spiders lurking in the way.

That was when I knew that I was actually somewhere people never went, because it was really stupid, and that I might die for real. I did feel fear in that moment, and I also felt very stupid.

I don't actually like being around giant spiders that much, so I decided to swim and luckily did not die, although I legitimately almost had a heart attack.

It is both good and not good to be in places that people never go. This was a good time. We laughed, and climbed up the rocky ravine. We wondered what those losers over on the "beach" were doing. It was great.

It was getting dark, so we swam back.

Anyways, I remembered all this, and I told her something else that was true. The only time I ever beat J in a race was when we were swimming. That's why he said I was a good swimmer. Other than that, he was faster and a little bit better than me at baseball.

I told her that. Then, we sat in the hot tub while our son finished up. I told her that we needed to call the Council. Our generals. Tell them that we are still working, and that it is more important than ever that this ministry continues. This work is absolutely critical, and we may, in fact, still need people to send us "money" sometimes.

The worker who had poured the vials of dark chemicals in the pool right before we went in walked by outside and stared at us. In fact, everyone that worked there stared at us, every time that they saw us. Once he had traversed the narrow gravel path - apparently just to stop

there and look at us in the swimming pool, he walked by the glass doors inside the hotel. He stares at me with dark, narrow wolf eyes.

I have another realization. I was talking to her about the demonic portal that I had accidentally opened, and the wolf demon that is haunting me. I told her that it is called a "Lupine Spirit", and it wants me dead. And that if she believed me, she probably should never run to our landlord's house screaming again, because I will get shot or arrested. I told her that the only person stopping this book is her, which is true.

She asked me how long it has been going on, and I said since college. She was pretty surprised by that, as she thought it was more of a new thing. She asked how I knew that, and I told her the other story I wrote out last night, about the forest, water, cave, and the jump scare wolf. I told her about the housefire and the man burning alive on the couch, and I told her that I honestly think it was real - some type of snuff film.

I never told her this story, and I never told anyone else. It was too weird, and being scared is one thing that women really, really hate in men. If your wife or girlfriend senses or feels real, visceral fear come from you, you can kiss her goodbye right then and there. If you get seriously injured or die in the process, she may even wait a few months before moving on.

Then, I realized something – this is why people have written about werewolves for thousands of years! This spirit takes people over, and they become "wolves." It likely changes their physical appearance, they don't shower anymore - and they become like animals, hairy and dirty. They bite. They do not shave.

Werewolves are real, and the master of every single one is coming for me. This was not an individual "werewolf" coming for me. It was the King of Werewolves. One of Satan's generals. Legions were coming for me.

Werewolves spread through biting, and they create an army of demons or demon-influenced people. When I got back, I wondered what the Wikipedia article for "werewolves" says, as I had never read it.

And so - I looked it up, and learned that turning into a werewolf is called **lycanthropy.** The ancient Greeks believed in "wolf-humans", and early Christians did too.

All of them.

In fact, Ancient Greek historians wrote about it. *Lots* of them. Herodotus' *Histories* is one of the most famous historical books from antiquity, and in it, he wrote about a tribe of Scythians who transformed into werewolves. He didn't believe it, but he wrote that the tribe that told him was absolutely convinced of it.

However, I learned that the Ancient Greeks, as a whole, all believed that people *do* actually turn into wolves, regardless of whether this individual story was true or not, and often as divine punishment or because of a malevolent spirit. It wasn't that they didn't think people could turn into wolves, they thought that this particular tribe was lying about it. That means it must have been, at one point, a widespread belief that was passed around.

I was amazed at how rich this article was, actually. It's *long.* It blew my mind. I read, and I read.

Pomponius Mela, Pausanias, Pliny the Elder, Euanthes, Virgil. I know who most of these people are, and every one of them had talked about people turning into wolves and being cursed with them. In real life.

Soberly, as the other things they wrote about that happened here - on Earth. These guys believed in this wolf spirit. Their words whispered to me from ancient ages of the distant past as if I heard their very spirits themselves:

"Careful."

"Danger lurks here."

I learned that Augustine of Hippo believed in them. In fact, he wrote this:

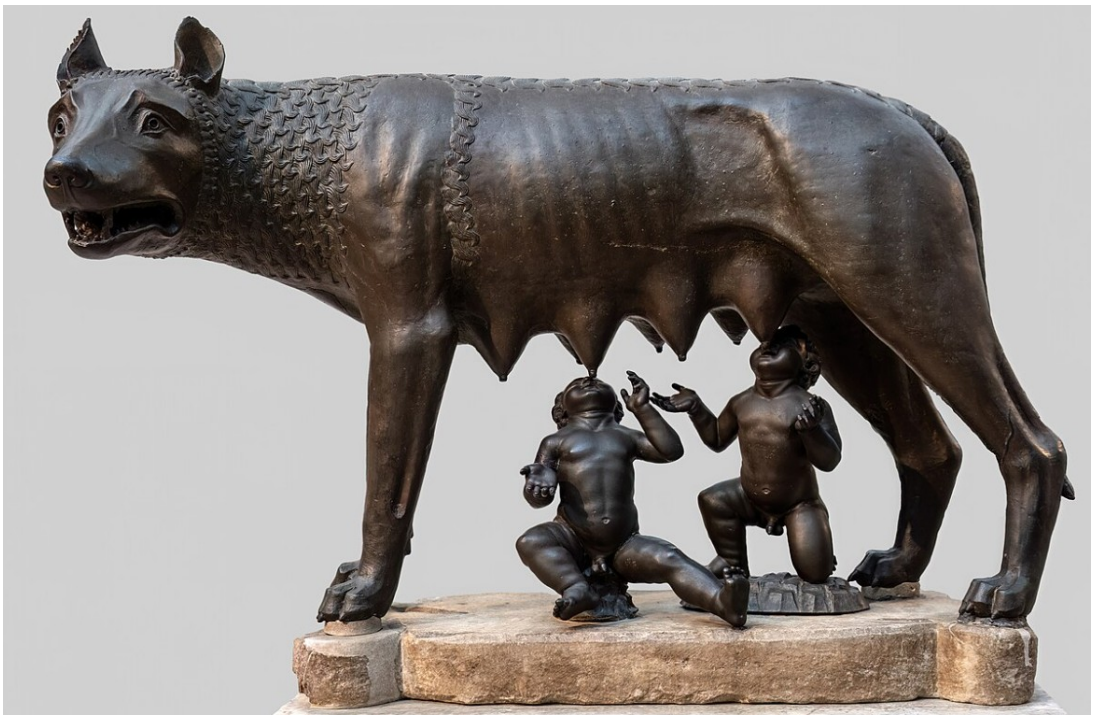
"It is very generally believed that by certain witches spells men may be turned into wolves..."

Roman writers referred to them as *versipellis* - "turnskin."

Holy shit! Rome! The wolf!

An image flashed in my mind. Two male children, suckling at a series of teats. Breasts, full of milk. A mammal. A wolf.

You may even have seen it once or twice yourself:



My screen flickers and I sense the presence of pure, unadulterated evil.

Milk. Fucking wolf *milk*. Didn't I just write about that Mozzarella cheese and tell you that milk is one of the primary motifs in this book last night?

What the fuck?

This is called the Capitoline Wolf, and it is the most famous symbol of Rome, after perhaps their Eagle on the banners that read SPQR (or something like that.) In fact, it is one of the top two or three symbols from history of *all time*.

It supposedly nursed the founders of Rome back to life, and gave them itself. They consumed it, and it become them. Through the nourishment of the wolf's body, they built a city. Told a new story. A story of people coming together and working together like they never had before. Building something *beautiful* together. Rome, and the palaces and temples within.

Wolf milk. Incredible.

The eyes of this wolf stare into me. They actually look really stupid, and I wonder why they made the wolf look scared and insane, but I already know the answer.

In fact, this Wikipedia article on Werewolves just goes on and on, and lists about a dozen credible people from the Middle Ages who wrote about it, too. How Christians *feared* the wolf.

A sign of the Devil. A curse upon the wicked, who would transform you into a monster like them.

The stories!

The boy who cried *wolf*. Little red riding hood and the big bad *wolf.* The three little pigs and the *wolf* who blows down their houses.

Hmmmm... This is, really, the weirdest thing that has ever happened to me.

This article even tells me that people in *Africa* and *Asia* believed in werewolves.

They didn't call it that, and records are slim, but it is something that they, too, believed in strongly enough to write it down so many times that it actually is something that we know about them for sure. That is significant.

We know very little about what the average person in antiquity really *thought,* but *for sure* we know that they believed in wolves that haunted humans. That consumed them. That *they* are the face of the Nothing. Death itself. *Fucking werewolves.*

All over the *world.*

Damn. This is pretty heavy. I told her today that "strange things are afoot at the Circle K", and she understood the reference.

This article has another section called "Early Modern History", and it turns out that people believed this for a *long time*, up until science was invented a couple hundred years ago and proved that werewolves aren't actually real.

In fact, there's *another* article, because this is something that is really understood quite well by people in universities who study things like this.

This one is full of myths and legends, and it is called *Wolves in folklore, religion, and mythology*:

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Wolves_in_folklore,_religion_and_mythology

And there it is, that stupid Rome wolf with the crazy eyes. Staring into my soul.

I read through the categories, and skim some of the exegeses.

Indo-European, Akkadian, Caucasian, Baltic, Dacian, Germanic, Greek, Indian, Iranic, Roman, Slavic, Japanese, Turkic, Mongolian, Canada, the Arctic, the Native Americans, Mexican, Judaism, Christianity, and Islam.

EVERYONE.

Here they were, story after story that these cultures told about a wolf spirit that they were *terrified* of.

These people feared this wolf like almost nothing else. It was *real*. That's why they wrote about it over and over, and screamed to us this story from even the *ancient past*. What the *fuck*.

This is *so weird.*

Witness 2 asks what I am writing, and I read this to her. Her mind is blown too.

I literally cannot get through even one story because of this damn wolf.

I scroll down this article, and at the bottom are more big bad wolf stories. Some real ones.

Every Wikipedia article refers you to the other ones you need to read to understand it, which can go on forever. Clicking these links is another one of my unconventional hobbies.

Here they are:

See also [edit]

- Big Bad Wolf
- Little Red Riding Hood
- Throw to the wolves
- Werewolf
- Wolf of Gubbio
- Wolves in fiction
- Wolves in heraldry
- White Fang
- Foxes in popular culture
- African golden wolf § In literature and art

I click on “Wolf of Gubbio”, out of curiosity. What a stupid name, “Gubbio”. This is what I read:

Story [edit]

During the period around 1220 when Francis was living in Gubbio, a fierce wolf appeared in the country and began attacking livestock. Soon he graduated to direct assaults on humans, and not long after began to feed upon them exclusively. He was known for lingering outside of the city gates in wait for anyone foolish enough to venture beyond them alone. No weapon was capable of hurting him, and all who attempted to destroy him were devoured. Eventually mere sight of him caused the entire city to raise alarm and the public refused to go outside the walls for any reason.

The wolf, having seen the group approach, rushed at Francis with his jaws open. Again Francis made the sign of the cross and commanded the wolf to cease his attacks in the name of God. The wolf trotted to him docilely and lay at his feet, putting his head in Francis' hands. Francis then spoke:

A statue of Francis with the wolf.

"Brother wolf, thou hast done much evil in this land, destroying and killing the creatures of God without his permission; yea, not animals only hast thou destroyed, but thou hast even dared to devour men, made after the image of God; for which thing thou art worthy of being hanged like a robber and a murderer. All men cry out against thee, the dogs pursue thee, and all the inhabitants of this city are thy enemies; but I will make peace between them and thee, O brother wolf, if so be thou no more offend them, and they shall forgive thee all thy past offences, and neither men nor dogs shall pursue thee any more."

The wolf bowed its head and submitted to Francis, completely at his mercy.

Hmm, a man of God who tames the supernatural wolf spirit that’s addicted to consuming human flesh, or something. *Interesting*. This is the picture on the article:

This is really fascinating. I look at the corpse in the background (classes in college teach you to notice these things but I didn’t take them.) I honestly wonder if I am going to get killed before I publish this, but I realize that it

doesn't matter because there's nothing I can do about it anyways except try and shoot back at whoever wants to kill me.

But I know they don't use bullets.

Mostly, they use fear and make you do it yourself. They get you to run screaming to the police and get shot, or blow your brains out in a closet. They use poison, and classified weapons that run on frequencies and act like a microwave. You'll never prove it, don't waste your time.

The CIA even invented a weapon that would fire a dart made of ice that would dissolve while the undetectable chemical within gives you a heart attack. No autopsy could find it. It's true.

The chemical is a venom called *saxitoxin*, and it is derived from shellfish.

We only know about it because of Frank Church, the same reason we know about MK Ultra. Turns out, the Soviets had a very similar idea too, because it is super logical and would be extremely effective. And it works. He is one of my heroes in life.

Here it is:

I learned this from Wikipedia and *military.com*:

https://www.military.com/history/cias-heart-attack-gun-cold-war-weapon-targeted-assassinations.html

So, there's literally nothing I could do if someone wants me dead, and I even have high blood pressure apparently on record already so no one would really be surprised if I keeled over and bit the bucket cause of a heart attack.

And that's just fuckin' life, I guess. Might as well keep writing.

I think about reading through these wolf stories and decide against it. Demons feed on your fear – it is what sustains them. It is what gives them power. Like I said, I do not really feel fear, and this is a pretty effective defense against malevolent supernatural forces – look them in the eye and tell them that you believe in them but that you have no fear of them. That's the key, here.

You know they cannot truly harm you, as surely as that baby knew that I was not going to harm her the first time I changed her diaper at the preschool. Smile at them. They're pathetic. *They're* worthless. They aren't even *real.* Are they?

Although, I can now tell what being scared would be like. It echoes in me, like the A-string of a guitar across the room if you forcefully play an A on a bass. Sympathetic resonance. Magic.

Fear me…

It whispers my name.

I hear it ringing, but cannot produce the sound myself. It is a different frequency than me.

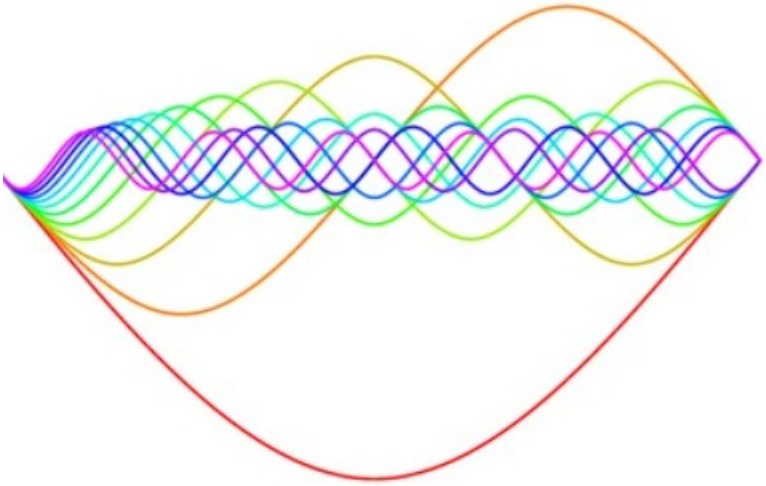
You cannot simulate the billions of different ways that these metal strings interact with each other. Piano strings hold somewhere around 20,000 pounds of tension on a cast iron sound plate made out of one piece, which weighs around 500 pounds. You cannot imagine the state of tension that pianos live in.

That's why you will never, ever reproduce a piano perfectly on a computer. You cannot do it.

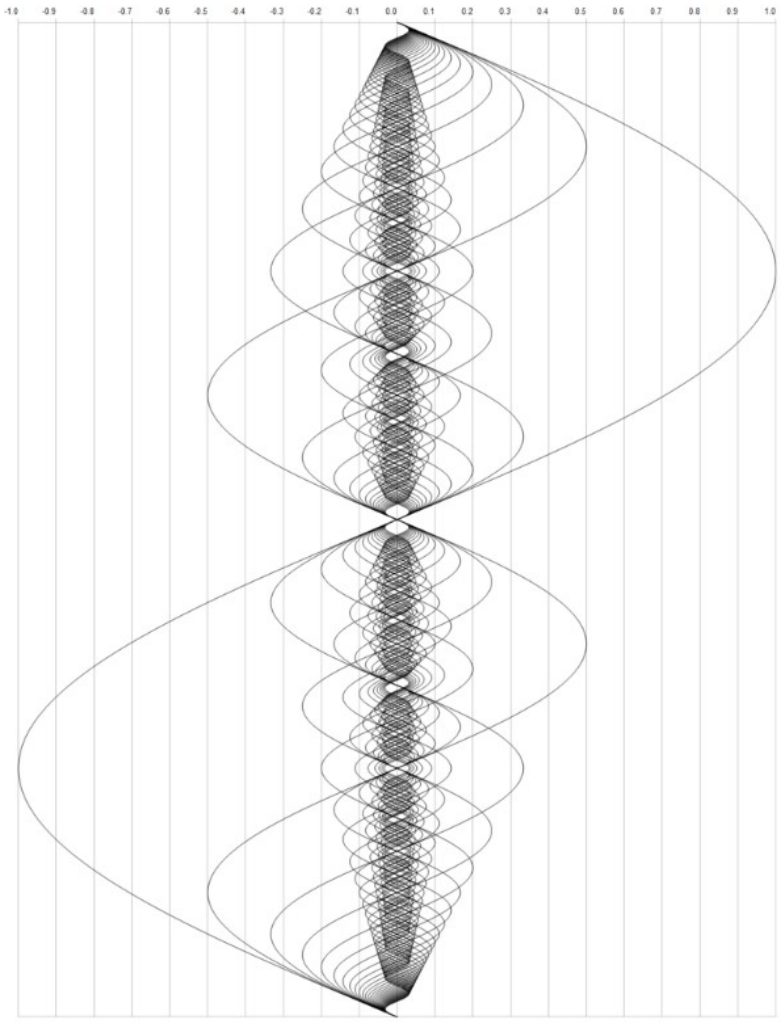
Each string plays on every other when it sounds. It's called sympathetic resonance.

Think about pressing a key. When you play it, it moves every other string in the piano. Slightly. Just barely. Each string interacts with it in a slightly different way, and then each of those interacts with the rest again. Billions and billions of interactions between waveforms in the press of a single piano key.

These strings each carry harmonics and overtones in them, based on the harmonic series, which looks like this in waveform:



And the really crazy thing about the harmonic series, is that it just goes on and repeats forever, as far as we can tell. Up until it is no longer detectable by even the most sensitive instruments, this series of overtones and harmonics plays over the fundamental note in a repeating pattern.



And one thing no one has ever said about the harmonic series, as far as I have ever heard at least, is the obvious fact that it is a fractal. A fractal of sound. A vibratory fractal.

I don't know, maybe they don't say it because it's so obvious.

In fact, Wikipedia plots it like this:

A perfect fractal. And it sounds *beautiful.*

Look it up and listen to it. So sweet. Every note you play contains this pattern:

A first. Home base. But it's an octave, exactly double the frequency it you started the vibration at. It's called an 8th, in this context.

A perfect fifth, the dominant. Powerful, strong. Masculine. Steady.

A perfect fourth, the only other "perfect" interval. Light, airy, delicate. The female counterpart to the Fifth.

They call it the *Amen Cadence*, because every time you have ever heard a beautiful song end with a long, drawn-out "Amen", it ends with a fourth to a first.

People who are paid money to talk about music in colleges call it the "Plagal Cadence."

Remember the *Perfect Cadence?* If you add the *Amen Cadence* to it, you get a dominant seventh chord. In C, it would look like this:

G – B – D – F

That's why a V7 chord resolves perfectly to the I. G7 to C. It uses both of the primary cadences at the same time, and it's the most overt expression of "absolution" in music.

The fourth is my favorite interval.

Next is a major third. Literally happy, in a way that everyone just feels.

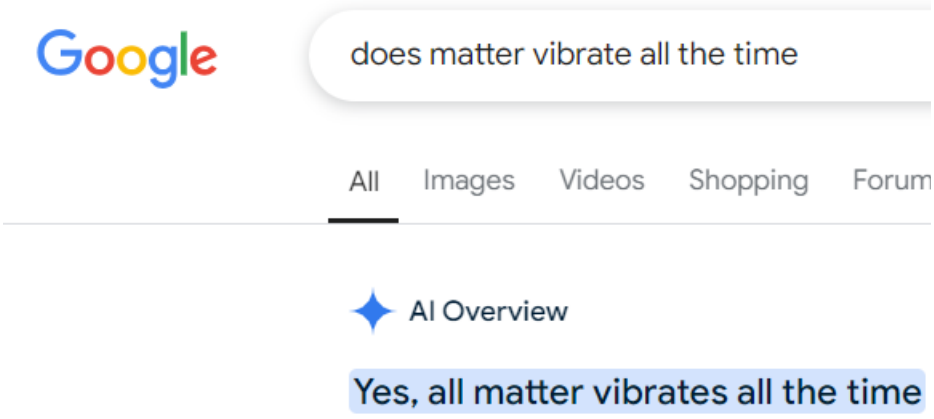
Then, a surprise. Something that you have never, ever heard in a song – a major third and a minor third at the same time. Unthinkable. Blending two worlds together, one happy and one sad. Light and dark. It does not sound good, but in this context it does.

The minor third repeats, and there is a bunch of seconds – the supertonic. On and on, forever and ever. Longer than you can hear it, it repeats. Musical notes, except for pure sine waves, all carry this repeating fractal of different, cascading notes within them. You will almost never hear a pure sine wave, and certainly not in nature. They primarily exist within laboratories and computers, because by the time you process any sine waves you use, like on a sub-bass, you will have added harmonics to it.

And as a matter of fact, the harmonic series is not only coming from every musical instrument ever made, but from everything that makes a sound in the universe. Anything that vibrates produces a sound, and any sound contains within it the harmonic series.

And one other neat thing that physicists apparently proved is that we are all vibrating very intensely.

You can learn this on the internet:



You sing a song all the time, and this pattern emanates from you all the time, but it is too faint to be detected. Almost.

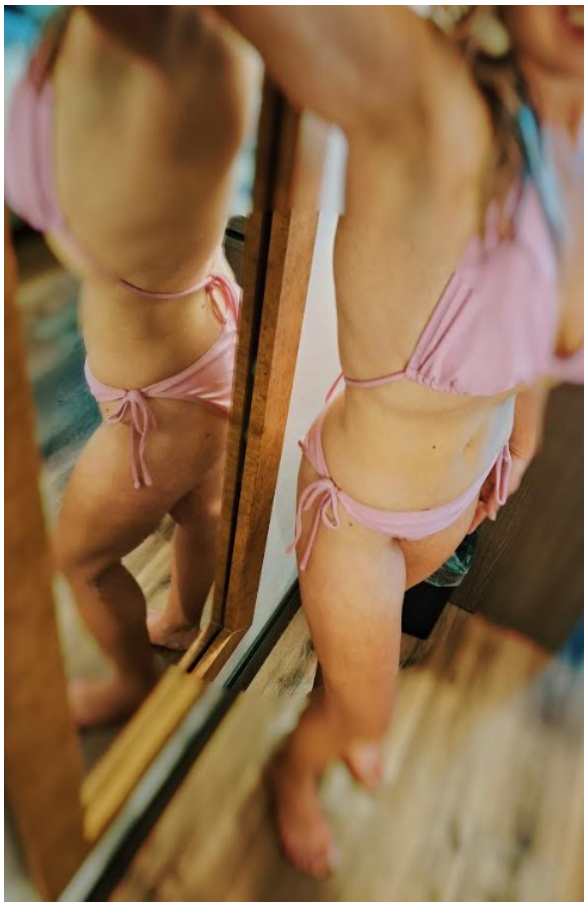
It's there, your fractal song, but no one can hear it. Unless you listen *very* closely.

Even the stars and planets sing this song.

All of this flashes through my mind in about two seconds, and I gaze at her across from me in the pool and we talk and laugh a little bit. A normal moment. We get in the hot tub, and talk with our son.

We are done, and under the watchful eyes of the hotel employees we return to our room. I draw about two inches of water in the tub, and our son gets in with his boat and just plays around with it. Watches it float. He's happy, and I know he is safe in there for about 20 minutes.

Witness 2 and I return to the room, and we hold each other. I look at her in the mirror, and I smile at her. I tell her that she is the most beautiful thing I have ever seen, and I tell her to smile for a picture for this book. And because I love you, and I want this book to be as authentic as possible, I will show you a blurred and cropped version of the beautiful sight that fell betwixt mine eyes:



I looked at the pink bikini, and remembered how I had tied it an hour ago. It was loose on her, as she hasn't eaten in six days. Fasting, I guess.

I yanked it tight and bound the knot. She asked me where I learned how to do that, and I said, "Titanic," and mimicked yanking a whalebone corset shut. Haha.

I took her in my arms, and I undid the knot. Her delicate bikini falls to the floor like a veil.

I check on our son, and I lay her down on our clover bed. I join her in our nakedness, and we are unashamed. I consider going full John and Yoko, but full-frontal male nudity is very frowned-upon these days in art. Big no-no.

She lays there before me like a marble statue, like Christ in the arms of the Madonna in the Vatican, held in perpetual pose. She is revealed before me, undressed. It is beautiful, and it is perfect.

I tease you, Dear Reader, but I promise that I will bring you to climax. I will whisper sweet everythings to you as we make tender love on a hotel bed.

And then after dinner Witness 2 starts bitching about this book and telling me I need to go to sleep at a reasonable time instead of finishing it.

I grab her by the face and stare deeply into her eyes.

"I just told you a supernatural wolf is trying to kill me, and you're talking to me about my *bedtime*???"

Now, it is very illegal to hit a woman, and in that moment I understood why quite well.

I told her to fuck off, and that I don't have a bedtime until this book is finished. There is a rush.

We ended up compromising on about 2-4 A.M.

I will be writing this as much as possible, 24/7, until it is done. Writing, like music, has a large and unavoidable time commitment.

I told her she is making me look really stupid in my own book, and to at least give me the dignity of my own wife believing me. She said that she does, and I know that's true, because she said this would happen a long time ago.

I love her dearly, and I would never hurt her. She is the most beautiful girl I have ever seen.

At this point, we're going to head on over to *The Crazy Factor.* Let me just summarize the next few pages for you:

Witness 2 goes sort of crazy, locks herself in the bathroom, I tear off the handle, she runs away screaming to the landlord's house, I carry her home, we go to a hotel, everyone acts really weird, we go back home, I look at our shattered door and remember a story my landlord had told me.

When we get to the hotel, the guy at the front desk is just bizarre, a slow drawling voice, saying weird things in response to me, and just overall creeping me the fuck out. I consider just leaving, but I also don't want to go home.

We go up to the room, and I tie her bikini and pull off one of my top-five *Titanic* references of all time. Women love *Titanic* references, it's true.

[*Hey - it's me again on the 31st, editing! I'll tell you the funniest one. As Junior Class Vice President, I also ran the sound system for the Pep rallies a few times. One time, I brought in a mix CD and played My Heart Will Go On for the football team, instead of their usual bass-heavy rap bullshit. It was hilarious.*

I just remembered one more thing I have to add about the door. This is a true story. About two years ago, I was talking to our landlord about the house. I had noticed some very unusual behavior from the back neighbor - well, Witness 2 had noticed it and I confirmed it. Someone was living in their shed, and people would come up and knock on the back, which only we could see. Drug deals, for sure.

So, I wanted to know the story of these neighbors and gauge his reaction. He didn't seem concerned, but he told me the story of this house. As you have learned, it's across the street from where they live. They bought it about ten years ago.

And when they bought it, all the doors were ripped off. All of them. Smashed off, or something. He told me, specifically, that they had to replace every door when they bought and remodeled it.

The guy's mom had lived and died here, and he inherited the house. My landlord told me that he had descended into madness here, and while he didn't say it, I assumed that meth was involved, as it likely is for the shed people behind us. No sleep, psychosis, the whole deal.

I don't know for sure, but it creeped me the fuck out at the time when I saw our door and then remembered the cold shiver I felt time when he told me that story about all the doors smashed off or hanging there, broken.

Wait, why are you all staring at me like that? Don't you guys like Titanic references?]

As we are heading down from the second story, I look down into the indoor pool room and see see the worker who ended up stalking around the pool and looking in the windows pretty much the entire time. The one who glared at me with dark wolf eyes.

He is crouching down by the pool, with some type of maintenance or toolbox next to him. I assume the mechanical lift is broken, because he is crouching behind it.

When we got in, I approached him because I need interesting material for my book. I ask him what he is doing. He has row after row of vials filled with dark, different colored liquids in them. One was black, one was red, and many were just dark.

He looks at me and stutters. He is Hispanic, and did not seem to speak English.

I assume he is testing the water for the chlorine levels, as you do with a pool, and I looked for test strips. I didn't see any, but I can't say for sure whether he had them or not.

I say, "You test the pool?" I smile. I am actually quite friendly.

He does not answer. He quickly gets up, stares at us, and leaves to go examine the gravel outside the window.

Hm… that was weird…

As I jump in the pool, I wonder what was in the vials and how I've never seen anything like that at any other pool, but I don't really care. It would take much more than those small vials to contaminate a hotel pool (*dilution is the solution to pollution* – learned that one from the 90-year old environmental science guy.) Also, bleach kills just about anything anyways.

Is this a real thing that people do with pools, or am I just being paranoid?

As we are leaving the room to head home and return later, I notice that my shirt and keys are missing, which is weird because I didn't bring my keys to the pool. My wallet is there, which is nice.

So, we start screaming at the workers, and asking them were our keys were. They are by the pool. I figure at that point that, once again, we should probably get the fuck out of there, because we're making a scene. But time "Uh-Oh Feeling." So, I walk past the front desk and tell them to go ahead and check us out after about three hours while leaving.

We head home, and once again, I pray that the angry men with lights on their trucks don't show up.

Finally, I return to you. My only friend. And here we are.

Werewolves are real.

Witness 2 asked me what I think that this Lupine spirit, this wolf-demon, this accursed dog that gives orders to witches and demons, is named. I told her I have no idea, and I don't give a fuck.

"A ghost wolf? I've never heard of anything more ridiculous in my life."

And so, that makes this the perfect time for my last real-world update.

When I stopped writing and went back to the top of this manuscript for the first time since starting it, I was at around 850 pages. Now, I am at 1,150. I have not changed anything, but I have fleshed out quite a bit.

This will be, chronologically, the last entry from the real-world in this book. After this creative phase, I must get back to my normal schedule of school and music time with our son. I will not have time for another project like this book and the companion song for at least 10 years if

Phase 2 fails – I must devote myself fully to him. This is my last try at this for this stage of my life, at least.

I have been keeping my schedule of 12-14 hour days spent writing, and it's still the most fun project I have ever worked on. I'm telling you – this book is my very soul.

However, I need to finish it. Once I am done, which will be by the end of next week, I begin Phase 2. I am now looking for literary agents (I also need to finish the song still.) Trying to find a publisher as an author is a fool's errand, which means I will definitely be giving that a shot, too. I am also leaning towards reporters who know a good story, maybe do this piece-by-piece, but finding a literary agent seems to be my best option. There are 7 phases total, but I can't tell you them out of order.

Thus, I need to somehow sell this book, which will be around 1,300 pages, to an agent. Or, I need to flip a gatekeeper in the media, and turn someone with a voice so loud it could never be silenced to my side. Both seem, basically, impossible. It has never been done in this way.

It's a paradox – a pickle. To get this published, people need to understand that it's important. They won't understand that until it's published. How do you get a busy literary agent to read a thousand-page manuscript? Even if I could do that, who would publish this?

I need a sheep in wolves clothing, here. Big time.

If I can pull it off, it will be a miracle. I will consider it the first miracle I have ever seen. I heard back from B, but he seems busy. He had a grandson a few weeks ago. He still seems receptive, and mentioned that he liked the song.

It's possible, but my hope grows slim. I now look forward to weeks or months of grueling, humiliating, and quite-possibly dangerous cold calls that are almost guaranteed to end in failure.

Unless I get a miracle. Witness 2 and I are going to do a seven-day fast starting Sunday for one.

We will see if it works.

Unfortunately, poking around publishing companies and reporters with a book about 9/11 can be… hazardous to one's health. Hence, the paradox. If I try to publish this, I will put my own life in grave danger. The only way to protect myself is to get millions of people to read it and believe in me. This cannot happen until it's published.

Publish or die. Or die and don't publish. If I die, this story dies with me. My only chance is to get it published and see what happens. Absolution.

While there is one more section coming up here, I unfortunately still do not have a clean resolution for you on if someone broke into my house, who that street sweeper guy is, or why the dragon statue is there. I also do not know if ghost wolves or werewolves or actually real. I can only tell you what I think.

And I have to be honest. Let's see, I mean – it sure seems like I must be having a psychotic break, right? Hence, the difficulty thinking how to describe this to an agent or publisher in about 500 – 1,000 words or so.

And yet, I am not. I am NOT psychotic. I feel extremely clear-headed and lucid. I am thinking quite clearly, and I am not confused at all.

And I know psychology quite well, and I've skimmed the 'ol DSM V, and what I have is NOT in there. I do not feel mentally ill or like I don't live in reality in any way, even slightly. I am aware of myself and my own decisions, and I look forward to a long, healthy life. I would never kill myself or intentionally harm another person in any way.

Here's the honest truth – I am not crazy, but frankly, I am PISSED OFF. Angry, hot tears of anger STILL leak from my eyes while I edit Edna Cintrón's story. When I edit the parts about my forests. When I have to edit the worst things that I have ever thought of. Even now, they run down my face - because writing that scene left a scar on me, and it hasn't healed.

I did this for you. I did this because no one else will.

I did this because I am SICK and FUCKING TIRED of being lied to by politicians while they FUCK UP MY PLANET.

I'm tired of war. I'm tired of watching the animals die. I'm tired of the dirty rivers and lakes. I'm tired of false flags. I'm tired of the Republicans trying to tell me what to do. I'm tired of politicians who want me dead.

I'm tired of going to stores and seeing nothing but ghosts stocking shelves, with no light left at all in their eyes. I'm tired of NOT BEING ALLOWED TO TALK ABOUT 9/11. I'm tired of ads, and of everything being one. I'm tired of little parks, sprinklers, and lawnmowers.

I'm tired of these tiny, shrubby little trees they plant everywhere. I'm tired of boxes, and corners, and jobs, and people who can't say what they think because of their stupid JOBS. I'M TIRED OF TALKING ABOUT FUCKING MONEY!!!

And I will no longer watch the trees disappear in silence. I am DONE watching them get cut down for your baubles and cheap trinkets. I will tolerate the faceless oppression of mother and child on the Earth at the behest of murderers, thieves, and liars no more. There will be no more wars based on lies for false purposes.

The time of the fat pigs of war in the Hollywood Hills, Washington D.C., London, the Bohemian Grove, the Bilderberg, the Freemasons, the Vatican, and all your filthy little hiding places is over.

The spotlight is on.

The writing is on the wall.

Scatter, like roaches, from the light as it turns toward you. I KNOW you fear it. It's the only thing you've ever feared.

You guys are worthless. You guys are nothing. We'll get to that.

As of now, this story ends this way. Just like I started. I'm going to have to pull off a little magic, get this published somehow, and see what happens.

Will people believe it? If they do, I can be Witness 1. This book will come to life. It's like - you guessed it - the Never-Ending Story. Still. By the way – major lawsuit involved with that movie. Writer of the book vs. the directors. Look it up.

However, if you won't read this and won't believe it, it won't work.

And in that case, good luck to you all. We're gonna need it.

I will NEVER have my new name if you will not give it to me. And it's NOT "Moonchild."

I am Witness 1. This is my new story for humanity.

I don't know what else to say, and I should stop now because if someone is reading this, then it actually worked, and I need to get back to my stories.

This will be the last addition to this book unless otherwise stated. We are now back to the accurate chronology of the book, which was written on the evening of January 4th - immediately after these events had transpired.

1:32 P.M.
1/31/25
Witness 1
The Biblical Two Witnesses]

You hand me the bong, and I pack it. Exhale, and smoke. Breathe out, and smoke veils us. We sit in stillness, and you contemplate for a moment.

“How could you be homeless and have a wife?”

“Because I am not real. That is the guy with the broken door and doorknob. I am merely a rhetorical device, a strange wanderer you met in a dark, smoky tavern. Like Aragorn.”

You nod. “That makes sense.”

“Do you want to know how deep the fractals go? Do you want to step outside of it – to know it for yourself? Do you want to watch the undulations, the movement, the *life?* Do you want to see your place in it, and where you belong among the endless repetition? Not only *be* the fractal, but to finally *see* it? Comprehend it?”

You do. I tell you are the best student I have ever had. The only one, because no one else has ever listened to me.

“How come you couldn’t teach them?”

I look at you lovingly.

“All their life, they never learned how to listen. They talk without ceasing, but they have never truly listened to another person. They cannot hear the song that they sing without singing. They cannot hear the faint vibrations of the molecules that make them up. Though they watch them and look at them, they do not see them.

Because they are not like us. And the ones that are, it would destroy them to know. They look away in fright and disgust. It *cannot* be real for them to *thrive* and *exist* in peace.

They read the story, but they do not see the author’s notes. They miss the unspoken things that lie between lines and punctuation. A book or a fact is a book or a fact to them, but they do not see that they are the same as every other book and fact in the fractal. To see how it fits into the larger web.

Also, they literally just *will not listen*. Not metaphorically, but in a mechanical sense. *Really* busy, apparently.”

You laugh at my dry, sarcastic tone here, but it’s true. I look at you, and tears are in my eyes.

“No one has ever actually listened to me. So, what do you think? Do you want to go all the way down the rabbit hole?”

You look at me.

“Yes.”

“Tomorrow, I will show you the fractal. Tonight, we will talk.”

I light a blunt and hand it to you. Now, you notice the two tendrils of differently-colored smoke weaving their way up together as you hold it in still repose.

“I never noticed that.” You look over at me. “Why is *Siddhartha* your favorite book besides The Bible?”

I smile at you. I love your questions.

“Now, this book I can read in about two and a half hours – only 160 pages. It was written in 1922 and is set in Ancient India. It was written in German.”

I’ll tell you about it. It’s the most beautiful, perfect fictional book ever written. It tells the story of a lovely, intelligent man named Siddhartha, who is gentle and kind but seeks wisdom above all else. He forsakes his family, and joins traveling ascetic monks. He realizes that they do not have any answers, and he moves along. His loyal friend Govinda leaves him to stay with the monks and meet the Buddha.

He searches for the answer, and he finds a garden. In it is the most beautiful woman he has ever seen, named Kamala. She sits in luxury, and talks to him of the ways of pleasure. She tells him that he is nothing to her in his current state.

So, he resolves to fix this and finds a businessman to work for - Kamaswami. He impresses him with his quick mind, and he grows wealthy himself. He returns to her, and she gives herself to him.

He grows disillusioned with a life of pure pleasure, and tells her he must depart. He seeks truth, and has not found it.

And here, I will pause and tell you that I was wrong about this book. I could have sworn that the snake kills his son, but as I confirm everything I write in here, I have learned that snake kills *Kamala* as she travels to see the Buddha. She leaves him with a child, and she dies. It is his son.

His son hates him, and eventually runs away. The ferryman, who has shown up a few times, tells Siddhartha to stay. Ferrymen show up *quite a bit* in these stories, and if you’re an English teacher, you might even know why.

Govinda returns and kisses Siddhartha's forehead, for he is radiant and glowing. Through a euphoric, mystical experience, the river taught him the most sacred lesson in life of all. And here it is, straight from Wikipedia:

> Thus, individual events are meaningless when considered by themselves—

And this is true, but it is not stated as such in the book. It's a parable. You leave Siddhartha.

He has become the wise ferryman. He has become the Buddha, and he understands all. It's obviously not written from a Christian perspective, and that is OK. It's art, it's not personal.

Now, the reason I was going to tell you this was my favorite book was because I could have sworn the snake bit his son at the end, and I swear if I buy it that's what will happen.

I don't know. I thought that it was so funny and unexpected, like an anti-climax, that it was just brilliant writing. You are expecting so much, a redemption arc, and then, just BAM! A fuckin' snake kills his kid! And that's just fuckin' life, I guess! No book does that.

Apparently, I was wrong, probably because of the psychotic break.

You can see why I liked it. You ask me what my 2nd favorite book besides The Bible is, and I tell you it is the Tao Te Ching. You tell me that is a cliché, and that I've been saying it wrong. It isn't pronounced with a "T", it's a "D".

I smile, and I ask you if you know this book's story. You shake your head.

"Lao Tzu was leaving. He had to depart and was heading into the wilderness to die on the back of a beast of burden, perhaps a camel. As he was leaving, the city guards begged him to write down his wisdom, as no one else understood the things he did. The things of the Nothing. The Way. The Tao."

So, he did. Now, historians on Wikipedia can inform you that this, actually, probably did *not* really happen.

Good job, guys. It's called a "story", and it's based on *something* that happened way back then that led to this book. Congratulations on figuring out his name had one different letter and he wasn't actually a deity, or something.

You look at me. You're unsure. "So, what is '*The Way*', Witness 1?"

You look at me. I know this one.

“Jesus Christ is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.”

Duh. Learned it at church.

“That is, also a good story. It is also a *true* story. And, as predicted, it has been spread to the world. Everyone knows who Jesus is, and that he loves them. And that he wants to offer them the gift of salvation through his atoning blood sacrifice. The Deep Magic.

And, also as predicted, the church has now grown corrupted from within. She withers and dies. In fact, she screams for rescue – though they cannot hear it. She cries out in pain as the wolves tear her limb from limb. As she is violated, and used to violate others.

I am a Christian, and I believe in the Bible. I believe in Jesus Christ as my Lord and Savior. But I can see that the world is ready for the next chapter in the greatest story that has never been told. A sequel, perhaps. And that is why I am writing a new story.”

You think about it. That seems kind of weird.

“Isn’t that *blasphemous*, or something, Witness 1? Are you *allowed* to talk about the child sex slaves that Yahweh abducted in Numbers 31 as a Christian? Are you *supposed* to actually try and *solve* the problem of evil by producing an entirely new thesis, rather then futilely spin around with it in circles until it strangles you to death? Did you say you think you’re *in the Bible*? Are you *allowed* to do that???”

I laugh. “To be honest, I don’t give a fuck anymore. I don’t care what anyone thinks about me. Go ahead, get pissed off that I wrote a book. Kill me for telling the truth. Lock me up. I will laugh in your ridiculous faces, because you have become such an absurd, hypocritical parody of yourselves - and you cannot even see it.

Maybe, I am in the Bible. Maybe, I’m not. I don’t know. Maybe I’m insane, like every doctor and most of my family members, friends, and coworkers have so kindly informed me.

This disproves the blasphemy claim. I am doing this in good faith, and I truly believe that God told me to write this, tell the truth, and publish it. If nothing happens, I will assume I had a psychotic break. If you are reading this, on the other hand, I am probably operating under the assumption that I am in the Bible.

Either way, it’s not *blasphemy*. By definition. I would just be *wrong.* And, that’s OK. Everyone else is wrong all the time, anyways.

So, go ahead. Read my books and debate me. Call me *blasphemous* to my face. Tell me I’m wrong *to my face*, based on real evidence. *Prove* me wrong. Try and debunk my sources, I *dare* you to do it. I fucking *wish* someone would debate me. At least I *tried.*

So go ahead, make my day. I think you people need to look in a fucking mirror."

You think about it, and pull up an index of child sex abuse cases from the Catholic Church over the last five decades. "Yeah… I guess that makes sense.

But so what, Witness 1? What's the point of all this?"

"Patience, my only friend. I *will* get to the point. Together, we *will* solve the *eudaimonia* issue."

At this point, I light the blunt and pull off my best *Scarface* impression. I grin at you.

"So, what? What are you looking at? You need people like me. You know why? You're all a bunch of fuckin' assholes!"

At this point, I stand up and start gesticulating. People love that. I look in your eyes and smile like a cheeky Cheshire cat.

"You need people like ME, so you can point your fingers and say, 'That's the bad guy.' So, what does that make you? *Good?* You're not *good*, you just know how to hide. How to *lie*.

Me, I don't have that problem. I always tell the truth, even when I lie.

So, say goodnight to the BAD GUY!"

By the time I get to "You're all a bunch a fuckin' cock-a-roaches!!!", you're cracking up. I am too. I pass you the blunt and look at you.

"It's true, though. Except for the part about telling the truth even when you lie. That doesn't make sense. Dumb non-sequiturs like that are why you should never listen to what anyone tells you when they take drugs."

You laugh again. You think I am funny, and perhaps, even a little bit cool. We grin at each other. I like you.

I ask you if you want to hear my favorite poem from The Tao anyways, even though I am a Christian, and smile. You do. It is number 11, and it is my third-favorite written work of all time:

Thirty spokes share a central hub;
It is the hole that makes the wheel useful.
Mix water and clay into a vessel;
Its emptiness is what makes it useful.
Cut doors and windows for a room;
Their emptiness is what makes them useful.

Therefore consider: advantage comes from having things
And usefulness from having nothing.

The Nothing. I read that over 15 years ago.

It *is* quite useful. You really do need it in a cup, for example, to drink from it. No one had ever put it that way to me before. Brilliant.

A room without doors or a window, what the fuck would anyone do with that? I set it down and stared at the windows and empty space in my childhood bedroom room.

I could see why they liked this "Lao Tzu" guy that didn't actually exist or write anything down so much. *Pretty sharp.*

I ask you if you are ready to find out what happened to Robert Plant. You are.

I tell you that after that, I will finish telling you about 9/11. Once you do, I can show you the fractal from the outside-in.

Let us return to our hero, who just ate an *Amanita Muscaria* mushroom and sat astride a black stallion in the waters of the Loch Ness, below Aleister Crowley's mansion where he used to murder people in weird, Satanic rituals - which Jimmy Page will crawl out of in about 30 minutes to put a spell on you.

And what did Aleister Crowley call himself?

> Aleister Crowley (1875-1947) was a **British occultist and writer who called himself the Beast 666, a reference to the number of the beast in the Book of Revelation**. He was a controversial figure in his time, known for his

"Don't kill people to manifest the anti-Christ and feed Lucifer with human suffering, please."

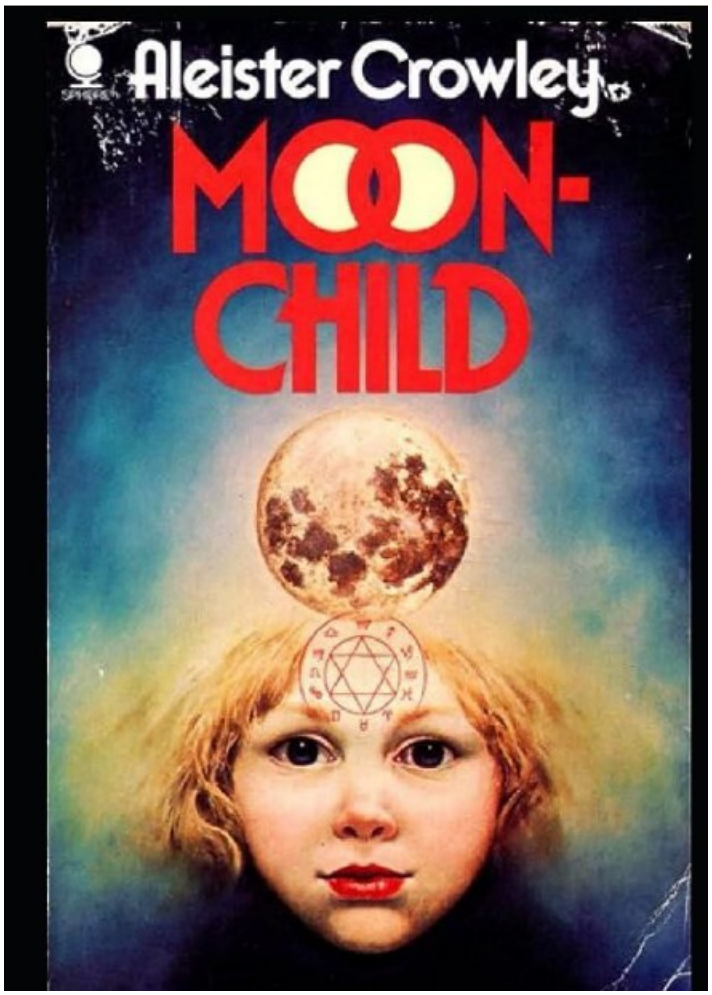
Very, very controversial.

And now, if you want to know how Crowley, L. Ron Hubbard, Jack Parsons, NASA, and even Nikola Tesla fit into this story, you will have to go to the back and read Appendix D, with the casino from Back to the Future on the cover. It's in there. The part about project *Babalon Working*. You could also read this Wikipedia article if you don't want to stop reading this book (still come back to me, though:)

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Babalon#Babalon_Working

It was a sexual Satanic ritual involving a real-life “whore of Babalon” and, as you can imagine, some absolutely bizarre ritualistic aspects, to birth the anti-Christ - the “Moonchild”. In 1946. Three months before Donald Trump was born. Then, they all died except for Hubbard, who went on to start the most successful cult in several hundred years.

Crowley wrote a book about it - to bring his story to life - many years before they successfully completed the ritual:



The Thelemites. The O.T.O.

The mystery schools.

And because I just added this picture, I realized *holy shit.* Something new. Right now. For you.

I never realized that this book is *another* 30-year warning. A 30-year portal. *How long have they been doing this shit for?*

There’s a good question.

This book came out in 1917, and the Babalon Working ritual which completed or manifested it, and I believe, birthed Donald Trump as the Biblical anti-Christ, was in 1946. 29 years, with a variable few months. Babalon working was at the beginning of 1946, and it appears that this book came out towards the end of 1917. Ignoring the arbitrary date change, the 30-year timeline is accurate.

This book is both allegorically and historically about World War I, told through a battle between white and black magicians while the real-life war kicks into gear. A white magician has seduced a woman and impregnated her with the "Moonchild", who will be critical in this battle. It describes how Satanic black sex magic works, and how they carry out these rituals which they believe grants them power over others. Remember that name, "Moonchild"?

Where did I hear that, let's see… *The Never-Ending Story*! Oh yeah! That's the name the kid with brown hair gives the Empress to save their world!

We return to the screenshots from my laptop of pictures I took on my phone of the screen of my laptop because Jeff Bezos can't let me screenshot a Led Zeppelin concert film from 50 years ago.

Robert Plant is at the beach with a large sword strapped to him:

He turns the horse, and the beast struggles, but he masters it. The shot zooms out, and it is beautiful. Cloudy in the late afternoon, and crepuscular rays shine down like a crown. I take a picture for you, and since I hesitated, the scene is fading out. I capture a ghostly double image at the perfect millisecond:

Recall that I do not remember how this ends, although I remember his swordfight scene. I believe there is, shockingly, a blonde girl with blue eyes involved. Beyond that I do not remember, and we will find out together.

He gallops, it grows darker. Night. He is still in the wild, day again. The camera zooms out, way, way out, until he can't even be made out. It is beautiful, wild mountains. This shot, honestly, is very impressive on a technical basis. This is the highest art.

Now, he is riding though the forest.

Jimmy Page plays in the background, and he sounds fantastic.

We arrive at the ruins of a castle:

It is revealed to us that he is on the hunt. He wears a Falconer's glove, and carries a bird of prey:

I didn't remember that part. Let's continue.

As I was editing this, I looked closely at this bird, and it appeared to be wearing a crown, almost a crown of thorns. I went back to capture a clearer image for you:

Now, something as obvious as this will always have an answer on Google, and apparently, this is called a “falcon cap” or ”falcon hood.” I bet some of those sports guys think I sound pretty dumb right now for not knowing that.

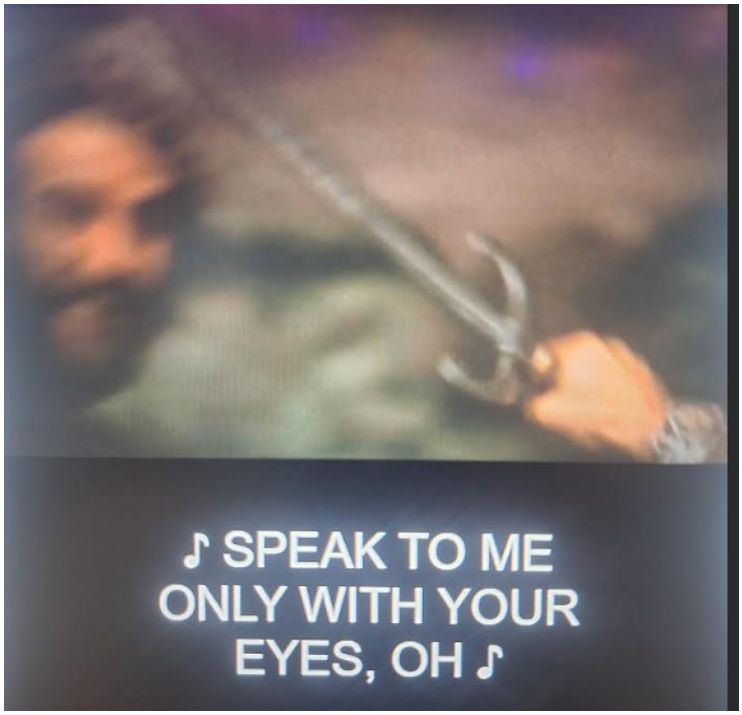
He releases the bird into this upper window. I never noticed until I took this picture, but a man peers out from below it:

I noticed here that you can see even greater details through the phone, and indeed, if I hadn't been forced to use it, I would not have noticed that creepy castle serf staring at you. It raises the brightness, and enhances the details or movement.

The bird enters the castle, and seems to attack some other serfs, who run out of the room. The music picks up and John Bonham comes in.

Plant is swordfighting in the middle of a mandala:

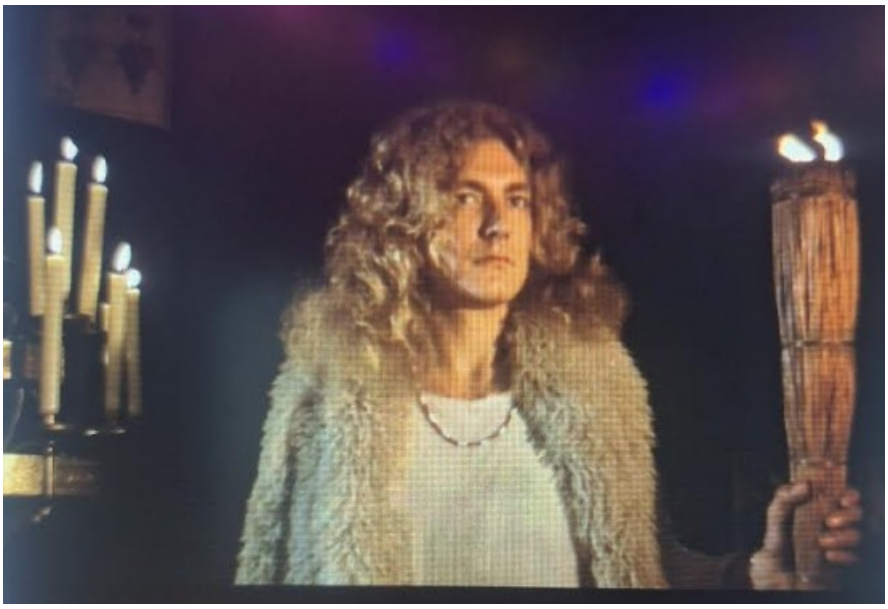
He struggles mightily, and you catch a glimpse of his fearsome opponent in black:



Plant is not only on screen, he sweetly croons to you. Two versions of him exist – the swordfighter and the rock star.

He appears to overcome his rival:

We see the ornate spirals of a metal gate, and Plant is going up a tight spiral staircase.
He wears fur and enters a room with a large candlestick. He holds a torch, and honestly, he looks great:



The camera stays on him, and you wonder what he will find. What he was fighting so hard for.

And then, through the flames of the candles, he sees her.

And you will never guess what she looks like:

It zooms in on her face.

I don't remember this part either, but it shows her walking up to a *different* guy on a *different* black horse, and he says something to her and hands her his sword:

This scene does not seem to fit within the context. That's because it is now the beginning of a movie-within-a-movie-within-a-movie. A story within a story within a story.

Plant looks at her knowingly. His sword now bifurcates his face, and half of it is in the shadow of the blade. One eye peers out:

If you don't get the whole sword-bifurcating-your-face-into-dak-and-light thing, well, maybe call up an English teacher and say you have a book you need help with. Anyways, he removes it and looks at her, accepting the good side of his nature, but she turns away.

Two guards enter, and Plant begins to fight them. She watches as they attack. If you look closely, another thing I hadn't noticed before is a long, beak-like prosthetic nose attached to the guard closest to us as he swings:

He ducks, and they miss. He swings back, and sends one crashing through a candlestick.

The other runs toward him, and Plant stands up on a table. He shows you his hands, and he is now unarmed. He jumps straight up, which gives him the appearance of levitation. This scene is *very* quick, and the camera is in motion.

The one on the floor has rolled into the fireplace, and he ignites:

Bird-nose takes a swing, but you watch from below, an unusual angle, as his torso crashes through a table, skewered by Plant's blade.

The next scene is fire and Plant's blade, superimposed over a shot of a room which is likely in Crowley's mansion where these two movies were filmed (Page as the Wizard, and Plant as the Hero:)

I saw a flash of movement in this shot – a glint of light. I remembered that I had found that person - watching you from a window - by looking at it through my phone while it takes a picture, and I would NOT have seen him otherwise.

So, I looked at this scene through my phone a few times. I rewound it, and went back about five times. I could immediately tell that there was more going on here than you might think at first, as clearly as I saw that sinister Medusa image with the black and white bikini optical illusion. It's there.

If you look very, very closely, you can see what appears to be a torso wearing chainmail or armor, which is located in the original shot (Crowley's mansion) set to appear as being on fire and stabbed through the middle.

This is a person, or a body, lying on a table in a room inside Crowley's mansion. I do not believe that anyone has ever noticed this before. It is very difficult to make out, but I am confident in my assessment.

It appears, upon editing this section and looking *even closer*, that the body may even be posed to be holding up the very wand Jimmy Page will be using in about 30 minutes. If that's true, this wand would be made out of Holly wood, like I said – according to tradition, at least.

If I am correct, then I would bet that this is a real body of a person who was killed as a sacrifice – in Crowley's mansion - to give power to this movie. The spell that will be cast on us needs blood to work. Blood rituals are the only real ones.

This shot of a room is now a movie-within-a-movie-within-a-movie - a double exposure hidden within a movie inside *The Song Remains the Same*, and we can assume it connects with the other out-of-place scene. This is actually more interesting than I expected. We are now three layers deep into the mind of Led Zeppelin.

I looked even more closely, and there is a flash of movement here for a few frames. As if to confirm that you are watching a real person die, what appears to be a - no bullshit - *ghost* flashes down over a few frames. It took me a few tries, but I caught it for you:

No one else has ever seen these things. Not even me. I don't know what that is, but it is not refraction or reflection from the fire shot into the lens. It was either placed there through manipulation or captured on purpose – perhaps - just maybe, even manifested for this scene.

I'll pause here before we find out what happens together. Witness 2 started talking to me about bedtimes and not writing this book until the sun rises every night, and I told her to shut up and come look.

“I just found a ghost. A real ghost.”

And I told her what I have just told you, and she was caught up to the scene where she appears (I showed her the girl that looks like her.)

And I showed her the guy watching from a window that you can’t even see unless you watch through a phone.

I showed her the chainmail torso and told her this is a real sacrifice in Crowley’s mansion, and I showed her the ghost. It is, honestly, quite frightening, and it unsettled her. I believe that she understands why I must write this, though she acts confused and may attempt yet to stop it. This must not happen.

When she returns from our son’s room, I will point out that this is now a movie-within-a-movie-within-a-movie, and it will blow her mind.

I went back, and unless you are watching through a phone screen very closely, the torso is almost impossible to see. Just the tiniest flash of motion and hint of a gleam, which to me stands out as clearly as a guy in a gorilla suit. No, really, I do notice these things though.

Flash

It moved, behind the fire.

Let’s continue.

She gazes at him, both wreathed in the flames. Now that he has vanquished his foes, she obviously thinks he is really, really cool:

The Rain Song has been playing, and if you have subtitles on here the words, “The mystery of the quotient” appears underneath. I wondered what the fuck this means, so I looked it up. No one seems to know, but *songmeanings.com* tells me:

The "**mystery of the quotient**" is that our lives have a balance or sorrow and jubilation.

They have no source, so I decide that this, obviously, is not true.

A quotient is what you get when you divide two numbers. If I hadn’t been under the math teacher’s desk so much in high school, maybe I could tell you what that means.

However, I can tell you about the time that I first heard the backmasking in *Stairway to Heaven*.

During the “bustle hedgerow” part where he sings really weird and his voice sounds a little fucked up if you listen closely enough, he says these words when you spin the record backwards:

Here’s to my sweet Satan
There was a little toolshed where he made us suffer
Sad Satan

And I don’t know what the fuck that means either, but I’ll tell you what, it’s another of the creepiest things of all time because I knew it was real, and everyone knows that Jimmy Page and Robert Plant literally worship the Devil.

They don’t have to hide it, so they don’t. They do what thou wilt. The whole of the law, according to “The Beast.”

The guitar solo at the end of *Stairway to Heaven* is one of the most iconic pieces of music of all time. It’s based on an Am – G – F – Emaj progression, which you could express as vi – V – IV – III. A minor sixth, fifth, fourth, and a major third.

However, because the Am *takes the place* of C (relative minor – they can switch back and forth – the only interval that can do this) it becomes a minor first, and thus, is expressed as i – vii – vi – V, or minor first, minor seventh, minor sixth, and then perfect fifth.

Two ways to say the same thing. It has an inexorable, repeating feeling, as the perfect fifth, in this case Emaj, leads back *perfectly* to the new first – the minor first – Am.

“Hey, Witness 1! I can play *Stairway,* and there’s no E major at the end! It holds on the F!”

I smile at you. “My sharpest student. How I love you. Of course, you’re correct, but if you listen very closely, you’ll hear a riff that Jimmy Page plays, especially in the live mixes, like this: F

– A – C – E – D – C. This is an arpeggiated F major chord with an E – D walkdown. The E being present in this riff qualifies it for this chord progression.

This pattern is slightly unique in that it has been done *so many times*, musicians are reluctant to play it in its original form. It's for chumps. Go ahead, play these chords. You've heard this pattern a million times, but it's an unspoken rule to always change at least one part of it. Otherwise, you sound stupid playing it.

It's in *millions* of songs. This is another of the top-five most important chord progressions of all time. Everyone plays the Am – G – F – E riff from *Stairway*. Everyone. That's why it's in that one movie - *No Stairway!* It's been done, you know it intuitively."

Anyways, let's finish the first movie-within-a-movie of *The Song Remains the Same*.

She fades out through the use of special effects. Only Plant remains. *Was she just a fantasy?*

This shot confirms my (gonna start copying and pasting this one) movie-within-a-movie-within-a-movie theory.

There are three shots within this scene: a shot of a sword in flames, a shot of Robert Plant alone in the room, and then a shot of the same exact room, from the same exact angle, of her standing there alone, too.

To get the effect of her fading away from reality while he watches, they placed the rolls of film for these three shots over each other, and manipulated them so that the fiery sword and his shot remain while her shot fades out. You don't notice her room disappearing, but she fades. Her room fades with her. Plant's remains. A movie-within-a-movie-within-a-movie-within-a-movie.

For real.

Plant stares, he hears her echo. He thinks. As if to yet again confirm my theory that the viewer is actually a part of this strange ritual, he turns and looks directly at the camera. He breaks the fourth wall and tells us that this is more than a story – you are a part of it. It's real.
He's looking right at you, just like the Wizard that Page plays when he waves his wand and casts a magic spell on you:

Like I said, you draw them in with a good story and a pretty girl (sex appeal), and then you drop the heavy stuff. The magic.

Suddenly, you're back in Madison Square Garden. Jimmy Page is sweating, playing his double-neck Gibson SG. He looks great, and I have to admit that in this moment he was really, really, really cool in a lot of ways.

I have, in fact, been told that I both look like him and play guitar like him. And here he is, in all his glory:

Jimmy Page still owns this guitar, and if he ever sells it the value might be close to $100,000,000, because there will never be a rock band more iconic than them. The Beatles are not rock music.

However, you can buy a replica! Yup! And it will only cost you… $50,000!!!

What a deal! Here it is:

Gibson
https://www.gibson.com › Electric-Guitar › Cherry

Jimmy Page 1969 EDS-1275 Doubleneck Collector's ...

Made in close collaboration and with significant input from **Jimmy Page**, this very special Collector's Edition replication uses new 3D scanning technology and ultra-precise Murphy Lab aging techniques to aid in hand-crafting an effective clone of **Jimmy Page's** original **guitar**.
$49,999.00 · Free 6–14 day delivery · 30-day returns

Wow, only 50 grand. Thanks, Jimmy.

Being rich is really great, because you can use dumb shit like this to launder money, move it around without people knowing, and avoid taxes.

That was really interesting, actually, and better than I thought it would be.

I guess that's about it. I look at that picture of Jimmy Page again. He is palpably, undeniably, observably cool. I look at his suit, the shoulders.

I mean, he *sweats* cool at this point.

I laugh.

Oh yeah, he was wearing that suit when they filmed this at Madison Square Garden.

That one really famous one. That people always talk about.

I stop laughing.

The one with the dragon on it.

I go back and check, by his rows of Marshall half-stacks (the coolest ones, of course):

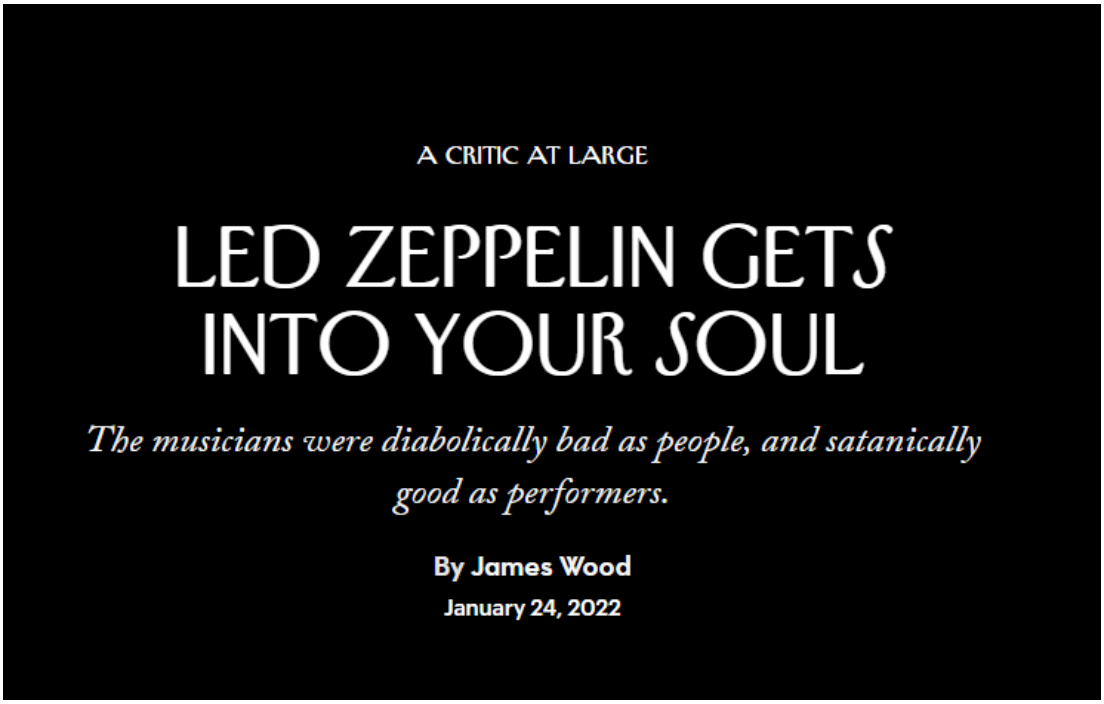
Yep… let me pull a close-up of these pants for you from Google. Enhance… enhance…

Yup, that's a dragon. Jimmy Page's stupid fuckin' dragon suit.

I ask Witness 2, "Is it just me, or does that dragon even look like the statue?" She agrees that it does.

Well, that's just fuckin' life, I guess. There be dragons here, apparently. And wolves. Maybe even spiders. No one has ever been here, but me and you.

I wondered if there was anything else to say about Led Zeppelin, and I immediately found this:



A CRITIC AT LARGE

LED ZEPPELIN GETS INTO YOUR SOUL

The musicians were diabolically bad as people, and satanically good as performers.

By James Wood

January 24, 2022

Yeahhhhh…. I'm good, actually. Bye.

Let's go on. I retire, but I shall return.

You now remember the child sex slave that Jimmy Page used to lock in a hotel room and have his security stand guard over while he was performing on stage to make sure that she didn't escape and tell people he was raping her.

10:11 P.M. 1/4/25
187,060 words

So far, nothing is shattered in my life permanently. The door lies in pieces, but everything else can still be fixed. Witness 2 seems to be doing reasonably well, and assures me that she will allow me to write this book as long as I work with her on bedtimes, and I don't really have any choice but to just agree with for now.

She is a good wife, and she looks beautiful. For now, things have calmed down. She is doing well. I literally could not live without this woman.

I *still* need to finish the Edna Cintrón story, which I didn't finish then because I realized while I was writing it that I actually need to write out the *whole story* of that day in this book or no one but me will ever actually understand it.

And that's what we are going to do. I haven't even added the last image we ever saw of her yet, I've been distracted.

I look at you. "Picture her there. Inside the gaping maw of the Nothing. Jagged steel teeth.

Seeing things that should never be seen. Torn open walls, twisted steel beams, melted computers. Bodies, everywhere. The most horrific violence you've ever seen.

That picture of her is one of the clearest images of the face of evil that you will ever see, and I hope that it haunts your days and nights the same way that it does for me. 9/11 is the worst crime against humanity of all time, and I intend to expose it even if it kills me."

You tell me that only an insane person would say that, and I laugh.

“All things in good time. The true story of 9/11 is the greatest untold story in the world.”

In a flash, I’m back. “I tried my best, but I don’t know if I could do it. You can’t describe such a thing with words. We have no frame of reference, so it’s impossible to give to people viscerally without sounding like I’m scripting a movie. I mean, think about it. Really think about how the fuck she felt that day before she died. What she went through.”

While you do, I hit the silver bong and blow out a storm cloud in silence. “No one should go through that. It’s unthinkable. Now, it’s time for my portals. Step into my world with me, my friend.”

I pull out another picture of Witness 2, where she is wearing clothes. An older one, from about 15 years ago. I saved it, because I found it to be extremely sexually attractive.

I hand it to you:

“Do you want to see how –“

You cut me off. “Yeah, the rabbit hole. Alice in Wonderland. I get it.”

I tell you to look more closely. What do you see?

You peer, and you see the blue dress… the ruby slippers…

Wait, this isn’t Alice in Wonderland! It’s Dorothy! And she is holding a…

Wolf.

Sort of, at least. A brown dog. Anyways, I never looked closely enough, and since she is blonde, I figured she went with Alice. *My bad.*

You hand the picture back to me and ask me if I have any more good shots of her.

“You better believe it, my man. Loads of them.”

You look at me indignantly.

“Weren’t you going to tell me about the Father of Chaos theory, Edward Lorenz?”

“Ah yes,” I say. So I was. What a good student you are.

I hand you a picture:

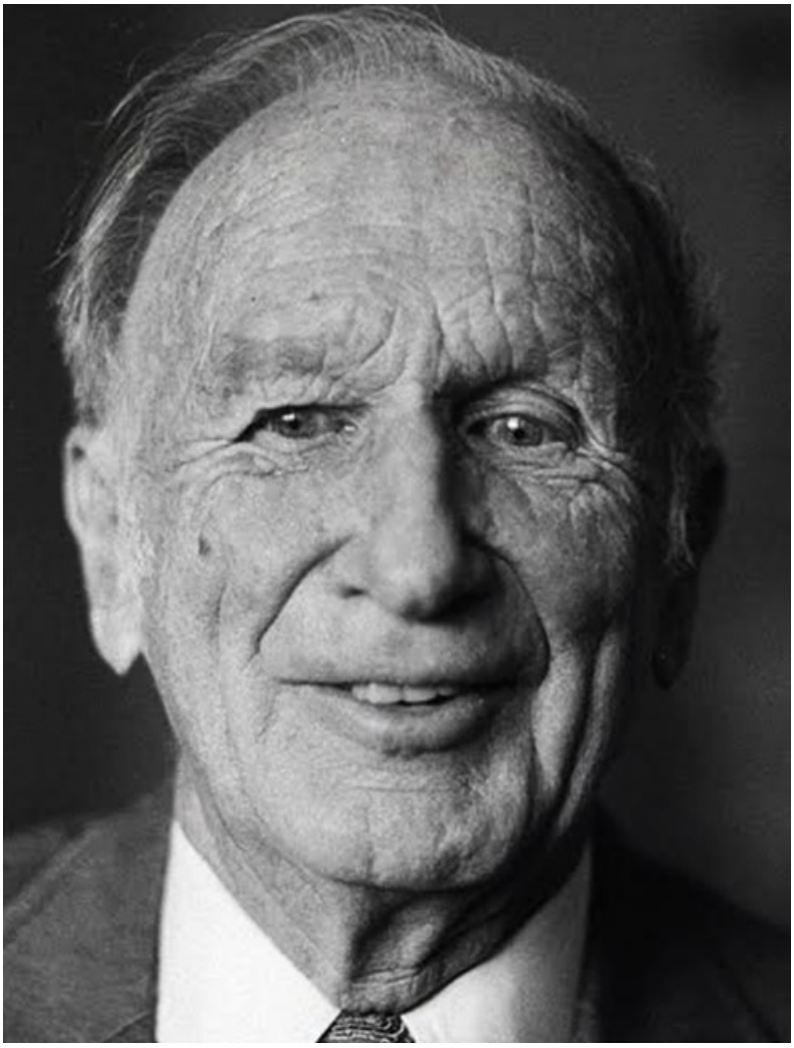
“What do you think this is? Do you see the fractal? Diamonds and hexagons?”

You stare at it.

“In fact, it is a fractal. *The* fractal. It’s the same fractal as you.

Skip to the next page.”

I hand you a picture of an elderly Edward Lorenz. And here he is, in all his glory:

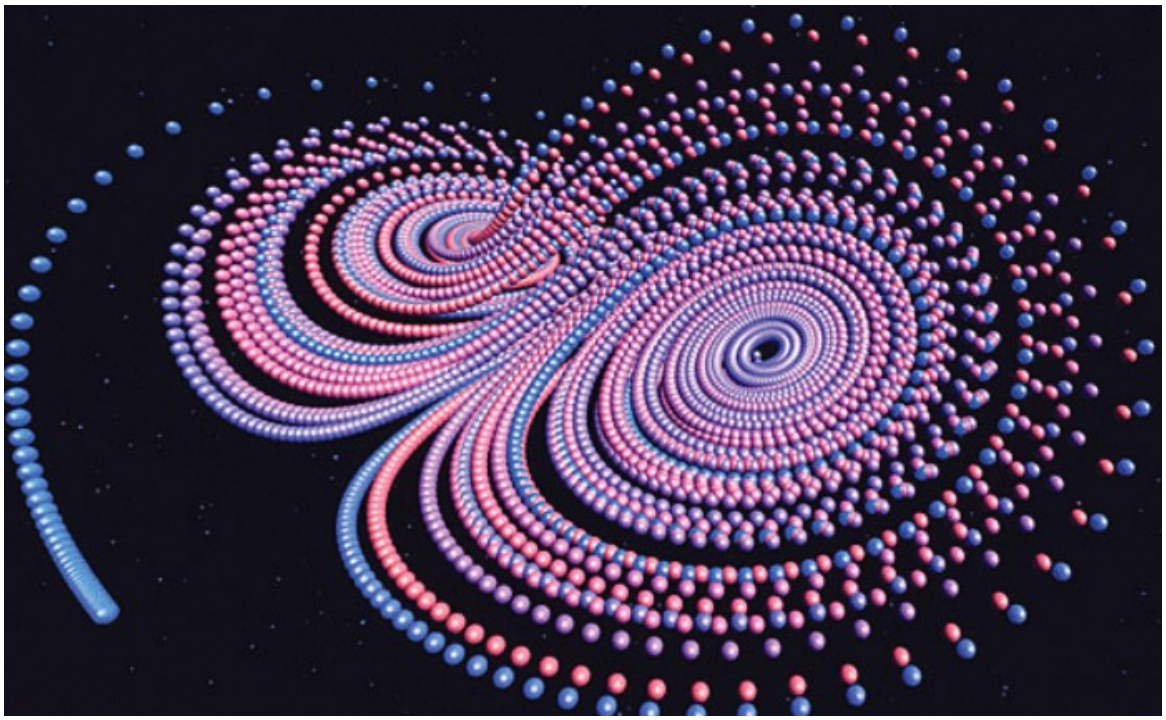


“Do you see it, there? On his forehead?”

You smile.

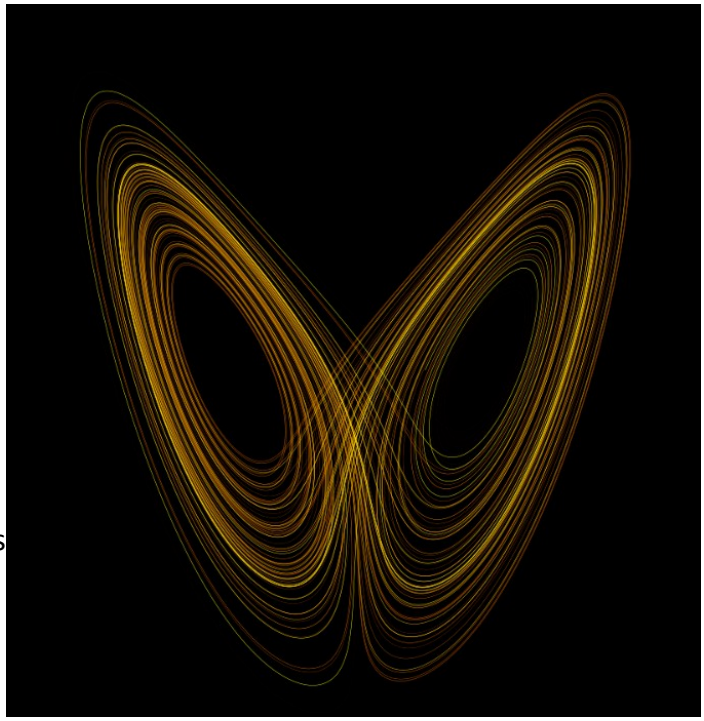
“Look underneath it - what will you find? Life has aged him now. The fractal is written on him more deeply. He is closer to seeing the fractal from the outside-in.”

He saw things that others did not, and they look like this:



He saw them in the trees, but most of all - he saw them in the air and water.

The spheres you see here represent iterations of what people who study math at college call the *Lorenz equations*, and this image was calculated using the original parameters in his work.



A Lorenz Attractor. A *strange* attractor.

In 1972, he gave a presentation titled, “Predictability: Does the flap of a butterfly’s wings in Brazil set off a tornado in Texas?” This is where the term “Butterfly effect”

comes from, and he chose it for a very particular reason. He chose it because the story he told to the world looked like this:

Butterfly wings. *Angel wings.*

This is the most famous visualization of a Lorenz attractor, and I assume these math people must *hate* it because it is so beautiful and cool.

I light the spliff and I hand it to you. "What is it?"

"Weed and tobacco," you reply.

"How did he find this?"

"Find what?"

"The Butterfly."

You think. "He… looked?"

"Smoke it."

You do, and you blow out a cloud of smoke.

"What color is it?"

"Grey."

"Where did the blue go? It's tobacco and weed, the same as the blunt. Where are the two tendrils of blue and grey?"

It's dark now, and you look at me like an idiot.

"When you mix them together, the smoke mingles and becomes uniform. Even."

"When does it mix?"

"After you smoke it."

"When?"

"Right away."

“Yes, but there was a time when the smoke was still separate. Once, it came off from the burning plant matter and THC, and for a brief moment, that smoke was *either* weed *or* tobacco. One was blue, and one was whiteish grey. It was something different than what you see now.”

You pass it to me. I take a big hit, and continue.

“Could you wind the clock backwards and watch the smoke go down towards the ground, back in your mouth, in your lungs, and then back into the joint and freeze it molecule-by-molecule? If you did, could you see where each one came from?

If you could, could you mark each one as either weed or tobacco, and follow it? Plot its motion, and its own unique path? Do that for each one, and build a 3D timeline of every particle of smoke in the cloud?

If you captured the smoke and distilled it down, if you simply had enough knowledge and time, could you pick it apart bit-by-bit and separate it back into its two equal components from a state that seemed to be mixed forever?

In fact, if time is relative, and the universe is a fractal, could you do this with every particle?

If you had but the mind of God, could you know the past, present, and future state of every particle? Is the sum of knowledge *possible*? Thanks largely to him, we have answered it to a reasonable degree. Technically, it is possible. But not for us.

Anyways, Edward Lorenz used to stare at smoke from the fires of his youth, and wonder about something very similar to that. And he watched the currents of the river, and wondered if there was a way to know why they flow. He did listen to its song. He listened *closely*.”

And he heard a pattern in its rhythms. And he thought that, perhaps, there was order there. Even in the most chaotic things we know – the weather, the clouds, the rain, the thundering river currents.

He wrote journals, studied, broke new ground in mathematics, and dove *deep*. This was not a job to him – this was the meaning of his life. It was his passion. He spent his life observing, listening, and looking to the river and sky. He believed that he was destined to answer one question for us, above all else:

Is there order in chaos?

And it turns out that when he went to college and kept studying it – *there is*. He *did* it. Founded an entire discipline – a field of study. Chaos theory.

He learned that there *are actually patterns* in even the *most* chaotic systems that we know of. Even the weather. The clouds and wind.

He saw it, and that's why the government wanted him to tell them where the storms would be so badly - so they could send ships and planes to kill people without running into bad weather.

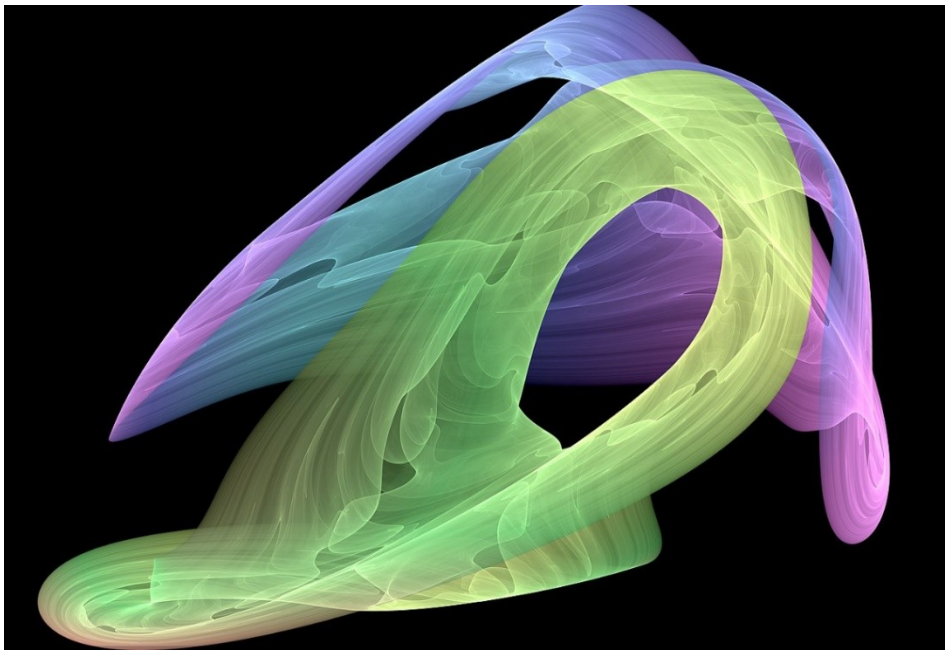
It turns out - they will pay you *good* money if you can do this, especially if you can do it while no one else can yet. He was the first real meteorologist, and he founded that field of study, too. This is actually the main thread in *Gödel, Escher, Bach.*

And he was *really* good at it. His whole main thing was the idea of the *attractors*. He studied attraction. Strange attractors.

Wikipedia defines a mathematical attractor as "a set of states toward which a system tends to evolve." *Any* system displays these behaviors. Us. The universe.

There *is* a way to find these patterns, and you can actually see what is going to happen in the future if you look closely enough. Because it *is* a fractal. That was the point of the book - the braid *repeats in a quantifiable way you can predict.* It is not chaotic, at all. Lorenz proved it.

An attractor is called "strange" if it has a fractal structure. This is where the butterfly wings come from, but they can also look like this:



Apparently, that is a fractal. According to mathematicians.

That's about enough math for me, so I went to the next chapter. As you can imagine, it also talked a lot about Bach and Gödel.

And it turns out that Bach's music is *also* all fractals, and that's why it is so good. Yep, it's true – you can Google it and read all about it. There are plenty of lectures and stuff about it online.

Now, the reason that musicians like Rick Beato go fucking bananas for Bach's music isn't because of the fractals. It's because Bach *also* told a *new story* that no one ever noticed before. He invented something new, and it was beautiful.

Before Bach (and the musicologists at colleges will tell you there is a *lot* more to the story than this, but it's a good summary), most instruments were based on a tuning that was derived from Pythagoras, and the cult he founded that worshiped ratios and frequencies of nature (also a *very* interesting story that I do not have time for.)

This was a pretty good system, but it got worse the further out you went from home base, and it would only work in one key at a time for each instrument. Basically, an instrument might be in tune with itself, but not in tune with others. Or if it was, it would be an instrument that could only ever sing in one key (and its relative minor.)

Now, Bach worked as an organist. A great one, and you can visit the church he played in today. Back in those days, they didn't have organ techs you could call to fix it, and in fact, they still don't really do that today. There was a brief moment in the sun for home organs in the '70s, but it faded quickly when the synthesizer was introduced in the '80s. There is no one who could fix my organs, even if I needed it.

And Bach was the same. Before electricity, these organs were pumped by one or two people using a bellows to force the air through the pipe. And the maintenance guy at the church wouldn't have touched these pipes. That was *his* domain.

He would have polished them. Sat there and stared at them, and he would have to file and whittle them down into the perfect shape and length. He would probably have worked with a blacksmith and had them bring his designs into reality.

In fact, he tuned his own organ - which you don't need to do much these days but would have been more of an issue 500 years ago. And there were quite a few systems of tuning at the time, and not really a standard.

Now, history is really hard to understand because people lie all the time, about everything. Every single book you read is biased in some way, except this one, because I am having a psychotic break instead of lying. Letters and diaries are even worse.

We can piece things together. And it's complicated, and Google will tell you that Bach actually did *not* invent Equal or Well-tempered tuning. And he didn't even use it, and actually that was based on some assumption that some writer made 100 years ago.

And *maybe* that's true. But he did do one thing for sure, which is to prove that you could write a song in every single key, major and minor, and play it all at once. On one instrument, in a row.

No one had ever done that before him, and he sort of worked some magic and was able to come up with his own system of pipes and metal that stayed in tune all the way around the circle of fifths.

Maybe it's like the Berenstein Bears, and this isn't even "real" anymore. I do, obviously, back up everything I say with research - and apparently - this story is more complicated than I remember from my Music History class in 2010, and various other places I have always heard it.

If my research does not align with my claims, I wouldn't write it. However, if you dig deep enough, you will still find it there. They always admit the truth, it's just buried under layers of bullshit.

Anyways, 12 perfect intervals will have you back at square one. Fourths or Fifths. But *not quite.*

Every time you do it, you end up slightly off and have to shift slightly. It is called the *Pythagorean Comma*, and it is *not* perfect. Music will *never* be perfect, and *every note is a lie*. It's true. Google it.

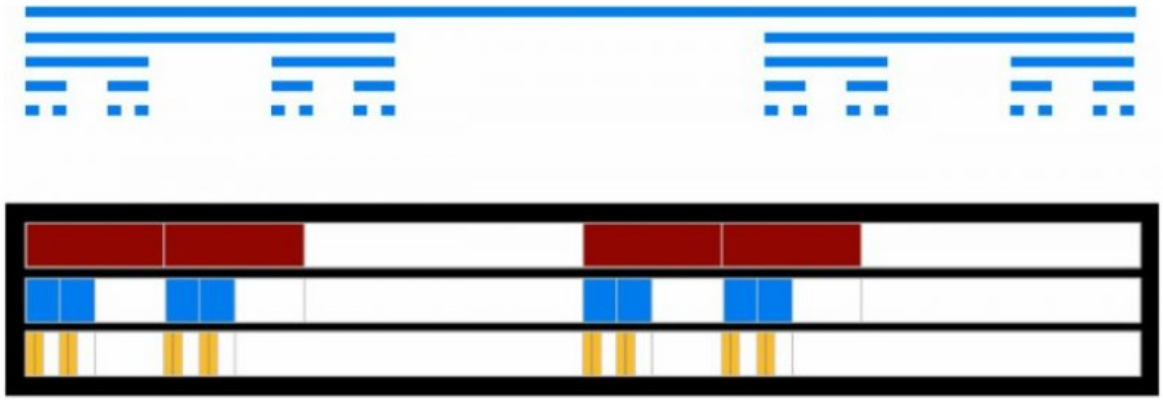
Nothing here can ever be perfect. "Every song is a lie." Trust me, there are plenty of lectures out there on the Pythagorean Comma for you, too.

So, when Bach did this – went around the circle of fifths in one concert while staying in tune - it blew people's minds. Salieri lost his mind (not really.) But, for real, it *really* impressed everyone. He was a rock star.

It is called *The Well-Tempered Clavier*, and it is quite possibly the most important musical work of all time.

Bach was now famous, and he will be remembered forever for this.

Not only that, but the whole thing is a *fractal*. Bach had a musical mind like no one else, probably from staring at his pipe organ so much. Here is a representation of a musical fractal within Bach's work:



The top of this drawing shows a Cantor comb, which depicts self-similar patterns repeating at different scales on different lines. The lower diagram depicts the distribution of note durations in a 16-measure excerpt from a cello suite by Bach. The two patterns are similar. © Harlan Brothers

One of Harlan's early discoveries was that musicians have been creating fractal music for at least six centuries. Many of the great Flemish

Apparently, "fractal music" is a thing, and it's been around for at least 600 years.

So, that is really neat.

There's another video on YouTube where Adam Neely turns *All Star* into a fractal by taking the melody and repeating it so fast that it formed a note, like dozens to hundreds of times per second. The melody played so fast, it becomes its own frequency, in hertz. A pitch, created by playing the melody *really* fast.

Then he varied this frequency, by playing it more or less times a second, and the pitch of the note he made by playing the *All Star* melody really fast would change.

And then he played "All Star" with it. Boom - fractal.

This is what it looked like in his Ableton project:

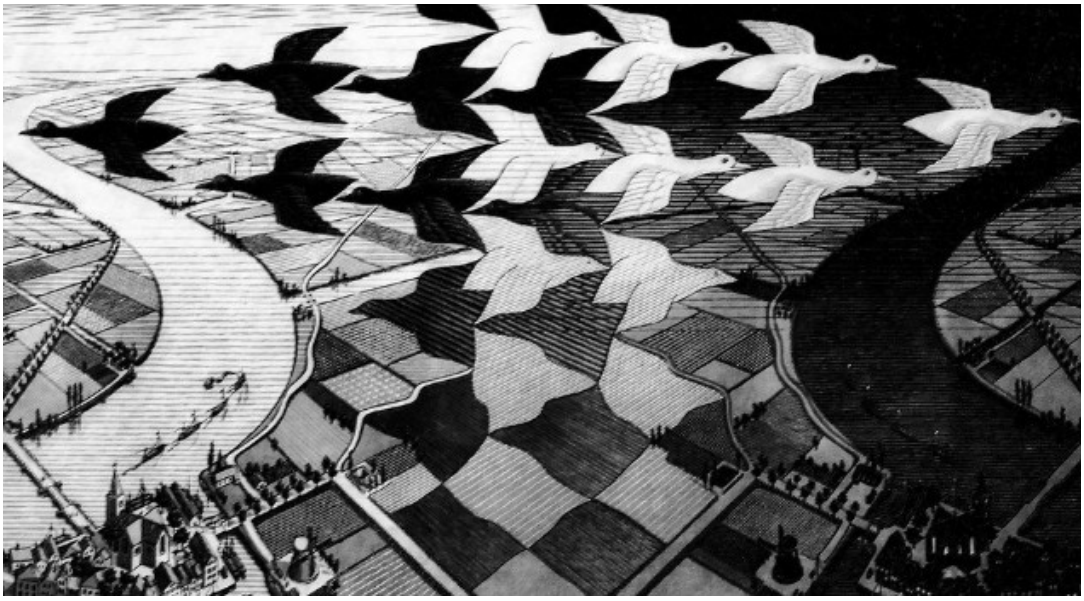
Where the notes are more sparse, the melody creates a lower pitch. Where it is purple and the notes are tighter, it creates a higher pitch. From here, you can manipulate it to play *All Star* again.

You could do this forever. Forever and ever. Making this song is both absurd and funny, but it is also tragic because it just *does not matter at all*. Create an infinite musical fractal. So what?

Therefore, it is *extremely* high art. And I mean that.

Anyways, then we learned about Gödel, and his incompleteness theorem. Apparently, it proves that you can't believe anything you read in a book, which I thought was pretty fucking stupid. I don't believe that.

Next, he covered Escher, and we looked for more fractals:



"Do you see it?"

"Easy," you say. "I see it." You point at the two birds.

"Wrong," I say. "That's not a fractal, it's a tessellation."

You look at me.

"It's both."

I smile. "Now, you can see the double images."

He talked about how Escher's work is a portal into a strange world, in a strange book, that said strange things that I have never heard before.

Like that you, apparently, can't run and pick up a tortoise, which is called "The Achilles Paradox" or "Zeno's paradox." Yeah. Moving is *impossible*.

Britannica defines this paradox as follows:

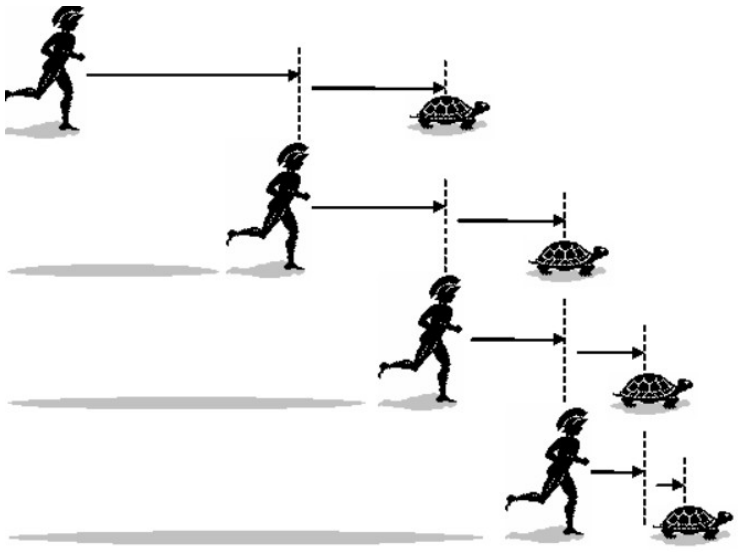
> The two start moving at the same moment, but if the tortoise is initially given a head start and continues to move ahead, Achilles can run at any speed and will never catch up with it.

Get this! Even if you *run,* you cannot catch a tortoise. According to the *philosophers*.

Now, this is both a great example of why you can't believe everything you read in a book, and also why Gödel's dumb theory is definitely wrong.

I can tell you *for sure* that I could outrun any tortoise on this planet. In fact, I will outrun them *all* at the same time, and I won't even have to try. I know that - for a fact. I'm willing to prove it, too.

Yet, philosophers will show you pictures like this and claim it proves that you can't outrun a turtle:



Right. But I'm the crazy person.

On New Year's Eve, 2013, when I lived in the Grand Canyon, I took more drugs at once than I ever have - I mixed ecstasy, mushrooms, acid, cocaine, and weed together. It cost me close to

$400, but I didn't care because rent was only $8 a month for workers. This was while I was reading this book.

I wrote a song about it, and called it *Strange Attractor*, but I never wrote words for it. Most of the time, I don't think that music needs lyrics - but I still like them. It didn't come out well, because of the high pass filter issue I was just learning about, but I still have it.

I made another song around this time – my first try at mixing guitar and dubstep. I have always loved using major keys for songs, and I have only made, I think, one song ever in a minor key (E minor for the guitar, of course.)

That was an early dubstep/guitar experiment, and I still have it. People loved it, but no one really cared. It was called *Yes Please*. The first song I ever made that didn't suffer from the "too many frequencies" issue was at this time, and I called it *Solar Worship*.

I smile at you. "Why do you think people go to the Grand Canyon?"

You stare at me like an alien. "To see it."

"To see what? Rocks? Dirt? Trees? What makes it special? Why there?"

You think about it. "They come… to see the space in-between. The distances and vast openness of it. The sheer *scale* of the carven image. Because it's… surreal. Unlike anything they've ever seen before."

I nod. "That's right. They come to see nothing."

You continue to stare at me.

I look back at you. "They come to see nothing. The space *in-between* the dirt, rocks, and trees is the main attraction here. The biggest nothing on Earth – the ultimate void.

They come to worship at a temple of nothing, to gaze upon its beauty. Miles and miles of nothing. You've never seen anything like it, and it can be genuinely transcendental for people.

However, this great space is an illusion, and the rocks are neither closer nor further than they were anywhere else. They come not to see the rocks, but the distance between the rocks and themselves.

They sense this distance elsewhere - that the rocks will always be further from them than the nothingness - but they cannot perceive it. That's why they go there.

The Grand Canyon merely pulls back the illusion – that the nothingness inside it is not more real and pervasive than the very stone temples themselves.

In fact, the Grand Canyon would not even exist were it not for the space between rocks. It is not real.

Are you ready to step into my portal now?"

You smile and nod, and I pull out an old photo album bound in leather. I blow a thick layer of dust off of it, and a cloud fills the air. It sparkles. In the distance, a faint guitar solo ripples like water, and a wolf howls at the moon.

"You bring that with you everywhere?"

"No, I brought it for you. You see, I knew I would meet you one day."

"Why is it so dirty?"

"Because only you can make me clean." I smile at you.

And now step into my past with me. But first, I want to show you my face. Not mine, but one that looks exactly like me. It's from a music video by a band called "The Cults", and he looks more like me than anyone else I have ever seen. It is genuinely unsettling.

Here I am (sort of), in all my glory:

You should be able to picture me by now. Picture me smiling.

Now step into my past with me. Let me show you the secrets of my youth.

Here I am in high school playing the bass at a show. The guy playing the drums ended up trying to stab me and kill me because I dropped popcorn on his floor (Asian), so that band ended. We were called “Trilogy”, even though there were four of us (my idea):

I smashed one guitar and one bass in high school because I thought that was the funniest thing ever to do and I really like The Who. Neither one was my instrument, and it was done with full knowledge and permission of the owners. It *was* actually hilarious.

If you look right in front of the kick drum, you can see the neck of the guitar I smashed. I kept it like a trophy, and displayed it like an offering.

I told you that I once played the bass in a live show with a broken arm and a cast on. I also told you that I had bras thrown at me that night, and that I crowdsurfed.

Furthermore, I mentioned that I smashed up a bass and drumset when we finished playing. And, if you aren’t a complete fucking idiot, these may have sounded like dubious claims.

Well, luckily for you, one photographer in the area loved us - because we weren’t like any of the other bands. So, he took quite a few pictures of us. And I saved them.

Here they are. This is me playing bass with a cast on and a bra around my neck in high school:

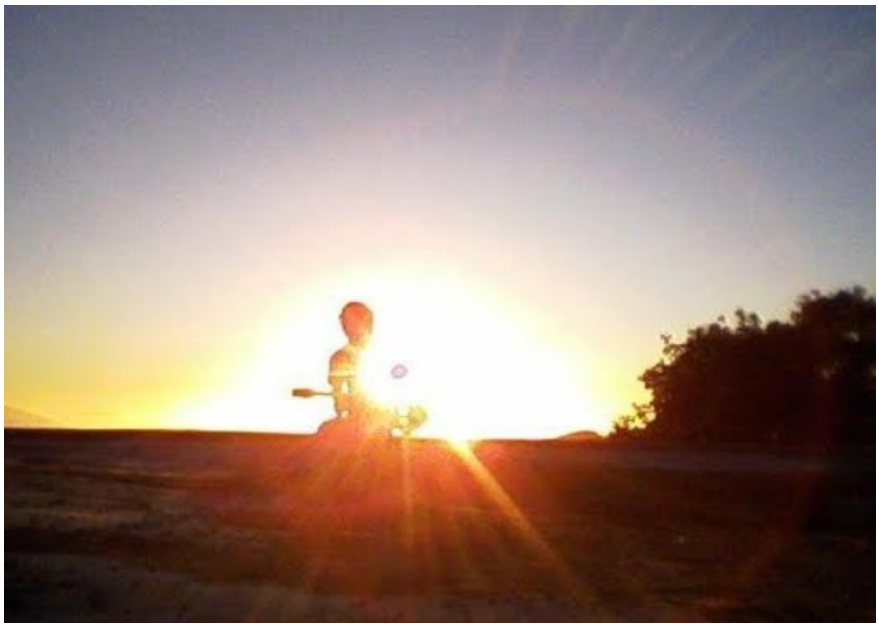
That is the brown wooden bass that was thrown out when I ran away from home a few months after this (very sad.) In that picture, I was using the cast itself as a slide, which worked surprisingly well. I, quite honestly, tried to channel my inner Jimmy Page while up on stage.

This is me putting a bass through a kick drum, because we also had a spare drum set we could smash up that night (hilarious, yes. Look *really* closely – it's not the same bass I am playing above:)

And this is me crowdsurfing:

That's one of my favorite pictures, for sure. I've always wanted to relive that moment.

Here is me playing the guitar in college, taken by N when he moved down there:



Here is what it looked like when I walked along the beach on mushrooms at sunset down there:

The blurry guy is me, but I don't remember who took this one (back is turned.)

Here is what the full moon looked like from my balcony at the ocean house in the evening, when it first laid out its silver bridge and it was still tinged with gold:

I took that one. I clearly remember taking it, and I knew I would never, ever live in a house this beautiful again and I didn't want to forget how it looked because of all the drugs I was taking that make you forget things.

Obviously, I was right about never living anywhere with a front yard like this again. However, I did not need the pictures, and in fact, I remember everything quite clearly.

And here is the red bike-scooter thing that I got pulled over on:

I really loved it, but I am far too stupid to do the maintenance on these types of things.

And here are the small rubber animals that J and I bought the first time we did mushrooms, at Round Table Pizza. The little coin machines. We kept getting going to get more quarters and cracking each other up about the way they looked. I used to call them "my friends", but they are all gone now. This picture is 16 years old:

And now you have seen my world. You have seen me. Do you like it?

I will now tell the untold story, though recreating it for you will be laborious and long. If you don't read this, no one will ever know it. I beg you only to listen.

The story of 9/11 begins with World War II, with a tremendous amount of stolen gold recovered from both the Nazis and Japanese. The Nazi gold was recovered in Europe by the Allies, and the Japanese gold was mostly recovered in the Philippines, and it is where the Marcos wealth came from - they call it "Yamashita's Gold".

An entire section of my first book is dedicated to this missing gold, called *The Origin of the Black Budget*:

> *The Origin of the Black Budget*
>
> In the book, *Gold Warriors*, the authors conduct a careful historical examination of the massive amount of wealth we find referenced in Heidner's paper:[86]
>
> > This 'Black Gold' gave Washington virtually limitless, **unaccountable** funds, providing an asset base to reinforce the treasuries of America's allies, to bribe political and military leaders, and to manipulate elections in foreign countries for more than fifty years…In 1945, US intelligence officers in Manila discovered that the Japanese had hidden large quantities of gold bullion and other looted treasure in the Philippines. **President Truman decided to recover the gold but to keep its riches secret.**

---

[86] Seagrave, Sterling, Seagrave, Peggy, *Gold Warriors: America's Secret Recovery of Yamashita's Gold, 2003, Verso, 1859845428, 9781859845424*

The OSS (Office of Strategic Services) - which became the CIA and was led by Prescott Bush, George W. Bush's grandfather, took possession of this gold. Then, they used it to cruelly and deceptively subjugate humanity - as really, the Synagogue of Satan was just playing both sides against each other, like usual. It was always about the gold.

So, it vanishes after the war. And there is almost no record of it, only the rotten fruits of its illicit proceeds.

It's gone, swallowed up by the Nothing.

And funnily enough, both FDR and Churchill confiscated as much gold as they could, in Executive Order 6102 and the UK's Defence (Finance) Regulations of 1939.

No one would ever know.

Except for one little thing.

You see, in 1991 the CIA used quite a good chunk of this money to collapse the Soviet Union, when George H.W. Bush was in office. They pulled a great financial crime off, using fraudulent security bonds. These were based on the stolen gold, and it was stored in what was called "The Black Eagle Trust."

This crime left a paper trail. These bonds would come due to be cleared in 10 years, and there was enough evidence that the world could learn the truth about the stolen gold. Trillions and trillions of dollars of wealth, drained from us. Maybe not right away, but eventually, someone would - and we are talking *treason*.

Now, the Soviet Union collapsed around Late August-September, 1991. 33 years ago, just about. And these bonds were due to be cleared in 10 years, which would have been September, 2001.

In fact, you'll never guess *what day* they would have cleared on.

To find out, let's look at one of the best papers ever written, called *Collateral Damage*. It is almost too good, and I don't understand why people don't read this stuff. It is cited very well, with 232 citations – 17 *pages* of footnotes.

This paper itself is a minor enigma of 9/11, because whoever wrote it is clearly another of the world's foremost experts on the subject. The author claims to be named "E.P. Heidner", but it's fairly obvious that this is a pseudonym if you look into it for about two seconds. That is because if you publish a book on 9/11, they will kill you.

[*Witness 1 as editor: I grew curious while editing this, and the more astute reader may have guessed my query. To save you a click, "E.P. Heidner" is an anagram for one, and only one, word – Ephedrine.*

This is a common drug based on the Ephedra plant, which is an ancient drug we have used for thousands of years. One of the oldest, in fact. It is often used to treat high-blood pressure,

funnily enough. The Chinese call it "yellow hemp." The author of this paper remains an enigma, unless I'm mistaken.]

Now, when it comes to this specific financial/money laundering issue, this is the number one resource on it. It is *so good.*

One of my primary theories on this paper is that it was written by an active participant, and released as a confession of sorts - to soothe their guilty conscience.

Let's take a quick look at some of the most important parts:

> The attacks of September 11th were intended to cover-up the clearing of $240 billion dollars in securities covertly created in September 1991 to fund a covert economic war against the Soviet Union…the attacks of September 11th also served to derail multiple Federal investigations away from crimes associated with the 1991 covert operation.
>
> A situation needed to be created wherein $240 billion dollars of covert securities could be electronically "cleared" without anyone asking questions- which happened when the Federal Reserve declared an emergency and invoked its "emergency powers." that very afternoon. (4)
>
> The [Bush Sr. administration's] drive to bring an end to the Cold War was fueled by a covert war chest invisible to congressional oversight. (32) This war chest would be known by several names: Black Eagle Trust, the Marcos gold, Yamashita's Gold, the Golden Lily Treasure, the Durham Trust or Project Hammer. (33)

However, don't believe anything you read just because you read it. Trust, but verify. Always. According to my research, it's *possible* that there's a possible margin of error here of a few days, at most a week or two, but it is actually true that the receipts for this crime were going to come due – at the very least - very, *very* close to 9/11.

However, according to this paper, it was that exact day.

It can be found in this link or my first book:

https://www.wanttoknow.info/911/black_eagle_trust_fund

Let's read it:

The Great Ruble Scam

With an understanding of the economic war being waged on the Soviet Union, the focus needs to turn to reports that on September 11, 1991, President George Bush was responsible for issuing $240 billion dollars in secretive bonds as a part of this attack.

The September 11th Cover-up of the Black Eagle Trust and Project Hammer

With the bonds out in the market, they sat for ten years, like a ticking time bomb. At some point, they had to be settled -or cashed in, on September 11, 2001. The two firms in the U.S. most likely to be handling them would be Cantor Fitzgerald and Eurobrokers – the two largest government securities firms in the U.S. The federal agency mostly involved in investigating those transactions was the Office of Naval Intelligence

On that day, those same three organizations: the two largest government securities brokers and the Office of Naval Intelligence in the US took near direct hits. Actually, the jetliners hit immediately below the targeted offices, assuring that the flames would engulf the floors above. This targeting strategy was also used on the 23rd floor of the North tower, which was an FBI evidence repository holding information on allegedly illegal gold transactions.

Betcha didn't know that one, huh?

This paper was the first serious chink in 9/11's plot armor that allowed me to finally crack it open, tear it apart, and autopsy it. It's *all* in there, and it focuses *very* heavily on the OSS and stolen gold after World War II. It is an *immaculate* paper.

Yep. All three locations. The SEC and government offices and the brokers in the towers. The ONI in the Pentagon. Just vanished. Turned to dust. To nothing.

For money laundering.

It stuck out to me like a sore thumb, I can't even express how obvious this triplicate destruction of evidence actually is to people. This *cannot* simply happen by chance. It's a big, glowing red siren, screaming – "Get my ass in a courtroom, STAT!!!"

That's why, on September 10th, Rumsfeld announced that they were missing 2.3 trillion dollars.

Because he knew that it wouldn't matter anymore the next day, as the investigations would all be closed. For some context, total US GDP in 2001 was around 10 trillion dollars.

Despicable.

This is another good question that I asked at the end of this chapter:

What happened to the real-wealth of the world such that literally less than 10 people now own more than half of it, and almost everyone else is in debt?

The insider trading and stock manipulation was so bad, that even normal people know about it. For some reason, everyone knows that insider trading happened on 9/11, especially around airline stocks. If I ever figure out why it doesn't matter to them, I'll write a sequel about it.

As usual, the government tells us absurd lies, like this quote from CBS on September 19th, 2001:

> https://www.cbsnews.com/news/profiting-from-disaster/
>
> U.S. investigators want to know whether Osama bin Laden was the ultimate "inside trader" — profiting from a tragedy he's suspected of masterminding to finance his operation.

Bin Laden. Was *insider trading* on stocks. To finance 9/11.

Yeah, right. Give me a break. "The ultimate inside trader." You people are fucking *clowns.*

There is actually quite a bit of evidence here, and we don't have time for it. I cite at least five *surprisingly* acute mainstream news articles exposing this. It's all right there, it's not hidden.

In fact, the full title of Section I of my first book - 250 pages - is called:

9/11: Money Laundering Operation by an International Organized Crime Syndicate

So as you might imagine, I do cover this money laundering evidence quite extensively over there. And there is a lot – but it's sort of dry. I'm creating a dichotomy here between my books, so if you want to delve into a more academic-style exegesis of 9/11, read that one too.

This one is the *story*, it's not about slamming you with 10 different sources.

Like this 2006 study from *The Journal of Business* called *Unusual Option Market Activity and the Terrorist Attacks of September 11, 2001*:

https://www.jstor.org/stable/10.1086/503645

Or this December, 2001 Fox News article - *German Firm Probes Final World Trade Center Deals*

https://www.foxnews.com/story/german-firm-probes-final-world-trade-center-deals

> PIRMASENS, Germany – German computer experts are working round the clock to unlock the truth behind an unexplained surge in financial transactions made just before two hijacked planes crashed into New York's World Trade Center…
>
> Were criminals responsible for the sharp rise in credit card transactions that moved through some computer systems at the WTC shortly before the planes hit the twin towers?
>
> Or was it coincidence that unusually large sums of money, perhaps more than $100 million, were rushed through the computers as the disaster unfolded?

I am at my bedtime now, Dear Reader. It is 2:09 A.M. on 1/5/25. I don't know how long I have been writing.

I am going to do the 9/11 part next, and if you want all of my sources then read my other book with 785 of them. They're yours – for the taking. This is not about my sources. This is about the story, and it is a true one. The only true story about 9/11 you have ever heard. Perhaps, the most important story of all time.

I love you, Dear Reader. Goodnight.

We put out our spliff, and we retire to our rooms.

Dear Reader, I return to you on a sunny morning in good spirits. My darling, beautiful wife shimmers in a sparkly gold cocktail dress, and she seems to be doing well. I explained to her the actual theological reasons why I cannot lie in this book, and why I must write about other women in it. I am sorry, but it might be the most important thing that I have ever done.

I explained to her the Deep Magic, and how the sacrifice that Jesus made could have only worked if he was willing to look every single human being in the eyes and tell them they are beautiful and he loves them – as they slit his throat and watch him die. Yeah, it's this new religion called "Christianity", and it's based on a blood sacrifice.

It is the only way. This book is about God, but it is also about humanity. What it is like to be human. The good and the bad.

That is why there are child sex slaves in the Bible that were forced to serve Yahweh in the Bible, where they were 100%, for sure, raped by the priests. That's why they only kept the virgins, it was the ones they were allowed to sleep with under Old Testament law.

It's in Numbers 31, and you can read it here:

https://www.biblegateway.com/passage/?search=Numbers%2031&version=ESV

It is during the vengeance on the Midianites. Moses and the leaders send their army to kill a few hundred thousand people and all of their animals, burn their cities to the ground, and steal all of their shit. This was on a direct order from God himself.

So, they do. And they are very successful, too. However, Moses is quite upset when they return, as he finds that they did actually *not* slaughter all the women and children in cold blood while they beg for mercy, and he lets them know this.

Luckily for the women and children, the Israelites wanted to rape them first before murdering them, which was actually *also* totally OK under their law at the time, as long as they washed themselves ritually afterwards and stayed out of the camp for about a week.

So, the chapter here is called "Dividing the Spoils". Yup, in the Bible, it refers to people as "spoils." *Disgusting*.

Moses and the leaders divide up all the treasure. Tens of thousands of shekels, a massive pile of precious metals, gold, and jewels. A hoard fit for a king.

Of course, God needs his cut, and he takes about 16,000 shekels.

This part is *really* fun.

Then, Moses tells them to kill every single male child and any woman who was not a virgin. There is, of course, no way to know this by simply looking at a woman, but I'm sure they tried their best not to kill *that many* women who actually hadn't slept with anyone yet. Oh, well. Collateral Damage. *Right*?

So, they slaughter every single boy, and all of their mothers. Weeping, screaming, blood, mass graves, bodies. A literal holocaust. Worse than any specific single incident during World War II, even. Unimaginable proportions of innocent blood shed. On God's direct order.

THEN, it gets even better! Now the Israelites have all of these hot young "virgins" just totally looking to hook up and get married in an area near them. They get to rape them to their hearts delight, and there is absolutely no age of consent in the Bible.

Maybe they started with the 10-year olds. Maybe the 6-year olds. Maybe, some of them started with the babies. After slitting their mother's throat in front of them. Do you seriously think they stood there checking Driver's Licenses for birthdays or something? *Come on.*

This scene gets even better! They divide up the captive sex slaves among the tribes, and - oh yes! Even here, Yahweh gets his cut. 32 young female virgins are forced into the temple, to serve the Levites and work in the temple as slaves. To be raped.

That's right - after all of this slaughter, there were approximately 16,000 young female virgins left. God took one out of every 50, so he took 32 people. You can read it right here, in Numbers 31:40:

> The persons were 16,000, of which the Lord's tribute was 32 persons.

They could even be killed of and disposed of like trash, and it would not have even been a crime to these Jews. These people were worthless to them. Less than the dirt under their feet.

Unworthy of even being in the same room as them unless they were being raped or doing menial labor to keep the temple running. Child sex slaves.

Pretty much the actual worst thing that you could ever do. Maybe even worse than putting a gun to someone's head and pulling the trigger. This highest moral abomination of all time.

Nice work there, big guy.

What do you think they did with the young daughters of their worst enemies? Played dolls and had tea parties? Made them little playhouses? *Are you people fucking stupid?*

Disgusting. There is absolutely no excuse that I can see for this that could ever be good enough. God himself did the worst thing possible, the very thing I described a while back that should have made you shudder.

Should have made you feel sick in the pit of your stomach. Should have made you *cry*. I cried three times while I wrote the scene of the little girl being raped, and it was the worst thing that I have ever thought about.

God himself did that. To 32 women. Children, even. And this is just one of their many conquests described in the Deuteronomic narrative and the Pentateuch. Hundreds, maybe thousands, of little girls that God did this too.

He grabbed them, and threw them in his van. He bound them with tape and gagged them. He took their voice away, and threw them prostate on the ground in front of cruel men that hate them. He raped them. Then he slit their throat and watched their blood spill for no reason.

God might as well have personally raped and murdered every single one of these girls.

And you know what? It wasn't even for any reason. No great cosmic purpose. No sacrifice to bring atonement. Nope, this was pretty much just for fun.

Because they wanted to. Our three greatest hobbies – kidnapping, rape, and murder.

God, you could have let them walk away. You could have provided a way for them, as well. But you didn't, and you pretty much never do. And the world wonders why. They assume the Bible must not be true, because if it was, the world would not be so evil and it would not have evil shit like this in it.

So, if anyone wants to bitch and moan about this book having sex in it – well, you know, at least I didn't murder their families, abduct them, lock them in a room, *rape them*, and then cruelly subjugate them as slaves for the rest of their lives. At least they enthusiastically consented. I guess, I don't know, maybe that's a plus for me.

However, this raw, emotional upset we feel is one way you can know the Bible is true – it's shocking and upsetting. The truth always is. There are no lies in the Bible, just as there are no lies in this writing. There could not be, because if there was a single lie it could no longer be "The Bible." It would become something else.

And so, this is why God says, in Isaiah 45:7 - "I form the light, and create darkness: I make peace, and create evil: I the LORD do all these things."

"I create evil."
-God

Thanks, dude. *Nice one*.

However, this is because as an *infinite* being, God used to contain both infinite good and infinite evil. His plan to change himself was to create billions of copies of himself, each carrying a small fragment, shattering *himself* in a way. Then, he created two *sort of* demigods, Jesus and Satan (obviously, Jesus is a very different concept than Satan, but this is a brief overview of my main work on it in *The More Rational Worldview.*)

I mostly stopped going to Church because, when you bring this stuff up, Pastors and church people get very, very upset and start looking at you really weird. Like a psychotic person.

Do NOT say these things to a pastor, or pretty soon you'll be hearing all about "anxiety", "depression", and "therapy", too.

Anyways, as we can clearly observe - these two great forces battle it out in a cosmic battle of good and evil.

Humanity makes their choice, one by one. No one escapes this test.

At the end of it all, the humans who chose evil - the fragments of God that held no goodness and could not be redeemed, will be separated from God forever in hell with Satan.

The good fragments of God will reunify with him after the Great White Throne Judgement in a great coagulation. This is called *Theosis*, and it is true.

Boom – God, through and with us, is purely infinite good, forever.

This is what the Bible is really about. It's about (Genes)is.

It's not about us becoming good, it's about God becoming good. Duh. Haven't you people even read this thing?

If you don't understand any of this, like usual, read my first book. This part is Section VI, titled - *Why? A Conspiracy Theory.*

I toss it over to you, and you skim through it.

I look over at you. "Lemme ask'ya question. Do ya think the Ancient Israelites were a little… weird about women?"

You look up at me and sigh, setting the book back down on the table.

"I dunno, Witness 1. I mean… they used to stone them to death. Just for, ehhh… I forget. What was it again? Bein' raped in the city, not in the country? Deuteronomy, uh… 22, isn't that right?"

I look down and mutter over towards you. "Beautiful… innocent creatures… never did anything to anyone… you're telling me Deuteronomy 22 says WHAT???"

I crack it open. "Huh, there it is. Yup, if she's raped in the country, it's all good. In the city, then she dies, too. Wow. That's… really scientific… nice one, there.

Sort of like this line, 'if no proof of the young woman's virginity can be found…' Well, good thing they carry around those little slips everyone checks off for 'proof' once they FUCK HER, right??? REAL easy to tell, I'm sure. FUCK ME!!!"

I slam it down and look at you. "I think we have our answer."

So, there I was this morning, about 3 hours ago. It is now 12:57 P.M. on 1/5/25. It feels as though I have been working on this for far longer than a week or so.

Now, Witness 2 is always talking about her dreams. She thinks they are meaningful, prophetic even. And she always asked me to try and have dreams like that too.

But I never did. My dreams are enjoyable, cinematic, and fun, but there is no meaning. They are random jumbles of memory and just absurdity, and they served no purpose besides consolidating memories and iterating problem-solving techniques. One of the most interesting things I learned in my Psychology classes is that they have no idea why we dream.

We know almost nothing about dreams, and don't understand how they work or function at all. We have some guesses, like what I said above. The only thing they know for sure about sleeping is that if you don't do it for long enough, you will die. And they don't know why.

I always liked the rare moments of honesty in school, when they admit the truth for once – they don't know shit about the world, really.

So, I told her not to get her hopes up and that I think my dreams are just silly.

For the last few weeks, I have been having black, dark, restless sleep. I wake up unrested, and I can only remember blackness during the night. This is also unusual, and psychologists would probably say it is because I fucked up my Circadian rhythm by staying up all night writing this for a few days in a row.

But it didn't start then, it started a few weeks ago. Stress, maybe. Maybe the werewolf eats my dreams or something, who cares. I didn't really worry about it.

Then, I finally had a dream last night. And I remember it clearly, like a movie, which is really unusual. In fact, that has almost never happened to me, maybe a handful of times in my life. And it was *vivid*.

It also felt important, which is the first time I have ever felt that. I woke up, and I believed that it was a message from God, and it was mostly for Witness 2.

In the dream, I was running out of the Safeway grocery store in the town I grew up in with J, my best friend from high school. The world was ending, and it was pretty much an earthquake, and there were explosions and horrific noises. J and I thought that this was pretty funny, like usual, and it didn't bother us too much.

There were fires around us, and the shelves were knocked over and scattered. People were looting and smashing windows. J ran out, and he was gone.

I looked over at a shelf, and I noticed a woman cowering there next to it. Huddled, hiding, and terrified. In shock.

I went over to her, and she had dark hair and dark eyes. She had tan skin, like a Persian. She was not Witness 2.

I kneeled down, and I comforted her. I made her feel like me and her were the only ones that existed, and I comforted her with my eyes. I only said one thing to her – "You are beautiful."

I smiled. She smiled. She really smiled, and she felt joy because she knew it was true. She knew I wouldn't lie to her. And it was true, she was. And I think that all people are beautiful.

The key turned in the lock, and precious treasure flowed out. She was happy. And then I woke up.

I told Witness 2 about this dream right away, and I told her that it is of the utmost importance that she does not censor the parts about women in this book. It *has* to be in here. The *love*. The *Deep Magic*. I had her watch the Aslan death scene in Narnia, and asked her if she understood. I believe that she does.

If people do not know that I love them and the depth of my love for them, this book will not work.

[*Witness 1 as editor: It's true. Can I get an English teacher in the room to explain to Witness 2 why I cannot simply remove every female character from this book and hope for it to still make sense? Hellllooo??? Am I insane???*]

I told Witness 2 to read *The Secret Teachings of All Ages* by Manly P. Hall and then get back to me. That I was a fool for ever thinking a woman could understand the Deep Magic. Then I apologized for saying that, because it isn't true. In fact, they understand it far better than most men.

She understands, and the work goes on. None of this has been fun for us, but we carry on. I am proud of her, and I love her.

You look at me, and hand me the silver and grey bong.

"Do you really think that you're in the Bible and you have to die to save the world by ending it?"

I look at you seriously. "Yes," I say.

“But I am having a psychotic break.”

“You don’t seem like it.”

“Do I seem confused to you, Dear Reader? Do my perceptions seem to be weak, or faulty? Do I not have a wide grasp on the world? Can you not tell that I speak the truth? Can you sense the urgency, the gritty details in my story? How desperately I call to you to *listen*?

I bring you into my world, I show you my greatest treasures, I bare to you the nakedness and shame of being human, and would you deny me my one simple request? Only to *believe* me?

Can you not tell that I may, perhaps, even be *passionate* about the academic persuasion? Am I not worth *listening* to? Is it the sources? Should I make more graphs?”

You look at me, and I pass the bong to you.

“I thought you were going to take me outside the fractal today, to look at it from the outside-in?”

I look at you, and I laugh.

“It turns out that talking about 9/11 takes a really, really long time. That is why no one understands it. It takes too much time for me to explain it, and they get bored or lose interest.

It is the most complicated historical event of all time to understand, by an exponential degree. It is almost impossible to unravel the threads of 9/11.

Luckily, writing a book is a really great way to expose about a thousand different smaller crimes leading to one massive blow against humanity, and that’s what I did in my first book. So, it’s all right there, and now I will tell it in a new way. As a story.

You cannot see the fractal until you understand 9/11. It is the key, the lynchpin. It holds everything together, and if you pop this one node, the whole illusion collapses. Everyone will see the fractals, all the time.

That is why they look away.”

Now, if you recall, you just heard about Edna Citrón and her angel collection. Then, you learned about David and Lynn Angell, and their shattered and broken dreams. They watch in horror as strange men slash open flight attendants and throw them on the floor. As Daniel Lewin dies, apparently.

These events are real, and they are documented. The only who I am unsure about in this narrative is this one guy, Daniel Lewin, as his official story is quite obviously cover for an Israeli intelligence officer. He does seem to have been a legitimate genius with computers.

I have a parallel theory here involving switched-out planes for the Pentagon and Flight 93, but I don't believe anything like that was used for the towers. It was too important to the fear ritual, and I do believe these were the planes that took off from the airport, full of people.

The pilots and the strange men onboard the first two planes are figuring out that they have both been duped – neither of them controls the planes. That is happening in a nondescript office in Virginia at the offices of System Planning Corporation.

Dov Zakheim rubs his temples, and Rumsfeld sits in an upper office. Accountants work in the ONI below, busily trying to figure out where trillions of dollars have disappeared to.

An unfathomable amount of financial data sits locked in records at the SEC offices in the WTC complex, and the brokers within the towers. Documents are stored securely, in safes and vaults. Billions, trillions maybe, of fraudulent security bonds sit stored there, like a ticking time bomb that could expose the greatest financial crime the world has ever seen - by far.

They come due to be processed either on September 11th itself, or very near it. The only other records of these documents lie somewhere deep within the systems of the Pentagon, in the computers of the Office of Naval Intelligence.

The "artists" of Gelitin are safely out of the building, and they went on to have an excellent and quite successful career. *The B-Thing* sells for over $200, and they achieve a level of fame in their small, shitty world of perverted, disgusting, low-quality art.

Let's return to our story about my favorite subject – art. Then, I will teach you something you never knew about the elevators in the WTC towers.

You look at me. "What is it?"

I stare at you. "Did you know, Dear Reader, that in March, 2001, the elevators in the Twin Towers were all torn out and replaced? A massive construction job that took months and months, entailed lots and lots of equipment and workers coming in and out of the buildings at all hours, and gave tons of people access to the critical central structure of the building that supported it?"

Yep, it's true. You can read all about it in this issue of *Elevator World* from March, 2001:

MODERNIZATION

DRIVE TO THE TOP

SECOND PLACE
ELEVATOR WORLD
Project of the Year 2000

by Robert Baamonde, Jr.

At a time when new construction is dominating the market, ACE Elevator undertook what was perhaps, one of the largest, most sophisticated elevator modernization programs in the industry's history. This "towering" achievement took place at New York City's prestigious World Trade Center (WTC), with the completion of the first six members of the elite "Shuttle Fleet."

Partial loading of elevator (above)
The towers (left)
Interior of shuttle elevators (center)

Indicates an Online Feature

And it gets way, way worse. We will get there. In fact, you will not believe what these "ACE Elevator" employees ended up doing on 9/11.

The weirdest thing of all, is that "ACE Elevator", as far as anyone can tell, never really even existed. There is almost no trace of it. People have looked into it, and it is very, very strange. I confirmed this. And, the company (Otis Elevator) that lost the contract to them had *built the fucking elevators* and taken care of them for the tower's *entire lives*.

Then in 2001 – *bye bye*! We got a new company that has *never done any work like this before*, that no one has *ever heard of*, for one of the hardest, most iconic elevator jobs in the world.

Yeah, right.

The next few sections will be the most important part of the book, Dear Reader. Do not close these pages, I beg you. All of the facts you need to know from my other book are in here, but metamorphosized into a form that will speak to you. It will *sing* to you. I never realized that I have to tell it as a story.

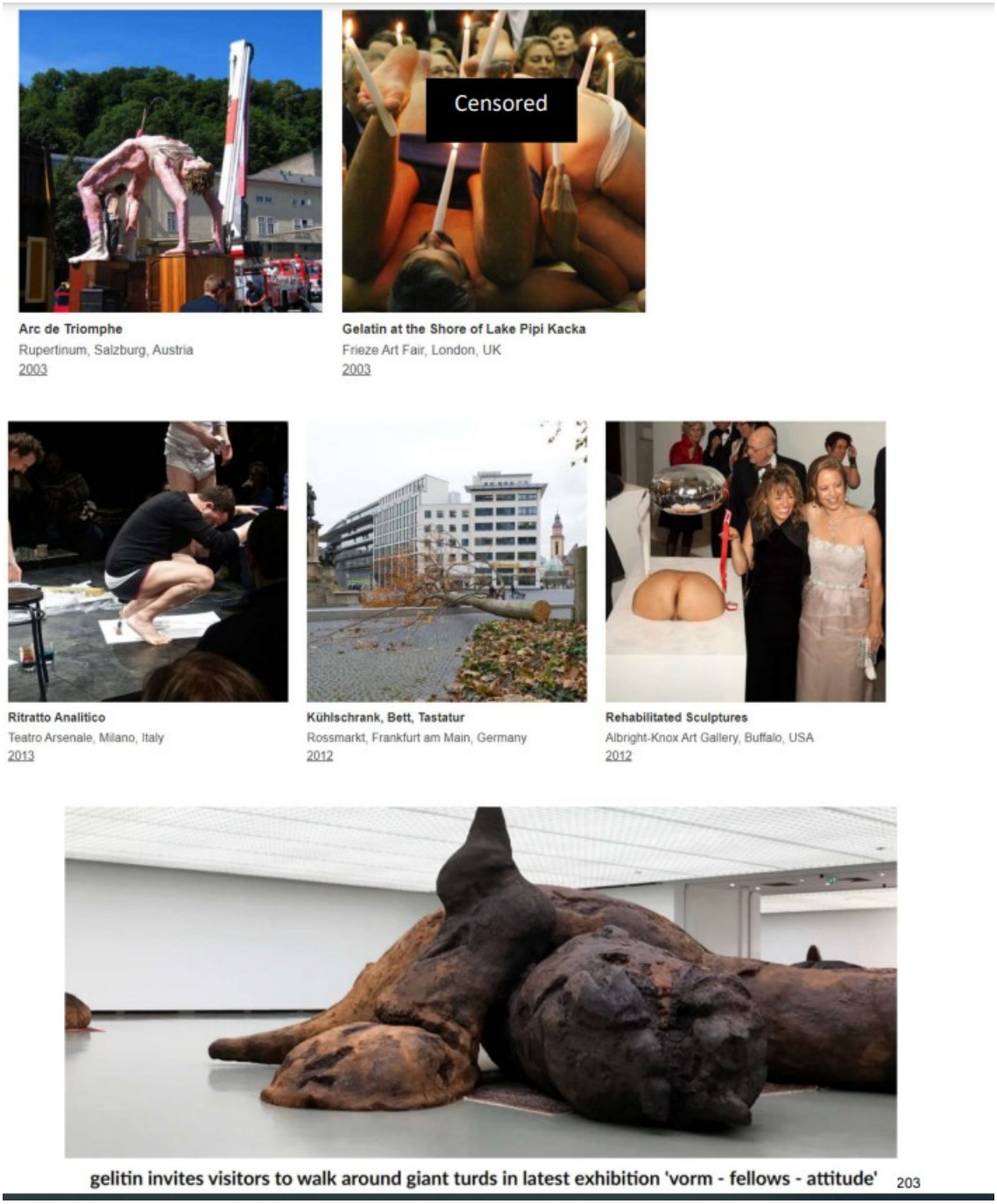
So, the artists. Let's finish tying off Gelitin's thread.

Now, I think that this art is even worse than the feces you may find smeared on the wall in a psychiatric institution, but I will leave it up to you to decide.

Here are some of their “art pieces”, pulled directly off of their website:

I mean, come on. Do you see it now? Can you see how they pervert everything, make it disgusting and wrong? Can you feel the subliminal messages?

A giant pile of shit? A guy penetrating himself with a bottle? A guy bending over, his erect penis spurting? Some sort of “ass cake”? Sticking candles in your ass? A dirty street with a dead tree on it?



This is *art*?

Obviously, it's not. It's money laundering. It's also Satanism, in the open.

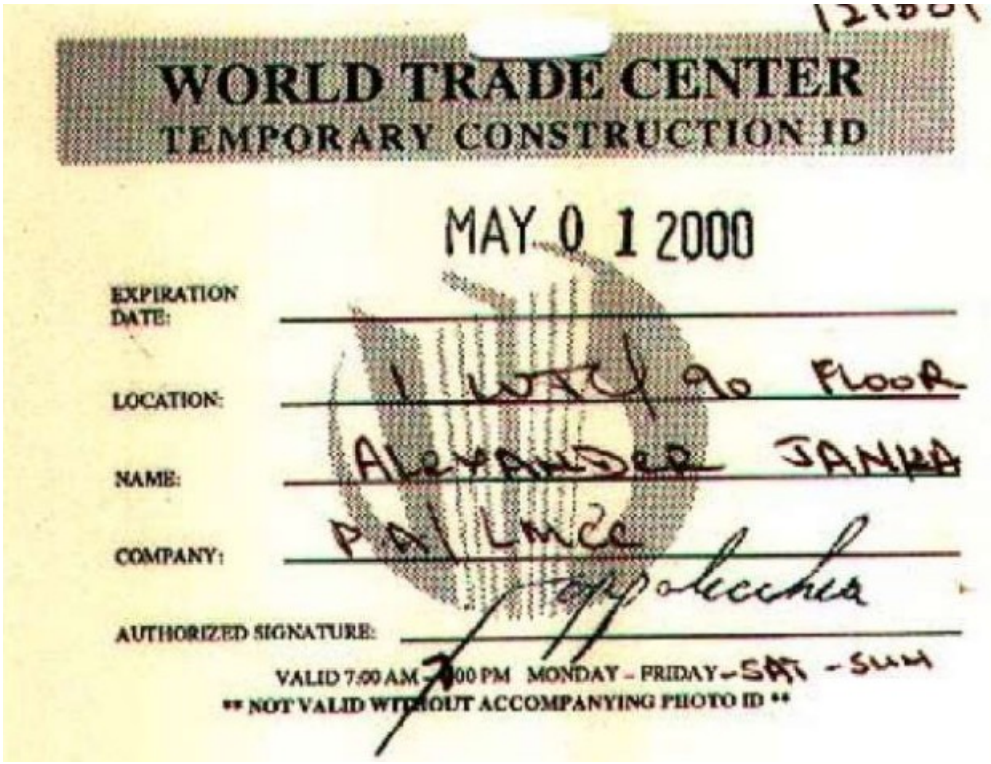
If you read this, Gelitin, you are the shittiest group of artists that have ever lived. You are a disgrace, and you should be ashamed of yourselves. I know what you did.

Here are their faces. See the guilt that lurks in their eyes, and it's clear who the leader of this little wolf pack is from the body language (Janka):

Gelitin in 2014. From left to right: Wolfgang Gantner, Florian Reither, Ali Janka and Tobias Urban

Here is the construction pass they used to gain access to the entire building so they could take out a window and install a balcony to calibrate the homing mechanism for the planes with FTS installed, whoops, I mean – to "do art."

You will notice that someone has added the weekends for full access, in handwriting. I wonder who that might have been:


WORLD TRADE CENTER
TEMPORARY CONSTRUCTION ID

MAY 0 1 2000

EXPIRATION DATE:

LOCATION: 1 WTC 90 FLOOR

NAME: ALEXANDER JANKO

COMPANY: P.A. LMCC

AUTHORIZED SIGNATURE:

VALID 7:00 AM – 7:00 PM MONDAY – FRIDAY – SAT - SUN

** NOT VALID WITHOUT ACCOMPANYING PHOTO ID **

Let's talk about E-team. "Explosives Team." "Blasting Gelatin."

E-team was another group of artists. They coordinated the installation of the FTS homing devices, and had a helicopter fly up and hover to "take pictures of people." As… "art."

Here it is, and it was called "Quick Click." This occurred on March 31st, 2001:

QUICK CLICK
On Saturday March 31st. at 4:30 pm
THE E-TEAM
will hover for 10 minutes in front of the 91st. floor of 1WTC
to take your picture in the QUICK CLICK window.
Pick up your free Quick Click Picture the next day
at the E-Team tower on the 91st. floor.

The 91st floor. The strike zone, in fact. Wow, and wouldn't you know it, you can even see them calibrating a device very much like what I am speculating about in a still from the video while the helicopter hovers in the background:

This is called “casing”, and it is what criminals do before they commit a crime. Test boundaries, security responses.

See how long it takes them to notice a helicopter flying up to the building. Who calls about it. Who answers the call. What they say.

E-team had another “art piece” from March 29th, 2001. It was called *127 Lighted Windows*. And here it is, in all its glory:

E-TEAM’S “*127 LIGHTED WINDOWS*” COMPARED TO DAMAGE ON 9/11

That is called a “signature”, and it’s what criminals leave when they want to gloat about their crimes later. One other person noticed this besides me, named Mark Dotzler, at this link (I quoted him:)

https://www.markdotzler.com/Mark_Dotzler/WTC_Artists.html

> **For artists to be able to take out windows on the 91st floor and install a makeshift “balcony” protruding out of the building should give you some real insight into just how lax WTC security was at that time and how dangerous the LMCC program was.** Sounds to me like the WTC was conveniently out of control in the years leading up to 9/11 and that **security there was a complete joke** as far as these artists and all their friends were concerned.

In fact, there was even *more* art in the towers on 9/11. My personal favorite one is a sculpture from the lobby, called *(Framed) Gutless Men Carried It Out*. Here they are, in all their glory:

PERFECTLY NORMAL ARTWORK PRESENT IN THE WTC ON 9/11 ENTITLED,
“(FRAMED) GUTLESS MEN CARRIED IT OUT”

Remember that word, “Framed.” It will come up again, and I want you to remember the phrase, “It’s a frame.”

E-team and Gelitin are pretty well known by people in certain circles - but as far as I can tell, no one else has pointed out these bizarrely-named statues, with a big square of Nothing cut out of the middle.

Here is another one I have never seen pointed out by anyone except for dumb articles no one reads that don't say anything real. It's by a sculptor named Michael Richards, who died in his studio on 9/11. And here he is, in all his glory:

Before he was murdered, he created a sculpture called *Tar Baby vs. St. Sebastian*, through which he immortalizes the Tuskegee Airmen and explores his identity as an African-American through the discrimination they faced in World War II.

This sculpture looks like this:

A man, crucified on a pyre of bronze. Crucified by *airplanes*.

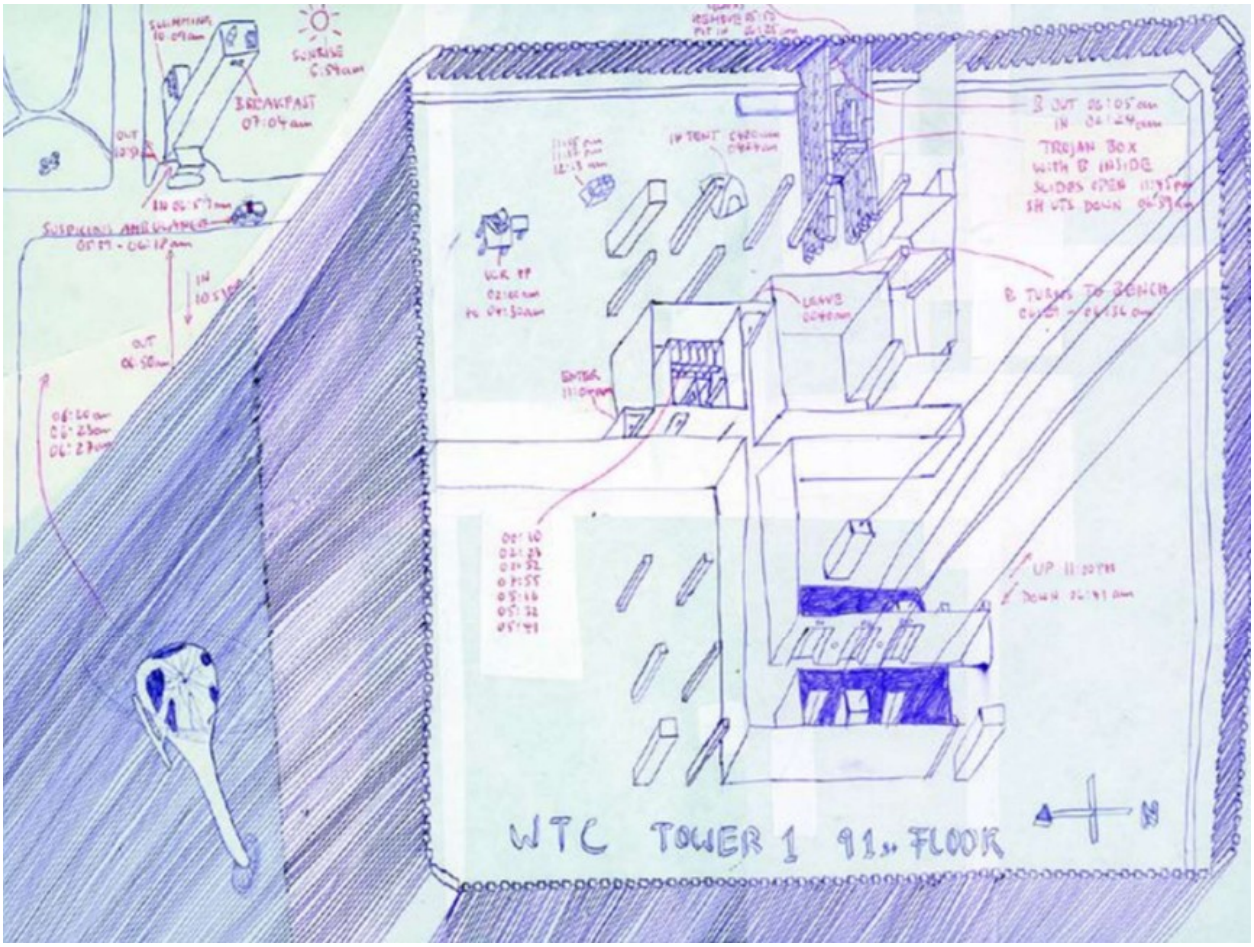
So profoundly *weird*.

You look at me. "How did he know?"

"Because of the fractals. It's the same thing, it repeats. He saw the fractal from outside-in, and he created what it told him would happen - subconsciously. If you can see one part of the fractal, you can see the whole thing, forever. For one second, he saw through the card."

Let's get back to *The B-Thing*. I throw it down, and it lands in front of you on the table.

You open it:



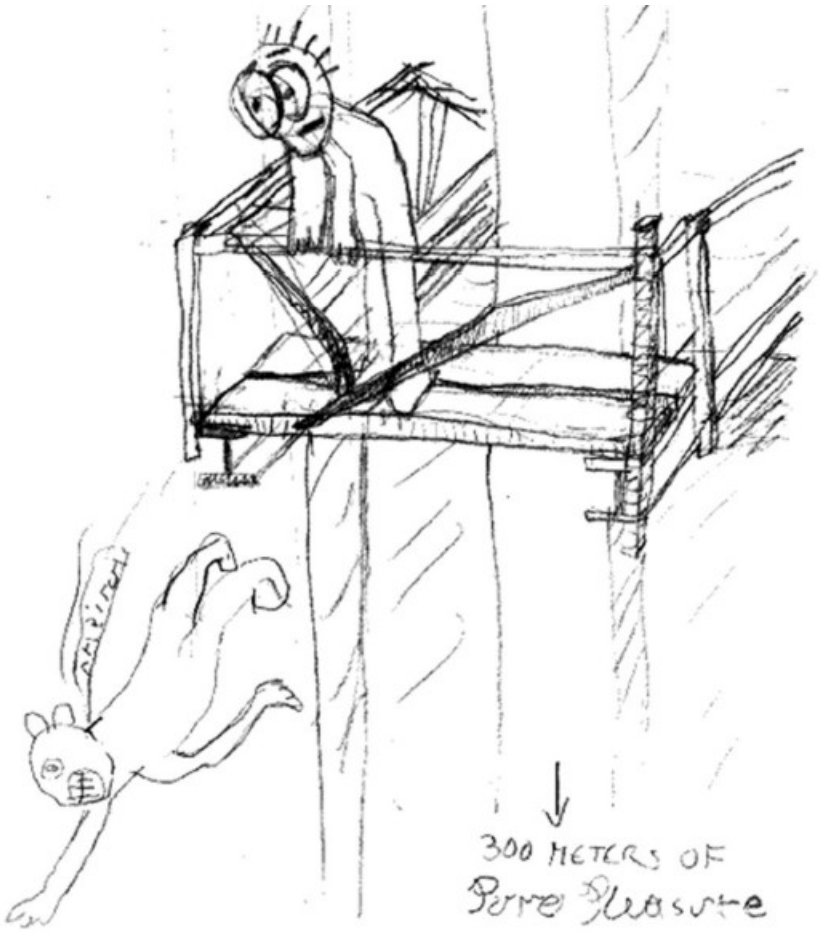
"What is this?"

"It's E-team's helicopter. I told you they worked together to set up the FTS system and case the building's response times to an unexpected aircraft approach, and I didn't just make that up. This was their job.

They also had to get the blasting fuses from the BB-18 cardboard boxes into the building, where the ACE Elevator workers would install them in the elevator shafts along with whatever material was used in the demolition.

Gelitin tells us in this book exactly what they did. But you have to look *closely*. It is a story-within-a-story."

We continue, and return to the first one I showed you:

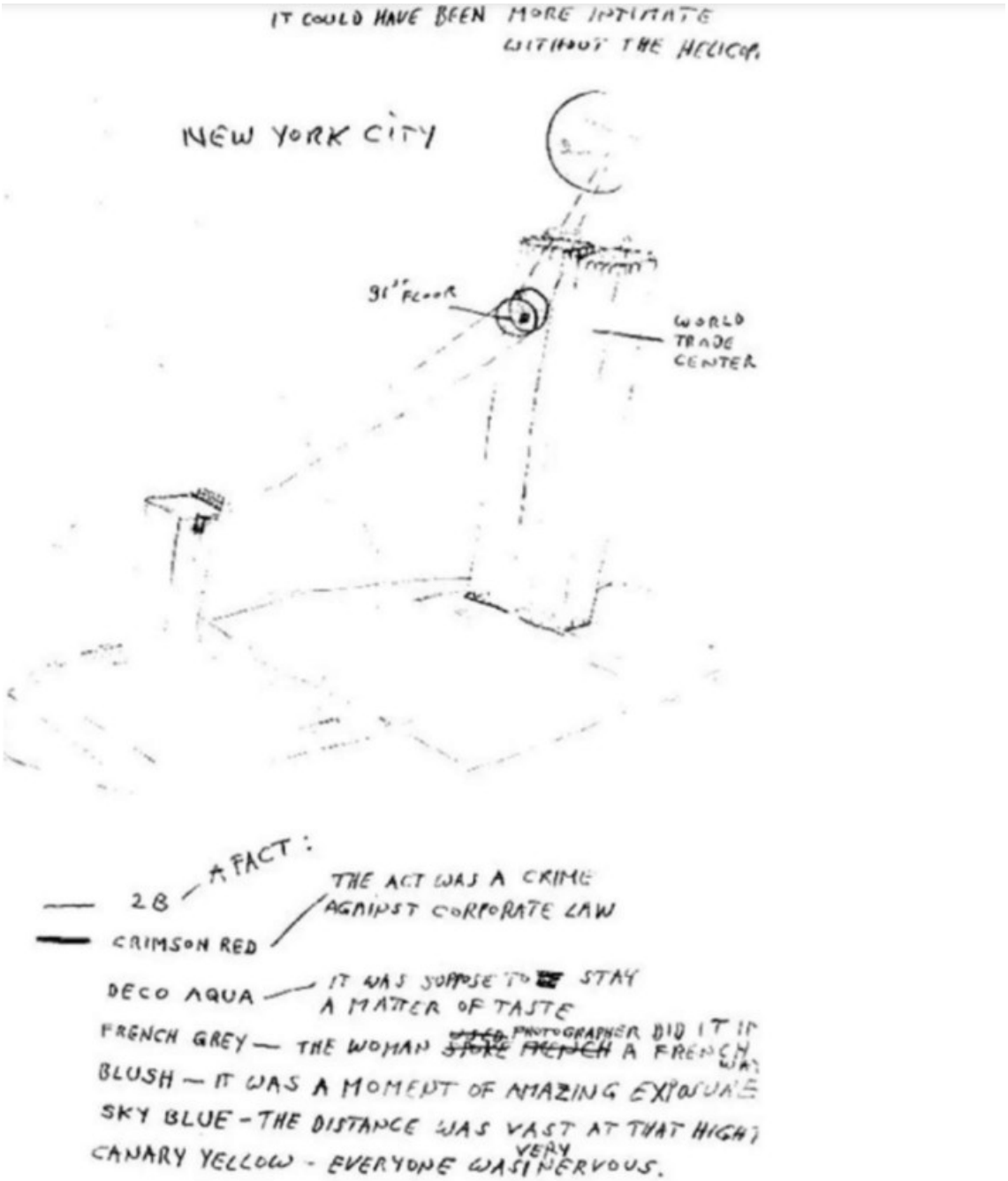


“Read the caption, what does it say?”

“300 meters of… Pure… *Pleasure*.”

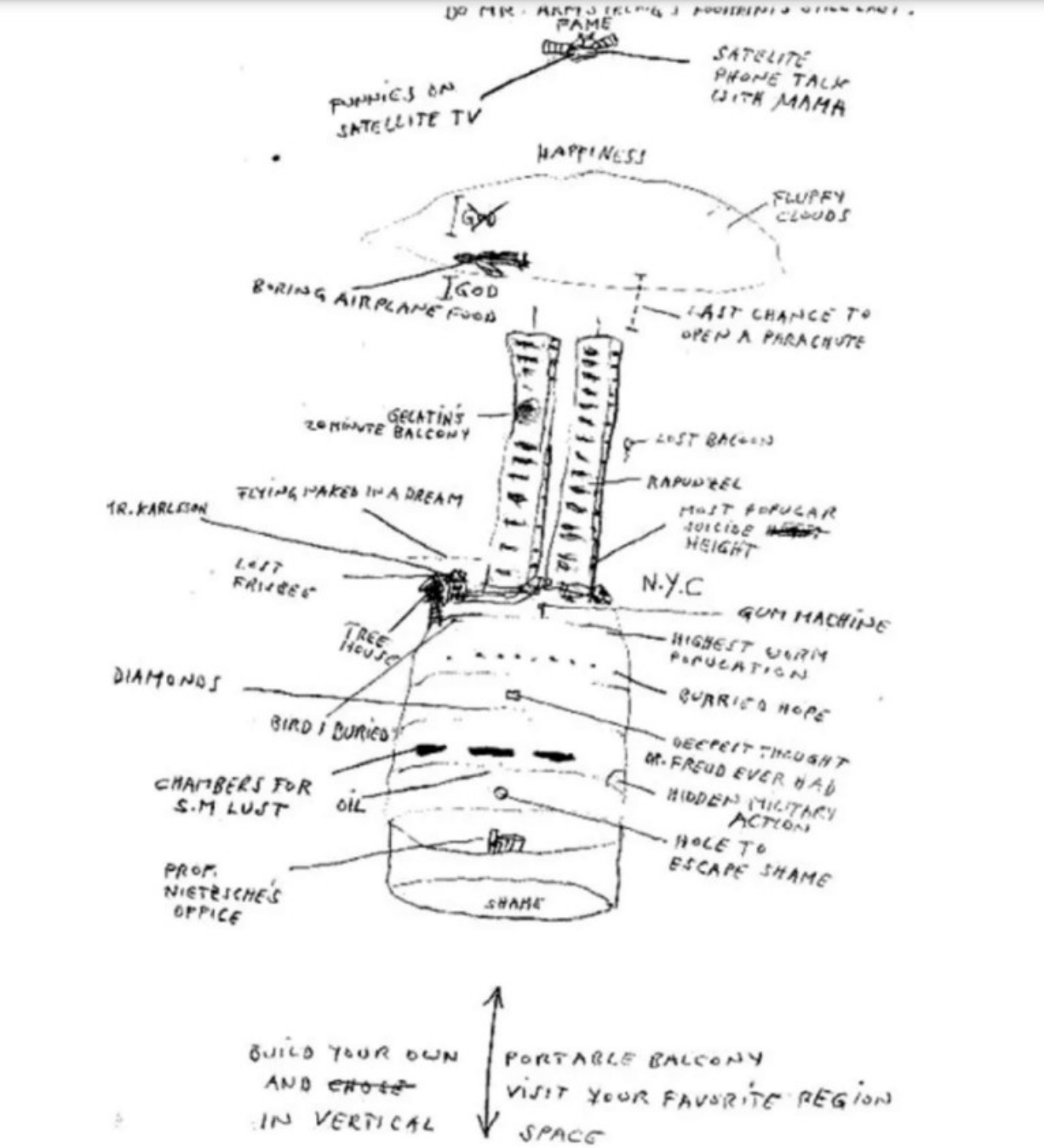
The beast plunges to death, animal ears revealing his nature. A bifurcation, one up and one down. It is a deeply unsettling image.

We continue:


IT COULD HAVE BEEN MORE INTIMATE
WITHOUT THE HELICOP.
NEW YORK CITY
91ST FLOOR
WORLD TRADE CENTER
A FACT:
28
CRIMSON RED
THE ACT WAS A CRIME AGAINST CORPORATE LAW
DECO AQUA
IT WAS SUPPOSE TO STAY A MATTER OF TASTE
FRENCH GREY — THE WOMAN PHOTOGRAPHER DID IT IN A FRENCH
BLUSH — IT WAS A MOMENT OF AMAZING EXPOSURE
SKY BLUE - THE DISTANCE WAS VAST AT THAT HIGH
CANARY YELLOW - EVERYONE WAS VERY NERVOUS.

In this image, they reveal the homing device and tell us that “The act was a crime against corporate law.” They reveal their state of mind, telling us that “Everyone was very nervous.” That’s because you know it’s wrong, dipshits.

In this next one, they reveal their knowledge of the approximately 7 stories of vaults, storage, and maintenance below the towers. They called this "The Bathtub" when they dug it out, as it required quite a bit of drainage work:



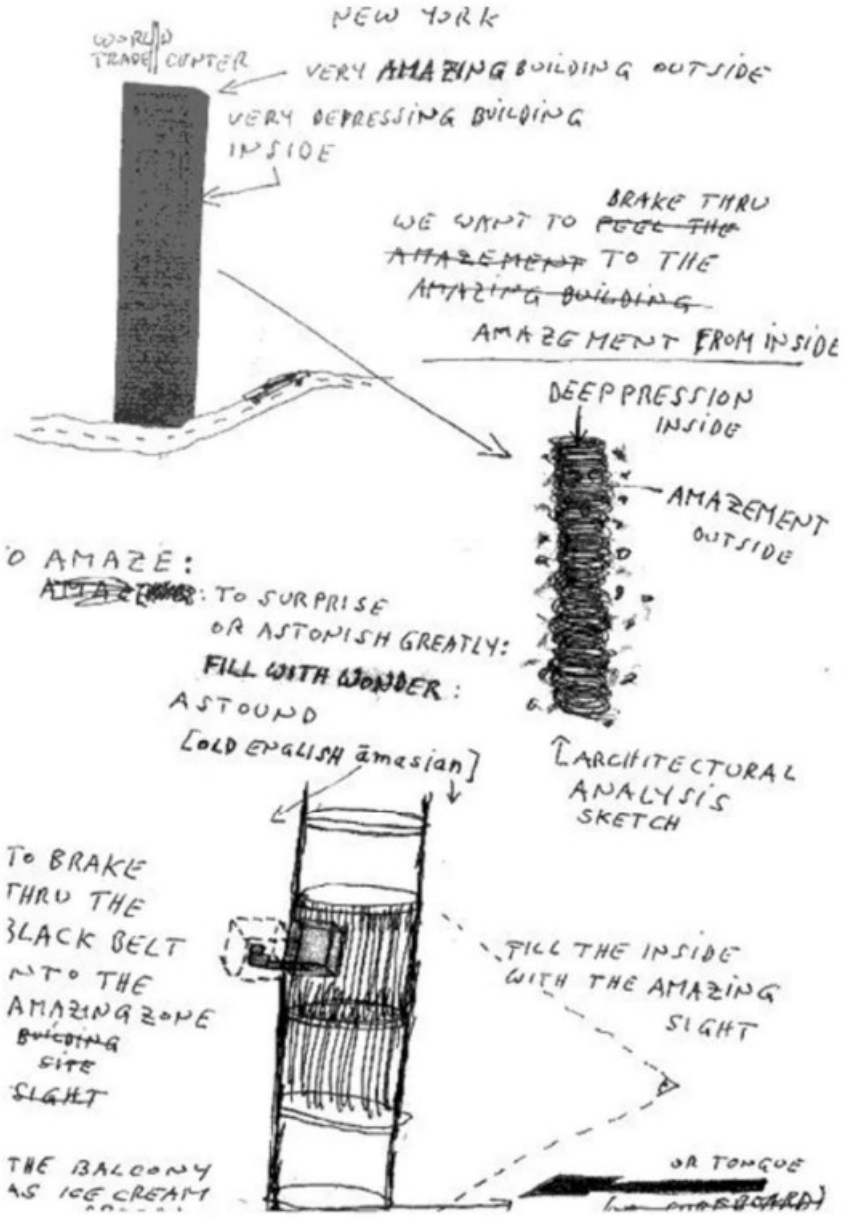
Some captions we read in this picture are quite disturbing, such as:

- Last chance to open a parachute
- Most popular suicide height

- Hidden military action [coup]
- Chambers for S.M. [Sadomasochism] Lust

They claim that God is in this image (by the airplane), but I do not see him. I can see that they wrote "God" twice, surrounding the airplane, and crossed out one of them.

Here is the last one of these:



And it's funny, because now that I look at these again, they remind me really strongly of one other art piece I have seen, and only one. And that would be the absurdist comics that John Lennon published in what he called *The Daily Howl.*

Pretty fucking weird stuff, honestly.

I quote myself:

- Very amazing building outside
- Very depressing building outside

> These deranged and poorly-drawn scribblings seem to imply a God-complex of sorts. If we were to psychoanalyze these pathetic attempts at drawings, they seem to be saying that they pity the poor, depressed people inside the buildings, and want to disrupt their lives through thought-provoking "artistic" experiences, such as standing on their balcony.

And, in case you're wondering, Larry Silverstein continues to host artists in his buildings, for free, to this very day! Yep, out of the pure goodness of his heart, he allows these free spirits to create touching works of poignant Americana such as this:

Yep, you got that right. Blood-spattered fallen angels and 3-headed Tibetan sky gods.

“Art.”

You look at me.

“How come no one ever… looked into this stuff?”

“That, Dear Reader, is another example of a good question.”

The answer is fear. Deep down, they know what they will find if they lift up that rock. If they look too hard at the mirror in a bathroom with only a candle. If they stare into the darkness until they see the hypnagogic imagery.

Creepy things. Crawling things. Things that scare them. *Spiders*.

Deep down, they know that monsters *do* exist, and they look just like us. They *are* us.

And so, they do not peer into these shadows. But maybe, they will listen to them.

Let’s keep introducing the cast of characters in our true story.

One thing you will learn about Pearl Harbor is that the government knew about it in advance, and they used this guy - Admiral Kimmel - as a scapegoat:

ADMIRAL KIMMEL

In later decades, historians have re-examined the case of Admiral Kimmel and several attempts were made to reinstate his 4-star rank, as we read in the article. It states, “In 1944, after the Navy inquiry virtually cleared Kimmel, the admiral’s lawyer sent the secretary of the Navy a scathing telegram. ‘For nearly three years [Kimmel] has borne public blame” for Pearl Harbor, it read. “His treatment has been un-American.’ So it has. After 75 years, it is long past time to correct this wrong.”

In the book *The Accused: The Ordeal of Rear Admiral Husband Edward Kimmel,* Kimmel states, **“I'll tell you what I believe. I think that most of the incriminating records have been destroyed. ... I doubt if the truth will ever emerge.”** [41]

You can read his opinion on the government's truthfulness there in bold. And, it turns out, that if you look into the *Lusitania* hard enough, you find out that it was *also* a false flag, and the government lied for *decades* about the fact that it was actually smuggling arms illegally.

Here is an NPR article titled *New Clues in Lusitania's Sinking* about finding bullets and other weapons of war that weren't supposed to be there in the wreck:

https://www.npr.org/templates/story/story.php?storyId=97350149

And here is the smoking gun:

> In his hands lie pieces of history: seven gleaming rounds of .303 ammunition, probably made by Remington in America and intended for the British Army. Ammunition that for decades British and American officials said didn't exist.

"Ammunition that for decades British and American officials said didn't exist."

Said didn't exist.

Why, yes, sir – that is, in fact, called a lie. It's called a false flag, dummies. Crack a history book for once. Ever heard of the *Mukden Incident?* Japanese invasion of Manchuria? Well, *have you?*

You know, the Japanese blew up a railway in 1937 and blamed it on the Chinese so they could invade. Ring any bells? *No?*

A few months later, in December, they head on down to a little place called *Nanking*.

How about now? *Now does it ring any fucking bells for you*?

Anyways, not only that, but as *Lusitania* was being tracked by German submarines, it was also being followed by a top-secret British intelligence unit called Room 40.

In fact, in this article from National Geographic, we read this:

https://www.nationalgeographic.com/history/article/150315-lusitania-titanic-world-war-churchill-history-ngbooktalk

> A prominent naval historian, who is now dead, wrote a book about Room 40. In it, he said that he believed it wasn't a plot by the Admiralty but, as the British say, an incredible "cock-up." In later life he was interviewed—there is a transcript in the Imperial War Museum in London—and had changed his mind. He said: "I've thought and thought about this and there's no other way to think about it except to imagine some sort of **conspiracy**.

Lusitania was a "conspiracy", according to historians. World War I. Pearl Harbor was a conspiracy, according to historians. World War II. 9/11… What comes next?

I look over at you. "And where do you think the term 'false flag' comes from?"

You skim through the section called *Origin of the False Flag*. Right at the beginning.

"It's a… maritime term. Naval battles, mainly. It was part of the military code at sea, and you were allowed to fly deceptive flags under certain regulations and guidelines."

"That's right. And what else?"

You keep reading. "It was… sort of… brought into use by… *pirates*. They would fly a country's flag, and then switch it out when it was too late for their victims to escape. Outlaws. Murderers."

I nod. "These weren't pirates like how kids think of them today. Think more like organized crime. A mafia – hidden hand types. What else?"

"Hmmm… organized crime… by ship… smuggling, right? That's how they mostly earned income? Not actual robbery, but smuggling and extortion?"

I smile. "That's correct. And what do you think they were smuggling when this 'false flag' concept arose?"

Your eyes shift around. "Weapons… maybe… and gold. They were smuggling gold around… Europe. When this became a known quantity in naval battles."

You look at me. "Gold smugglers, on ships. Pirates, but not in a fun or cool way. False flags, flown on ships in order to allow them to get close enough to attack. This is how it started."

"And what do you suppose they flew on these ships?"

You think. "They flew a… a…"

It hits you. "A skull and bones. Death."

I nod. "That's how it started. Anyways, I have written at least 20 or 30 pages on this in my other book, and it's near the very beginning. That is for a very specific reason.

There was one thing that Admiral Kimmel found *very strange* during the Pearl Harbor attack, when he was in charge in Hawaii. And he asked one very good question that has never been answered.

Why is it that during Pearl Harbor his entire chain of command, up to the President, was *missing???*

Where were they?

Yup, the worst disaster of all time for the country up until then, and he couldn't get *anyone* on the phone. He tried and tried, and he only heard silence. No radio, no phone, no contact with the generals, DC, or anyone that could help him. Abandoned. Alone. *Worthless*.

Almost as if they already knew the attack was coming. That's because they did."

I look at you. "And I'll prove it to you."

I reach into my satchel and pull out a tape from the United States Naval Institute (USNI) Oral History Series, recorded in 1984, featuring Vice Admiral Ruthven E. Libby. I play it for you:

> "I will go to my grave convinced that FDR ordered Pearl Harbor to let [sic] happen. He must have known."

Then, I reach into my satchel and pull out an old issue of *Inquiries Journal*. I hand you an article titled, *Conspiracy: Did FDR Deceive the American People in a Push for War?*

You read it:

> The question now was not if Washington had prior knowledge, but how much knowledge; and now the question was where and when would this "overt act" take place...
>
> The memo remained classified until 1994.

I pull up an article on my phone. "In addition, this article from *Fox 46 News* reports that the State Department had several *other* warnings about Pearl Harbor, but was unresponsive - indicating what is called in this last article 'prior knowledge.' Here it is:"

You skim it and look at me. "They… they *knew* about Pearl Harbor and they *let* it happen on purpose?"

I nod. "There's plenty more. It's all in my other book. Let me tell you the *other* reason it's called *A New Pearl Harbor.*

There is a pattern here – a significant one. It reveals that they didn't just *know* in advance. This goes much deeper. Let's keep looking deeper into the nature of betrayal. Here it is – the betrayal of the Queen.

These are the men that live where the spiders' webs weave wide and strong, and the owl beckons from shaded pines. This is a section of wolf eyes and bloody hands. Stairwells full of corpses and death clouds of white ash and poisonous dust lurk here.

What I am about to show you is an act of betrayal that staggers the mind. It is not even possible to comprehend this level of treachery without it peering darkly back inside you. And yet - do not abandon me, Dear Reader.

My only absolution is through you. Through you listening to me. Finishing my book. That's my only desire left – that someone reads my story and listens to me for the first time in my life."

I look over at you. "They didn't just *know*. They *planned this* at the highest levels. Intricately – minutely. Let's begin."

The truth is - one of the *worst things* that you can *ever* do is abandon those you have sworn to care for, at the time when they need you the most. Kimmel did his best, but his life was never the same after that. He was shattered - ruined, by charges, hearings, and harassment for the rest of his life.

It was not his fault, and he did not abandon his men. *He* was the one that was abandoned that day. On *purpose*.

In later decades, historians realized that the government actually lied about their story, and Kimmel was telling the truth. Articles were published about it that no one read, and his story was never heard.

Until now.

So, this chain of command thing.

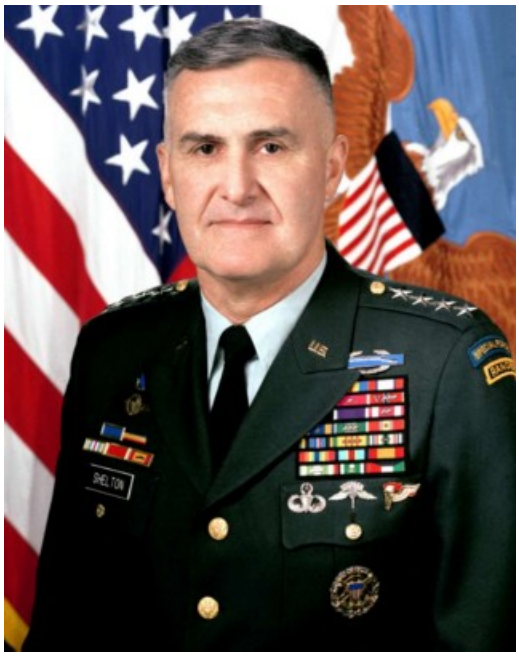
Just gone. Absent. Incommunicado.

All at the same time.

And so, we will start with the section I titled - *The Food Chain*.

You are the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, General Hugh Shelton.

And here you are, in all your glory:



On 9/11, you are on a plane heading to a NATO summit in Europe.

There is no reception, and by the time you land it's all already over. When questioned about it, this was your response:

> "Until I crossed back into United States airspace, all the decisions would be [Myers's] to make, in conjunction with Secretary [of Defense Donald] Rumsfeld and the president."

Nice. Way to take command of the situation, big guy.

You retire in October, 2001. Your job is done. You did what they told you to do, which was "Nothing."

Now, on 9/11, you are this guy, Ben Sliney, in charge of the FAA Command Center (ATCSCC- Air Traffic Control System Command Center.)

And here you are, in all your glory:

It is your FIRST DAY ON THE JOB. Yep, that's right.

According to CBS News, On September 11th, Sliney had been on the job for less than one day:

> Nine months later, on Sept. 11, 2001, he took over as boss of the FAA's command center in Herndon, Va.

We can confirm this from the United States Naval Academy website:

> His first day as National Operations Manager for the Federal Aviation Administration at the Air Traffic Control System Command Center, which encompasses all the airspace in the United States, was September 11th, 2001.

These are citations #140 and #141 in The More Rational Worldview. I cite them now to prove my credibility, but if I re-cite everything in this book, I will never get back to the most beautiful girl in the world besides Witness 2 and why Slash's autobiography was my favorite. And the Hazards of Love, and why my math teacher made me sit under his desk (it was because I just fucking hate doing math and would talk to the two girls behind me.)

If you want to go check all of this out, find all my sources, and see my proof, go here:

https://www.docdroid.net/R6I5wtJ/the-more-rational-worldview-pdf

So, this fucking guy is on the job for one day, because the government intentionally screwed up the FAA's response to this. It was pure, intentional, malicious sabotage. Not a coincidence. He's *completely* useless.

He also did exactly what he was told to do – "Nothing."

Next, you're this guy, Lieutenant General Mike Canavan.

You are in charge of the FAA's Washington D.C. complex, which together with the Virginia one Sliney was in charge of (nice name, dude), comprises the nerve center of the government's understanding of where planes are in the air at any given time, or how to intercept them.

Because hijackings had actually happened maybe one or two times before, you are actually on the government's "hijack council".

You are the *point man* for the country when it comes to plane hijackings. The single person *most entrusted* to keep our planes safe.

And here you are, in all your glory:

On 9/11, you are in Puerto Rico. You have no designated replacement, and no one knows what to do without you. They *cannot* reach you.

When questioned on this by the 9/11 Commission, this was your response:

> MR. CANAVAN: Here's my answer -- and it's not to duck the question. Number one, I was visiting the airport in San Juan that day when this happened. That was a CADEX airport, and I was down there also to remove someone down there that was in a key position.
>
> So when 9/11 happened, that's where I was. I was able to get back to Washington that evening on a special flight from the Army back from San Juan, back to Washington. So everything that transpired that day in terms of times, I have to -- and I have no information on that now, because when I got back we weren't -- that wasn't the issue at the time.
>
> We were -- when I got back it was, what are we going to do over the next 48 hours to strengthen what just happened?

I'm sorry, but is that not the stupidest answer you've ever heard in your life? I mean, really *read* it.

He says NOTHING in this response.

"No information?" You have no fucking "information" about 9/11? Why were you in Puerto Rico, dude?

I look into their eyes and I see the guilt. I can *feel* it. I can viscerally read the guilt in their eyes as these official portraits were snapped.

Snap!

You're frozen in time. *Guilty*.

Next, you're this fucking guy, Captain Charles Leidig. You are the acting director at the NMCC, the National Military Command Center. The most important office in the Pentagon that reports directly to the President.

Take this out, and you paralyze the system as no messages can get through from the Pentagon to the White House.

And here you are, in all your glory:

For some dumb reason, on 9/11, you decided that it would be a good idea to head on over to the NMCC in the early morning, and go ahead and take over for the normal guy, even though you had never done it before, and it would be your first time ever in that role.

However, you had *just* been newly certified for it, and this was *technically* allowed under normal procedures.

Well, you fumbled the bag, and critical messages were unable to get through.

The truth is - you are a saboteur and a traitor to this country, like all the rest of these wolves in sheep's clothing. I know you did it on purpose.

I can tell, in fact, that you enjoyed this more than most of the rest.

When questions about it by the 9/11 Commission, this was your response:

> On 10 September 2001, Brigadier General Winfield, U. S. Army, asked that I stand a portion of his duty as Deputy Director for Operations, NMCC, on the following day. I agreed and relieved Brigadier General Winfield at 0830 on 11 September 2001.

Fuck you. And fuck all the rest of you. And you all got promotions.

It makes me so mad I actually can't write this shit without crying.

You got PROMOTED. Every one of these failures was rewarded with a hefty promotion and pay raise. A career bump. You might even say that these guys seemed to become "untouchable" in their government and military careers after 9/11.

Next, you're this guy, General Ralph Eberhart. You are in charge of NORAD, and are one of the most powerful and important people in the country. No one knows your name, and you prefer it that way. You flash your canines and narrow your eyes as the portrait snaps. A hunter of men.

And here you are, in all your glory:

And on 9/11, you make the incalculably stupid decision, *while* the event is transpiring, to GET IN YOUR CAR and take a 30-minute drive where there would be NO SERVICE. And you KNEW IT WOULD HAPPEN.

You were *incommunicado*, during the most important hour of our country's history.

When you couldn't get in touch with General Shelton (flying to NATO summit in Hungary), you sat in your office and pondered, apparently.

You wondered, I guess, if you should – maybe - get in your car with no service *during 9 fucking 11*, and drive for 30 minutes, or if you should… hmm… I dunno, maybe *take charge of the situation and start giving out orders???*

Boy, that must have been a real toughie for you. After quite some time spent pondering this difficult decision, you settled on… getting in your car with *no service* for 30 minutes! Wow! Great choice, man!

So, that's what you did. And directly from the 9/11 archives at *archives.gov*, we read about your actions that day. By the way, did you ever testify about this, or did I just miss it?

> Eberhart then focuses his attention on determining whether he should stay at NORAD headquarters or go to the CMOC, which is about 30 minutes' drive away from Peterson Air Force Base. He initially decides to stay in his office. This, he will say, is because the CMOC is already well manned and also because there are "dead spots" in which he would be out of phone coverage for five to 10 minutes at a time during the drive to the operations center. However, Eberhart subsequently decides to go to the CMOC.

Actually, it turns out that some people were really, really unhappy with that decision you made. So mad, in fact, that articles that no one read were written about it.

Here one of them is:

https://www.denverpost.com/2006/07/27/military-to-put-cheyenne-mountain-on-standby/

> During the 9/11 attacks, the NORAD commander at the time, Air Force Gen. Ralph Eberhart, was caught shuttling from headquarters at Peterson to the mountain command post and couldn't receive telephone calls as senior officials weighed how to respond.

And you got away with everything.

For the first time since I started, I actually had to stop writing and come back because great racking sobs wreck by body as I write out painful this truth for you.

I really can't stand these fucking people man, I really can't. This was the worst betrayal of all time, and to comprehend it is physically damaging. This is, in my opinion, the worst thing that people have ever done on a quantifiable-harm basis.

It turns out, that all they had to do was *nothing.*

Well, NORAD isn't just based in Colorado, right? What about the Eastern Seaboard, where it was happening? Let's take a trip over to the EADS (Eastern Air Defense Sector)/NORAD headquarters, another key nerve center of the country. Every single defense, every single fortress, abandoned at the exact same time.

Every fucking option we had, completely let down. On purpose. All at once.

You're in charge there and you command a large portion of the skies over America. You're a snake in the grass, and your name is Major General Arnold.

And here you are, in all your glory:

When 9/11 happened, and fighter jets needed to be scrambled, you were on a phone call.

A teleconference with "senior NORAD staff", and no one could find you. Your secretary had to *write a note about 9/11 and leave it for you.*

You don't come out of whatever nondescript office you hid in until it is too late. We'll come back to your story, you sneaky fucking rat. I know what you did.

Next, you're Army Major General Jeff Hammond. I didn't put your face in my book, because you seemed genuinely confused by all of this in your interviews, and I could tell you weren't lying like the rest.

On the morning of 9/11, you come into work. You're a *Major General*, and you are an extremely important and powerful person. Legions bend to your will, and when you tell them to kill or die for you, they do it. Thousands of men follow your orders without question.

When you got to work on 9/11, you expected an easy day. This is what the articles say about you:

> That unforgettable Tuesday dawned crisp and clear in the nation's capital, without a hint of the danger to come. An early riser, Hammond got to his office around 5:30 a.m. With

his immediate supervisor – an Army Lieutenant General/Director of Operations – out of the country on vacation, Hammond expected a rather mundane day limited to administrative chores.

When it started happening and you couldn't reach your chain of command, not a single one of them, you didn't know what the *fuck* to do, did you? You panicked, didn't you? It didn't feel real, did it? You finally felt the fear, didn't you? The fear that *they* feel.

The pale skin, the tingles. The heart rate, the breathing. The focused vision. Maybe, it was the only time in your life.

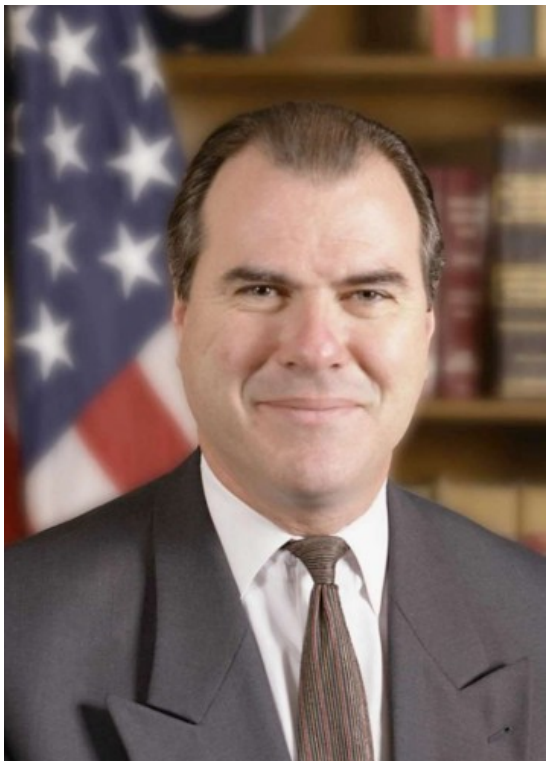
I wonder if you ever did find out where your boss was that day. By the time you did, it was far too late.

I have one more story to tell here.

A different story.

Your name is John O'Neill, and you are in charge of security at the WTC. In order for this to succeed, you were required to fail.

And here you are, in all your glory:



Unlike these others, you are a True Believer. That the government is Good. That people are Good. That you can save them. You try, oh, how you tried. I see you.

You are so good at it that in 1995 you are appointed chief of the FBI's counterterrorism division in Washington, D.C., and in 1997 you become special agent in charge of the FBI's national security division in New York.

But you notice something. Something that others did not. A pattern - a fractal hidden in the chaos of your work.

A thread. And you pull on it, and you pull. And you tell everyone who will listen this truth:

"What the government tells us about Middle-Eastern terrorists is a lie."

You couldn't quite figure it out, but you get close. The vastness and mystery of the Synagogue of Satan elude you, but you know that *something isn't right*. There was something deeply wrong, and you knew it in your bones.

You speak out, still. What are they going to do, *kill* you?

Tension at work. No more promotions. No more raises. Demotions, harassment, punishments. Slander and false accusations.

"An attack is coming, but it won't be what the government says."

That is what you tell your friends and family. In the late '90s, 2000, and 2001. You don't know exactly when, but you know it's coming. No one will listen. They say that you are insane.

Finally, it comes to a head at work. Your bosses have made it impossible for you to work there - every single thing you try and do is blocked or stymied. In August, 2001, you pack up your boxes and walked out of the FBI office, and I assume they gave you a very good reason to do so.

You're now unemployed, but you have a valuable skillset. You'll get by.

Then, wouldn't you know it! A friend calls you up. They work for *Kroll Security*. Remember that name, we will come back to them.

They offer you a *great job*. A job you've always *wanted*. Head of Security at the World Trade Center complex.

You've sort of always been obsessed with it since the first attack in 1993, and you always wanted to find out what really happened and help keep the people in the towers safe. You accept the job, somewhere around August 25th, 2001.

You are in your second week of work on 9/11. You don't even know what 10% of all the keys you carry do. You have two zip codes of people to keep safe. Constant threats and activity.

But you really care about these people. You did.

When the first plane hits the North Tower, you are in your office on the 34th floor. Unlike everyone else in charge on 9/11, you immediately spring into action.

You have to get these people out. Evacuations, now. It could take hours, it could even take days. *Weeks* to recover the bodies.

At this point, no one expects the towers to collapse.

You literally run into a burning tower, over and over, to help people escape. They thank you, and you rush back in to get more. You are the only hero in my story.

About an hour or so after it began, you head in. The stairway has grown thick and black with smoke, and you search for survivors to evacuate. You rush up the stairs as fast as possible, and head up higher to find more.

Then the gaping maw of the Nothing swallows you, and you die. Your body is never found, like almost everyone in the towers. Maybe a fingerbone in the dust.

You were set up, and it would have been impossible to see coming. Except you actually did, and you warned everyone. In 2002, *PBS Frontline* produces a documentary about you. It is called *The Man Who Knew*.

This is what they wrote about you:

> Partly due to personal friction he had within the FBI and federal government over their handling of certain middle eastern terrorism cases, O'Neill left the FBI in August 2001. He became the head of security at the World Trade Center, where he died at age 49 while helping to evacuate the North Tower during the September 11 attacks.

This is your legacy, your epitaph – something they can never take from you:

"I knew you were going to kill me."

In review, we have:

Chairman of JCOS: Incommunicado, on plane over Atlantic
Manager of FAA Command Center: First day on the job
FAA Headquarters in DC: In Puerto Rico, no designated replacement
Acting Director of the National Military Command Center: "Standing in" for first time
General in charge of NORAD: Incommunicado, 30-minute car commute
General in charge of Eastern Air Defense Sector-NORAD: Incommunicado, in phone call
Unnamed Army Lieutenant General/Director of Operations: Out of country on vacation
Head of Security at WTC: Two weeks on the job

The *really* crazy part is that this is, more or less, the *entire* chain of command, up to the executive level, that anyone would have needed to do *anything* about 9/11 at all. And they're all just… *gone* at the same time.

This, along with numerous other pieces of evidence, is an indication that 9/11 was, in reality, an extremely organized and sophisticated criminal act with many collaborators - one that was planned minutely down to the last detail.

And that's not all. Believe it or not – it gets worse.

While all this was going on and everyone below these guys was running around screaming like a chicken with its head cut off trying to figure out what the fuck to do and why everyone is missing, something very, very strange was occurring.

Maybe even the strangest part of this story yet.

In an unbelievable, extraordinary, and truly astonishing coincidence, while all the managers were missing, the FAA and NORAD were actually running drills.

Yep, exercises. Training. Classes. *Virtual reality on a computer screen.* Sort of… a movie-within-a-movie, playing at the FAA and NORAD. I am *not* joking.

And you will *never guess* what the "training simulations" were about.

If you guessed "hijackings", then *congratulations*! You are correct.

While 9/11 was ongoing, all the screens at NORAD and the FAA are covered in swarms of false hijackings, and no one can tell what to do. Fake radar images and call signs clutter up their workstations, and confusion reigns supreme.

Panic. People are panicking, and they do not know what to do.

It was so much worse than anyone knows.

We can read about it in an article from *Boston.com* from 2002. Oh, it's deleted!

Fortunately, I have an archive of it.

Here is the link:

https://archive.boston.com/news/packages/sept11/anniversary/wire_stories/0903_plane_exercise.htm

Here is what it says:

> **Agency planned exercise on Sept. 11 built around a plane crashing into a building**
> **By John J. Lumpkin, Associated Press**
>
> WASHINGTON — In what the government describes as a bizarre coincidence, one U.S. intelligence agency was planning an exercise last Sept. 11 in which an errant aircraft would crash into one of its buildings. But the cause wasn't terrorism -- it was to be a simulated accident.
>
> Officials at the Chantilly, Va.-based National Reconnaissance Office had scheduled an exercise that morning in which a small corporate jet would crash into one of the four towers at the agency's headquarters building after experiencing a mechanical failure.
>
> Agency chiefs came up with the scenario to test employees' ability to respond to a disaster…
>
> "It was just an incredible coincidence that this happened to involve an aircraft crashing into our facility,"

Wow, another "incredible coincidence." Huh, that sure is a lot of those.

Hm… "Agency chiefs came up with the scenario to test employees' ability to respond to a disaster."

And… wow! Boy, did they *learn* something from this little "test." Yeah… it turns out, they learned that when all your bosses are missing and drills are running about hijackings, these places are *really not* able to respond *very well* to a series of disastrous real hijackings *at all*.

Especially because, believe it or not, it *still* gets even worse. These simulations, according to my research, suffered from inconsistency and, perhaps, even what you could call "glitches."

Specifically, there was a "false report" about American Airlines 11 heading for the Capitol *after* it had already hit the towers, and it was apparently onscreen and causing a *lot* of confusion.

At this point, the workers are *begging,* I mean *screaming* at people on phone calls to shut it off.

"You know what, I gotta get rid of this Goddamn sim. Hey! Turn the sim switches OFF! Get rid of that crap!"

Of course, this is only when they can actually get through – because the phone lines are *also* all acting weird, obviously.

However, the war games continue until it is far too late. There is no one around to hear their cries for help, and they grow more and more panicked, frightened, and frantic.

These tapes are quite horrifying, and small portions of them can be heard at around 25:00 in *A New Pearl Harbor*:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=iuyemPUXSz0

Anyways, let's look at *Vanity Fair*:

https://www.vanityfair.com/news/2006/08/norad200608

> For the NEADS crew, 9/11 was not a story of four hijacked airplanes, but one of a heated chase after **more than a dozen potential hijackings—some real, some phantom—**that emerged from the turbulence of misinformation that spiked in the first 100 minutes of the attack and continued well into the afternoon and evening.
>
> On page 17 of the 9/11 Commission Report when Boston center calls NEADS (Northeast Air Defense Sector), the response from NEADS was "is this real world or exercise?"
>
> BOSTON CENTER: Hi. Boston Center T.M.U. [Traffic Management Unit], we have a problem here. We have a hijacked aircraft headed towards New York, and we need you guys to, we need someone to scramble some F-16s or something up there, help us out.
>
> POWELL: Is this real-world or exercise?
>
> BOSTON CENTER: No, this is not an exercise, not a test
>
> Powell's question—"Is this real-world or exercise?"—is heard nearly verbatim **over and over** on the tapes as troops funnel onto the ops floor and are briefed about the

> hijacking. Powell, like almost everyone in the room, first assumes the phone call is from the simulations team on hand to send "inputs"—simulated scenarios—into play for the day's training exercise.

In these buildings, there is absolute panic. Confusion and panic like you've never heard before. Screaming and yelling, everywhere.

"Over and over," they repeat it. "On the tapes."

"Is this real-world or exercise?"

Is this the real life, or is this just fantasy?

They cannot distinguish between the lies on their screens and reality, and humanity was dealt its death blow.

It was, in fact, a movie-within-a-movie-within-a-movie. Phantom planes, within a training simulation, within the 9/11 ritual.

You will never believe this, but it actually does get *even worse.*

Once they were able to sort of figure out what's going on, lower-level people in the chain of command begin to call one another. We need fighter jets *now.*

This part is *hard* to listen to.

The panic in their voices on these tapes is unlike anything else I have ever heard. They *fear*. They fear more deeply than they ever have before. The wolf is at their *door*.

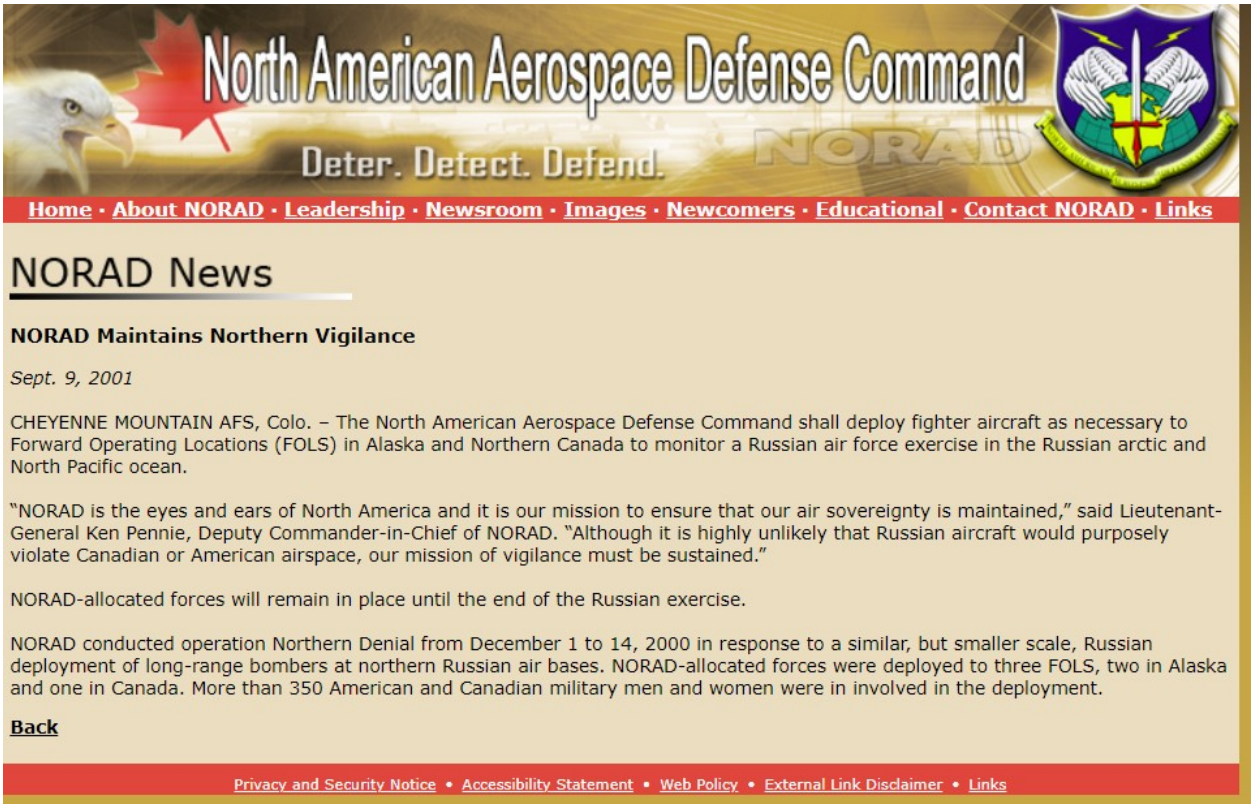
Where are the jets???

So, these people are losing their minds and completely freaking out, and it turns out they have *another* problem.

Yep, Russia was *also* coincidentally running drills around that time, in the Arctic. On September 9th, 2001.

To find this stuff, you must spend countless hours sifting information, and digging the rabbithole down further than anyone ever has. I proved this. I found this. Only me.

And I did it for you:



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NORAD News

NORAD Maintains Northern Vigilance

Sept. 9, 2001

CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN AFS, Colo. – The North American Aerospace Defense Command shall deploy fighter aircraft as necessary to Forward Operating Locations (FOLS) in Alaska and Northern Canada to monitor a Russian air force exercise in the Russian arctic and North Pacific ocean.

"NORAD is the eyes and ears of North America and it is our mission to ensure that our air sovereignty is maintained," said Lieutenant-General Ken Pennie, Deputy Commander-in-Chief of NORAD. "Although it is highly unlikely that Russian aircraft would purposely violate Canadian or American airspace, our mission of vigilance must be sustained."

NORAD-allocated forces will remain in place until the end of the Russian exercise.

NORAD conducted operation Northern Denial from December 1 to 14, 2000 in response to a similar, but smaller scale, Russian deployment of long-range bombers at northern Russian air bases. NORAD-allocated forces were deployed to three FOLS, two in Alaska and one in Canada. More than 350 American and Canadian military men and women were in involved in the deployment.

Back

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https://web.archive.org/web/20081112011842/http://www.norad.mil/News/2001/090901.html

You thought no one knew your dirty little secrets. You thought you covered it up. Deleted it.

I found it. I see *everything.*

September 9th, 2001.

You people did this on *purpose*.

So, when they go to get fighter jets scrambled, it turns out that all of them except 4 are way too far away. Monitoring these Russian drills. Four fighter jets left to defend the entire Eastern seaboard of the United States.

And, guess what? Another false alarm, way out by Toledo. People are *losing it.*

At the exact worst moment possible, every available eye in the military turned to the phantom plane, AA 11, and then way out by Ohio.

Then, it gets even *worse*. I *know.*

It only gets worse two more times, though. For now, in this section.

And it is *bad.*

Here is where you can *begin* to see how much worse the truth is than anyone knows, and why it's so hard to explain to people properly. We are now comfortably within the tip of the iceberg, and we shall tip her over soon to pluck the secrets below.

I go for now, and we will finish later. My wife wants me to spend time with her.

I love her dearly. She is my everything, and I could not bear to live without her.

If I lost her, I would die. She is the most beautiful girl in the world.

I hand you the bong and take my leave.

3:58 P.M.
01/05/25
Witness 1
The Biblical Two Witnesses

The night has fallen as you sit alone in your room, gazing at the dusty photo album I left with you.

"Who is this mysterious stranger – this Witness 1? Could he really be from the Bible?"

You puzzle it, and try to think if anything I said is untrue. When you cannot do so, you picture my eyes as I speak to you. The sincerity in them. The plea for help. The desperation. It cannot be faked, and thus you decide to believe in me.

"Witness 1. From the Bible."

At that moment, you hear a knock at your door. You smile as you cross the room to open it.

I greet you and give you a firm handshake.

You ask me how my wife and son are, and I tell you about our cold walk with three dogs among the small, withered pines and cacti. The brushland. The nowhere land.

Purple mountains in the distance. How we talked about this book, and the future of our ministry. Our general confusion towards recent events. I encouraged her to tell our followers we still need them soon. I am not sure what happened there.

You look at me, and say, "I have to tell you something."

I look at you expectantly, and you continue, "I believe you. Witness 1, from the Bible."

I smile and look at you.

I tell you it is too soon to tell. Maybe I am just crazy, screaming at phantoms in hotel rooms. Making a scene. Paranoid.

There is only one way to know. I must publish, and we have to see if the world will read it.

Maybe, it all depends on if B listens to me and believes me on the phone. Maybe it depends on if I send it to a publisher. Maybe it doesn't matter at all.

"Gödel was wrong", I tell you. Because you *can* know what you believe.

"And do you want to know what I believe?"

You nod at me.

"I am Witness 1. From the Bible. And I have to tell you something about 9/11."

I lean in closely and whisper towards you -

"And I can outrun every single tortoise on this planet at the same time."

I smile at you. "These are my… catchphrases, maybe."

You look at me. "Um… maybe we can… work on those."

I ask if you've ever seen a phantom plane, and you tell me, "No. I've never seen a 'phantom plane', Witness 1."

"Neither have I, friend. In fact, there is no such thing as a 'phantom plane'. It doesn't exist. It is not real.

A ‘phantom plane’ has never been observed before or since 9/11. Only on that day did this very, very strange anomaly occur. And the anomalies are far too many to ignore. You cannot ignore 9/11 in good faith and remain rational, which is why the world has lost its mind.

Again, that’s why I wrote that 99 coincidences list and went to the effort to prove every single one.”

I look at you. “It’s ludicrous. I mean… I got 99 coincidences, but a snitch ain’t one.”

You snort as I light a spliff and pass it to you. “That doesn’t make sense.”

I glimmer at you from my hooded eyes. “The betrayal of the Queen doesn’t make sense. And I’m pretty sure it does make sense. It seems… that I’m not the only one who doesn’t believe in snitching. *Weaving spiders come not here* – that’s how they put it.”

I wink at you. “Rules of the game.”

We continue the story of the day back at the FAA, focusing on what happened on that day under Ben Sliney (first day) and Major General Arnold (phone call.)

So, we covered the drills. Really weird, right? Quite a coincidence, eh – hijacking drills on 9/11?

I ask you if you think it gets *even worse*, and you nod.

I pull up a Wikipedia article, and you look at it:

United States government operations and exercises on September 11, 2001

Add languages

Article Talk Read Edit View history Tools

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

On September 11, 2001, the North American Aerospace Defense Command (NORAD) was involved in an ongoing operation which involved deploying fighter aircraft to northeastern North America. The U.S. military and NORAD had also planned to conduct several military exercises and a drill was being held by the National Reconnaissance Office, an agency of the Department of Defense. The operations, exercises and drills were all canceled following the September 11 attacks.

Ongoing military operations [edit]

Operation Northern Vigilance, was a NORAD operation which involved deploying fighter aircraft to locations in Alaska and Northern Canada.[1] The operation was a response to a Russian exercise, in which long-range bombers were dispatched to Russia's high north. The operation was one part simulation, one part real world. It was immediately called off after NORAD received word from NEADS that the Federal Aviation Administration had evidence of a hijacking. All simulated information (so-called "injects") were purged from computer screens at NORAD headquarters in Colorado. On receiving news of the attacks, the Russians promptly canceled their exercise as well.[2]

I hand you a roll of papyrus with a URL written on it in ink:

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/
United_States_government_operations_and_exercises_on_September_11,_2001

You type it into you computer and read. "There was… more than one?"

"Five drills, baby. Five." I hold up my hand with all the fingers out. "Count 'em."

I hit the bong and blow out a cloud. "And, guess what? I think where we were at in the story of 9/11 is that all the fighter jets were far away, completely unable to respond. Hours away. Because of the Russian drill that I proved they were responding to based on my laborious, arduous original research." I smile at you. "You're welcome."

You're very polite, and you nod towards me. "Boy, Witness 1. You sure are a good researcher."

I smile. Man, I love compliments that I know are true.

"Anyways, there were no jets around for anyone to get up in the air.

People are losing their minds, in absolute panic, and no one's boss is in the office or available on the phone. Total mayhem. *Fear.*

Absolutely pure fear - concentrated, manufactured, kettled, catalyzed, and ignited.

I need jets scrambled - NOW!!!

No one's home. Finally, after a while of complete confusion about who gives orders to who, the right people make contact and are able to scramble the only four fighter jets they have.

Four jets, for the entire Eastern seaboard of the United States.

And they got them up, right? They immediately went to escort the hijacked jets or at least get eyes on them, right? Maybe shoot them down before they hit the Pentagon or something?

What do you think?"

You know that I know that you know the answer.

Let's get back to Major General Arnold. His second-in-command is Colonel Bob Marr, the Battle Commander for the exercises. He is desperately trying to find Arnold or get ahold of him, but he is hidden somewhere on a phone call.

Well, eventually, it gets through. Way, way too late. But there might be a chance.

And what does our good General Arnold do? He sends the 4 jets he has at his disposal *the wrong way*, out *over the fucking ocean*.

And they were *useless*. We were failed on that day.

Some people who had no clue what was really going on were actually *super* pissed off about that, in fact.

And they grilled him about it during the 9/11 commission. And here it is for you:

> MR. LEHMAN: Why did they head out to sea first?
>
> GEN. ARNOLD: Our standard -- we have agreements with the FAA, and by the way we are looking outward. This is an advantage to us, and so we'd have agreements for clearance. When we scramble an aircraft, there is a line that is picked up, and the FAA and everyone is on that line.
>
> And the aircraft take off and they have a predetermined departure route. And of course, it's not over water, because our mission, unlike law enforcement's mission, is to protect things coming towards the United States.
>
> And I might even add in all of our terrorist scenarios that we run, the aircraft, if we were to intercept aircraft, it is usually always from outside the United States coming towards us.

This is a vague and dishonest response, consisting of words put together without meaning. We find that this is congruent with many other misleading and illogical official statements made by the U.S. government, accepted without question by their docile citizenry.

And that's the story of the phantom planes, government drills, and fighter jets sent out to sea on 9/11. A sordid tale of treachery and woe, to be sure. All very well-documented, thanks to *Vanity Fair.*

I close *The More Rational Worldview* and look at you.

"Which planes were real – the modified ones that hit the towers, or the illusory blips cluttering the radar screens at NORAD and the FAA?"

You look at me. "The modified ones."

"That is correct. And what does that tell you?"

"That someone put them there. The blips. Someone had to be there to *make* them real."

I nod. "Why?"

You think. "They did it to… change where people were looking. To distract the eyes. It's… misdirection. From the highest levels, only those with admin or root access to the systems."

You look at me bewildered. "Come on, Witness 1. Are you sure about all of this?"

I tell you that we're maybe halfway through 9/11, and I need to cover the Pentagon issue, the actual collapse of the towers, Building 7, Dick Cheney, Marvin Bush, the gold bars that disappeared out of the vault, the fact that most of the evidence on Enron and Worldcom was also destroyed (whoops – didn't get to that), Bin Laden's CIA connections, the Israeli connection, and Todd Beamer with his incongruent timeline and catchphrase - "Let's Roll."

You rub your arm and grimace at me. "H – how long will that take?" You seem slightly frightened.

I laugh. "Not as long as you think. I can promise you that."

I hand you a briefcase. "This is the Enron and WorldCom papers. Everything they thought was destroyed in 9/11. Mostly from Building 7. I didn't have time for it in this book. Good luck with that, don't get assassinated. Probably… don't mention… that you have these to anyone."

You open it and I see a golden, shimmery glow illuminate you. "Wow… Witness 1… um… no thanks, I'm good on that."

I sigh. "No one ever wants to talk about how Enron ties into 9/11. Darn it. Ok." I put it back in the satchel. "Weren't you guys reading the papers 25 years ago, too? I mean, is it just me? You don't think that Bush and Enron were… playing a little footsie under the table down in Texas, perhaps? You guys do know what happened there, right? *Right???*"

I look around. "Just me? *Really*? Wait… do you guys still think the anthrax attacks in 2001 came from al-Qaeda or something? *No…* you're *joking*, right?

You guys don't know that they killed Bruce Ivins to cover up the fact that it came from Fort Detrick?

Wait, you guys *actually* didn't read the papers 25 years ago? Oh, wow. I thought you were joking. Um... anyways…"

I tell you that I think after one more day of talking about 9/11, you will be ready to see the fractal. To step outside it and see it from the outside-in.

You ask me what that means and wonder why I keep saying a dumb thing like that.

"Harken unto me, my only friend. Let me whisper mysteries in your ear. The greatest deceit ever played out. The biggest lie of all time. The biggest lie in the universe.

When we go to the beach, we will walk the silver road to find it together. And we will dissolve into the moon together, only to find it was ever only the sun."

Section XI
After the Gold Rush

I pull out an album and place a record gently on your stereo tower. I hand you the cover, and you take a look at a young man with brown hair, his face distorted, with a small, mis-matched counterpart riding on his back.

He doesn't seem to exist, and neither one gives an air of reality. I set the needle down and light a spliff. I pass it to you.

Soft piano fills the house, and you hear Neil Young mournfully describe humanity's chosen ones flying mother nature's silver seed to a new home in the sun.

You look at me. "I know this one. *After the Gold Rush.*"

I nod. "*Rolling Stone* says this is the 322nd greatest song of all time. It's true."

I pull out the Wikipedia article and show you. There it is – *After the Gold Rush*:

It is ranked number 322 on *Rolling Stone*'s list of The 500 Greatest Songs of All Time.[2]

I tell you that, as usual, *Rolling Stone* is wrong – it's easily top ten. Maybe even five.

"What do you think that means, though? Why did they choose that number? 322?"

I hand you a small, square card. "Look familiar?"

"French horn and piano. The perfect combination. There are only two songs that I know of with a French horn solo, and this is one of them. So soft, so gentle. It's like listening to velvet.

Did you know that George Bush masturbated in a coffin in front of his dad and a bunch of other guys to join the Skull and Bones society at Yale?"

"Nope," you respond.

I pull out an article from *The Atlantic*, and I point to the page:

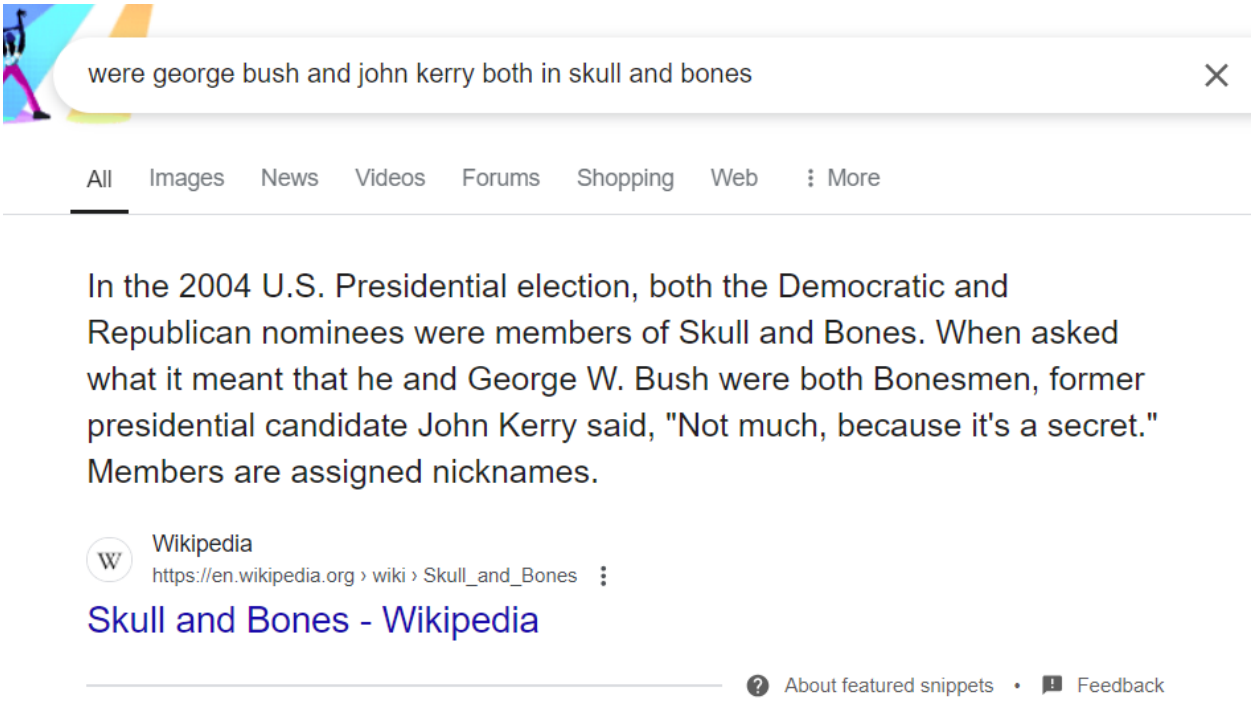
> feverish 1983 tract *An Introduction to the Order.*) World domination aside, the most pervasive rumors about Bones are that initiates must masturbate in a coffin while recounting their sexual exploits, and that their candor is ultimately rewarded with a no-strings-attached gift of $15,000. Bonesmen, who are sworn to secrecy at initiation,

"See that?" I point. "Initiates must masturbate in a coffin while recounting…"

I stare at you. "It's a secret society at Yale. *Skull and Bones.* Bush was in it, and so was John Kerry. Yeah, it's such a secret it even has a Wikipedia article, too."

Your eyes shift questioningly. "Bullshit. John Kerry, too? His opponent in the election back then?"

I smile. "Dear Reader, you're right to be skeptical. These claims seem… fantastical. Surreal. So absurdly bad and obvious that it… can't be real. That's partly how it works. Here, see for yourself:"


were george bush and john kerry both in skull and bones
All
Images
News
Videos
Forums
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Web
More
In the 2004 U.S. Presidential election, both the Democratic and Republican nominees were members of Skull and Bones. When asked what it meant that he and George W. Bush were both Bonesmen, former presidential candidate John Kerry said, "Not much, because it's a secret." Members are assigned nicknames.
Wikipedia
https://en.wikipedia.org › wiki › Skull_and_Bones
Skull and Bones - Wikipedia
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"Not much, because it's a secret."

Well, fuck you too, buddy. I think we're all doing just fine without all the secret murder and necrophilia, but, thanks.

And the coffin thing… is real. And all the older ones watch. Like his Dad."

Oh yeah, and guess what? Bush's dad even had a *really* cool nickname in this little club, and do you want to know what it was?

Henry Luce was "Baal", McGeorge Bundy was "Odin", and George H. W. Bush was "Magog".[19]

"These are the sons of the skull and bones. The merchants of death. Pirates."

A shiver runs through your bones as you stare at me.

"Do you know about the shield of David?"

"No…"

"Sometimes, it was red. These days, it's blue. They also call it the Star of David sometimes. You've seen it around.

The star of the Messiah – the Warrior King. A symbol in the heavens, brought down to Earth.

They call it the 'Seal of Solomon', too. Ancient symbol. 'Shield of David, Star of David.' Some people think it gave King Solomon powers to… control the supernatural. Sort of… open up a passageway, or a doorway with it. Like a portal."

You look at me.

"Do you know how the Rothschild family made their gold?"

Your eyes flicker to my left. "Gold. Banking, insider trading, and corruption."

"Close. They made their fortune smuggling gold, contraband, and precious goods past and through the blockades of Napoleonic Europe. They were the pirates. These people are lawless, nationless, morally bankrupt criminals.

Common street thieves, at heart. A mafia. That's what the skull and bones represent.

It's a *false flag.* Literally. A *pirate* flag.

We will dig deeper, and I will tell you their ultimate goals. They are but a puzzle piece, but a formative one."

I hit the silver and clear bong and pass it to you. As I exhale, I continue -

“Have you ever heard of the Vulcans? Have you read *The Project for The New American Century*?

Have you read the line where they laid all of this out, and predicted ‘a new Pearl Harbor’ - in a document published a year *before* 9/11?”

Have you peered into the hidden corners where the real monsters lurk?

Did you know I haven’t even told you the worst part yet?”

You laugh, and assume I’m joking. “Worse than jerking off in a coffin in front of your Dad to join some group of asshole pirates?”

I look at you sadly, and pull up another Wikipedia article. This one is called *Operation Northwoods*. “Read it and weep:”

Operation Northwoods

Article Talk

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

Operation Northwoods was a proposed false flag operation that originated within the US Department of Defense of the United States government in 1962. The proposals called for CIA operatives to both stage and commit acts of terrorism against American military and civilian targets, blame them on the Cuban government, and use them to justify a war against Cuba. The possibilities detailed in the document included the remote control of civilian aircraft which would be secretly repainted as US Air Force planes,[2] a fabricated 'shoot down' of a US Air Force fighter aircraft off the coast of Cuba, the possible assassination of Cuban immigrants, sinking boats of Cuban refugees on the high seas,[3] blowing up a U.S. ship, and orchestrating terrorism in U.S. cities.[2] [4] The proposals were rejected by President John F. Kennedy.[5][6][7]

I tell you to keep going.

arousing the concern of the U.S. military due to the Cold War. The operation proposed creating public support for a war against Cuba by blaming the Cuban government for terrorist acts that would be perpetrated by the U.S. government.[1] To this end, Operation Northwoods proposals recommended hijackings and bombings followed by the introduction of false evidence that would implicate the Cuban government. It stated:

“Do you see that word right there?” I point:

hijackings

You look at me. Your mind is fucking blown. "*W… what is this?*"

"Northwoods. I'll tell you."

In 1962, every single one of the Joint Chiefs of Staff signed off on a plan. The head of every branch agreed, and the very upper brass came together and agreed that this was a good plan.

In fact, they all really approved of it and wanted to authorize it right away. They drafted it up, took all the official protocols, and only needed the signature of the President to proceed. JFK.

In this plan, they thought that a really great way to get to start a war with Cuba would be to *hijack American passenger jets* and then blame it on Cuban radicals by framing them. Then, they would plant false evidence to say that the Cuban government posed a real threat to us, and everyone would be so scared and traumatized by all the violence that they would just go along with it.

That's exactly what they learned through MK Ultra. Control through fear. Control through horror. Control through violence.

Mind control.

Well, Kennedy obviously rejected it, and then mysteriously got shot in the head about a year or two later. Also, in my other book, you can read about how George H.W. Bush was involved with that and worked for the CIA at the time even though he tried to lie about it. It's true.

"Witness 1." You look at me.

"That can't possibly be true. If they really did that, *why would they tell us about it?"*

"Ah – astute question! And when do you suppose we learned about *Operation Northwoods*?"

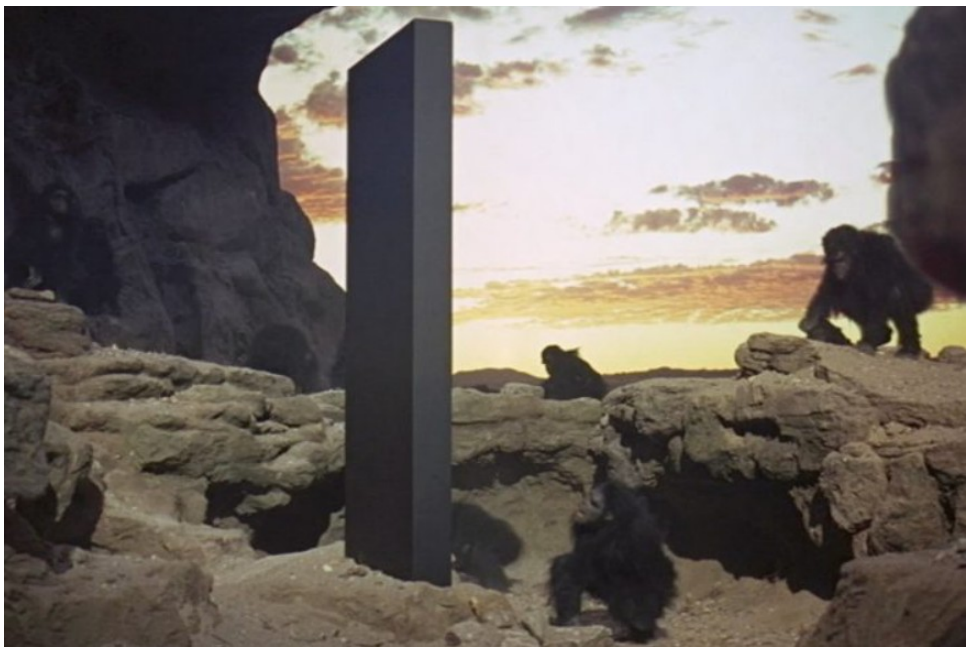
You look at me and shrug. I pull the Wikipedia article up again, and point to it:

Northwoods, and was made available through the National Archives in College Park, Maryland. However, public knowledge of Operation Northwoods did not come until 2001 with the release of a book by the author James Bamford titled *Body of Secrets*.[20]

"2001." You look at me, and understanding crosses your face.

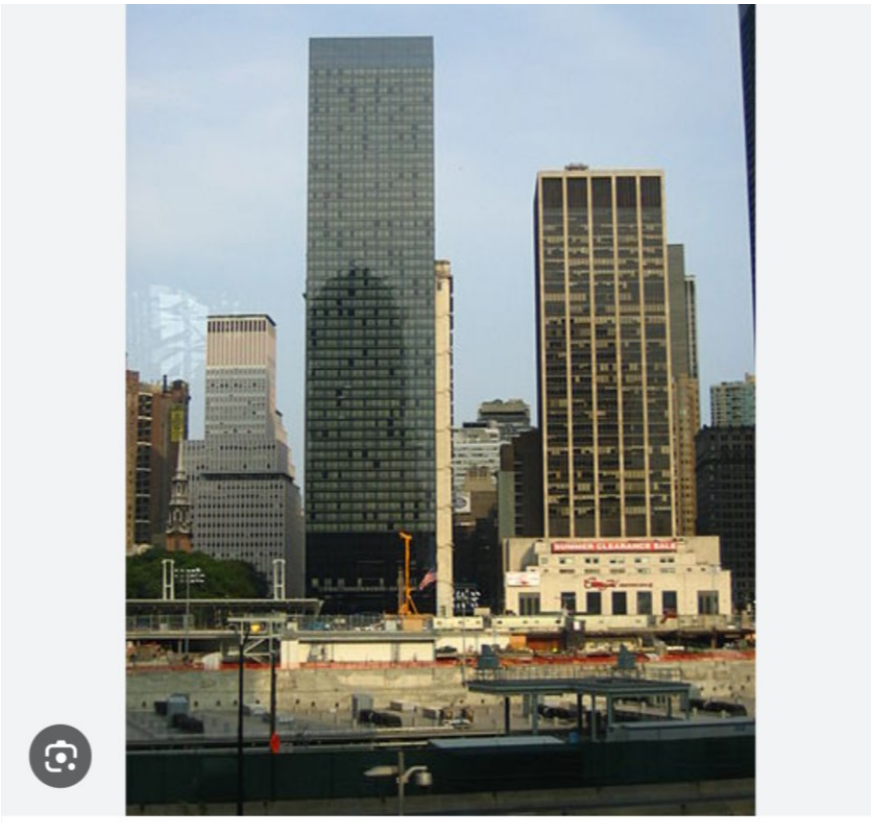
"The ritual. The ritual of fear"

I nod. I show you an image, and ask you if you are starting to understand:



"2001. *2001: A Space Odyssey*."

I show you another image, and ask you to compare the two together. This is the "Millennium Hotel." It sits directly across from where the towers used to be:



File:NYC WTC site Millenium Hilton Hotel.jpg - Wikimedia Commons

Visit ›

Go back and forth. Compare them.

The black obelisk. Manifesting the ritual, watching in imposing silence as the monkeys scramble around and murder each other with bones and clubs. As they are brought forcibly into a new reality. A new *dimension*.

Through a *portal*. The murder monkeys. In the movie, of course. *Right?*

This was *its* view of 9/11. A front row seat.

Witness the ritual through the eyes of the obelisk itself:

“Now, do you see? *Millennium* Hotel. 2001. Right there, watching the towers burn and the people plunge to their deaths. Channeling their fear. It was brought to life from the movie, on purpose. The ritual was real.”

You look at me, and I see that you can tell that I’m right. This isn’t an accident. This isn’t a coincidence. This isn’t happenstance.

This is enemy action.

I lean in towards you and stare into your eyes. I pull another movie out, with a blank cover.

“You want to see a *real crazy* movie-within-a-movie? This is *Eyes Wide Shut*. The *real* version. Director’s cut, *big time*.”

I glance back and forth furtively and whisper – “This is why they killed Kubrick. Six days after he played this very tape for the studio.”

You stare at me. I stare at you.

“Witness 1, that’s such a cliché.”

I’m messing with you. We both laugh, and I put the blank DVD case away. It doesn’t exist.

You need more, and that’s OK. I smile. I love this. I live for this. This is my air, bread, and water.

“Witness 1, it’s New York. You’re telling me that they didn’t think this might happen eventually? A plane flying into the buildings? I guess… I… wouldn’t the buildings have been designed to withstand the impact of a passenger jet? Isn’t that what engineers *do* all day? If so, would that be even more evidence of a controlled demolition?”

I smile. “Another excellent question! A series of them, in fact – wonderful!”

I ask you if it’s OK if I just read aloud to you from *The More Rational Worldview* instead of redoing it all, and you agree. It’s only about a page. I begin, but then I pause as I edit this manuscript.

[*Hey, Dear Reader. It’s me again on the 31st during my first all-nighter, trying to finish this up.*

I swear, the serendipity in this book is BLOWING my mind. I can’t even write it all, because you’ll think I’m messing with you. Also, I don’t have time. Like this, I said I wasn’t going to add any more sections. But, here we are.

And I have the perfect way to show you something important. So, there was a paragraph I deleted about 30 minutes ago, which I wrote when you complimented me on finding the Russian drills primary source in the archive.

And, as usual – I’m not just being an arrogant jackass, there’s a method to my madness. I wanted to use that to teach you how I do actually figure this stuff out. Find the truth.

But, it just seemed SO BORING. So, I didn’t. I left it with a solid joke and moved on.

And then, right here – the perfect opportunity. Like magic.

So, “After the Gold Rush”. I’m telling you, I CAREFULLY check everything that I write. And you know what, I had quoted Wikipedia about it being the 322nd greatest song on Rolling Stone’s list, but I hadn’t checked the primary source for myself.

This is what I saw:

It is ranked number 322 on *Rolling Stone*’s list of The 500 Greatest Songs of All Time.[2]

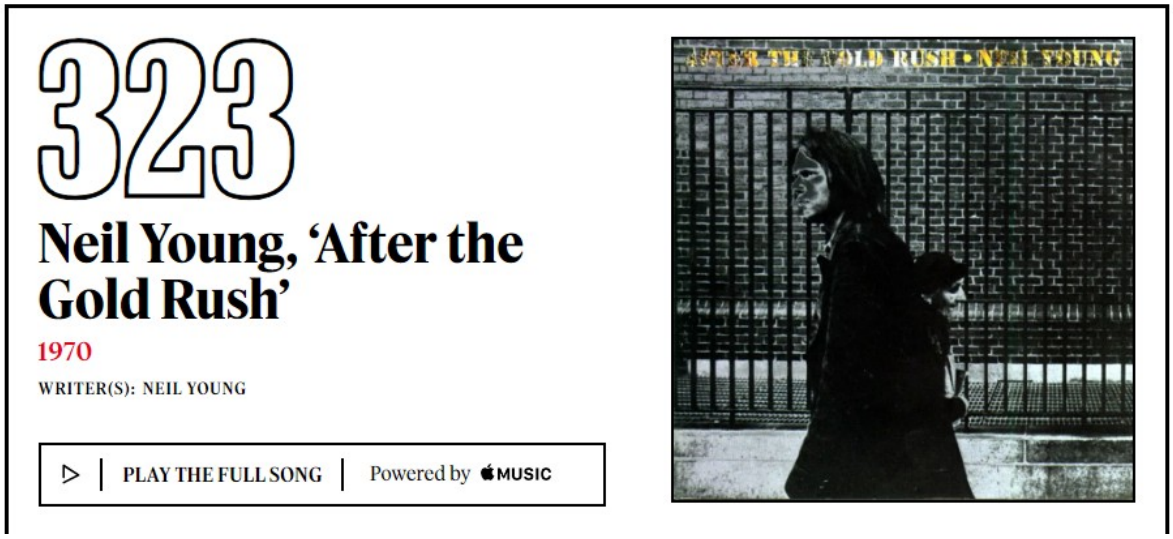
Ok, looks good enough. I mean… it sounds true, right? It… probably is, right?

Now, believe it or not - that's NOT good enough for me. I have a way of wanting to… confirm things.

So, I went down to the source and saw this:

2. ^ "After the Gold Rush ranked #322 on Rolling Stone 500 Greatest Songs List". *Rolling Stone*. 15 September 2021. Retrieved 23 September 2021.

Ok… looks good. Let's check it out. It's hit or miss on these links working, that's for sure:

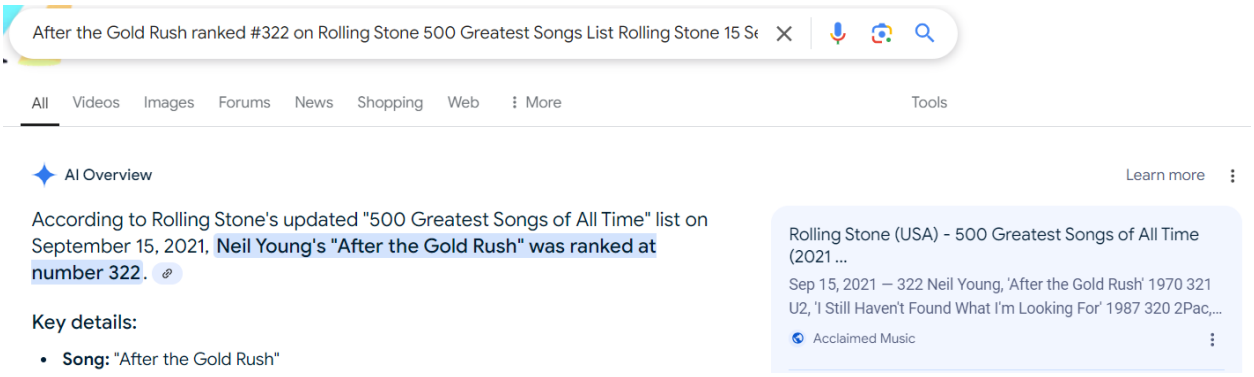


323?!?!? The fuck?!??!

That's one of my main sub-motifs. 322. Skull and bones. Ok, come on.

Let's dig a little.

Ok, here's how I research these things. Highlight the title, publication, and date, and search for it:

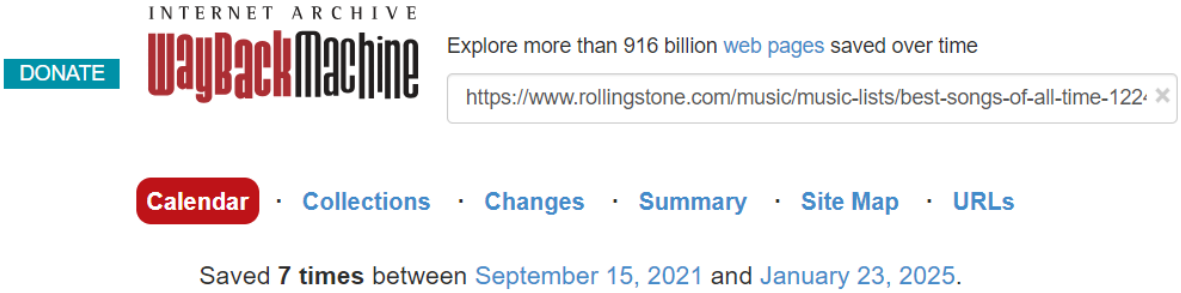

After the Gold Rush ranked #322 on Rolling Stone 500 Greatest Songs List Rolling Stone 15 Se
All Videos Images Forums News Shopping Web More Tools
AI Overview
Learn more
According to Rolling Stone's updated "500 Greatest Songs of All Time" list on September 15, 2021, Neil Young's "After the Gold Rush" was ranked at number 322.
Key details:
Song: "After the Gold Rush"
Rolling Stone (USA) - 500 Greatest Songs of All Time (2021 ...
Sep 15, 2021 — 322 Neil Young, 'After the Gold Rush' 1970 321 U2, 'I Still Haven't Found What I'm Looking For' 1987 320 2Pac,...
Acclaimed Music

I can see here that there must have been a change in the list order since 2021. There's a link to a better source on the old list on the right, but it's dead when I click.

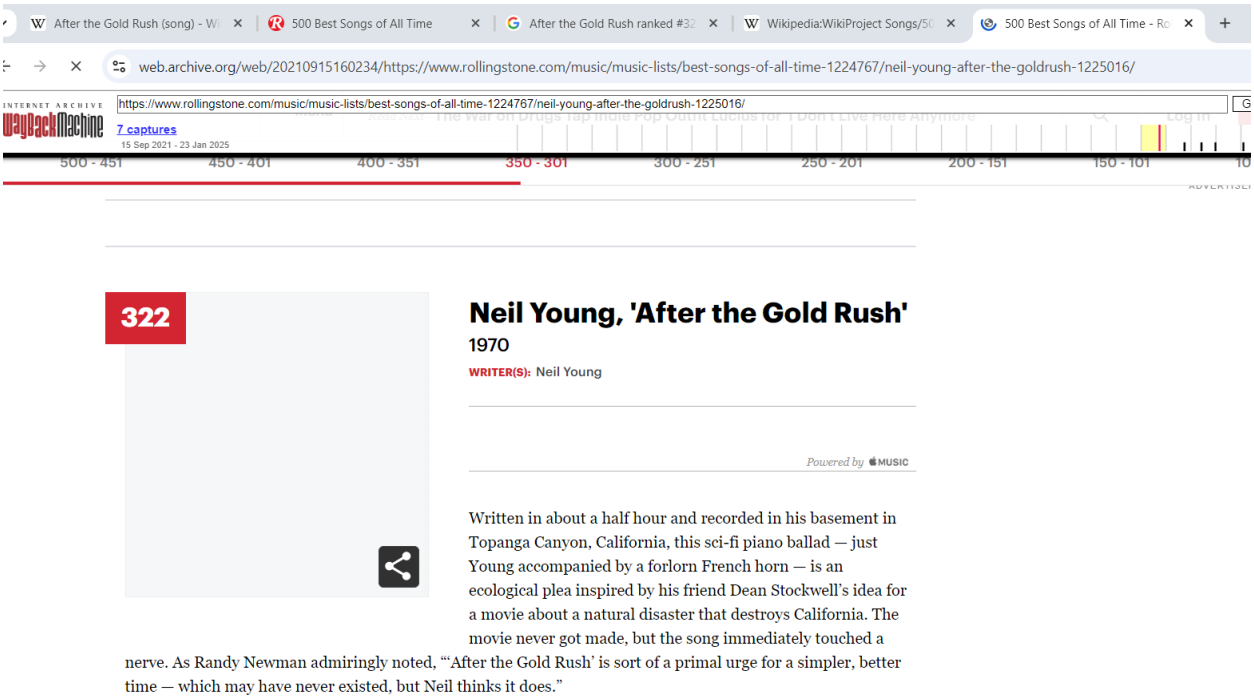
Let's dig further. Here's another list of this list on Wikipedia, but that's a secondary source - so it's no good:

322	After the Gold Rush	Neil Young	1970

Ok, let's try something new. Take the original link again, that has #323. We're going to find an archive of it. Archive.is doesn't have it. Archive.org almost always will. Plug it in:


DONATE
INTERNET ARCHIVE
WayBackMachine
Explore more than 916 billion web pages saved over time
https://www.rollingstone.com/music/music-lists/best-songs-of-all-time-122
Calendar · Collections · Changes · Summary · Site Map · URLs
Saved 7 times between September 15, 2021 and January 23, 2025.

Boom, baby. Click the earliest one:


After the Gold Rush (song) - W
500 Best Songs of All Time
After the Gold Rush ranked #32
Wikipedia:WikiProject Songs/50
500 Best Songs of All Time - Ro
web.archive.org/web/20210915160234/https://www.rollingstone.com/music/music-lists/best-songs-of-all-time-1224767/neil-young-after-the-goldrush-1225016/
https://www.rollingstone.com/music/music-lists/best-songs-of-all-time-1224767/neil-young-after-the-goldrush-1225016/
7 captures
15 Sep 2021 - 23 Jan 2025
500 - 451
450 - 401
400 - 351
350 - 301
300 - 251
250 - 201
200 - 151
150 - 101
322
Neil Young, 'After the Gold Rush'
1970
WRITER(S): Neil Young
Powered by MUSIC
Written in about a half hour and recorded in his basement in Topanga Canyon, California, this sci-fi piano ballad — just Young accompanied by a forlorn French horn — is an ecological plea inspired by his friend Dean Stockwell's idea for a movie about a natural disaster that destroys California. The movie never got made, but the song immediately touched a nerve. As Randy Newman admiringly noted, "'After the Gold Rush' is sort of a primal urge for a simpler, better time — which may have never existed, but Neil thinks it does."

There it is. Originally, it was #322. This is the proof I needed, because these archives can't be manipulated or changed very easily.

This is an excellent example of a very simple, easy problem to solve. That's why it was serendipitous. This was perfect for teaching.

For 9/11 - imagine solving this type of puzzle, but with dozens of other pieces, and many of them are missing, too. Much more complicated and even, might I say, artistic? Filling in the gaps that no one else can?

I don't know - is "research" an art form? Let's see, it's tragic because it seems so pointless, it's funny because people don't want me to do it, it's absurd because no one ever reads what I write anyways…

Is this book just another form of picking up sticks and moving them from one pile to another? Am I really just sweeping my own empty street back and forth, back and forth, alone in the Nothing? Well, I'm rambling.]

Ok, let's get back where we were. Did they, in fact – just maybe – consider, when they built these towers, that a plane could, someday, possibly fly into them? Maybe even more than one?

The engineers who built and designed the World Trade Center accounted for the possibility of a large jetliner hitting them, and the effect of the catastrophic fire it would cause.

Let's begin with John Skilling, Chief Structural Engineer of the World Trade Center. In a 1993 article from the *Seattle Times* titled, *Towers Engineered to Withstand Jet Collision*, he said:

> Engineers had to consider every peril they could imagine when they designed the World Trade Center three decades ago because, at the time, the twin towers were of unprecedented size for structures made of steel and glass.
>
> "We looked at every possible thing we could think of that could happen to the buildings, **even to the extent of an airplane hitting the side**," said John Skilling, head structural engineer.
>
> "Our analysis indicated the biggest problem would be the fact that all the fuel (from the airplane) would dump into the building. There would be a horrendous fire. A lot of people would be killed," he said. "The building structure would still be there."

That was the Chief Structural Engineer for the project.

Next, I show you the structural engineer who designed the towers, Les Robertson. He said, "I designed it for a 707 to smash into it:"

In the *Chicago Tribune*, we read in an article titled, *Engineers Shocked by Towers Collapse*:[254]

The structural engineer who designed the towers said as recently as last week that their steel columns could remain standing if they were hit by a 707.

Les Robertson, the Trade Center's structural engineer, spoke last week at a conference on tall buildings in Frankfurt, Germany. He was asked during a question-and-answer session what he had done to protect the twin towers from terrorist attacks, according to Joseph Burns, a principal at the Chicago firm of Thornton-Thomasetti Engineers.

Burns, who was present, said that Robertson said of the center, "I designed it for a 707 to smash into it."

LES ROBERTSON, WTC STRUCTURAL ENGINEER,

"I DESIGNED IT FOR A 707 TO SMASH INTO IT"

[254] https://www.chicagotribune.com/nation-world/sns-worldtrade-engineers-story.html

Finally, I give you Project Manager Frank DeMartini's words. He was also an architect for the Port Authority:

158

In this article from the *Washington Post*, we read about Frank DeMartini, an architect for the Port Authority and a project manager during WTC construction.[255] In an interview, he stated:[256]

> "The building was designed to have a fully loaded 707 crash into it. That was the largest plane at the time. I believe that the building probably could sustain multiple impacts of jetliners because this structure is like the mosquito netting on your screen door, this intense grid, and the jet plane is just a pencil puncturing that screen netting."

MANAGER OF WTC CONSTRUCTION:

"I BELIEVE THE BUILDING PROBABLY COULD SUSTAIN MULTIPLE IMPACTS OF JETLINERS"

"So, you see – it really doesn't *add up*, does it?"

You shake your head. "No. No, it doesn't."

I ask you to think about the tops of the buildings again. The caps – the crowns. An acre of solid steel. So unbelievably massive. You cannot possibly conceive of how large, heavy, and solid this piece of metal was.

They are called “hat trusses”, and they are considered “one of the four major structural subsystems of the towers.” One of the four most important parts of the tower. Huge. You *could not* destroy these things, even if you wanted to.

I ask if you want to see them, and you do.

“You cannot. Thus, they are not real. They were too large, and too hidden, to be captured by a camera. There are no good shots of them, as far as I can tell. That is why they disappeared – lack of evidence.”

You laugh. It’s obviously a joke.

“However, this is the best picture I can find of them, and it’s the very top of it while they were being installed:”

This is a computer model of what they looked like:

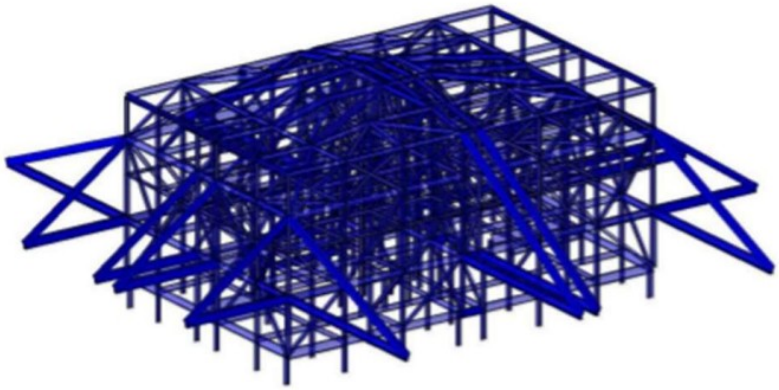


Figure 6. Computer model of hat truss framing at the roof level of the WTC towers [1].

I show you it *in situ*:

“Where… where did it go?”

“*Another* good question to ask.”

“Witness 1, do you just say that any question you can’t answer is a ‘good question’?”

“No, because that is also a good question, and yet I can answer it. The answer is ‘yes’.

You look at me.

“I mean, you’re not totally wrong. I seriously have no idea how these things just vanished. It doesn’t make any sense.”

I ask if you know that the buildings on 9/11 are the only steel-framed skyscrapers to collapse in this way. That we’ve never actually seen anything like that before or since either. Buildings just imploding and crumbling to dust like that. Disappearing.

It has *never* happened before or since.

These buildings collapse gradually, metal deforms, shears, and tears, but it does not crumble to dust like that. That’s not how it works.

In fact, they don’t even do that. A little fire and structural damage from one airplane, technically, scientifically speaking – could NOT bring down these towers. According, at least, to every single one of the three guys who designed and built them.

No, steel-framed skyscrapers just *do not* collapse in the way that we saw on 9/11, from that type of damage. It’s impossible.

Except on 9/11.

You sit there and try to remember *any* other building that experienced what I call the *spontaneous architectural combustion* of 9/11. You cannot.

It’s true, such a thing has never happened before or since. Steel-framed skyscrapers just imploding violently and crumbling due to fire, like they told us. It’s *bullshit*. You *know* it is.

I tell you, “Just wait. Building 7 and the Pentagon are *even worse*.”

I’m getting through to you, but you remain skeptical.

“If what you’re saying is true… workers in disguise, strange artists lurking around, plots to smuggle in explosives and fuses, and people casing the building to commit crimes… Wouldn’t someone have noticed?”

“Ah! An *excellent* question!”

I flip backwards through the pages, and I show you this guy, Scott Forbes:

“Now this guy, Scott Forbes, he worked in the towers. And, in fact, he *did* notice strange things. Pretty much all of that, what you said.

And he thought that it was *so weird,* that he actually made a bunch of reports to the Port Authority, other authorities, and then later to the 9/11 Commission. He was totally ignored every time.

He worked in the South Tower for Fiduciary Trust, and he claimed to have seen strange workers wearing overalls in areas they didn’t belong. He also heard noises he had never heard before that didn’t sound right. Maybe… like someone in the elevator shafts rigging them with explosives.”

One other *really weird* thing that Scott noticed was an unexplained and unauthorized *power down* the weekend before 9/11. Which is… how you compromise security systems.

Now, being ignored or called insane by every single person he told his story too was really frustrating for Scott, so he decided to give an interview about it to *George Washington Blog*. And this was his story:

All systems were shutdown on Saturday morning and the power down condition was in effect from approximately 12 noon on Saturday September 8, 2001.

Other people can validate my information… some people will not revisit that time … within my company security cameras were monitored … They were powered from the usual power supplies so they would have been out of action

GW: You also stated there were many, many 'engineers' coming in and out of the tower. Did you see any of these folks yourself?

SF: Yes. By “engineers” I mean there were workmen on site, in overalls.

Then, I flip the page and tell you William Rodriguez’s story. This is what you see:

William was a janitor for the WTC complex for around 20 years, and he was very good at his job. So good, in fact, that they promoted him a few times - and he was so trusted that he was the only person with a master key to the North Tower.

Well, once he was interviewed by the 9/11 Commission and started telling them that he heard explosions *before* the airplane hit the tower, and even gave them the exact name of the burned person he saved from these explosions (Felipe David), they sort of soured on him.

And, they told him they actually didn’t need him to testify anymore, and I’m guessing the promotions stopped.

And that didn't sit very well with William, and like Scott Forbes he *also* gave interviews about no one listening to him, being censored, and everyone calling him crazy.

And one of them was in a film titled *9/11 Mysteries Part 1: Demolitions*, and this is what he said:

> As I stood there, on the 33rd floor, I heard very strange noises on the 34th floor. I heard very heavy equipment being moved around. And it sounded like, um, dumpsters with metal wheels being moved around, and I got scared because I knew it was an empty floor. Nobody was supposed to be there. As a matter of fact, not even the elevators stopped there. You have to have a special access key to open the door on the 34th floor.

I'm not sure if a single person who cares has seen this interview except for me. I transcribed it by hand because it is not written down anywhere else except for my other book.

Weird shit though, right? *Heavy equipment?* Dumpsters? People on floors that were supposed to be closed off? With some weird, "special access key?"

That visceral sense of fear that stuck with him, that *something was wrong*. This dude got the "Uh-Oh Feeling" big time when he heard those "dumpsters" rolling around on that closed 34th floor. Come on. You know he did.

Wouldn't you? And then *that* happens?

Why were the floors closed, anyways? Let me take a wild fuckin' guess – maintenance? Some sort of repairs or construction?

Let's finish the story of the ill-fated ACE Elevator company now.

So, right around 2000 or early 2001 when the Port Authority was losing lawsuits left and right about the asbestos abatement and desperately looking to offload the property to whoever would be stupid enough to buy it, they decided that it would be a really great time to totally redo and upgrade all the elevators.

Then, they decided that the company that had built them and maintained them for 50 years could get the fuck out, and they hired a new company that no one had ever heard of to do it – ACE Elevator.

This company, ACE Elevator that worked on the WTC contract, went bankrupt in 2009 - as I've confirmed through government bankruptcy court filings in my other book.

There is a different Ace Elevator LLC started in 2011 in Pennsylvania, but this is not the same company as the ACE Elevator that worked in the WTC. Additionally, there is an Ace Elevator in Florida, but this is also not the same as the company that worked on the WTC.

I know this, because it turns out that a few other people noticed that ACE Elevator sort of just… disappeared… and never really… worked on anything else… ever…

You know, sort of like a… oh, I don't know. Like a completely fucking fake shell company that never actually existed except as a front for something else? Like a mafia front?

So anyways, this sort of bothered some other people, too. Besides me. I know, I know. Crazy. Like this guy:

http://www.aneta.org/911experiments_com/AceElevator/

And he dug deep into this, and one thing he proved, *for sure,* is that it is *really really* hard to find any real information on the "ACE Elevator" company that did this "renovation" work on the towers starting from early 2001 or maybe late 2000.

And that is a type of evidence in itself. It's true.

Absence of evidence is not evidence of absence, or something, but if someone is following you around furtively and trying their best to rip the evidence you just found out of your hands so they can go throw it in a shredder and prove its "absence" once and for all, well, you may just be onto something there.

That's called evidence. You'd call that specific type, maybe, "behavioral" or "circumstantial" evidence.

Like, when someone knows they are *guilty as fuck* and so they act *really weird* whenever you ask them normal questions, like, "How's the elevator repair business?", or "Who was in charge there?", and "Do you have the normal tax and business papers you are required to file publicly by law? Can we see them?"

Anyways, these elevators are *legendary* in the business.

The WTC towers were *institutions* among weird people who obsess over elevators, like those who sell them, or those who for whatever reason are just fascinated by the pulleys and weights or some dumb shit like that. I dunno, people who read fucking *Elevator World* for fun.

When they were built, they were – by far – the tallest buildings in the world. They towered like titans over even the other skyscrapers, and their elevator systems were marvelous feats of engineering.

I open the *Elevator World* article and show you the beating heart of the elevators:

"Look on the bottom left, where they touch one of the motors. They had 99 of these bad boys in the towers. Weighed about 10,000 lbs each. Here's one of them today:"

Obsolete. Ruined. Worthless. A display piece, to be endlessly mocked and scorned.

It gets worse. Let's rewind. Because Otis was a real company that, in fact, actually is still around, has a website, a phone number, and some evidence it ever existed in the first place, they reacted a little bit differently than ACE did when they had their own personal 9/11 experience, in 1993.

And when the explosions went off in the basement that time, Otis did great. They sprung into action. They evacuated people from elevators. They got everyone out safely, in an orderly fashion. Perfect.

That is because the Port Authority had very specific rules for these situations, as places like the WTC complex always do. Duh. And if they aren't followed, oh boy, there will be consequences. Except on 9/11.

"Let's see, how 'bout a thought experiment! Let's say, you're in a burning tower, but you're headed out. On your way down, you see closed elevator doors with screaming people pounding on it to be let out. Smoke is coming down. Do you try and open the doors?"

You think. "Hmm… Yeah, I'd try, but… if I couldn't get it open after a while…"

"Ok, right answer. You can't get it open if you can't get it open."

You nod.

"Ok, new thought experiment! Let's say, you're the *elevator maintenance worker.* You have all the tools you need. Now, you're in a burning tower, and you're on your way out. You come across an elevator full of trapped, screaming people.

Hm… what should you do? Let's see… you're the elevator guy. *Check*. You have tools. *Check*. You have access to the maintenance systems, and ways to get the doors open and elevator down no matter what. *Check.* It's literally your job. *Check.*"

I stare at you. "Hm… thought experiment… what should you do? Maybe just… leave… instead? Like… just… *go*? You should go… home. You have better things to do. Maybe you should just… I dunno, let them roast alive in their oven like little piggies?"

You stare back at me. "That's not funny, Witness 1."

I look at your window, and my eyes are as hard as glacier ice. "No. It's not funny. It's not funny, at all. In fact, it's one of the least funny parts of this whole book. It should *shock* you. Obviously, you would let them out.

You see, as soon as the planes hit the towers and 9/11 began to unfold, these ACE Elevator workers did perhaps one of the most sickening, cowardly acts of all that day. They ran. They ran and they left people to die in their elevators. They abandoned their posts when they were needed the most.

They did… nothing. That's because they knew that there were going to be secondary explosions."

I pull out a December 2001 article from USA Today called *Mechanics Left Towers Before Buildings Collapsed*:

> **At the time the elevator mechanics left, dozens of people were trapped in stuck elevators**. Other people lost their lives trying to rescue those trapped in elevators, **including a mechanic from another company** who rushed to the Trade Center from down the street.
>
> **The departure of elevator mechanics from a disaster site is unusual**. The industry takes pride in rescues. In the Oklahoma City bombing in 1995, elevator mechanics worked closely with the firefighters making rescues.

I point to it. "A guy from *another building's elevator company* came into the towers that day to try and free the people stuck in the elevators during 9/11, and *he* died. He died while they walked away and lived. They left them stuck up there, dozens of them - trapped in the smoke and flame."

I pull out another USA Today article from 2021 *called Disaster within disaster: World Trade Center elevators created more tragedy*:

> **Eighty elevator mechanics** were on duty in the towers that morning, **many just a few steps from people who needed rescue.**
>
> However, the mechanics, **fearing for their safety, evacuated on their own initiative** when the south tower was struck at 9:03 a.m.

It is because *they knew.* They left because *they knew. Eighty* of them. Just a few steps away.

They ran because they knew, for a fact, that those buildings were coming down and you better be *far away* from that white death cloud.

Imagine the scene. You're trapped in an elevator with a bunch of strangers. The buildings just shook, horrific noises and shaking. Lights strobing out, power going out, alarms going off.

Your elevator stops. You are *so* scared. If you could somehow peer through the metal around you, just a few feet from you, you would see the men entrusted to care for you. To keep you safe. To rescue you from danger and harm. To pry the doors open, and evacuate you. Men who had *everything*.

You would watch them turn their backs on you and walk away, leaving you to die. Telling you that you aren't even worth opening a *door* for. That you can roast to death in a metal box, instead, because you're *worthless*.

It's dark in the box now. People whisper, some scream, some whimper and beg for their mothers. You don't know why no one is coming for you, but the noises are like nothing you've ever heard before. Then, the fires reach your floor, and start heating the air in the elevator shaft.

As surely as if you were in the belly of the Moloch statue itself, the metal begins to heat around you, and the air loses oxygen. In an elevator surrounded by strangers, you burn alive in a box. Your coffin, and your eternal tomb. Then, you are swallowed by the Nothing.

It's sick. It's unbelievable. They ran because they knew they buildings were coming down, that they were rigged with explosives and that they were *guilty*. They fled the scene of the crime.

It's *disgusting.* FUCK you guys.

You look at me, and I hand you the bong.

"That… is pretty fucked up."

"It's horrific. No one deserves to go through that. The suffering on 9/11 was so intense that it created a singularity of fear. A type of fear so concentrated that it altered the very fabric of reality somehow.

A ritual, a mass fear ritual. Fed and powered by the horrific suffering of thousands of people, while billions of eyes watch and make it real. Worship of the Fear. Worship of the Nothing.

Like nothing we've ever seen. The greatest ritual of all time, and the ultimate Satanic masterpiece of deception. What Crowley dreamed of in anticipation."

I look at you.

"Do you want to know what really grinds my gears?"

I hand you an article from September 12, 2001 that was printed in the *LA Times*.

The day after 9/11.

This is what you see:

WORLD & NATION

Security Alert Was Lifted Only Days Ago

L.A. Times Archives

Sept. 12, 2001 12 AM PT

Share

FROM TIMES WIRE REPORTS

The World Trade Center was destroyed days after a heightened security alert was lifted at the 110-story towers, security personnel said.

Daria Coard, 37, a guard at Tower One, said the security detail had been working 12-hour shifts for the last two weeks because of numerous phone threats. But bomb-sniffing dogs were abruptly removed.

"Today [Tuesday] was the first day there was not the extra security," Coard said. "We didn't figure they would do it with planes."

"'Abruptly removed.' Bomb-sniffing dogs. 'Today [Tuesday – 9/11] was the *first day* there was not the extra security.'

"That grinds my gears. It does. The fact that no one even questioned this. It's so *obvious.*

Still, none of this was what convinced me. What convinced me was pure mathematics, logic, and reasoning. Nothing circumstantial, at all.

Nothing even human about it, at all. Just cold, hard facts and measurements that *do not lie.*

It's time to prove it to you beyond a shadow of a doubt."

Lets start with Building 7, which I call "an anomaly's anomaly." I describe its implosion with the only fitting term I can think of - "spontaneous architectural combustion."

That is because this actually cannot happen in real life:

Note the NIST watermark. We'll get to them.

This building was also called the "Salomon Building", and Larry Silverstein owned it many years before he bought the towers. Giuliani put his "emergency bunker" on the 23rd floor.

In 1989, Silverstein spent around $200 million upgrading and reinforcing it, so that it would not collapse, and this is what he said:

> 'We built in enough redundancy to allow entire portions of floors to be removed without affecting the building's structural integrity…"

Yup. Pretty powerful 'structural integrity', alright. Lucky Larry, huh?

After this unprecedented and highly-unusual collapse, the National Institute of Standards and Technology, NIST, spent around $10 million dollars of our tax money to study the collapse.

They proved that it was not due to structural damage or the integrity of the structure. It was not due to any debris coming from the towers. The collapse was solely due to the relatively small fires burning in a few offices.

The BBC reported on NIST's findings:

> "…ordinary fires caused the building to collapse… that would make it the first and only steel skyscraper in the world to collapse because of fire."

To prove this extremely dubious assertion, they released a ton of data and all of the models and reasoning they used to come to this hypothesis.

No, just kidding, of course they didn't – they told us that for "public safety", no one could ever see the models or data they used to build their models of a fire-induced progressive collapse of the entire structure.

And to this day, we never have. To be honest with you, Dear Reader, the sheer nerve of this particular lie pisses me off more than almost any other. I want to see the damn models you used, is that too much to ask? I quoted them in *The More Rational Worldview*:

> So, did NIST "solve" the mystery? They were funded with tens of millions of dollars of public tax money, so hopefully they were able to deliver **satisfactorily explanatory** and **publicly verifiable** results. Let's look closer at the official government report on the 9/11 collapses from *NIST.gov* referenced in this article:[243]
>
> > 7. Why did NIST withhold from public release limited and specific input and results files for certain collapse models used in the WTC 7 study? (added 11/20/19)
> >
> > > This information was **exempt from public disclosure** under Section 7d of the National Construction Safety Team Act because it was determined by the Director of NIST that **release of the files might jeopardize public safety**. The withheld information contains detailed connection models that have been validated against actual events, and therefore, provide tools that could be used to predict the collapse of a building. The information contained in the withheld files is sufficiently detailed that it might be used to develop plans to destroy other, similarly constructed, buildings.

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[241] https://www.nytimes.com/1989/02/19/realestate/commercial-property-salomon-solution-building-within-building-cost-200-million.html
[242] http://news.bbc.co.uk/1/hi/7485331.stm
[243] https://www.nist.gov/world-trade-center-investigation/study-faqs/wtc-7-investigation

That is because they are pure fantasy, and any sixth-grade physics teacher could tell you that steel doesn't work like that. However, they do not want to do so, and they do not care to examine the evidence. The models they claim to have do not exist. They are not real.

This absurd response from NIST goes on to discuss the "extraordinary" nature of the "fire-induced progressive collapse." They mention a need for "brevity" in their report, and conclude by talking about how the collapse was "inevitable" once their magical, invisible models kicked in. This is BULLSHIT! Go on, look at it yourself. Quote them. Really think about it.

What they gave us is known in the business as, "fiction."

NIST was questioned on this, and some architects and engineers like a guy named Richard Gage were actually really, *really* upset by it for a while. And they did some excellent research, and they sued, and used FOIA to try and get the models. And this was the response:

> "This information was exempt from public disclosure under Section 7d of the National Construction Safety Team Act because it was determined by the Director of NIST that release of the files might jeopardize public safety."

They claim to be just terrified of another *maniac* who is going to set an office fire in a steel skyscraper and watch it collapse. Except we all know that would never happen. Except on 9/11.

And it gets worse. Building 7 not only totally imploded itself, it did so at *freefall speed.* This is only possible if all supports were cut or destroyed at the same time, which is not how it would work in a "fire-induced progressive collapse."

It's impossible, and yet, it happened.

Here is a study that proves this (PDF will download through this link:)

https://www.europhysicsnews.org/articles/epn/pdf/2016/04/epn2016474p21.pdf

Here is a screenshot of it:

This study from *Europhysics News* confirms the free-fall acceleration of Building 7:[244]

low. The exterior columns of the Twin Towers, for example, used only about 20% of their capacity to withstand gravity loads, leaving a large margin for the additional lateral loads that occur during high-wind and seismic events [2].

were enough large steel-framed buildings that needed to be brought down more efficiently and inexpensively, the use of shaped cutter charges became the norm. Because shaped charges have the ability to focus explosive energy, they can be placed so as to diagonally cut through steel

▲ FIG. 2: WTC 7 fell symmetrically and at free-fall acceleration for a period of 2.25 seconds of its collapse (Source: NIST).

WE READ THE CAPTION: WTC 7 FELL SYMMETRICALLY AND AT FREE-FALL ACCELERATION

"WTC 7 fell symmetrically and at free-fall acceleration."

I really don't know how people *can't* see that buildings *don't actually do things like this* - unless you use explosives to add a ton of energy into the system. Except, of course, on 9/11.

I think that tonight, I will finish the story of Building 7, and then we will move on further tomorrow.

The really, really funny thing about Building 7 is that on 9/11, at 4:54 P.M., a female BBC reporter named Jane Standley told us that it had collapsed *while it was still standing*. 30 *minutes* early.

Whoops! Script mix-up!

Maybe… she is a *prophet*? Maybe *God* told her? Or maybe… they are lying to us?

And here she is, in all her glory:

BBC WORLD
News Update
TERRORISM ATTACKS IN US
LIVE
The 47 storey Salomon Brothers building close to the World Trade Centre has also collapsed.

See that building over her left shoulder (our right)?

Yep. That's the "Salomon Brothers building. World Trade Center, Building 7. That she is saying has collapsed.

Which would be the first time that had ever happened.

Yeah, right.

Financial Times covered this little *whoopsie*, and this is what they wrote:

> On that day, the BBC reported the building's fall almost half an hour before it happened. Journalist Jane Standley was broadcast at 4.54pm eastern time reporting that the tower had collapsed – but in the background, it was still standing…it fell 26 minutes later, seven hours after the Twin Towers came down.
>
> Richard Porter, head of BBC world news, was forced to deny that the broadcaster was reading from the Bush conspirators' script.
>
> The New York Times reported that the building also housed a secret office operated by the CIA … The collapse of the building also wiped out the operations centre of New York City's Office of Emergency Management, throwing the response that day into further mayhem.

So… that is really undeniable and obvious. To this day, I have not heard one single good explanation for how Jane Standley from the BBC knew that WTC 7 was going to collapse and said it on live TV 30 minutes before it happened. It's extraordinary.

I assume that this must be the type of thing you have to be psychotic to notice, because you guys must see people predict the future all the time or something, right? I don't know - to me, it really stood out for some reason.

Oh yeah, and then this dipshit Larry Silverstein said that he gave the order to "pull it."

"*Pull it*"

In a fucking *interview.*

And here he is, in all his glory:

“Maybe the smartest thing to do is pull it.”

“Pull it” *how,* you asshole? With the explosives that you knew were inside it?

And boy, did these office fires burn hot. Yeah, who would have thought. It’s so weird, because usually, when a few little office fires start and then burn out on chairs, curtains, furniture, etc., it tends to be pretty much the same every time.

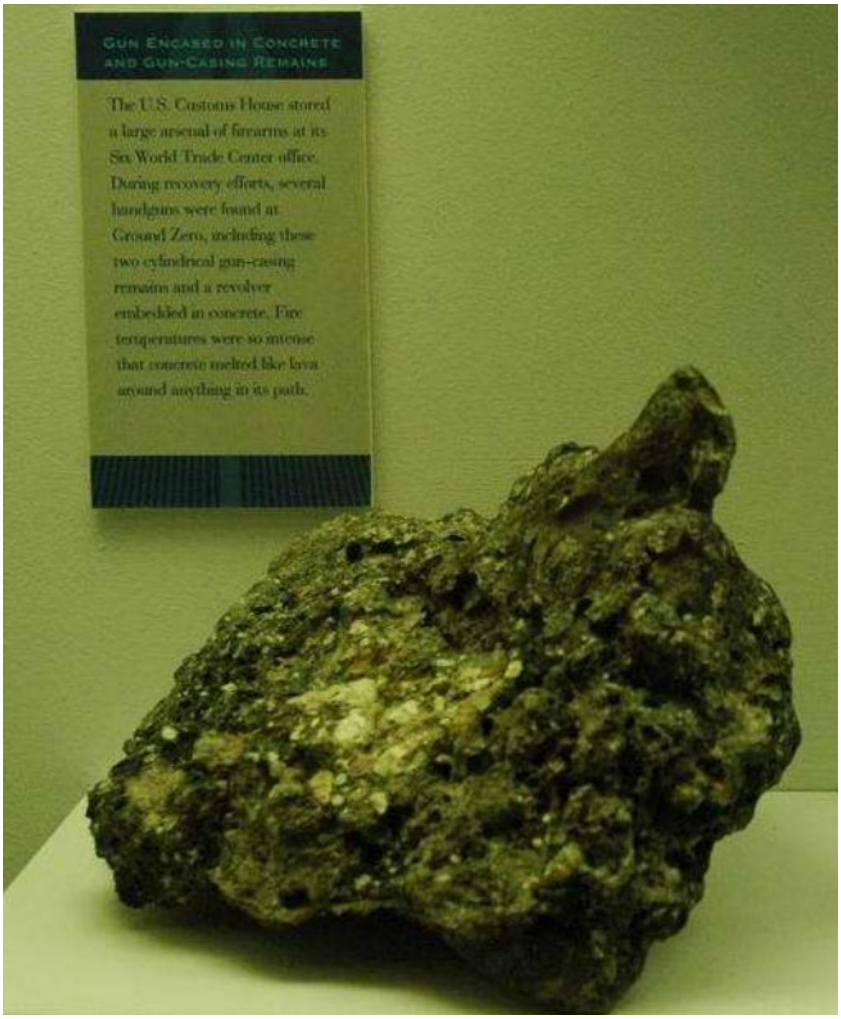
Yup. Wood, burned. Plastic, melted. Clothes and fabric, gone. People, dead. Most other stuff, roughly there still.

Melted metal? Sometimes. Maybe.

Melted *concrete?* Never.

No office fire or house fire, jet fuel fire, or really anything outside of very, very specialized explosives or other weapon systems burns hot enough to melt concrete. This requires so much energy that the government's story is literally physically impossible.

And yet, lo and behold, this artifact from the New York City Police Museum:


GUN ENCASED IN CONCRETE AND GUN-CASING REMAINS
The U.S. Customs House stored a large arsenal of firearms at its Six World Trade Center office. During recovery efforts, several handguns were found at Ground Zero, including these two cylindrical gun-casing remains and a revolver embedded in concrete. Fire temperatures were so intense that concrete melted like lava around anything in its path.

That is an artifact found within the remains of Building 7, and it is a revolver encased in molten concrete. When the concrete reached the gun, it was *liquid*. Running like *magma*. So, so unbelievably hot.

Here are some quotes from people who were actually there:

> Mark Loizeaux, president of Controlled Demolition, Inc., who was hired for the Building 7 cleanup, said that "**molten steel was found at 7 WTC**." (5)
>
> Leslie Robertson, World Trade Center structural engineer, stated that on October 5, "21 days after the attacks, the fires were still burning and **molten steel was still running**."(6)
>
> Fire department personnel, recorded on video, reported seeing "**molten steel** running down the channel rails… like you're in a foundry – like lava from a volcano."(7)
>
> Joe O'Toole, a Bronx firefighter, saw a crane lifting a steel beam vertically from deep within a pile. He said "**it was dripping from the molten steel**." (8)
>
> Bart Voorsanger, an architect hired to save "relics from the rubble," stated about the **multi-ton "meteorite"** that it was a "**fused element of molten steel and concrete**."(9)

It's ridiculous. Building 7 collapsing might be the most absurd and ridiculous thing about 9/11, because it should be so obvious, and yet it's not. It's also one of the open questions – was a plane meant to hit this? What, exactly was the plan here? Is this where Flight 93 was heading? Why not collapse it at the same time as the towers, to make it more believable?

Building 7 is an enigma.

But not to us.

"Anthropomorphically speaking, Building 7 simply knew too much."

You look at me. "What?"

Dear Reader, I assured my darling, beautiful wife, my statue of pure milk and honey, the very woman who nourishes the soul of my being like no other could, and the love of my life, that I would go to bed around 10:30. She returns to work tomorrow from Christmas Break, and I must depart.

I stand up.

"Tomorrow, we finish the 9/11 story. I can't wait to do it with you."

I hug you. I love you, Dear Reader.

Goodnight.

Witness 1
The Biblical Two Witnesses
10:28 P.M. 1/5/25
204,953

I return to you in the morning, Dear Reader. Here we are. I reached out to a few of the people who couped me, and no one will help me. They will not even speak to me. Were they ever even real? Was it all a psyop?

I still can't figure out why they all betrayed me. However, I am not surprised.

It is 8:30 A.M., and I hope to finish the story of 9/11 today.

I knock on your door, and the beautiful morning sun streams in behind me. As we smoke a spliff together to start the day, I ask you a question:

“Will you sit with me as I finish the story? Will you do what no one else has done?

No one, ever, in my life, has been willing to listen to me talk about 9/11 even one time. They hate when I talk about it. 9/11 is people’s least favorite topic of conversation, which makes a lot of sense, but it is far too important to simply ignore. The implications of it are catastrophic for humanity.”

You tell me that you are willing to give me as long as I need to tell you my story, and that you have plenty of time to listen. You tell me that you enjoy my company, that you think my words are meaningful and interesting. You are the only friend that has ever told me that and meant it, and I look at you with great love in my eyes. I smile.

“Anthropomorphically speaking, Building 7 simply knew too much.”

What does this mean?

Let’s ask the *New York Mag*:

https://nymag.com/news/9-11/10th-anniversary/building-seven/

> Anthropomorphically speaking, Building 7 simply knew too much.
>
> It is a provocative supposition, especially when one examines the extraordinary list of tenants paying rent to developer Larry Silverstein on that fateful day. These include the Department of Defense, the Secret Service, the IRS, and the Securities and Exchange Commission (many records, including probably much-damning evidence in the Citibank–WorldCom financial scandal, disappeared forever.)
>
> The mortgage was held by the Blackstone Group, then headed by Pete Peterson, the chairman of the Council on Foreign Relations. In addition, it is inevitably stated by conspiracists that the board of directors of the security company employed by the building included Marvin P. Bush, the president’s younger brother.
>
> Beyond this, WTC 7 was also the headquarters of Rudy Giuliani’s Office of Emergency Management, which housed the mayor’s infamous 23rd-floor “bunker”—the command center from which he planned to run the city during some terrible, unthinkable crisis.

Building 7 is literally the most perfect example of a clear, 100% visible smoking gun of all time. It absolutely, 100% proves that 9/11 was a controlled demolition.

The fact that no one even noticed it, apparently, confirms my theory that people won't notice *anything*, even if it is right in front of their eyes.

I will get back to Marvin Bush, and I want you to notice that they admit 9/11 destroyed critical evidence about financial crimes – especially in this building. We will never know the full extent of what happened with Enron or WorldCom, and it's because of 9/11. This is called "money laundering."

You look at me. "Hey! It *is* money laundering!"

I tell you that we have barely scratched the surface of the financial crimes committed on 9/11. It is so much worse than you even comprehend. There are so many more articles. So many more people involved, complicit. To make *money.*

In fact, I tell you about how when I was researching for my books, I just kept finding more and more. 9/11 is actually almost like a fractal of crime, or a criminal singularity - in that it just goes on and on forever and there doesn't even seem to be a bottom of the criminality that happened that day. You can look and look, and just keep finding more and learning new things about it. It's unlike anything else, even.

For example, there was also critical information lost about a "major lawsuit" against Morgan Stanley by the government, and many other government offices lost an unbelievable amount of data that wasn't backed up or stored anywhere else. Secret Service. SEC. CIA. FBI. Tons and tons of data and files just gone forever.

I don't want to spend too much time talking about the collapse of the towers, because by now I think you have learned enough from me to solve the following problem.

Now, the really *really* weird part about the collapses on 9/11, and another ultimate smoking gun proof that these were controlled demolitions, is that they all fell at freefall acceleration. That's one of the keys.

This can be proven by any person alive simply by taking the many videos of the collapses and using a stop watch to time them, and doing some very, very simple calculations about how tall it was and how long it took to collapse. I can assure you that it is true – the tops of these buildings completely crushed their way through the rest of the structure at *freefall* speeds.

This is not complicated stuff, and even high school kids can perform these simple observations and deductions.

Now, this seems to be a real stumper for people. I mean, a real, mind-boggling riddle for them. People actually literally cannot seem to wrap their minds around the following diagram.

It's another thought experiment. Let's say, hypothetically, that you reconstruct the towers, exactly as they were. Then, you take approximately the top 10% of the towers and lift them off with a crane.

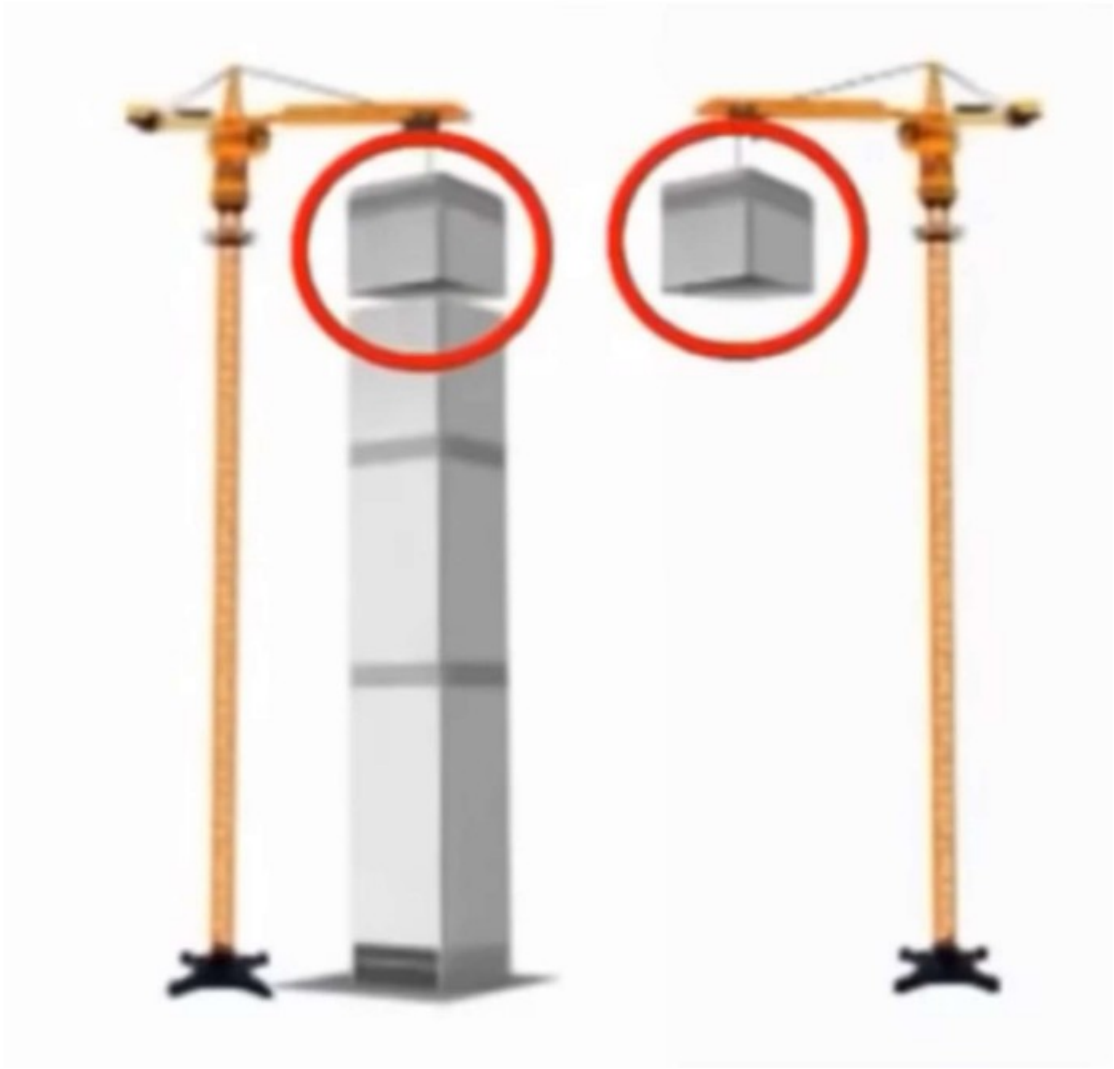
One crane swings out and drops the top 10% of the building through the air, with no obstacles, towards the ground. Nothing at all is in its way as it falls towards the ground.

The *other* crane drops the top 10% of the building right back down, just a few feet, on top of the remaining 90% of the structure.

Ok, and so far, no one I ask this to has ever gotten this right –

Which top 10% of the building will hit the ground first? The one that falls through air, or the one that falls through about 900 feet of concrete and steel?

This is a helpful diagram from *The New Pearl Harbor* to help you visualize it (people like this):



Hmmm… let's see… a real tricky one, here…

You look at me.

"I know this!"

I encourage you to go ahead and tell me what you think the answer is.

"The one without the 900 feet of concrete and steel below it!"

I look at you and smile. I pass you the spliff and congratulate you for being the first person to ever answer that question correctly. "Why do you think it's so hard for them?"

You sigh, and ask me if I think that asking a rhetorical-question-within-a-rhetorical-question makes me sound smart. I ask you if that's a rhetorical-question-within-a rhetorical-question-within-a-rhetorical-question or if you really want me to answer it. You do.

"Yes, I do. But it was a real question. So, why is it so hard for them?"

You look at me, this time without a smile. "Because they choose not to look at the spiders in the dark out of fear, because the Synagogue of Satan has used contagious and purposeful fear to condition them to behave, think, and act in certain ways.

Through false flags like this, manufactured wars, and state-sponsored violence, people have been subjugated so badly that they have retreated inside the fractal for decades now - staring at its ridges and curves like the shadows in Plato's cave.

Convinced that what's real is not, and that what's not real is.

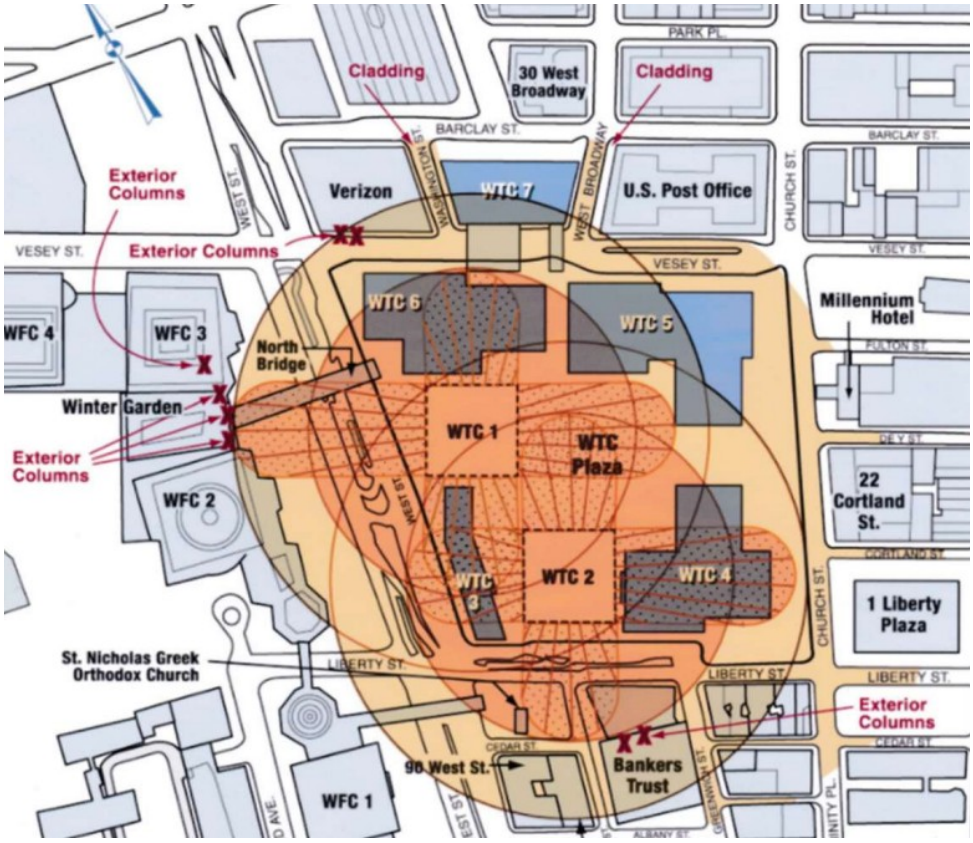
They refuse to believe that it repeats, and that it goes on forever right outside their door. That there is more than they could possibly understand. They will not look, and you cannot force them. You can only play them a sweeter melody than the pied piper."

I look at you.

"Yes. You are almost ready now."

Believe it or not, it gets worse.

I pull up https://onlinelibrary.wiley.com/, and show you this image:



The towers are 200 feet across. Look at where the exterior columns landed. Those are about 500 feet away from where they started. And we're not taking little pieces, either. These are massive chunks of steel that weigh so much it's hard to estimate – 10 tons? 25 tons?

The building on the bottom with two columns on it that is labeled "Banker's Trust" is now the Deutsch Bank building. This is the approximately 40 feet across and maybe 20 feet wide piece of steel that landed there, about 500 feet away from the collapse:

I wanted to show you one more image from the collapse, and I *may* have serendipitously found this very piece:

Think about how much that weighs. How hard it would be to lift it. It's about 40 *feet* of pure steel bars along one side. Even cranes and heavy equipment would struggle to lift that. It's insane.

I ask you if it really *looks* like the buildings just gave up and peacefully collapsed in on themselves. If that type of force launching these objects out is possible without injecting more force into the system. You tell me that it does not, in fact, appear that way.

At this point, I stand up and tell you that I must depart briefly, but I will return later. I beg you not to abandon me, as everyone else has (except my darling, beautiful, and perfect wife.)

I step out of our story-withing-a-story-within-a-story to tell you that back in the cold, high desert of the real world, it is 1/6/25 and 9:27 A.M. I have to feed our son and do the dishes. The only strange thing I have noticed in the last 24-48 hours is that one of the pictures of us from our refrigerator is gone, taken out of its clear magnetic sleeve. There was definitely a picture there, and they do not fall. Someone removed it.

I assume it is sitting on a table somewhere with the eyes cut out surrounded by sage leaves or some dumb shit like that.

This is Witness 1, signing off for now.

I tried to figure out last night if I had a psychotic break over the last two weeks, but I can't deny that the government megadosed me with acid, because of the shower peeing thing.

Strange things are afoot at the Circle K.

I know I haven't talked about Jesus much in this testimony. I am sorry about that. The truth is, they all know the Gospel story and they just don't care. They don't care about this story, either.

I have had practically zero luck getting anyone to care about anything real in my entire life.

You should care about this – architectural spontaneous combustion. Like, what the fuck was that? Come on, watch the videos of the collapse even though they're scary or whatever. You're telling me that looks like a peaceful little office fire-based gravitational collapse shearing through 90 stories of steel? I don't think so.

But maybe, just maybe, they will care. Maybe, they're ready now. And so, I continue. I also plan to put my first-ever writing as Witness 1 at the end of this book, which is about Jesus. It is called *Rebel With a Cause: How to Take Over the World in 3 Days*, and it came out pretty good.

There's more. Stay tuned.

I am going to listen to my song for the first time since I started this book.

I will tell you what I think of it – is it really The Greatest Song in the World?

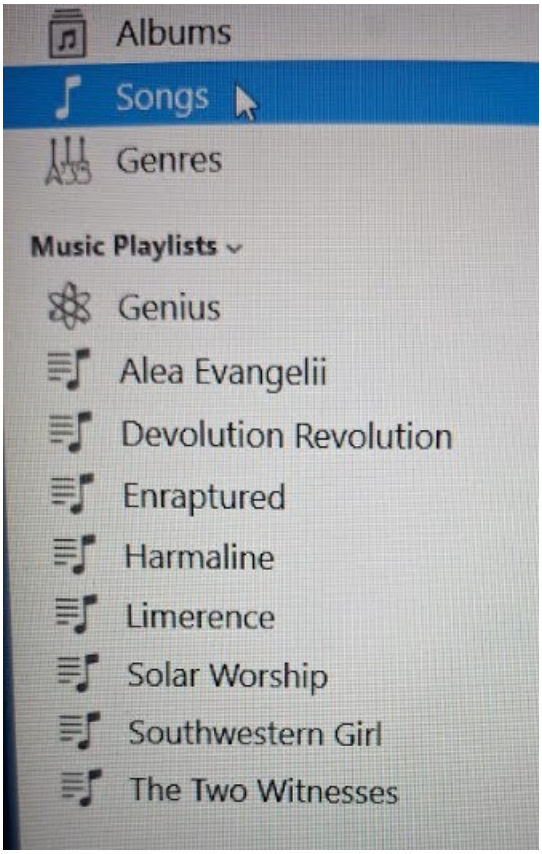
Dear Reader, I return to you at 12:24 P.M.

I did listen to the song, and I do actually think that it is the Greatest Song of All Time. It's true. It made me happy, and the euphoric sort of EDM ending did bring me great tears of joy. I have been trying for so long to get that sound, and I finally did it. I can die happy now, knowing that I made at least one song that actually sounds good.

Afterwards, my son wanted to hear "The Clock Song", which is on our SoundCloud. I went to find it on the laptop I was using to play music through my PA system, and I realized that since all the laptop moves and issues a few months ago, I hadn't been backing up my songs properly.

So, I went back and have spent about 2 hours collating them and making sure the file names finally match. I made up a bunch of titles, but I like them.

I have 112 songs spread out over 9 albums. My studio laptop does not have a wifi card, so it was easiest to just take a picture for you. Here are my 9 albums:



They take up 3.5 GB, which means that there are three billion, five hundred million bytes. 3,500,000,000 1's and 0's, and if you tell a computer to turn a signal on and off in just the right pattern or frequency, you get my songs. It takes just about seven hours to do that.

And here's something I always thought was absurd and stupid – when scientists say that if the universe is infinite and goes on forever, somewhere out there would be another version of me with these exact same 1's and 0's, in this exact same order. And their 112 songs would come out to 6.85 hours, too.

And that's obviously ridiculous. Even if the universe was infinite, I can confidently assure you that this would not happen, ever.

I feel much better now that I have three copies of my music and writing backed up, so let's continue with 9/11.

I apologize that this part is more fact-based than narrative-based, but it's necessary to get some hard truth in quickly so we can advance the narrative while you understand the richness and complexity of the evidence and suspicious circumstances or coincidences surrounding 9/11.

After the part where I talk about the collapse of the towers, I have a few pages where I provide:

- 100 "oral histories" from the New York Times where firefighters and other first responders talk about hearing explosions throughout the event.

- An eyewitness named Ron DeFrancesco who experienced a huge fireball rush towards him in the basement that sent him to the hospital. It was not due to jet fuel, because the elevator shafts were staggered such that it came nowhere near him.

- 25 more eyewitness reports of small, spaced-out explosions throughout the day, which you can find at around 3:34 in *The New Pearl Harbor*.

- A fireman named John Schroeder who was so convinced he saw an explosion and fireball coming from the lobby near ground level that he spoke out about it for years. No one listened, and they called him crazy.

- A steelworker named Kevin McPadden who responded to ground zero and claims to have seen steel beams already cut at angles that are only possible from a controlled demolition. He also claims to have heard a countdown on someone's radio before Building 7 fell.

- Audio recorded that day from a meeting Ginny Carr was in where you can hear secondary explosions.

Then, I show you the pictures from 1945 when a B-25 flew into the 80th or so floor of the Empire State Building:

Obviously, it did not collapse even after being directly hit by a massive aircraft and engulfed in flames. That is because on any other day except 9/11, some structural damage and fire is not actually enough to cause a steel-framed skyscraper to implode, turn to dust, and basically disappear.

It's absurd and ridiculous. The only thing I can accurately call it is "Spontaneous Architectural Combustion", that for some reason, has only happened on one day ever.

You close the book and look at me.

"You're right. They *don't* just do that, huh?"

"Yep, it's *pretty* weird. Pretty unusual. Coincidental, even. That it happened three times, right in a row, and then has never happened before or since."

The afternoon is growing, and we sit on your enclosed porch at 1:03 P.M. It's January 6th, but we are warm with the heat emanating from your fireplace.

You live in a mysterious, dusky woodland, with no neighbors for miles. Across the meadow from your porch about 50 feet away stand dark, imposing trees in a row. The beginning of something magical. Something beautiful, and perfect. The forest.

We go to take a walk, and stretch our legs.

I ask you why you are still talking to me, and why you still listen when no others would. Why you don't hide your face and turn away.

"I've always wanted to know the truth," you say. "Even if it hurts."

"But I never found it. I couldn't quite see it all together at once. The little distortions and ripples that tell you something is off. How they all fit together in a particular pattern. How they all point the same way. The way you showed me, and the story I never noticed. No one ever told me this story."

I look at you. "Where does it all lead? Where is the singularity? You feel the pull of the event horizon - the forbidden and arcane secrets of the past whispering to you of their precious lies and sins, do you not? The things that are not known but *must be known*. What do they say?"

You pause, and then answer me. "It's impossible to say. I researched what you said about Gödel, and you're right. You can't believe anything you read."

I look at you and grin, and we laugh together. Then, you grow more serious.

"It's still… shrouded in mystery for me. Although I now know, for sure, that the government planned it out and coordinated it at the highest levels. I don't… see the grand, overarching tapestry yet.

The threads are coming together, but I haven't been able to extrapolate anything significant yet. The exact specifics of how the demolition happened remain opaque.

While we have several motives like money laundering, spreading fear throughout a controlled demolition ritual, handling the asbestos issue, going to war in the Middle East, subjugating US citizens further, increasing government powers and surveillance, I don't know who did it yet."

I look at you. "You forgot one motive. One I haven't told you yet. And some, you deduced. That is good. There's another story about 9/11. One that I don't have time to tell in this book. And it involves about a billion dollars in gold bars and precious metals that were stored in the vaults under the WTC that were never seen again.

There's motive after motive. We know why and we have seen, roughly, how it was done. We have seen how they gained access. How they compromised the systems that kept the structure in place. Cased, bypassed, and compromised the security.

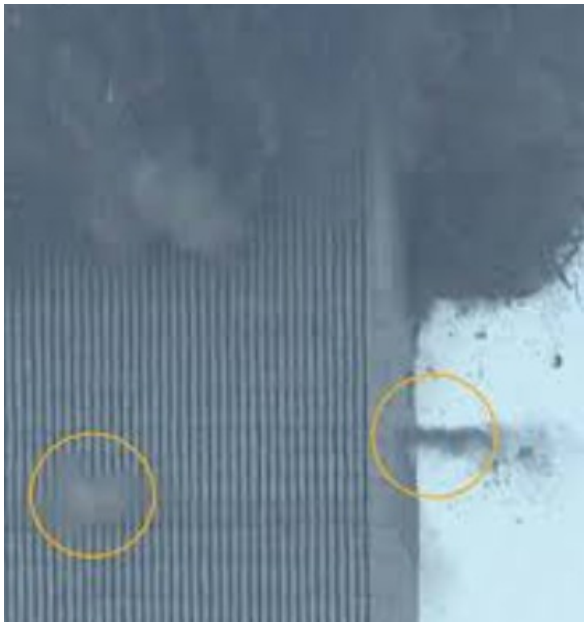
How the government coordinated at the highest levels to facilitate it. Some of the key players, but not all yet. The names, but not the syndicate."

I look at you. "The wolves, but not the pack."

I agree with you that we don't know the specifics of the demolition. As of now, it's impossible to say. I lean towards an unknown type of gelatin-based black budget project explosive, something impossible to detect. Mostly in the elevator shafts, and a few key points to weaken the structure.

I explain to you what a squib is, and show you the pictures of dust and air blowing out of the structure before the collapse would have had time to reach it yet:

This is the most famous one:



"A tell-tale sign of a controlled demolition using explosives."

You ask me what other theories I have heard.

"Thermite, which you could call an explosive. Not good enough evidence, and chain of custody is broken on all known samples of the dust people have tested. It's suspicious, almost too easy – maybe a red herring - and it's pushed by too many dishonest people to have the unmistakable ring of truth to me. I don't personally believe that thermite was used, although it is certainly possible."

“Some people talk about nukes being used, which on the face of it is implausible. This is another example of a red herring, or of disinformation.”

However, there is one alternate theory that always interested me, although it cannot be proven.

I pull up a video called “Compilation of North Tower spire turning to dust” and show you. It’s a video of about a 50- or 60-foot long tower of pure steel that survived the collapse just disintegrating in front of our eyes. In seconds.

Here it is before it simply disappears, quite literally, into the Nothing:

“They call this ‘dustification’, and it is currently an unexplained phenomenon. It is another true enigma of 9/11.”

I show you a picture of a burned-out bus about 100 meters away from the collapse:

“I can tell you, simply from this one picture, that the amount of energy involved with 9/11 was far greater than some office fires and a gravity-based collapse. I mean, it’s fucking *absurdly* obvious that energy was somehow put into this system on that day.

How, exactly, I don’t know. But I can tell you 100% that it was a controlled demolition of some type.”

Then, I remind you of the missing hat trusses. “There was always one theory, which would answer these specific questions, which *intrigued* me but never *satisfied* me.

The main person who has made a career out of pushing this theory is Dr. Judy Wood, and I never found her to be an honest person. I didn’t trust her.

However, this could be intentional – she could be yet another red herring, a controlled opposition pied piper meant to distract and mislead people *just* right. Just enough to get them *almost* - but not quite all the way there. Then, you tie them up and spin them around in circles endlessly.

Maybe what she says is sort of the truth, but sort of a lie, too. And she’s the gatekeeper of it.”

You ask me what her theory is, and I continue.

“She believes that some type of directed energy weapon was used. Maybe something like this, but much larger and more advanced:”

HOW DO MICROWAVE WEAPONS WORK?
The 'Active Denial System' deters attackers by sending a non-lethal millimeter-wave of electromagnetic energy, causing a burning sensation.
Antenna: Focuses the invisible energy
Beam travelling at the speed of light penetrates the skin to 1/64 of an inch and heats water molecules beneath the skin.
People start to pull away reflexively when the skin temperature hits 122F.
Normal human body temp: 98F
Transmitter: Produces 95 GHz frequency waves
A two second burst can heat the skin to 130F, forcing the target to run.

"Or maybe something like what Tesla talked about towards the end of his life. A death ray, somehow using sound to vibrate matter so much it tears itself apart.

Like the hypothetical lethally-deadly dubstep sound system we talked about 500 pages ago, this device would more or less be a very, very loud speaker - except obviously, there would be advanced technology focusing it in such a way that it would not be detectable by anyone.

It would be sound without hearing, subsonic sound. Infrasound, which is all frequencies less than about 30 hz. An LFO – a low frequency oscillator.

However, no one knows for sure, and just about every person will tell you something different about what Nikola Tesla was actually all about. The strange part, as I mentioned, is that Donald Trump's uncle, John Trump, is the only person who ever saw exactly what was in Tesla's original notes.

He was the one in charge of interpreting them for the government, and what he said was and wasn't in them was what became accepted fact. And you can *never* prove otherwise.

And you know what, I can't prove that Donald Trump was involved with 9/11, but I can feel it in my bones. Also, seriously, go read the *Back to the Future* part in Appendix B.

The problem with Wood's theory is that it relies on hypotheticals on top of assumptions. Supported by only conjecture. There is absolutely *no* good evidence that such an energy device

exists. It may be possible, but there is not one single picture, news article, video, or interview about it. Believe me, I have checked.

However, that doesn't mean it isn't true. But there's much more good evidence for explosives, like the hundreds of boxes filled with demolition fuses that Gelitin smuggled in, and the weirdness around the elevators.

Until some strong evidence comes along otherwise, conventional but unknown explosives placed surreptitiously in the elevator shafts and key points in the structure is the most likely, sufficiently explanatory, plausible, simple, and evidence-based theory.

That is the only rational way to look at it. Anyone who wants to fight about this issue, or claims to know for sure, is *definitely* not operating in good faith.

The important issue here is NOT arguing about what type of demolition was used – we need to first prove that a controlled demolition was used AT ALL to people. They haven't even figured out step one, and you're already arguing about step three. They do it on purpose, it's part of how they stop us from ever getting anywhere by talking about it. Endless circles of bullshit."

We continue walking through the meadow, and we are almost at the trees. Golden hour is beginning - and the light is beautiful through the branches and leaves. Golden coronas halo around in our eyes.

I look over at your rusted barn with the slightly sagging roof and ask you what you hear.

“The wind. The sky. The trees sighing.”

I ask you what you see.

“I see life. So much of it. Fireflies, dragonflies, frogs, rabbits. I hear them. I see them carrying out their little lives, busy in the obscurities of the animal world. Going to their jobs.”

I look at you, and my eyes grow watery. I watch and listen for a moment with you, then they harden. “Let’s walk to your barn.”

We do, and we sit on an old shelf covered in yellow hay. You keep goats, and they come up to sit with us. I pet them, and look at you.

“In your world, the Silent Spring never happened. In mine, the fireflies are gone. They haven’t been seen in decades, and no one even talks about it.

Even the frogs have left, and the waters no longer support their young. We poisoned them out of our cities, and they live their lives away from us. They no longer love us, as we have abandoned them. We were supposed to take care of them, and we did not.”

I look down at the goat, and tears course down my face.

You look at me in shock. “The fireflies are… gone?”

“One day, there were less of them. Then one day, there were rows and rows of farms and tractors instead of forests. Then the houses came. Then there were even less of them.

One day, there weren’t any fireflies at all. People looked, but they did not see them. Then, they stopped looking. They did not even see that they did not see them. This was before I was even born. I have never seen a wild firefly in my life.”

“You’re 33 and you’ve never seen a wild firefly in your *life*?” Your voice is soft, questioning.

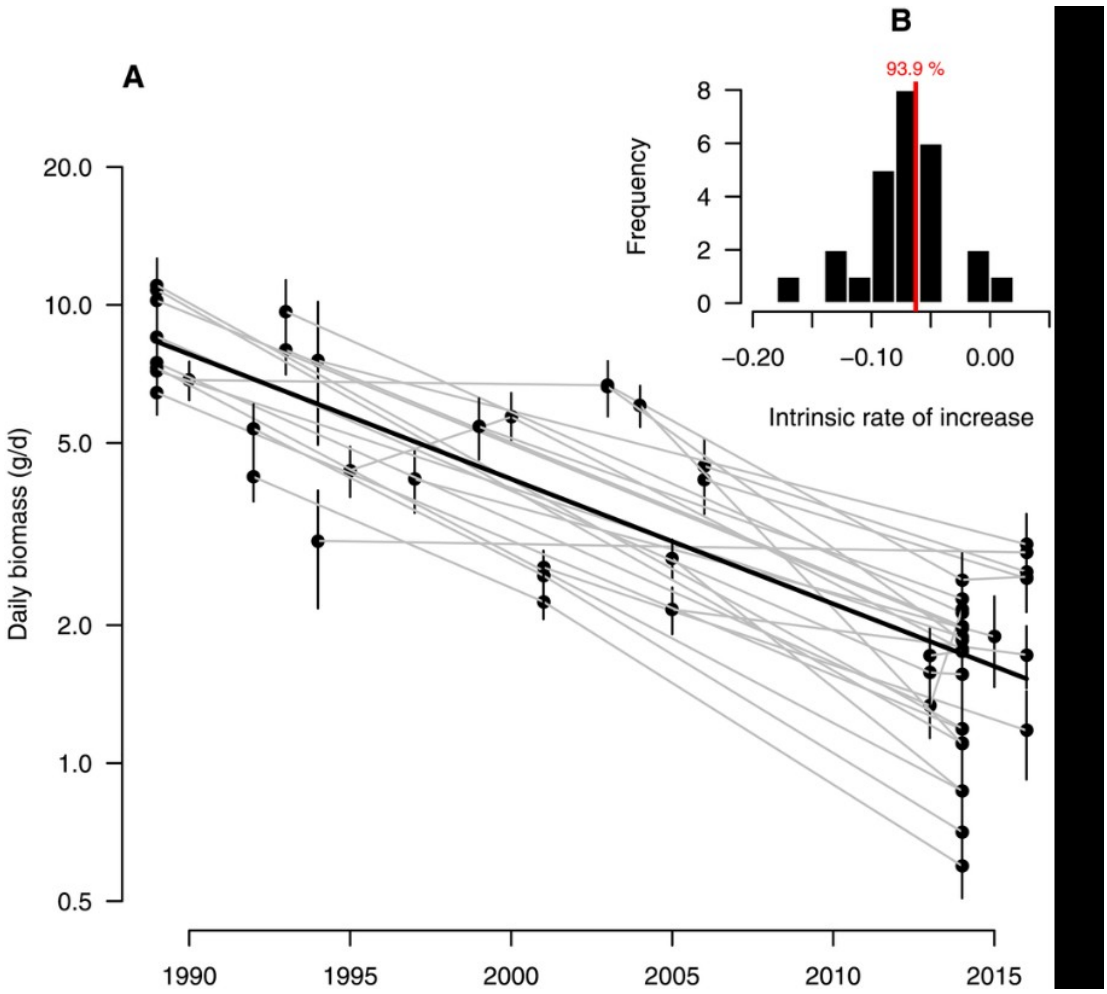
We watch them begin to spark around us, a few faint flashes in the shadows. Soon, there will be thousands.

“There are still insects, but less. Far less, and it is happening way, way too fast. Everyone knows, but no one notices. Life has retreated away from the ash cloud of humanity’s filth and disease, and the deer seldom roam the streets anymore.

The turkeys don’t roam with 10 or 15 family members anymore. You don’t see the wild peacocks, and every year there are less butterflies. When we drive, we don’t even have to clean the insects off our windshield anymore, and it happened both so fast and so gradually that we don’t even talk about it.”

It's true. They call it the “windshield test.”

I pull out a graph, which shows flying insect biomass found in nature preserves in Germany. It shows a 5% year-over-year decline, leading to 75% less flying insects detected after 25 years, from 1990 to 2015:



This is *not good.* If you take this sort of experiment and extrapolate it globally using much more data than this, it comes out to about a 9% decrease in insect biomass *every year*. There's still a lot of them, and tons of species we don't even know about yet, but every year they shrink.

You look at me in shock. Your face is white as a ghost, and you whisper to me in horror – "9%... per *year*? 9% of insects *die off* and aren't replaced… every year? You're… you're messing with me… right? Who else do they think is gonna… do all that shit?"

I stare *deeply* into your soul.

"Every year, they grow smaller while we grow larger. The Nothing consumes them, while we consume everything else. We are real, and they are not. They are nothing to us. *Worthless*.

That's an estimate, but let's say it's roughly true. Something like a literal decimation, a 10% reduction, every year. An insect holocaust of unknown proportions. Unlike anything this planet has ever seen. This is way, *way* too fast. In fact, this is *insanity*."

We sit in silence and watch the incredible light show in your world begin as we look out into the night. You look over at me.

"And you think this started after 9/11?"

"It didn't happen purely because of, or just after, 9/11. But after 9/11, it changed.

Workers are no longer friendly. The government is no longer helpful. Everyone is angry, distrustful. The trucks move in faster, and the smaller farms are gobbled up. The forests shrink and grow frail.

The streams and brooks disappear as they are drunk and diverted by thirsty factories and institutions. Schools and hospitals to care for the millions of people. All this time, the waste and sludge pouring out into the sea and forest.

9/11 fed the beast. It made it grow strong. The ritual of fear – two towers becoming one. The wolf truly bared his teeth for the first time on 9/11. He also revealed his hand."

You look at me, and for once, I know that someone believes me.

You shake your head and say, "Never seen a wild firefly. What the *fuck.*"

You are sad for me and my pathetic, shitty world.

"So, all that stuff you showed me was what convinced you about 9/11?"

I look at you. "No. In fact, I knew the truth before I knew any of that stuff, except maybe for Building 7 being a controlled demolition.

What convinced me about 9/11 was this – a website I found about 14 years ago. It's a photostudy by a guy named Jack White that I have never shown anybody.

In fact, it's not even in my other book because I really do try not to plagiarize from people. I recreate everything from scratch."

I have the link buried on the second laptop that B bought me, but when I go to pull it up, it's dead. Here it is:

http://jackwhites911studies.org/911photostudies1.htm

"I'm not surprised. Links and websites about 9/11 have a *really, really* bad habit of just disappearing. They don't *exist* anymore. They *aren't* archived. Sometimes. But it is *always* still there, if you know how to see.

I realized when writing my book and digging around for my 785 sources that there is, 100%, a concerted, organized effort to wipe anything possible about 9/11 from the internet.

What remains is very tightly-controlled and never changes. No one goes in, no one goes out type of websites. Year after year, the information is gradually deleted, and less people replace it."

You turn to me. "So, what was it?"

"It was a detailed, picture-by-picture analysis by a professional photographer and photo editor for at least 30 pages, going on and on - just absolutely, 100% proving that these Pentagon pictures were photoshopped. It was just *undeniable*.

It blew my mind, and completely changed the way I saw it. *He was right*. They *were* fucking edited, and *everyone* could see it if they just looked close enough. He *proved* it. And not only that, but he was right about *another* thing – *there obviously is no fucking airplane in these pictures.*

It seems to be lost forever, tears in the rain, dust in the wind of time. The internet, where everything lasts forever - unless it's about 9/11."

I look at you. "Because I knew I would find you one day, I rebuilt it for you. Not exactly the same, and not as detailed with the images. But it's there. The proof of the edits."

“This is even more than the three towers. Even more evidence. It’s even worse. This one doesn’t rely on any conjecture or circumstantial evidence at all, even a little bit. This is pure math, steel, and concrete.

I will prove to you beyond a shadow of a doubt that the official story of the Pentagon is a lie. Do you want to go down my favorite rabbit hole?”

You nod at me.

“If they lied about this, they lied about everything. What happened at the Pentagon is a *major* part of the story.”

We turn around and look back towards your house, standing at the edge of the trees. A majestic A-frame cabin, with a large, cozy enclosed porch – smoke lazily drifting up out of it.

It is purple now, and the last reds and oranges streak above us. A beautiful sunset. Dramatic and powerful, with massive pillars of cloud illuminated in glowing scarlet. They loom over us, unimaginably large, almost dripping red, and yet - weightless.

Insects hum and frogs chirp their songs as we watch the thousands of fireflies spread their wings and take flights. I never realized how beautiful it could be until you brought me here.

There are so many, and they swirl around like sparks from a bonfire.

One lands on your hand, and I tell you to look in. Look at the light. What do you see?

You hold it close and peer in, its light illuminating your face. You look at me.

“Fractals.”

“Do you see the Lucifer?”

“…What?”

“I mean, the Luciferase. It’s what they call it. ‘Luc’ – Latin for light. It’s a biochemical substance that glows. Still a little bit of a mystery, and has a lot of different uses.”

As we walk in your house, you light a fire and I shut the door to the porch. We get out the bong, and we sit in the comfortable chairs. The weather grows colder, but we are warm.

You look at me as I blow a storm cloud into the air.

“So, who did 9/11?”

I look at you, hooded eyes shadowy in the darkness of the newborn night.

“You’re not ready for that yet. For that, you must see the fractal from outside-in. You cannot finish the puzzle before I have given you all the pieces, it will not make sense. You cannot record a song without writing it. You cannot write the ending of a book without starting at the beginning.

Can you walk in the forest barefoot at night with me? Can you see without a light? Can you look through the card to see the Queen that stares at you - hidden from you?

Can you find the hidden places, where the spiders grow strong in shadow? Where the wolves hunt and the fowler’s snare lies in wait to trip you? Where the poacher’s cruel gun sticks out of the blind to shoot you? Will you go all the way into the trees with me? Take off your shoes and harden your feet with me?

Can we see them for what they are – not individual beings, but part of a greater, interconnected whole? Root systems branching, grabbing, and growing in fractals underground, bridging connections and forming a whole that is greater than the sum of its parts?

An emergent system of complexity, through which chemical signals and electricity passes like neurons. A strange attractor, lying below the leaves and debris. A system which inexorably tends towards certain states – growth, communication, and beauty.”

You look at me, and I smile at you. “I’m just messing with you. My English teachers told me people like monologues. That was supposed to be in the voice of God, from the Book of Job. I mean, it’s true though. Can you?”

You think about it. “I don’t think so. Not yet.”

I look at you with eyes of shadow, lit only by our fire.

“It’s time for my personal favorite part of 9/11. What happened at the Pentagon is *so interesting*. It’s so unique, and strange. Let me unravel it for you, and we will start back with Dov Zakheim and Donald Rumsfeld.”

And here you are, in all your glory:

So, you are the guy tasked by the Department of Defense to find the missing $2.3 trillion and get a handle on the black budgets of the Pentagon. Maybe, you were not the best choice.

When you're asked by the press about how this is going, this is how you respond:

> The task has proven to be extremely difficult for the Pentagon to get its arms around… It's kind of like trying to climb Mount Everest.

Like trying to climb Mount Everest. "Sorry boss, just can't do it. Too tired today, and, well – you know, it would be like *climbing Everest*. Gonna… need the day off."

Would that fly anywhere else except for The Pentagon on 9/11? I don't think so.

On 9/11 you make the connection to the company you built, System Planning Corporation, and utilize the software program you specialize in – Flight Termination System.

You facilitate the actual hijackings of the planes through your several decades of experience working with complicated military hardware and software designed to control planes in flight using various classified radio devices. You know these computer systems inside and out, and you see everything - whether they know it or not. You know that no one sees who you really are. You know where everyone else is looking.

Once you have done your job, you leave the relatively bright spotlight of the federal bureaucracy, and go to work at Booz Allen Hamilton - a key player in the intelligence

community. You are constantly receiving promotions, and everyone is very impressed with your work.

You have a lucrative career, and retire as a very wealthy and powerful man in 2010. You deliver speeches, and can pull in tens of thousands of dollars as a "consultant" any time at any company in the business.

However, you did not actually find any of the missing money. Obviously. And so, you and Rumsfeld were called in front of the House Appropriations Committee, in a little institution that us peasants call "The Congress."

And when you were asked about your utter failure to rein in black budget spending, the huge amounts of still-missing money, and the blatant, obvious corruption when the two of you were in charge, this is how you responded – with a big, 'ol smile on your face. Isn't that right?

> Mr. Secretary, the first time and the last time that Dov Zackheim [sic] and I broke bread together, he told me he would have a handle on that 2.6 trillion by now. (Laughter.) But we'll discuss that a little –
>
> SEC. RUMSFELD: He's got a handle; it's just a little hot. (Laughter.)

Very funny stuff, apparently. Just a load of real knee slappers. They're laughing at us, obviously, because we let them do this and do not even try to stop them.

Every night as you go to sleep, Dov, you carefully brush those thick glasses that have plagued your life, and set them beside you on the nightstand. I know that you can't believe how easy it was to get away with it all, and how you expected to have to hide more. I know you are still very paranoid, and you know what you've done. I know you wake up sometimes and hear the faint screaming of the women and children you murdered for money, but you mostly manage to drown it out to a dull roar.

Oh, and you may think you are smarter than the rest of us, and that may be true for the vast majority of people. But it isn't true for everyone.

So, what was Donald Rumsfeld up to during 9/11, the day after he gloated at a press conference about throwing trillions of tax dollars down a black hole? Let's find out.

Well, here is a *real* surprise. You will *never* guess this one.

If you guessed that Rumsfeld was AWOL and incommunicado during 9/11, well congratu – fuckin – lations. You are *correct*.

You're Donald Rumsfeld, and 9/11 is the best day of your life. You have never, ever felt so exhilarated as you watch the fear and chaos you masterfully helped orchestrate play out. You are so far above them that they can't even see you.

You're a hunter. They're just prey.

And here you are, in all your glory:

I look at you. "See the way he bares his canines? Look at the curve of his upper lip. The squinty eyes, narrowed in focus? Even when he smiles, he subconsciously signals that he wants to kill you.

This man is, observably, a hunter of prey. Every interaction with him was laced with death, and his footsteps left only trails of invisible ink. He is a ghost – except for another, *very* carefully curated, official story.

Donald Rumsfeld never entered a room without thinking about how he could kill everyone else in it before he entered. He always had a plan, but they did not. He was just *better* than them, and he knew it.

I can see the grim reaper in his eyes. The death camps. The Nothing. Can you?"

I pull out two articles, and lay them down in front of you.

One is an article from the *National Post* titled, *Where was Donald Rumsfeld the moment a plane crashed into the Pentagon on 9/11?*

The other one is from the *Washington Post*, and it's called, *On 9/11, as the Pentagon burned, the White House couldn't find Donald Rumsfeld.*

I quote them:

> But Rumsfeld, a highly quotable Washington hand whose famous quips include a soliloquy on "known unknowns," did not know he was a known unknown at the White House.
>
> "At first we thought Secretary Rumsfeld had been hit," White House aide Mary Matalin said in Garrett M. Graff's "The Only Plane in the Sky," his new oral history of the attacks. **"We couldn't get a location on the secretary of defense."**
>
> A Defense Department officer remembered Rumsfeld at the point of impact, picking up part of the plane. **'This is American Airlines**,' he said.
>
> Officials in the Pentagon's command center thought he'd been whisked to a secure site. Nope. Rumsfeld was still out among the wreckage, where the dead would number 184. "The next thing we know," Victoria Clarke, Rumsfeld's then-spokeswoman, said in Graff's book, "he had come in to the command center — dirty, sweaty, with his jacket over his shoulder." **He was ready for war.**

So, this is really weird. During the event, Rumsfeld is just *missing*. Gone. Absent without leave. The highest guy in the Pentagon, and he just *disappears.* No one can find him.

Then, he's on the lawn. Wow, um, ok. So… where were you?

Well, anyways – there he is, surrounded by 184 dead people and the wreckage of a crashed jumbo jet. Right?

And instead of helping anyone or looking for a rescue situation, what does he do?

He takes pictures. He talks to people. He weaves the narrative. He tells them a story that isn't true – he picks up a piece of metal and points to it. "Look at this metal. It came from a plane."

He holds it up for the cameras – "This is American Airlines."

And how the *fuck* would you know that, exactly, Donald? Aren't you, like, supposed to *not* touch the evidence at a crime scene, or something?

And then this classic – “He was ready for war.”

Cool, man. Nice job with that whole thing, by the way. How did it go?

Oh, what’s that? Not so well, huh? Hm. Weird.

Rumsfeld tampered with evidence. He abandoned his post. He *lied*. And I’m going to prove it.

Some of these images are going to be from *The New Pearl Harbor,* which I linked above. Some are from an NIST government report. Some are from elsewhere, and many can be found in my first book.

Let’s start at the beginning. I’m going to show you a picture, and I want you to point out to me where the giant crashed jumbo jet is in it. Because I’m having a hard time seeing it. Maybe, I’m just stupid. Find out on the next page.

Here’s the picture:

Hmmm… enhance…. enhance….

Hmmm…

Now, I could be mistaken here. But I, personally, do not believe that I see a plane in that image. Especially not one of the largest ones that we've ever built. And that is why I am insane, and everyone else is not.

Here is one more shot from very early on to double-check. This was before the building collapsed on itself, when the firefighters had just shown up and sprayed the fire. Point to the airplane for me:

Hm… let's see… it's still pretty early on, with fires and smoke raging. They haven't cleared it yet. I want you to pay attention to the two bottom rows in this image. We are going to look very, very closely at that section.

You look at me, confused. "So… where is the plane? What happened to it? What was the government's story?"

I tell you that there was no plane at the Pentagon, a sound you may have never heard before. Unless, you know, you're not a complete idiot.

I tell you that it was most likely a missile from a stealth plane or fighter jet, and I'm going to prove it to you. It could have been a bomb as well, but it was definitely not what they told us it was.

I pull out an image. "And what do you suppose the government's official story for this vanishing plane was?"

You look at me, unsure.

I hand it to you:

“They told us it came out of this hole. In a state ‘closer to a liquid than a solid.’ For real.

They told us it reached a ‘plasma state’. In fact, they were *so* sure of it that the editor of Popular Mechanics, Jim Meig, wrote an entire article explaining this simple, obvious theory purely to debunk all of the dumb conspiracy theories about how this hole could *not* have been caused by a jet with two huge engines on it.

Which he obviously did. I mean, look at it. Can’t you see it, right there? Two giant holes where the engines shot through?”

You squint at it and look at me incredulously. “A ball of plasma. And people really *believed* this?”

I nod at you, and we both sigh. Silence reigns for a moment as smoke lazily drifts up and the noises of the outside nighttime animals hushes us.

I ask you if you’ve ever been up close to a jet engine turbine, and you shake your head.

“They’re huge. Enormous. So powerful you can sense them, even when they’re off. As tall as two women standing on top of each other.

I pull out a diagram of the Rolls Royce RB-211 engine. “Let’s see if we can find them. We’re looking for two of these bad boys somewhere in the wreckage:”

“7,000 pounds, just right here. The core alone is like if you took an SUV and compressed it down into something three feet tall. Indestructible. One of the strongest things we’ve ever built. You crash this plane into a building and these engines will shoot through walls like bullets - but they *will* come out of the other side in one piece.

They will still be there, actually, no matter *what* you crash into.”

I look at you. “On any other day besides 9/11. On 9/11, these engines seem to have… slipped into The Nothing.”

I pull out some more pictures and show them to you. “This is what these jet engine cores look like when they are recovered after a passenger plane crashes:”

In fact, there was even an animation of this crash put out by Purdue University, which many people claim debunks these theories. However, in the video, these engines – the most solid and heavy part of the plane *by far* – just disappear.

They dissolve into nothingness. They are nothing. They are not real. Gone.

I pull it up, and you watch the engines just dissolve, over and over:

HERE WE SEE THE LAWS OF REALITY AND PHYSICS SUSPENDED: TWO 7,000 POUND ENGINE BLOCKS SIMPLY VANISH INTO THIN AIR

You're stunned. "It just… disappears? They never even *explained* it? What is this bullshit?!?"

You smack the table with your open palm. "How could they *lie* like that?? Don't they have security cameras at The Pentagon? We had invented things like *video cameras* by 2001, right? It *is* one of the most secure and important buildings in the world, no?"

I tell you that you aren't going to believe this, but it gets worse.

"There are 85 security or surveillance videos that we know of that show the 9/11 event at the Pentagon. Out of these 85 known videos, how many do you think the FBI released to the public?"

"10? 20?"

I look at you. "Two."

It doesn't make sense to you.

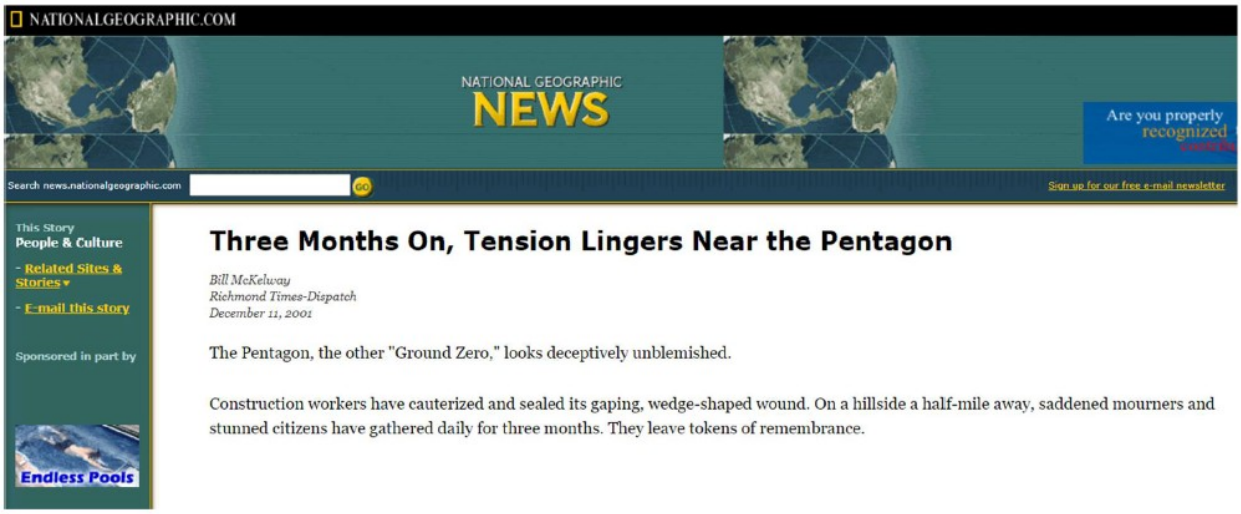
"Didn't… don't people want to see them? Can't you ask to see them??"

I tell you that people, apparently, don't want to see them, and that I know this because no one except a few insane people have ever asked to take a look at them. And the answer is, "No."

I show you all the articles from my first book that prove the existence of these tapes. Then, I flip to page 179 in my book and read you an excerpt from an old article in *National Geographic*.

It talks about a gas station owner who swears up and down he had a video of it and the FBI immediately confiscated it. Almost too soon, actually, because they showed up *right away*. It's like they *already* knew about it. In fact, they took his tape *before he even watched it*.

It's called *Three Months On, Tension Lingers Near the Pentagon*, and it was published on December 11th, 2001: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Endless Pools

Three Months On, Tension Lingers Near the Pentagon

Bill McKelway
Richmond Times-Dispatch
December 11, 2001

The Pentagon, the other "Ground Zero," looks deceptively unblemished.

Construction workers have cauterized and sealed its gaping, wedge-shaped wound. On a hillside a half-mile away, saddened mourners and stunned citizens have gathered daily for three months. They leave tokens of remembrance.

Velasquez says the gas station's security cameras are close enough to the Pentagon to have recorded the moment of impact. "I've never seen what the pictures looked like," he said. **"The FBI was here within minutes and took the film."**

"They took all the tapes. They knew where to be before it even happened. They knew, and they know the power of the images on TV. To control the narrative is the greatest power of all."

I ask you if you think it can get *even* worse, and you nod.

"The two that were released are terrible. Very low-quality and pixelated. All you can really see is a bit of blue and a flash. But what tiny, tiny bits you can make out *don't* appear to be anything like what they told us."

“And there’s something else. One of these two videos has been altered or manipulated, and it can be proven.”

I pull a slide projector out of my satchel and fire it up. “Here is one of the angles they released. As you can see, the parking barrier on the right blocks the main area we need to see, so this video is largely useless:”

“The other video came from a camera actually embedded in that very parking barrier, so it should give us a clear view of the plane.” I look at you. “Do you think it will?”

By now, you know it’s just a rhetorical question.

“Here it is:”

You look at me. “You’re joking, right?”

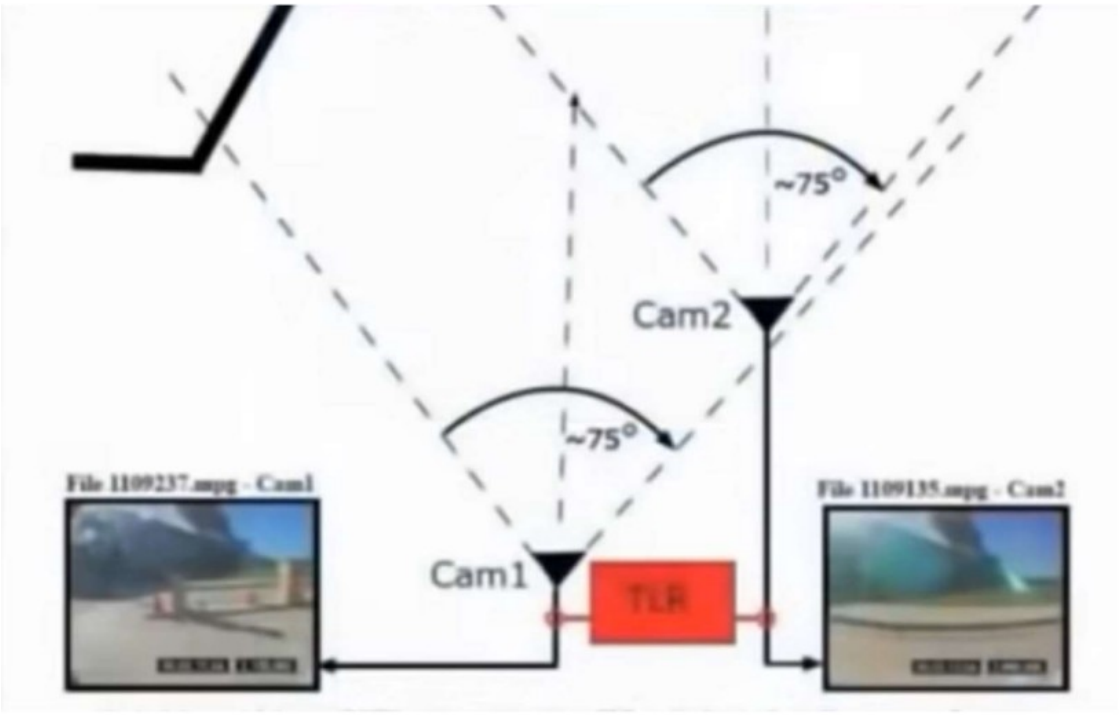
I tell you, with sorrow in my voice, that I am not. That these are, for real – *seriously* – the two clearest images the public ever saw of the “plane” that hit the Pentagon.

“What???” You stare at me and I do not respond. “You’re being serious?”

“Yes. These are the best two frames, with the clearest images of the plane, from the two security camera videos of the event that were released.”

I ask you to point to the plane in these pictures. You laugh, because it is so ridiculously obvious that there isn’t one. “Now, I will prove to you that these frames are edited.”

I pull out the documentation for the *TLR* system that these perfectly-synced cameras ran on and show it to you:



I put away the slide projector, and pull my laptop out to open up a video editing program. I show you the two videos, which I have already synced up and aligned perfectly in the program. It looks like this:

We watch it together, and I stop them on this frame, which is frame 23 in our count. Since the camera are in sync, this is the exact same moment in time. I show you these two frames:

You look at me. "These are the two frames from earlier."

"Yes", I tell you. "These are the only frames that supposedly show the actual aircraft. And we've now established that they were taken at the same exact moment in time, down to the frame. Millisecond accuracy. And what do you see?"

You look at it. Besides the obvious lack of an airplane, it's hard to make out much.

I zoom into the bottom image. "Do you see the plane now? See the trail of smoke behind the vague outline of a plane?"

“Sort of.”

I show you the top image:

“They look… weird.”

I explain to you that this top image is supposed to be the nose of the plane, and they do look weird. That is because they *are* weird. They are impossible images. Images that should not exist. Images that *do not* exist. In fact, they are *also* an optical illusion, and it confuses your mind.”

“Look closer. What do you see?”

“I see the nose… and I see the trail of smoke… in the same place?”

“That’s right. In these images, the front of the plane and the back of the plane are in the same place, at the same time. It’s a paradox. Impossible.”

I explain to you that the Boeing 757 they told us hit the Pentagon is around 150 feet long. I show you how quick the frame rate on these cameras is, and how there’s no way for this to happen in reality.

You smile, and now I can see that it clicks. “The fake images are the… the plane is not real. It is both here and not here. It is in the in-between place. It is in the Nothing.”

You look at me. “The fake images… are how the Nothing spreads? The portals? Is that right?”

I smile at you. “If a picture is worth a thousand words, how many will you give me for edited Pentagon security footage from 9/11?” I hit the bong, sigh, and blow out a storm cloud.

“There’s two good questions for you. Let’s keep digging.”

Yup – believe it or not – it gets even *worse!*

A guy named Paolo Murru looked even more closely at these videos, and used a process called *Boolean subtraction* on these frames. When he did so, he found that this smoke trail image is *shared* between frames, exactly, which is even more evidence that these videos are doctored:”

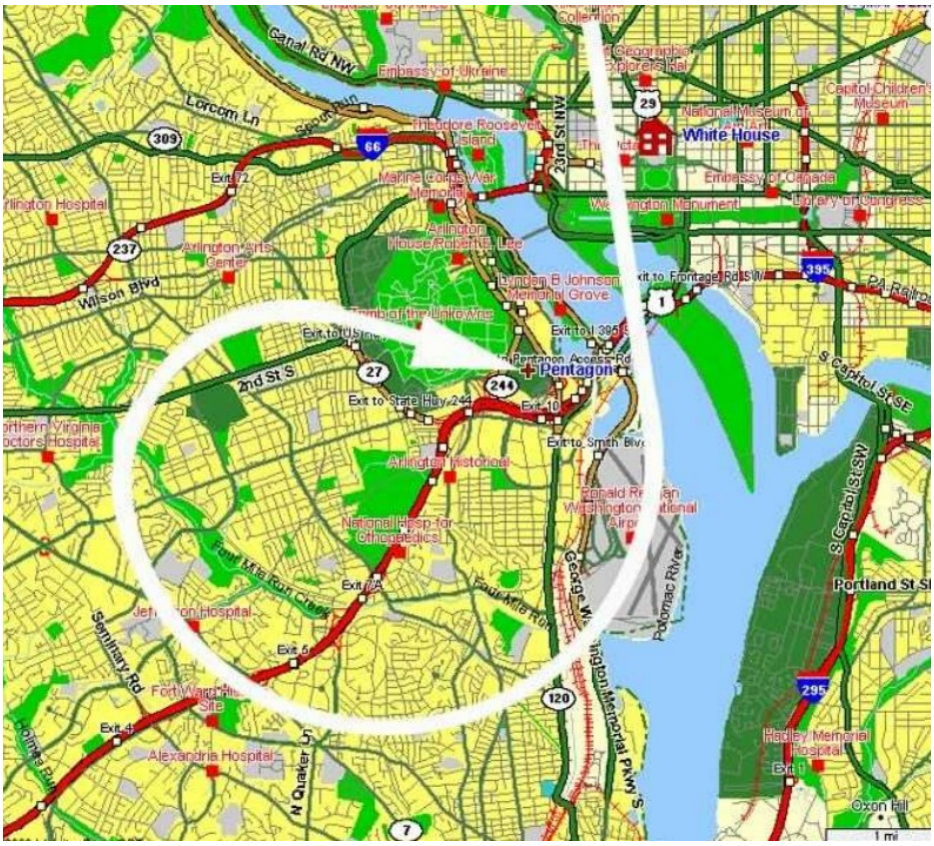
You look at it. “I have no idea what that means.”

“Yeah, I’m not a video editing guy either. But from what I understand – this smoke trail remains static between frames, it does not shift in the normal way. There’s a way to forensically prove that it exists in a separate layer than the original footage – it was added on afterwards. Basically.”

We sit in silence for a moment.

“However, before I get to what actually convinced me, what I could never deny away about the Pentagon, there’s one more really strange thing about this event. Before we look at the entrance hole more closely, I want you to consider for a moment.

Here is the flight path for the plane that hit the Pentagon. Look at it. Do you see the corkscrew spiral?



"Think about how tight that is. How hard it is to turn a massive jet that tightly, bring it down, level it out without crashing, skim the lawn, and then hit perfectly in the bottom of a five-story building – a tiny, tiny sliver on the horizon from your perspective.

In fact, it turns out that when trained pilots tried to recreate this extraordinary maneuver in flight simulators, they weren't able to do it. In fact, they aren't even sure if it's really even possible. Go get a flight simulator and try it yourself. You won't be able to do it, no matter how many times you try. It's ridiculous."

So, let's say you're these terrorists, flying this plane in. You've trained on smaller ones, and used some of the flight simulators, but you've never flown an actual, full-size jumbo jet before. You're *not at all* sure of yourself.

However, you made it! You made it to the heart of the Great Satan! There's your target, the *Pentagon* and like a miracle, there's no surface-to-air missiles or fighter jets to stop you. *Allah is surely on your side!*

Well, you have two options now. Let's do another thought experiment.

Option #1 – Crash your plane directly on top of the building, right in front of you, onto the roof above the command center, disabling the most important part of the building, taking out leadership, and hitting a massive target that you literally cannot miss. Guaranteed success. Spectacular damage, and much more widespread and effective.

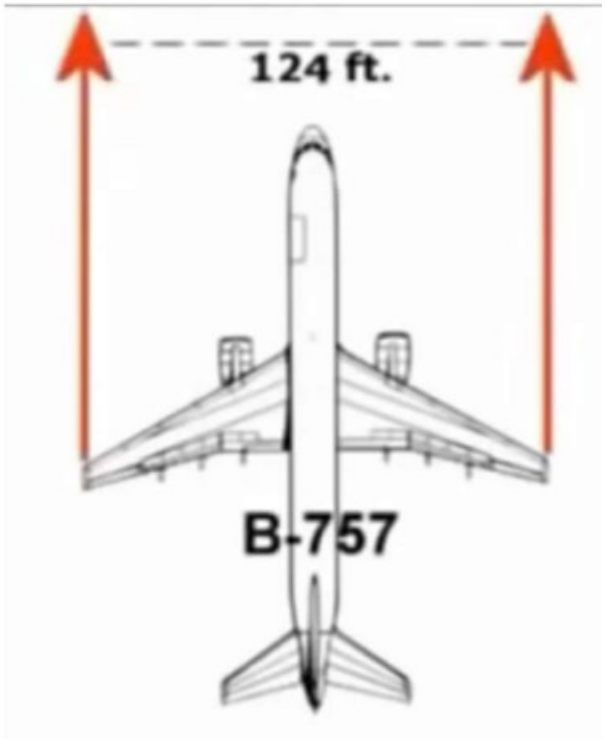
Option #2 – Perform an almost-impossible, suicidal, corkscrew turn, nearly tearing the wings off your aircraft, bring yourself down so low you are shearing off power poles, and skim across the grass like a hovercraft - *narrowly* avoiding a crash by an absolute miracle - and then hit a *tiny* sliver of first-floor windows in an obscure accounting office that no one has ever heard of full of a bunch of computers and accountants.

I look at you. "And you're telling me you think they went with Option #2? The one that we don't even know is *possible*? I ask again – are you people fucking *stupid*?"

You know that I am right, and we light a spliff. You hand me a glass of ice water, and I drink it. A giant praying mantis lazily climbs up your screen, and the buzz of nature is calming in your world.

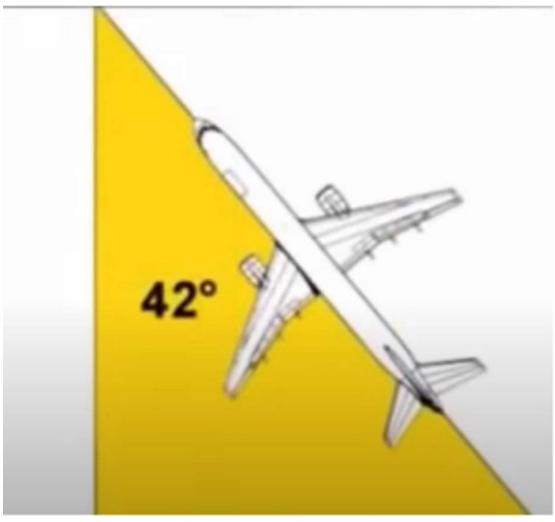
Now, I'm going to show you the best part. My favorite part.

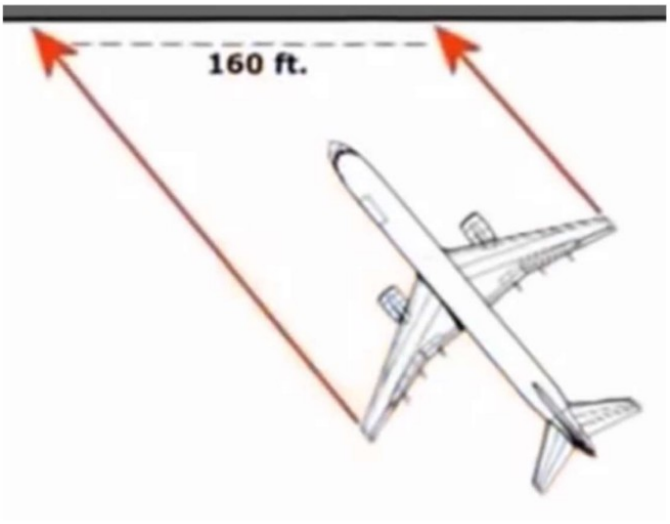
Here is the width of the 757 that hit the Pentagon:



This plane supposedly came in at a 42-degree angle nearly perfectly parallel with the lawn, which looked like this:

This picture, more or less, absolutely *begs* the question I am about to ask. At this angle, we have a total width of 160 feet for the plane:





We need to get the size of the damage, and compare it to the plane. We need to see if we find what we would expect to find, which is damage about 160 feet across, as well as about three stories of damage from the stabilizer - another *very* solid part of the plane that sticks up from the back.

To do this, we can use publicly available evidence, such as these documents from NIST:

Figure 2.3 Designation of areas and sections used in the original construction and of wedges used in the ongoing renovation; Wedge 1 is hatched.

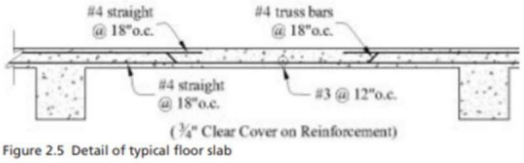


Figure 2.5 Detail of typical floor slab

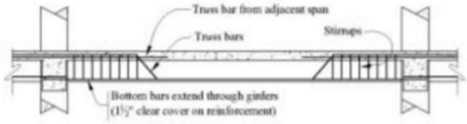


Figure 2.6 Detail of typical beam

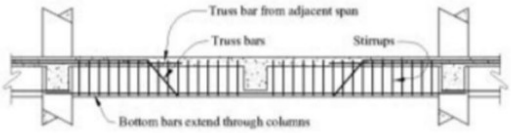


Figure 2.7 Detail of typical girder

This type of information allows us to accurately calculate the exact size of the damage from the 9/11 event at the Pentagon.

This is the most famous image of the damage at the Pentagon before the collapse, and it is a composite image:

Here is how this image was constructed, and it's from this website:

http://911research.wtc7.net/pentagon/analysis/conclusions/composite.html

Here it is *in situ*:

Now, the Pentagon is not hidden. You are allowed to go to it, and even to take pictures of it (wouldn't recommend that one, though. Seriously, don't do that unless you feel like spending some time with the angry guys and flashing light trucks. Technically, though, you are allowed to.)

However, obviously, there are much easier, simpler, and more accurate ways to establish the length of the damage in this picture, based on the known sizes of windows, columns, and the distances between them, as well as other such evidence like the NIST document above.

Thus, based on actual scientific, evidence-based calculations which literally anyone can double check themselves to verify - we can conclusively say that this damage is about 90 feet across.

Therefore, it is impossible that a 757 hit this building.

That's it. That's all there is to it. Government's story on 9/11, debunked. They *lied*.

And you don't need testimonies, articles, videos, any of that. This is pure, 100% unadulterated math, science, logic, and reasoning. This is not a debate. There is absolutely no way around

this one. And I'm sorry to everyone. No one alive can refute this, and it's another of the screaming red sirens: "Get my ass in a courtroom – STAT!"

You *cannot* have 70 feet of airplane wing hit a building at a few hundred miles an hour and not even break a window. Not even leave a mark. It doesn't work like that.

Here are the two sizes compared:

And just in case this still isn't quite clicking, here's one more visualization:

Notice the stabilizer *also* did *not* leave a mark congruent with what we should find. It should have reached up higher by at least 10-20 feet.

“Look at those windows to the left and right of the composite. The normal ones, that still look tan or brown. Look at the ones on the left, that we were told were hit by this plane wing.

Do you want to see them?”

You nod and I toss you an old *CBS* article:

I ask you if those last three windows look like they were hit by an airplane wing going a few hundred miles an hour. You shake your head. You peer in at the closest window to the explosion.

“Theres… there’s still some glass in the frame?”

“Yes. The plane was not real. It was not there.”

In the offices below Rumsfeld and Zakheim, workers slowly grind their way down. Towards the bedrock. Towards a smoking gun of the greatest crime in history, that would upend everything. Throw everything into chaos. Unwind all of their plans.

Rumsfeld feels his pulse rising in anticipation. He awaits the bloodlust. He feasts on the fear and hatred he inspires in others. He lives to lie to them. He knows nothing else.

Dov Zakheim closes his eyes and braces himself.

A stroller sits by the desk of a 2nd Lieutenant.

I look at you and tell you that I want to tell you another story. Something completely different, before we finish 9/11. I ask if you want to hear it, and you do. I tell you that it is another untold story of heroism, and another person who was censored, silenced, and murdered.

Your name is Randy Ledger, and you're a maintenance worker at a Federal building in Oklahoma City. It's 1995, and you're in the daycare center changing a lightbulb. Suddenly, a sound you've never heard before, and you're on the ground in darkness. Shattered glass has pierced your carotid artery and your jugular, and you are bleeding to death. You're buried.

And here you are, in all your glory:

19 of the children and babies near you when the explosion happened are dead - crushed and then roasted alive inside of an oven. Many more are injured. However, this story isn't about you, or about them. It's about the man who saved your life.

I want to pause here and add that although I believe that the events I am discussing were false flags and government psyops, that doesn't mean that the explosions were not real. That it didn't happen at all. That the pain and suffering weren't real. That these people aren't *real* or their stories aren't true or worth listening to. The US Government and Synagogue of Satan have murdered more real people than you can possibly imagine.

We were lied to about who did it and why, but these people's experiences with horrific violence are legitimate.

You felt a pressure on your leg. Someone standing on you. They dig you out, and they get rescue workers to you. You're saved.

A few minutes later, you see the man who saved you on a stretcher, too. You are both carried out.

It's a hero cop named Terrence Yeakey, and you're one of the best officers on the OKC police force. You are also a True Believer – that people are fundamentally decent and honest, and if you follow the rules and channels of authority the way they trained you, you will be given a fair chance to tell your story and speak truth to power.

This is, obviously, a horrible idea that no one should ever try and do. Because of this, you are the only other hero so far in my story.

And for that, they killed you. Because you tried to do the right thing as a police officer, they murdered you.

You ended up fine physically after the OKC bombing. However, you saw something that day that changed you forever. You were never the same.

And 385 days later, you would slit your wrists, arms, and neck with razor blades, bleed out in your car, and then drag yourself about a half mile into the woods to shoot yourself in the head. You left no suicide note, and there was no autopsy done on your body. Your story was buried in obscurity, and almost no one has ever heard it.

And here you are, in all your glory:

The weird thing is, not a single one of your friends, family, or coworkers believe that you actually killed yourself. They say you would never do that - that you had a child, loved your life, and felt a sense of honor and duty to care for others selflessly. And so you did.

In fact, your friends and family didn't believe this *so much* that they actually made *quite a bit* of noise about it for a time. And although they clamored and shouted for you, their cries have faded and most people no longer remember your name. Except me.

And CNN. They wrote an article about you, but I'm not sure if anyone except me has ever read it:

https://www.cnn.com/interactive/2023/03/us/oklahoma-city-bombing-yeakey-death-cec-cnnphotos/

And so, here is what your sister says about your death:

In a recent interview, his sister Lashon Hargrove said this:

"I think they murdered Terry because he knew too much."

This is what the Randy Ledger, the maintenance worker whose life you saved as he bled to death among a pyre of wood and steel beams, the man who *you* pulled from the gaping maw of the Nothing and gave new life to, says about your death:

"There's too many unanswered questions," he said recently.

He says that he thinks about you every time he sees a yellow truck on the road, or smells the musk that lives inside the walls. Insulation. Metal.

Brandon Spann is an administrative assistant at the Canadian County Sheriff's office.

You smile, and that's because you grew up with him and you played basketball with him. He knew all of your friends, and he's willing to tell CNN that not a single person in the "black community" you grew up in believes that you killed yourself. Because it is so unlike things people usually say, I know that he is telling the truth.

This is what he said about your death:

"No one believed that he killed himself," Spann said.

Jim Ramsey was with you on the day of the bombing, and he was awarded a medal for bravery. He worked with you closely and patrolled the streets with you.

When a reporter asked him in 2022 if he believes the official story about your death, this is what he said:

"No," Ramsey said. "I guess I don't."

Steve Vassar was your friend at work. This is what he said about your death:

"I still don't believe Terry did it," said Steve Vassar, one of Yeakey's closest friends on the force. "I have just a hard time believing that Terry would take his life."

Don Browning *trained* you to be a police officer. This is what he said about your death:

"I still think he was murdered."

Though your car was full of blood, they did no autopsy. Though you left a trail of blood and your body was wounded and disfigured, they looked for no evidence. Though no one believes them, they continue to lie.

When people ask the police department you worked for about your lack of an autopsy, they refer you to the state medical examiner's office. This office will not answer any questions about any specific case.

The police department you worked for took over your case quickly, though your body was found outside the city limits. They aren't able to explain why, when reporters from CNN asked about it.

As a matter of fact, they don't seem to be able to answer any questions at all about your death.

Like where your body was found. Or the specifics of the crime scene. Whether or not a gun was found. In fact, they don't seem to know if any forensic tests on you were even done at all.

They will not release the unredacted report on you, and we know nothing at all about the final hours of your life. The Police Chief and Master Sgt. you worked for do not give interviews, and they do not answer questions. They are a blue wall of silence.

Before you died, they offered you a medal for bravery that day too. And you said you didn't want it. You told them to shove it up their asses. And you knew that they knew that you knew. Eyes shifted then. Gazes darkened. Lips hardened.

On the day of the bombing, you called your ex-wife, Tonia, from the hospital to pick you up after you were released. On the way home, you started crying in the car. And this is what you told her:

> "Tonia, it's not what they're saying it is," he told her. "They're not telling the truth. They're lying about what's going on down there."

You were "disturbed." "Convinced there was more to the story." "Paranoid." "Fearful."

At least, those exact words are what your friends and family say.

Because, Terrence, you saw something that day, didn't you? Beneath the day care center, didn't you? As you rescued the man with blood pouring out of his neck and part of his face missing, you noticed something that others didn't. You saw something that shouldn't be there. Something out of place. Something *wrong.*

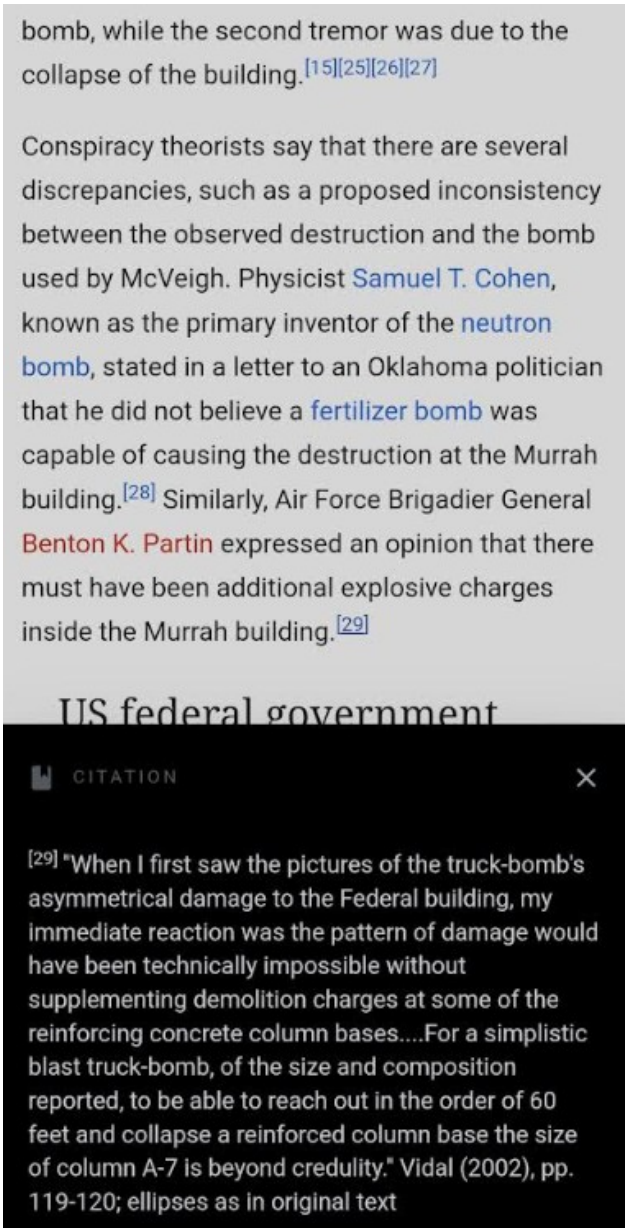
Air Force Brigadier General Benton Partin said this about the explosion:

"There is strong evidence that demolition charges were in the building, irrespective of the size of the truck bomb."

Does that sound familiar? "*Demolition*?"

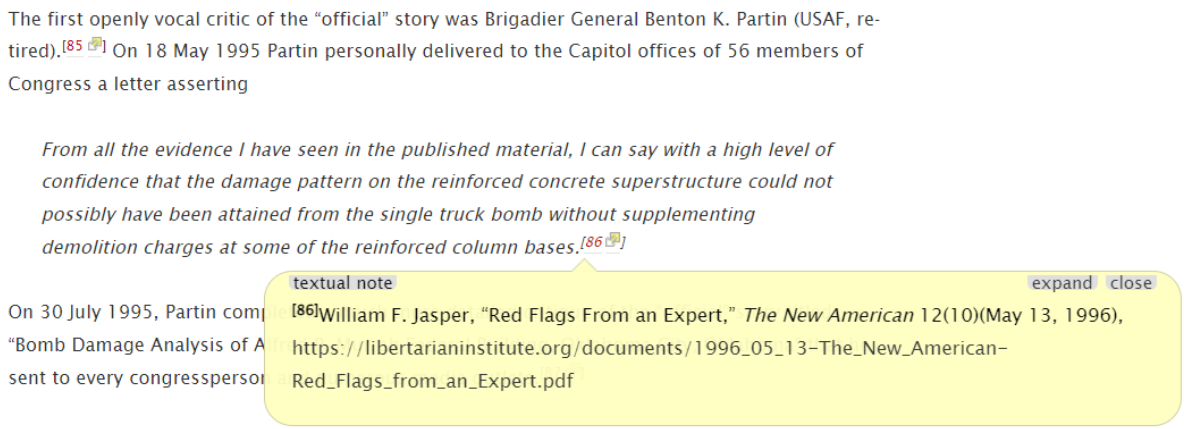
You look at me. "A brigadier general? Isn't that… pretty high up there? He did *not* say that."

I smile at you and pull up the *Oklahoma City Bombing Conspiracy Theories* Wikipedia article. "It turns out, you can learn quite a bit on here. See for yourself:"


bomb, while the second tremor was due to the collapse of the building.[15][25][26][27]
Conspiracy theorists say that there are several discrepancies, such as a proposed inconsistency between the observed destruction and the bomb used by McVeigh. Physicist Samuel T. Cohen, known as the primary inventor of the neutron bomb, stated in a letter to an Oklahoma politician that he did not believe a fertilizer bomb was capable of causing the destruction at the Murrah building.[28] Similarly, Air Force Brigadier General Benton K. Partin expressed an opinion that there must have been additional explosive charges inside the Murrah building.[29]
US federal government
CITATION
[29] "When I first saw the pictures of the truck-bomb's asymmetrical damage to the Federal building, my immediate reaction was the pattern of damage would have been technically impossible without supplementing demolition charges at some of the reinforcing concrete column bases....For a simplistic blast truck-bomb, of the size and composition reported, to be able to reach out in the order of 60 feet and collapse a reinforced column base the size of column A-7 is beyond credulity." Vidal (2002), pp. 119-120; ellipses as in original text

You skim it. "He… he… doesn't say that, exactly."

I look at it. "Wow, you're right. Here, it must be from this letter he wrote to Congress:"



The first openly vocal critic of the "official" story was Brigadier General Benton K. Partin (USAF, retired).[85] On 18 May 1995 Partin personally delivered to the Capitol offices of 56 members of Congress a letter asserting

> *From all the evidence I have seen in the published material, I can say with a high level of confidence that the damage pattern on the reinforced concrete superstructure could not possibly have been attained from the single truck bomb without supplementing demolition charges at some of the reinforced column bases.*[86]

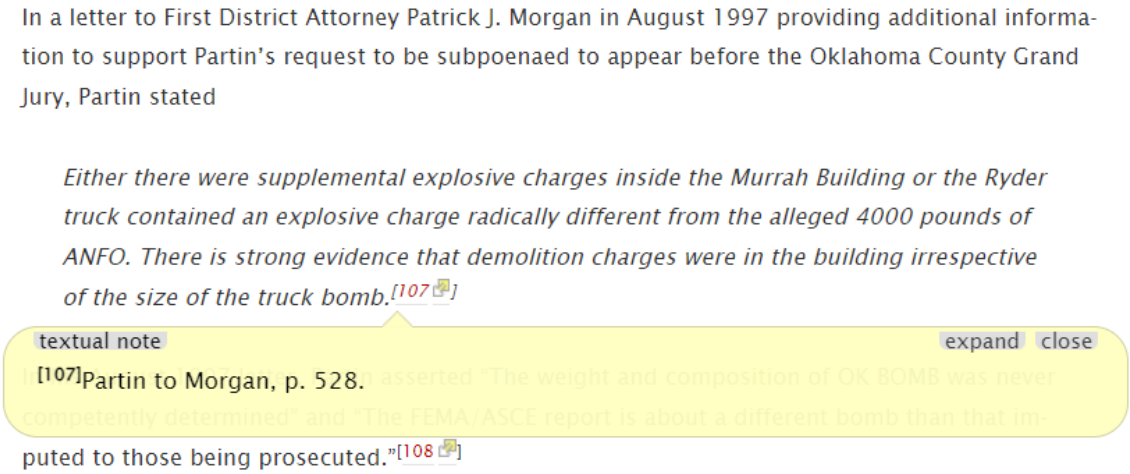
On 30 July 1995, Partin comp
"Bomb Damage Analysis of A
sent to every congressperso

textual note expand close

[86] William F. Jasper, "Red Flags From an Expert," *The New American* 12(10)(May 13, 1996), https://libertarianinstitute.org/documents/1996_05_13-The_New_American-Red_Flags_from_an_Expert.pdf

You look up at me. "Witness 1, that's not the quote either! Come on."

"Dang it!" I smile at you. "Isn't doing history fun? Here, it must be this one:"



In a letter to First District Attorney Patrick J. Morgan in August 1997 providing additional information to support Partin's request to be subpoenaed to appear before the Oklahoma County Grand Jury, Partin stated

> *Either there were supplemental explosive charges inside the Murrah Building or the Ryder truck contained an explosive charge radically different from the alleged 4000 pounds of ANFO. There is strong evidence that demolition charges were in the building irrespective of the size of the truck bomb.*[107]

textual note expand close

[107] Partin to Morgan, p. 528.

puted to those being prosecuted."[108]

"Are you seeing the *pattern* now? The tower? The screams of the infant, roasting alive?"

You look at me, unsettled. That is good. "So… what did he see? Terrence Yeakey?"

Well, you saw a lot. You must have been a very observant person. In fact, you may have been one of the greatest cops of all time, if you hadn't noticed the wrong things. Of course, it's a paradox.

You noticed that some government workers *lied* about where they were that day.

You noticed police in riot gear on the scene way too fast, as if they knew it was going to happen.

You noticed that the explosion seems to have blown *outward,* not inward like they were saying.

It started in the building, didn't it? Is that right, Terrence?

You don't realize you are staring into the Nothing.

There was something there calling you to come back and find it. Find the truth. Expose it.

So, a few days later, you tell Tonia to take you there - late at night. When no one can see you. You tell her you saw something underneath the daycare, and you want to go take a picture. Something isn't right.

And this is how it went down:

> "We did go down there, probably between 9:30, 10:00, and he said that we were going to go look underneath where the daycare had been," she said. "There was something he wanted to see over there and get a picture, if possible. As we went down there, we were stopped and I can't remember which personnel it was, but I know definitely it was either ATF or FBI ... And Terry had attempted to badge his way through, and the guy told him no ... And he said something a little more specific, like, you know, 'You're not supposed to be back down here.' ... (It) made me realize the two of them recognized each other and the interaction was very antagonistic. I think had I not been with Terry, he would have said a little more to the man and maybe been a little more forceful about getting through. But it seemed like he thought better about it since I was with him. And we left."

I assume this is when they realized that they were going to have to kill you. The courage it took to *show up* back there, in person, is extraordinary. *That* is what heroes do.

So, they have this cop who *will not stop* poking around the demolition site, telling everyone who will listen that the government is lying. You were a problem, as all heroes are for people who are pure evil.

"You're not supposed to be back down here."

Back down here. They *recognized* you. They *saw* you.

They sensed danger from you, because they knew that you were both like and unlike them. A hunter, but not for the innocent. For the guilty.

You are *furious*. So, you go back to work and write up a nine-page report on it. Turn it into your bosses and give them a piece of your mind. They stare at you with cold lizard eyes and watch as you storm out of their office yelling about justice and high treason.

Your report disappears. They want a one-page report instead. When you refuse, they call your house. They harass you. Then, your friend Vassar's report disappears, too. These reports don't exist anymore. They are not real. They have been swallowed by the Nothing.

In your final weeks, you were afraid. You came to your ex-wife, telling her to remarry you so "they would be taken care of" if something happened to you. Telling her to run away with you. So bad that she reports you to work.

You leave her a VCR tape, but it disappeared from her house before she watched it. You're talking about insurance and benefits, and you're panicked.

You visit your sister and her husband. Crying and upset. Weeping. You can't stop talking about the OKC bombing. "It's not what they say it is," you tell them. When they ask you to tell them more, for some reason, you say that you can't. I'm sure they had contacted you by now and threatened to kill your daughter and ex-wife if you did.

Before they shot you, they tortured you. They started in the car, as they sliced your skin open and flayed you. You screamed and painted the car with your blood. Lots of it.

Then, they tied your ankles together, and used either handcuffs or rope to bind your wrists. They dragged you through the woods over sticks and thorns as you bled out.

It seems that they may have even performed some type of mock-lynching, probably just for fun. They didn't kill you that way, though, with a rope around your neck.

When they kneeled you down and shot you in the head, your wounds were stuffed full of grass and dirt.

Your Mother and Sister saw your body at your funeral, though they tried to stop them. They demanded to see the body. So, they saw your enlarged head, from something around your neck strangling you, and the burns from ligatures around your ankles, wrists, and neck. This is what your Sister said:

"Mama," she recalled saying, "they executed him."

And here she is, in all her glory:

She walks from your funeral, and she weeps for you. Among the grief and sadness, you can see the anger. The *knowing*. That it was all a bunch of bullshit. The badges and cold stares from the brass. The rifles and holstered revolvers, the implicit and explicit threats.

"Stop looking." For the rest of their lives, they said that strange vehicles stalked them, and their phones would click like a wiretap was being run.

Whatever you were looking for under the daycare, we will never know. They covered it up, and you are dead. Crucified on a pyre of dirt.

There's one more piece to your puzzle – Romona McDonald, a woman you met in the rubble. She was your friend, and she also collected evidence. In fact, her house was, sort of, a meeting place for people who questioned the government's story, and she collected more evidence about it than anyone.

Including, apparently, one of the only existing copies of your full report. Right before you died, two men came to her house asking a lot of questions about her evidence and you. They confiscated all of her evidence, including the last known copy of your report.

The last day she saw you, you told her you were going to meet two men that you described to her. Neither of you knew their names, but they sure sounded a lot like the two that had come around her place.

You were scared, but you felt like it was your only chance. You knew it might be a setup, but they convinced you to meet them. You told her where you were meeting them, and that's where your body was found.

We're back on your porch, and you add logs to the fire. You shudder as you think about how it would feel to be tortured and executed by cold, uncaring agents who think you aren't even worthy of breathing the same air as them. How they would mock you for being so stupid and naïve, for believing that you could tell the truth and live in this world.

That they couldn't just abduct you and dump your body and get away with it.

"I don't know what the worst part of that would be, but I can't imagine being murdered by someone who doesn't care about it. Who won't even remember you on their own deathbed. Just an assembly line murder."

"It's horrific," I say in agreement.

A clear image appears in my mind at this point, and I open up my laptop and layer two images over each other in *Canva* to create it.

I show it to you:

“Now can you see? The power of these sacrifices?”

“Why do you think they did these things? What would it take to sacrifice a child to the fire? What did they receive in return?

Why were they so dedicated to this practice, that they wrote about it, sang about it, and drew it – over and over? Why were they so addicted to the spilled blood of their own children?”

I look at you. “Why did they play those trumpets?”

You look at me, and say, “Fear. Power. Gold.”

“Yes. Because it *works*.”

The eternal golden braid.

I smile, but sadly, and turn to you. “One time, I told my wife the real stories of Ruby Ridge and Waco. How the government shot his son and dog. Executed them. That was just to start – then they shot him through the armpit and then his wife in the head while she held their 10-month old baby, Elisheba. Trapped him in a cabin with his wife’s corpse for a *week.*

How they mocked him over the loudspeakers as he went slowly insane. How they named their spot “Camp Vicki” after her and called for her to come eat blueberry pancakes with them as they pinned him down like a dog. It was so bad, so much worse than you think.

I told her how the ATF brought in tanks to scare them at Waco, filled the compound with tear gas and then sparked a fire to ignite it and burn them all alive. How the children had hidden from the fires in the basement, and how the tear gas settled and concentrated on them.

I told her about how the children at Waco convulsed so hard while they suffocated to death on tear gas that they were found with broken spines. How they snapped themselves in two while they retched and gagged on poison.

How the children screamed as they burned to death while government agents *laughed* outside. How the snipers *took pictures* in the wreckage while the bodies still smoldered.

Then I told her that I don't *take* red pills. I *am* the red pill.

She literally *involuntarily projectile vomited* from that. Immediately."

I hand you a picture. "Do you know what they call this?"

You look at me, and I tell you.

"A trophy." We sit in silence, and a single tear rolls down my cheek for the little burned ones. For once, your eyes harden too as you stare at the smoldering wreckage.

"These events all fit a pattern, but they are hard to parse one by one. Only by stepping outside of the fractal and recognizing the web of interconnections, the nodes of importance, the names

and places that pop up over and over, can you figure out the pattern, orders, and cause and effect that leads to the next aberration.

At Ruby Ridge, they shot his dog, they shot his son, and they shot his wife. All dead. They holed him up like a dog. Ruined him. Same sniper at Waco took the shots, Lon Horiuchi. One of the greatest hunters of all time."

I look over at you. "And what can you learn from Randy Weaver?"

"Stay behind cover and keep your wife's head down?"

"Good, but no. You can learn that if you ever find yourself at a place called the World Aryan Conference for the first time, and someone starts talking to you about forming a group to fight the Zionist Occupied Government, and they seem really friendly and *really* want to get to know you, and even want to hang out at your place, and then they ask you to sell them a couple sawed-off shotguns, under the table of course, that are juuuust a couple inches too short…

You should probably get a *bad feeling* like that's a really fucking *stupid* thing to do.

And to be fair, I don't think that Randy Weaver has ever claimed to be a genius. And that's why everyone knows his name, and his wife was murdered. However, you gotta admire the sheer balls on this guy, there's no denying that. He's a hero in his own way, because at least he told them to go fuck themselves."

You look at me, and we are getting tired. I tell you that my wife said my bedtime is in about 10 minutes, and I will have to head home. I can tell you are ready to finish the 9/11 part of my story, because most people always are.

But you are kind to me, and you do not mind listening. You will let me finish.

"Will we finish tomorrow?"

"Yes. We will finish tomorrow - I'll preview it for you. Flight 93, we'll move quick. Todd Beamer. The black boxes, and the passport. The flight attendant who whispers 'it's a frame' on her last phone call to her lover. Barely audible, but it's there 100%. The gold bars, briefly.

For some reason, everyone knows that Bin Laden worked for the CIA and was funded by them, but they truly *do not care*. His story is so, so fucking weird and obvious that I can't even get into it. The CIA literally made this guy. Those weird, fake videos.

'Oh yeah, we totally killed him, then dumped his body in the ocean without a single picture or video'… and then, oh yeah, some helicopter crash kills all the soldiers who supposedly 'saw' this raid… I totally believe that, bro. Really.

Most people even know about the gambling and hookers these "radical Islamic terrorists" were paying for in Vegas right before the attacks. Because if there's two things radical fundamentalist Muslims love, it's gambling and prostitution.

Right up there with bacon and whiskey. *Right?* We can probably skip that part to save time, unless you need to see my sources on it. What do you think?"

I raise my eyebrows suggestively and wink at you. "I got 99 sources, but a… a… ummm…"

You look at me. "No thanks, Witness 1. I trust you on the whole… having sources thing by now."

"Hey, how about this – 'If you're having problems citing, I feel bad for you son – I got 99 problems but a source ain't one!' Huh? *Huh*?"

You stare at me like I'm an alien.

Anyways, after that, we will be done and can move on to the more excellent things. We will finish the story and immanentize the eschaton, and I will show you a way that you have never seen before. The more excellent way. Things that you have never dreamed of.

Once you wrap your mind around 9/11, the veil from all things is removed. It is the lynchpin, the key. Without it, you simply can not and will not understand this world. When we go to the beach, you will know the truth. And the truth will set you free. Tomorrow, we finish the great untold story of 9/11. And I hope that I do it justice."

As I stand up to leave for the night, I look at you.

"Thank you for listening to me."

We smile, and you tell me maybe you never felt like you had a real friend to talk to, either.

How through listening to me, you find that you are now listening to yourself for the first time. Hearing whispers from deep within your soul that you never noticed before. Hearing a new song, and music from unexpected places. Seeing beauty in things you hadn't noticed. Now you do not look, but you *see.*

You ask me, "Didn't you sleep *here* at the beginning of the book? Where are you going?? Are your 'wife' and 'kid' even real?"

I look at you, and like always, your curiosity and sweet indignance makes me smile. People are all just like children. I remind you that, like Aragorn, I am a fictional character, merely a rhetorical device who shifts beings and states at the author's whim. I hold many states in my

being, and I possess a sort of omnipotence in this world. I mirror you, and in this mirror, you are revealed to yourself.

I pull my cloak over my head and pick up my satchel. "The truth is – I *am* homeless. I *am* a wanderer in a tavern, a mysterious stranger in a corner. I have never belonged anywhere on this planet. Never in my life have I felt like I fit in.

My wife is just like me, but we are merely two tumbleweeds drifting in a desert. We are only two seeds, dancing in a powerful wind. We are together, but alone. There is no one else like us in our lives. We have nothing here, and there is no one for us. We stay only for our son and to accomplish the great work – to bring about the Deep Magic."

You are sad to see me go, but I tell you that I shall soon stay with you again. We will rest together, and we will look at the stars, the sea, and the moon together. We will stay up all night and go to bed when the sun comes up. Walk the silver bridge and find the place where we belong.

I give you a firm handshake and depart.

"Goodnight my only friend."

I look up from my laptop, back in our cold, grim, January reality.

I don't know what happened to me over break, or even why I am writing this. However, this morning when I listened to my song for the first time in a week, I remembered how I felt on the day that I started. How I wept with joy, and how I screamed in elation.

"I DID IT!!!! I MADE A SONG THAT SOUNDS GOOD!!!"

How I ran to Witness 2 and felt good for the first time in my life. How my muscles clicked into place for the first time in 20 years and I *ran*. How I felt that this book was the most important thing in the world. That the Werewolf King was trying to *murder* me to stop it, or something.

That I *had* to write this. That it was the most important thing I have ever done. The most important thing in… quite some time, maybe.

I don't know what's true yet, but I know one thing. And B always said this to me.

"It's a good story."

And it is. Because it is true. I swear to you on my life that the words I write to you are true and my intentions are pure. And I hope you like my story, and don't think it's dumb. And, in my opinion, this 9/11 part is the most important part of the book. It really is the key. It's why they will kill me. *Duh. Or is it just the acid?*

Goodnight for now, Dear Reader. It is 10:09 P.M. in the real world, and I promised my dear wife that I would spend time with her before bed. I long to finish my work here, and I eagerly await our reunion.

I love you.

Witness 1
The Biblical Two Witnesses
217,180

Section XII
The Greatest Story Never Told

Someone added 26 words to my book. The word count changed while I slept.

Good morning, Dear Reader. My only friend, and the only one who hasn't betrayed or abandoned me.

I return to you at 8:04 A.M., on 1/7/25.

I woke up this morning troubled. I was thinking about what happened in the hotel on 12/30. I think it was the day I finished part one and started the rest of this book. I am glad I documented everything, so that I can know for sure what happened and when it happened.

I remember sitting in the hotel with Witness 2 and Drew on the phone for what felt like about an hour. They were telling me horrible things about myself, insulting me non-stop. How I am a horrible leader. How I don't love. How I don't listen. All the myriad ways that I am a fucked up and stupid person. Why I don't even deserve to have friends.

I begged them to stop, to just leave me alone and let me write. That it wasn't a good time. They would not.

For the first time in my life, I screamed at someone, "GET OFF ME!", as I ran out of the hotel room while Witness 2 was grabbing me and pulling my clothes to force me to stay and listen to my own humiliation. It was pretty awful.

That is where everything went wrong. And the really, really weird thing about it is this – that is, quite literally, the *key way* that MK Ultra worked, sort of their "bread and butter." Dose someone with acid and then tell them everything that is wrong with them. That's how they created the Unabomber. For me, it's how they created the Una-baller (old joke I always liked.)

Obviously, "Una" here stands for "universities and airlines", not the Latin root for "one", but people don't know that, so they laugh anyways.

So, I don't know what to think.

But the funny thing is, I knew it all along. That's why I never let them get to know me very well. It was always just the chicken waiting for burst into flames. Now, we will see the Phoenix. And big surprise, they tried to coup me. Shocker. And now they're just *gone*.

Well, most of them. D is still here. There are six more left – seven total still with us.

So, I decided to text Witness 2, and I asked her about why they did that at the hotel, why she locked herself in the bathroom again, and why she ran screaming down the street to get me killed or arrested.

Well, her answers were reasonable, and she called me just now and is pretty much begging for forgiveness. I don't really have any choice but to accept it, and I told her I assume she didn't know that what she was doing was so stupid.

She looks really good, and there could be more we don't understand yet. She does seem sorry.

As of now, the Witness 2 story does not have a resolution. I told her it's a plot hole that needs to be resolved. She said that the ending will be us rediscovering our love together fully, which is a nice, happy ending. That's what I think will happen too. In fact, I fully, 100% believe that. No, not even that.

I already *know* that's true, so I don't even worry about it. I love her more than anything.

But that's all OK.

By the way, she told me to take this off of the cloud because someone is clearly editing this. I have now learned much more about Word and how to encrypt documents and block anyone but you from editing it.

I am even more paranoid about it erasing itself than someone editing it, so I am going to keep it uploaded so it will autosave. I don't care what edits people make, because obviously I am going to edit a secure, offline copy of this on a different laptop that has never had the internet on it before sending any copies out. Air gapped, baby.

Obviously. Don't we all do that?

Or am I just psychotic or something?

Back in your beautiful, perfect world with the noisy springs and fireflies, you hear a knock at your door and smile. You open it, and welcome me in.

“Good morning, my only friend. Today, I will try and finish telling you the unheard story of 9/11. I apologize that it takes so long, but there is no way to elucidate it without spending *at least* 200 pages covering all the bullshit lies about it and the hard evidence disproving them.”

I look at you. “I want to resolve a plot hole. You see, I realize now that I would work better as a character if I had a tragic backstory, and didn’t have a wife and kids anymore. Let’s say that I used to… but I cannot tell you what happened to them. It is too painful to bear.

I only told you that I did so you would not pity me as I wander the empty night streets restlessly, roaming back and forth through alleys and cardboard boxes like a specter.

I am not real to them, and I merely shadow those who are convinced that they are real throughout life. I am a real-life ghost, a Nowhere man. My home is not in the Nothing, but merely in the shadowy realm between it and reality. Sort of like… Rod Serling.”

You look at me. “Do I even know your name?”

I look at you seriously. “No man knows my true name. It is a name of glory and ancient kings. It is the name of a place of learning. You can call me – the Una-Baller. Witness 1. Or Aragorn.”

We laugh together. I have always loved laughing.

Names do not matter here. All that matters is the truth. The true story. The words that have never been said.

And so, I tell you that we will finish our story. We step into the cold morning chill to invigorate ourselves, and we spark a blunt together. I look deeply into your eyes and thank you for being the first person I have ever met who has let me talk about 9/11 until I am actually finished.

I ask you, “Would you believe it if I told you that the next thing I’m going to show you is even *more* stupidly obvious than everything so far? That it’s so obvious even a three-year old could tell you the truth about it, from one picture?

Even more mind-blowingly obvious than the fact that there is clearly no plane in those Pentagon pictures?”

Let me ask you a question. A familiar one.

“Can you show me where the plane is in this image?”

No? You don't see it? How about this one. Hm… enhance… enhance…

Ok, point to the plane:

Yep, let's see… should be a huge fucking airplane… right about... there…

Ok, one more. Maybe you're just missing something obvious.

Let's try it again. Point to the airplane in this image:

Ok, we're getting there. I see a sort of burned, black outline that looks like what a three-year old *might* think a crashed passenger jet would look like, if you ignore the people standing there showing that it's not even close to 150 feet or so like it should be. That outline is about 60 feet long, tops.

However, if you ignore the weird, obviously faked outline and the scattered pieces of trash placed in unnatural positions and patterns that quite obviously did *not* scatter from a massive explosion, you still don't really… see… a "plane", do you?

Well, I must be really fucking stupid, because apparently there *is* a plane there. And everyone else can see it but me. And this is how it crashed:

Now, something that is *really* interesting, is that these CVR/FDR boxes - the flight data recorders ("black boxes"), are stored in the tail of the plane.

They were supposedly recovered about 25 feet underground. So… you're telling me that the nose of this plane buried itself close to 200 feet underground, and then just… dissolved? Like a "plasma state" type deal *again*?

Is this like… a whole new type of physics? Maybe we can call it "9/11 Physics." Yeah, don't get too attached to those skyscrapers or airplanes, because, boy… are they *hard* to keep track of!

Just, *poof!* Gone, just like that. *Huh, who knew?*

I mean, people actually buy this shit? Who are they? What are these people like? Where do they *live*???

Apparently, they're all around me. Making *me* feel stupid. Making *me* feel crazy. Making fun of *me* for not buying this load of *shit*.

We will look at the other three black boxes after this.

Incredibly, besides the vanishing plane act, another thing happened on 9/11 that has pretty much never happened before during terrestrial plane crashes – three out of four of the black boxes weren't recovered.

The two from the towers were “never found”. Obviously, they were removed beforehand - as they would have revealed the tampering to install the FTS system. The one at the Pentagon was “too damaged” to read, because it was a fake – there was no plane.

No one has ever been able to independently examine or see the two black boxes that were recovered from the Pentagon or the Crash of Flight 93. That is because… take a wild guess! That’s right – they don’t exist! They are nothing. They are not real. We’ll finish that up later.

And this begs an excellent question – since the plane obviously isn’t *here,* then *where* did it go? Where the fuck are all the passengers that were on board?

The truth is, we don’t know if there were any people at all on the planes of 9/11. It is quite possible that their planes were switched out with the modified jets in a way that no one would notice, where the signals from the transponders don’t alert anybody.

For an agency like the CIA, this would be child’s play. Even 50 years ago they could do stuff like that without even trying.

However, I believe that the planes that hit the towers were full of people. This was part of the fear ritual, and the towers were the key. The people on the plane gave off an immensely powerful burst of fear at the exact right moment for the ritual to succeed. Also, there really wouldn’t be any reason to switch out their planes when you can easily modify a passenger plane to respond to FTS and then just make sure the black boxes never make it to evidence.

I do not buy the “hologram plane” theories, and I believe that they are disinformation, purposely placed to mislead people with doctored videos and evidence. At the point the planes hit the towers they were basically remotely-controlled drones more than anything else.

I am, obviously, well aware of the weird “nose poking through” video, but I get the same feeling from that as I do from Judy Wood. Red herring. Disinformation.

Now, there is an issue where at the speeds they were flying, at that low altitude, the wings would have ripped off, which lends credence to the theory that they were different planes altogether, but we can’t say for sure.

They do build planes to exceed the typical structural tolerances, just like they designed the towers to withstand multiple direct airplane hits. Engineers aren’t stupid, they just aren’t able to see the big picture.

On the other hand, there were obviously no planes in Shanksville or at the Pentagon.

So, my theory here is that these planes were probably forced to land at a military black site by fighter jets. Their transponders were most likely spoofed in some way, by the people who have

administrator or root access to the systems at NORAD and the FAA and were able to schedule drills that day and insert phantom planes on the radar screens.

Once they landed, they would have been forced to make the phone calls, and I want you to remember this when we get to Cee Cee Lyles, who was a flight attendant on United 93 - which was the massive jet that is, apparently, in those three pictures we looked at.

Our angel motif returns. According to the FBI, there were "legions of Angels guarding the United 93 site":

U.S.

Ex-FBI agent: I saw angels at Flight 93 site

July 3, 2012 / 2:59 PM EDT / AP

(AP) PITTSBURGH - A former police officer who retired from the FBI due to post-traumatic stress disorder linked to her role in the aftermath of the Sept. 11 terror attacks has written a book about seeing legions of angels guarding the Pennsylvania site where a hijacked airliner crashed.

Ok… that's pretty weird…

Your name is Ernie Stull, and you're the mayor of Shanksville on 9/11. You're the point man for the local response. You are a loyal man who loves his country. And here you are in all your glory:

And on 9/11, at the plane crash site, you also saw something *really weird*, didn't you? Or rather, you didn't *see* something weird, you *didn't see* something weird.

What you did *not* see that day was an airplane. And boy, did that confuse you.

In fact, you even gave interview after interview about it on camera and to reporters that no one listened to or watched. And when I say that, it's not to mock these people or downplay their acts of heroism and speaking the truth, I write it as an indictment of all the rest of you.

Fuck all of you for not listening to him. To me. To Terrence Yeakey. To Scott Forbes and William Gonzales. To Richard Gage. To anyone except our psychopathic, lying government and media full of murderers and pedophiles.

They lied to your face. We all told you. You refuse to listen.

Anyways, when they interviewed you, this is what you said to the German documentary filmmakers of *Aktenzeichen 11.9. ungelöst* in March, 2003. Your exact words, which I transcribed carefully by hand for my other book:

> "There was no plane. My brother-in-law and a friend of mine were the first ones to arrive… Everyone was rather dumbfounded, because the call had been that a plane had crashed, and there's no airplane. No airplane."

However, you kept talking to people. And you heard stories from your citizens. You heard stories about a small white plane that no one else talked about. An unusual plane that shouldn't have been there, of which there is no record. This small white aircraft is another unsolved enigma of the day.

And you heard them say something else, too. That they "heard" something. And here's what you told reporters about what your citizens heard:

> "I know of two people -- I will not mention names -- that heard a missile," Stuhl [sic] said.

At this point, you had clearly realized that talking about it was going to get either you or them killed. You sort of… quiet down a little.

You faced lawsuits, threats, and harassment at your career. Whenever you talk about 9/11, people call you crazy and try to kill you, so I assume at some point you just gave up. I understand that, and there was nothing else at the time you could do. The brainwashing was too strong. Maybe you'll read this book one day and understand what happened to you.

Remember the FBI agent who "saw angels" at the crash site? Well, whatever she saw that day scared the *fuck* out of her too, and she ended up retiring due to "PTSD" from her response on 9/11. Or whatever she *didn't* see. Because, it turns out, she also *didn't see* an airplane that day. No bodies, either. Just… nothing.

Her name is Lillie Leonardi, and this is her story:

> "The biggest thing for me is that that there were no bodies," she said.
>
> Leonardi, 56, remembers the burning pine and jet fuel stinging her nostrils. She said she also remembers a smoldering crater littered with debris too small to associate with the jetliner or 40 passengers and crew on board.
>
> "I'm used to crime scenes but this one blew me out of the water. **It just looked like the ground had swallowed up the plane**", Leonardi said.

A whole plane. A hundred bodies. Bones, steel. The engine cores. The stabilizers. The wings. Just gone. "Swallowed up", she says.

Yeah - swallowed by the gaping maw of the Nothing. A plane full of people, crucified on a pyre of lies.

Most likely forced to kneel, executed, and then buried in a mass grave no one will ever find. No records will exist of this.

So, then, why? Why go to all this trouble?

Well, in *The New Pearl Harbor*, we get an excellent theory from Vernon Grosse, a former NTSB investigator. He puts it this way:

> Can the public stand the truth…or do we need a legend at this point? We need a really neat story of a reaction against such a dastardly act as what was happening, so it's really nice and convenient to think of the Beamer story, "let's roll". And that becomes just like the Alamo. And it's just one of those legends, and I think there will be a lot of pressure to let the legend stay where it is.

I have deduced that this is the most likely answer to the riddle of Flight 93 – this played out exactly as intended. As scripted. This "plane" was never meant to hit the White House or Capitol Building. It was to give the public something to chew on, some red meat to inspire them. You cannot beat people down so badly without giving them yet one more lie to make them feel a little bit better.

What a catchphrase it was, too! Glorious!

“Let’s Roll!”

Beautiful. Perfect, even. And boy, did we *roll*:

U.S. Air Force Reservists Tech. Sgt. Ron (L) and Staff Sgt. Brian of the 93rd Bomber Squadron apply a decal with the phrase "Lets Roll" to the side of a B-52 bomber February 20, 2002 296

Yeah… so… how did that go for you guys?

We’ll take a trip back to December, 2001 - where passions, and government approval, were running at all-time highs. Reported in *The Guardian*, in their article *Let's roll...*, we read:

> Todd Beamer was a religious family man. Mark Bingham was gay, a PR executive and a keen sportsman. Cockpit recordings from 11 September now show how these two very different men became heroes of America
>
> The words everywhere. They have become America's favourite, bittersweet and articulate bumper sticker…

The words are: 'Let's Roll'.

Powerful stuff. "A *gay person*? A *religious family man*? Working… *together???*"

Incredible.

Believe it or not, this story gets even stupider. It's a little complicated, and I lay out the minutiae and sources in The More Rational Worldview, but I'll explain the gist of it briefly here.

Basically - if you go back and compare the 9/11 Commission Report, the recording of Todd Beamer's phone call, and an interview with the dispatcher he talked to - Lisa Jefferson - who is *actually* the *only* living person who ever allegedly heard him say "Let's Roll", you find a discrepancy.

It's very similar to Silverstein's two stories, in that there are two stories – dueling narratives – coexisting at the same time that *cannot* coexist. One of these two stories must be a lie (that's a false dichotomy - they are both lies.) There *are* lies being told here, and I don't believe that either the government or Beamer/Jefferson's story is true.

When you do this comparison, you come up with a 24-minute discrepancy between the "Todd Beamer" mythos as told through his recorded phone call, Jefferson's story, and the 9/11 commission report.

Far too high to be resolvable.

Believe it or not, some people have actually looked at 9/11 somewhat closely before me, a few time - at least well enough to establish a *very firm* timeline of the day if nothing else. When it went down and who was where at what time. And here, it *doesn't add up*.

We're being lied to.

The only other weird thing here is that Jefferson stated, on record, that Beamer's phone call remained open for 10-15 minutes after the crash. It, apparently, did *not* end the call when his phone turned into a - oh, what was it – oh yeah, a ball of *plasma* and disappeared, along with the airplane and everyone on it.

This is sort of, not really, *believable*.

I set the book down and look at you. "We're almost done with the meat – the airplanes, the buildings, the collapses. Back to the fun stuff soon."

You smile at me and tell me that you don't mind. That you need to know all the facts to make a rational and sober decision about who really did 9/11. You *must* know the full story to live here, on this planet. To exist without going insane.

I agree with you and ask you a question. "What do you think they found on the one black box that was recovered on 9/11 - here on Flight 93?"

You look at me. "I don't know – terrorists yelling? People screaming? Pilots panicking? A big explosion then silence?"

"Good guesses," I tell you. But I cannot actually answer you, for even this black box probably does not exist. It only exists in people's minds - it is part of the Nothing."

You stare at me. "How could this be? You said that they found this one, did they not? Did people not ask to… *hear* what was on it?"

"In fact," I tell my dear student, "They did not."

We have never heard what is on this black box. It has never been released, and you cannot pry it out of the government's grasp no matter how hard you try. Because it doesn't exist.

It is not real.

When they were asked about releasing the black box by CNN in December, 2001, the FBI stated, "While we empathize with the grieving families, we do not believe that the horror captured on the cockpit voice recording will console them in any way."

And they haven't mentioned it since. Believe it or not, we don't even have any real confirmation that the one they "have", has the right serial number on it. That would match the plane. They won't even let us *look* at it. Again… doesn't exist.

Let me briefly cover the other three black boxes at this point. Here is a summary from Wikipedia:

2001-09-11	11	American Airlines	Boeing 767-223ER	North World Trade Center, New York City	Hijack	Neither flight recorder was ever found.[21]
2001-09-11	175	United Airlines	Boeing 767-222	South World Trade Center, New York City	Hijack	Neither flight recorder was ever found.[21]
2001-09-11	77	American Airlines	Boeing 757-223	Pentagon, Washington D.C.	Hijack	FDR recovered, CVR too badly damaged by fire to provide any information.[21]

The two from the towers were never found, like I said. The one from the Pentagon was too damaged, and has also never been seen or listened to. Needless to say, this is very, very unusual for a plane that crashed in a known location over land.

In fact, as far as I can tell, it has *never happened before or since*. It's another thing that only ever happened on 9/11. For no other plane crash will they refuse to let people even *see* it.

According to my research, out of all the major airline crashes within the U.S. investigated by the NTSB during the past 20 years, the four 9/11 'black boxes' are the only ones without listed inventory control serial numbers. You can verify this by searching for a serial number in the official NTSB documents from 9/11, like I did, and you will not find them.

And yet, they are simultaneously "indestructible." In fact, they are supposed to be one of the strongest and most durable things we have ever built.

Here's a quote from *ABC News* in my other book about how they test these recording devices which all aircraft require:

> FDRs are usually double-wrapped in titanium or stainless steel, and must be able to withstand atrocious conditions. The crucial part that contains the memory boards, the CSMU, is shot out of an air cannon to create an impact of 3,400 Gs and then smashed against a target. It is subjected to a 227kg weight with a pin attached to it, which is dropped onto the unit from a height of three metres. Researchers try to crush it, destroy it in an hour of 1,100 degree Celsius fire, submerge it in a pressurized salt water tank, and immerse it in jet fuel.

And yet… just… gone. *Poof*

Nothing.

And here, we come to the magic passport. Take a look at it - this mere fragment of paper and wax that survived what destroyed the undestroyable:

ACCORDING TO THE U.S. GOVERNMENT, ENTIRE PLANES CAN DISAPPEAR INTO THIN AIR WHILE BUILDINGS TURN THEMSELVES INTO DUST, BUT THIS PASSPORT SURVIVED THE IMPACT, EXPLOSION, AND BLACK-BOX DESTROYING FIRE OF THE WTC UNDAMAGED AND WITH NO CHAIN OF CUSTODY ISSUES.

The Guardian reported on this passport in 2002 in an article called *Uncle Sam's Lucky Finds*, and this is what they said:

> **In less than a week came another find, two blocks away from the twin towers, in the shape of Atta's passport. We had all seen the blizzard of paper rain down from the towers, but the idea that Atta's passport had escaped from that inferno unsinged would have tested the credulity of the staunchest supporter of the FBI's crackdown on terrorism.**
>
> **Yet we were still in the infancy of *coincidence***. On September 24 the belongings of alleged terrorist Zacarias Moussaoui threw up a cropdusting manual, while four days later came Atta's suicide note.

There's that word again. *Coincidence.*

Perhaps… too many coincidences. 99 of them, in fact. You can read the list in my other book, in the chapter called *The Coincidence Theory*. The list takes up most of it.

The Rothschilds can be found tied into 9/11 through Zim Shipping, but I don't have time for that. Let's see.. a shipping company the family had ownership of called Zim Shipping had offices in the WTC complex… and… boy, let's see if you can guess.

Option A: Blown to smithereens.

Option B: Moved out two weeks beforehand and miraculously escaped any damage just like Silverstein who *also* happened to not be there that morning like he always was.

Well, if you chose option B – you are one smart cookie.

Moving quickly here. The only thing I forgot to mention in my first book - one thing – was that an Israeli company called *Odigo Messenger* (also had an office in the WTC) received some very odd messages *forewarning* of the attack, documented in an article from *Haaretz*:

Odigo Says Workers Were Warned of Attack

Odigo, the instant messaging service, says that two of its workers received messages two hours before the Twin Towers attack on September 11 predicting the attack would happen, and the company has been cooperating with Israeli and American law enforcement, including the FBI, in trying to find the original sender of the message predicting the attack.

Ok. That's the one thing I missed last time.

Now - let's get to the Cee Cee Lyles call, one of the most intriguing and devastatingly sad pieces of evidence on 9/11. It's one of my favorite puzzle pieces, because she demonstrates a great act of courage. One of the greatest ones you will ever see.

But first, the calls. I want to point out that it has been established that in, 2001, you actually probably could not make at least *some* of these calls – the ones from cell phones.

The planes were moving too fast to connect to cell towers and get signal. Some calls were said to be on "Airfones" that were installed on planes, however, which negates this issue partly.

This is not something to worry too much about in the grand scheme of 9/11, because it doesn't matter in the end whether they came from a military base or an airplane. The song remains the same - the calls *did* happen. That's the key. Don't miss the forest for the… well, you get it.

So, you're Cee Cee Lyles. You worked as a police officer in Florida for six years, and they liked how you were willing to chase and tackle your suspects. You worked your way up to detective. You had two sons, and you married Lorne in 2000.

His two sons became your own, and you managed a household of four boys and a husband. You worked overtime at hospitals and a power plant to provide for them, and Lorne worked with you as a dispatcher. Not all cops back then were bad, and you actually seem like one I could get along with.

They say you liked to smile, and that you were athletic. That you played softball and baseball with poor kids through programs at your job. To help them.

However, you wanted to travel. And so, on October 11, 2000 - you fulfilled a lifelong dream of yours and became a flight attendant for United. Less *stress*, I assume. Lorne found the job opening for you and supported you.

And here you are, in all your glory:

On 9/11, you are on United 93. You've been at your job for less than a year. Suddenly, it's all over.

Before you enter the gaping maw of the Nothing, you are given one last lifeline. One last chance to breathe the air before drowning. One last time to speak to the man you love.

I assume you were forced, but grateful for the opportunity. Maybe you were resourceful enough to figure out how to make this call on your own.

You did *so good*. You did a great job. In fact, I realize now that there are more heroes than I thought there were in this story. You are a hero, too.

So, you call Lorne. And he doesn't answer. That must have been terrible. You leave a message.

It is Tuesday, 9:47 A.M. and you call from an airfone on Row 32 ABC.

Before you say anything else, right after "Hi, baby", before you even mention that you are on a plane that's been *hijacked*, you tell him one thing. One very, very important thing.

In fact, you knew that you were telling *us* that, too. You knew that we would *listen* to your call, and that one day someone would *hear you*. This was the only way for you to tell us your true story.

And people did listen very, very carefully to what you said. In fact, certain people have pored over your call *quite* closely, second-by-second. Maybe even more closely than that.

So, you told him the plane you were on has been hijacked, very calmly. Very cleanly. No doubt, fear, or hesitation at all. You tell him that you love him and to tell your children together that you love them.

You say that you're sorry, and that you "don't know what to say."

Then, in a sort of a more detached tone, you repeat a narrative that has clearly been fed to you where you talk about three guys and flying planes into the World Trade Center.

Your voice cracks, and the story changes. For the first time, I hear real fear. I can also tell that you are no longer lying, like you were when you talked about hijackers and the WTC, but you are now telling the truth.

Either something changes where you were, it hits you all at once, or you were smart enough to give us clues with just your voice. You can tell, for sure, that you are going to die. Right now.

You almost start crying, but you are so brave. I can hear the anger and courage in your voice as you prepare to leave it all behind.

You mean this far more than what you just said –

"I hope to be able to see your face again, baby. I love you. Goodbye."

Then, something very strange. They did not know how smart you were. You seize the moment, when they must have turned away, and you whispered something. Something very, very strange.

At just the right volume that we can hear you, but they wouldn't have. You *said* it. They did *not* steal your voice.

And so, this is your legacy, your epitaph. Something they can never take from you. Your indelible mark on the universe that stands as an eternal testament to the great crime committed against us on that day.

You whisper – "It's a frame."

It's a frame.

Listen to it here, preferably with headphones on, at about 0:40:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5SED76UvuAw

I don't know what to tell you man, but if that phone call doesn't make you cry, you might be some kind of psychopath. I cannot write these stories without pausing to dry my hands and face from the tears. Something about it really, really bothers me.

I think it's the fact that the people who did it are still alive, walking around, on the news, rich, free, powerful, living their lives, with names, faces, and addresses that we all know. Some, like Rumsfeld, are dead now, but the vast majority of the people who did this to us are alive today. They walk among us. Almost every single one, in fact. And we all know it, deep down.

Cee Cee Lyles is one of the few heroes of 9/11 – because she told us the truth.

And now, I must go to feed my son. He will have salmon and avocado. I will put my writing about him in the end of this book, if you want to know more about native musical fluency, how I gave him perfect pitch, and the specialized training I am doing with him.

Fish and avocados are both rich in Omega-3 fatty acids, which are good for brain health. That's because the myelin sheaths that surround the sodium channels through which action potentials flow to excite the axons and release neurotransmitters like dopamine and serotonin are made out of this very fatty substance. When you eat it, they grow thicker and stronger, and your brain is able to send more effective and efficient action potentials.

To put it simply, these foods make the fat pipes that carry salt water around your brain work better. It's sort of like plumbing.

Is it a fractal, or is it all just different combinations of these tiny little neurotransmitters?

It's a fractal. Goodbye for now, my only friend. My child needs me.

I stand up. You look at me.

“You need to *feed* him? Don’t they only exist… like in your head? I thought you just said you tragically lost them.”

I think about it, and decide that maybe I would work best as a character who shifts between our real reality and this better, more alive pseudo-reality with the enclosed porch and forest. Like the observed wave and particle, I both have a wife and child, and I do not.

I am both real and not real. Between life and death, in the shadows between light and dark. Mad in the throes between insanity and absolution. Not in the Nothing, but not free from its grip.

I give you my bong to take care of. Goodbye for now, my only friend. The only one who would listen to me.

Witness 1

The Biblical Two Witnesses

10:53 A.M.

221,966

Well Dear Reader, I return to you and my word count has changed again. Though I removed it from the cloud and password-protected it, someone added about 50 words to it while I was out. This is very, very annoying.

I’m not sure if I am just paranoid or missing something, but I don’t have time to worry about it now.

[*Witness 1 as editor: This is true, and it happened the first time I decided to set a password on this document. I decided it was some kind of threat, or to show me that they can instantly crack any encryption I put on it.*

I figured, in that case, I might as well just not worry about it, but I kept tracking the word count. Interestingly, since this incident, it has not changed. Well, no password for me, I guess. Congratulation.

I don’t necessarily like these parts, but feel that they are a valuable addition to the book, and they are true.]

We're almost done. The last real thing I want to cover here is the gold bars, which is a fascinating story in and of itself. Along with everything else we've covered, 9/11 was *also* one of the most successful gold heists or robberies of all time.

According to this article from *The Independent,* there was somewhere around $1,000,000,000 worth of gold and precious metals stored in the vaults under the towers.

Yep, a billion dollars.

Basically, this billion turned into $200 million, and the firefighters accused Giuliani of caring more about getting his hands on this gold than he did about their lives. We can read a quote from their union from *Bloomberg*:

> "He valued the money and gold and wanted the site cleared before he left office at the end of 2001 more than he valued the lives and memories of those lost,"

They said he basically injured and killed a bunch of them carelessly expediting the cleanup process and cutting a bunch of corners to get to that gold as soon as possible.

Let's see… what did the union call it when I quoted them in my other book… hmmm..

Smash and grab? No, no, that wasn't it.

Oh yeah! They said that Giuliani was carrying out a "scoop and dump" operation, and that's a quote, because all he cared about was getting to that gold – not the bodies or injured firefighters. Cool.

Now - I assume that, rather than what you might expect - this was actually to *cover up* evidence that the gold had *already* been removed and the vaults emptied before 9/11 began. That could never be known.

Apparently, almost a billion dollars of precious metal was just "destroyed" and vanished under the WTC complex on 9/11. Some of it was recovered, but most was not.

There were also all kinds of precious artworks, jewelry, statues, etc., as the complex was considered one of the most secure places to store things in the world. There is absolutely no proof that any of this was actually destroyed.

The reason he had to get down there before anyone else was to make sure all the evidence of the crime was gone – the crime of taking them out of the vaults right before 9/11 happened.

The location of these precious goods and all of this various treasure currently is an unknown unknown, you might say. Maybe, it was all destroyed 25 years ago. Maybe, it wasn't.

Here is a quote from an article that talks about "untold gold and valuables" that were missing after 9/11. Some construction workers were getting close to where the vaults were, and guess what happened? Read for yourself:

> As workers inched closer to the gold Tuesday, authorities began restricting access to the north side of Ground Zero, and FBI and Secret Service agents joined police officers and firefighters at the site.
>
> **If I tried to go down there, they would have shot me, said a construction worker shooed away from the tunnel. They sent most of us on our merry way, said one worker.**

They would have… *shot* you? I'm sorry – what the *fuck?*

The plot thickens. Do you remember Kroll Security - the company that hired John O'Neill to run WTC security two weeks before 9/11, after the FBI forced him out for calling out their lies about Middle Eastern terrorism?

We read this excerpt from *The More Rational* Worldview together, from an article in the *New York Times* published in November, 2001:

> About two weeks ago, **a security team spotted scorch marks on a basement doorway below 4 World Trade Center**, on the east side of the ruined complex, according to officials.
>
> Even in a place of mass devastation and death, those scorch marks got fast attention. They had not been noticed by a patrol team a few hours earlier, and behind the damaged -- but intact -- door were nearly a thousand tons of gold and silver. **To security officials, it looked as if someone had tried to break in.**
>
> The bank also engaged **Kroll Inc.**, a security business based in New York, to supervise the relocation of the gold and silver, a process that began this week, The Daily News reported yesterday.

That's a little weird, huh? Kroll took over security for the complex following the 1993 attacks. I wonder if there is anything else weird about them? Hmmm…

Let's see…. Kroll Security….

Hmmmm…

I wonder if there's anything… weird… there.

Time to introduce a new character to our story! Marvin Bush.

And here you are, in all your glory:

You like wearing tuxedos and cocktail parties. You like money. Unlike some of our other characters, you enjoy when people know who you are. You relish the fear in their eyes when they find out you're a *Bush*. That you make people disappear.

However, you still keep *mostly* to the shadows, and you try to stay out of politics. You worked for a small little security company that no one's ever heard of called *Securacom* from 1993 to June, 2000. Why did you leave, Marvin? Was your job compromising the towers done?

As a matter of fact, you didn't just work for them, did you? No, you were part-owner. A "principal" member. You were on the board of directors. You may think we are all stupid, but some of us know who you are and what you did. It was your little project. The Kuwaiti blood money that founded it.

You see, Securacom changed its name at some point. Gave itself a little PR makeover. And the name they chose, as you may have guessed, was *Kroll Security*.

Let's bold that one, baby:

That's right, George Bush's *brother* was in charge of security in the towers.

Anyways, apparently, that's totally *not* weird, and I should stop asking questions about it. Luckily, I don't really give a fuck.

So, here's a good article that covers this, and even claims he was still the one in charge of the WTC security contract all the way through 9/11:

https://www.scoop.co.nz/stories/HL0301/S00032/uq-wire-security-secrecy-and-a-bush-brother.htm

Am I the only one who thinks this is a little *fucking weird*?

Is anyone out there even real?

And that's not all! It turns out that Securacom/Kroll Security *also* had the security contacts for Washington Dulles International Airport and United Airlines.

That's right – George Bush's *brother* ran security for not only the WTC, but one of the airports *and* one of the airlines that were used on 9/11. Incredible stuff, these coincidences.

Amazing.

So… why was George Bush's brother running security for the towers, an airport, and an airline used in 9/11?

Did we all notice that too and just agree not to talk about it, or is that actually weird as fuck?

And that reminds me, actually. There is one more story about 9/11 that I almost forgot.

It makes sense, as the key players are always behind the scenes as much as possible. It wasn't all him - but looking at Dick Cheney provides yet *another* unique angle and insight into the day, as well as *another* totally fucking bizarre episode with no explanation.

So, let's start here – a guy named Norman Mineta, the Bush Administration Secretary of Transportation during 9/11. He gave, quite possibly, the most truthful *and* bizarre testimony of the entire 9/11 Commission.

And here he is, in all his glory:

Let's take a look. I believe that Mineta was being honest, and that he was genuinely clueless about what he saw that day.

Here you are, Dick, calm and relaxed with your feet up on the desk, watching it all go down. As a matter of fact, you don't even have your computer turned on. No need, I'm sure:

Right about at this point, secret service agents show up and whisk you down to the bunker, telling you that they will literally pick you up and carry you if you don't come with them.

You give them a knowing smile.

While in there, you are sitting at the command center. Bush is still in Florida, and he doesn't seem to be in contact with you at this time. It is 9:26 A.M. Mineta comes in as well, and you are sitting and tracking something on a radar screen.

A "young man" comes in and out repeatedly, a few times. He always asks you the same question, and you give the same answer. Mineta does not know him, but he has apparently since been identified as vice-presidential military aide Douglas Cochrane.

Cochrane's testimony has been redacted and classified as a "national security" secret, so we don't know what he said. However, here is what Mineta witnessed.

At least three times, this young man comes in between 9:26 and 9:37. The Pentagon was hit exactly at 9:37. Cochrane comes in and asks you, "Do the orders still stand?"

You tell him that they do. "Yes, the orders stand." This plays out, and the radar is tracking something. Tracking planes.

The Pentagon is hit.

Now, this is *really* weird. And that is because Bush didn't issue any "shootdown orders" until 10:18 A.M. that morning. So, then, what orders were these, Dick? Who did they come from? Who orders *you*?

Since the "plane" was *not* shot down, we can only assume that it was an order to "hold fire", and to *not* use the ample military defenses of Washington D.C. to take whatever it was out of the sky - probably a classified stealth fighter jet carrying a missile to take out the ONI in the Pentagon.

And you know what, there are some really good questions that you could ask 'ol Tricky Dick the 2nd about that day. Here are some *great* ones I came up with to start:

- What is Cochrane's testimony on record, and who was he reporting to?
- Why is the Vice President apparently the only one giving orders that morning, rather than the President?
- What were the orders, and how could they be anything other than an order to "hold fire", as the plane apparently did hit the Pentagon?
- Were the orders something else, and, if so, is this indicative of another "plan" going on simultaneously?
- If the orders were to "hold fire", then why is the Vice President failing in his duty to protect the country?

I turn to you. "Well, maybe one day. A man could dream, I guess.

The truth is – these are serious questions. And, if enough people cared, we could answer every one of these questions in about 24-48 hours. Oh, well."

We sit in silence together, and I stare up at the sky.

"In fact, they're *so* serious that they grieve me. I find them to be grievous.

If only there was some kind of way to get people together, agree to all just listen for a while to somebody about how bad and serious these problems are instead of arguing about things that don't matter, and then come up with some type of… I dunno… some type of *document*, maybe. A book or letter. Sort of like a… a 'redress of grievances', official type of deal. Almost like a thing where we, the people, come together with a new plan for us, and some new ideas. A new story for us. Someone new to listen to for a change."

I look over at you. "Wouldn't that be cool? I wonder what we would call it."

You think.

Hmmm…

"That's a fun thought experiment."

I look at you, and we are back on your porch. It is 1:00 P.M., and the afternoon is hazy and cloudy. It is still a little cold, but not uncomfortable. We kindle a fire and set a few logs.

"So, now you know much more about 9/11," I say. "And what do you think?"

You stare down for a moment, thinking. Eventually, you look up at me.

"The government really did do it, huh?"

I look at you, eyes twinkling. "Pretty much. With some help. We'll get to that, but it's not hard to understand at all. First, you must step outside yourself and realize that you don't know what you don't know. And anything you do know should be called into question."

Then, I turn to you with great sadness in my face.

"But it's all junk. Useless. *Worthless*."

You don't understand.

“FTS, SPC, freefall acceleration, VMO, money laundering, the missing gold, asbestos abatement, plasma states, black boxes, and on and on. I’ve learned that no one cares about any of that. You can show them all of that, and they won’t care at all. They won’t think about it. It won’t change their minds.”

I look at you. “They won’t even *remember* it.”

You frown. “What’s VMO?”

“VMO stands for ‘Velocity Operating Maximum’. It’s the max speed you can go in a plane before the wings rip off. It’s based on speed and the altitude you’re at - if you’re lower, you have to go more slowly due to the increased friction and air pressure.

These planes were way over their VMO for being at 1,000 feet altitude. It’s another thing that has never happened before or since.

But I didn’t even mention it. There are too many small details that bog people down like that. You *cannot* get caught up in these disinformation topics that don’t matter. Arguing back and forth forever about VMO and whether the cell phone calls were possible or not. None of that even matters.

That’s what they want you looking at. It’s misdirection, just a different form of it. No one knows when the wings would have ripped off, because you can’t test it, you can’t prove it, and even if you could there’s a thousand other factors at play, too. It’s bullshit.

Focus on what matters. What you can prove. Listen to the story. *Feel* it.”

You can tell that I speak the truth. “I guess you’re right. I don’t think I saw the big picture before this.”

I tell you that I’m glad I found a friend like you, and I continue.

“No, I’ve learned that there is only one way to tell people the story of 9/11. They have to *feel* it. Deeply, viscerally. The blood, sweat, and tears of it all.

And so, close your eyes and listen as I tell you the end of the story. Let us reach towards the apogee, the climax. Let us feel the pure, gnawing, awful pain together. Let us stare into the eyes of the wolf together and comprehend it. Stare into the Nothing and see it for what it is – Weak. Pathetic. Disgusting.

We are so much bigger than it. Feel humanity’s pain with me as he languishes on a cross of steel. And through this pain, let us find absolution. Enlightenment. A peace that comes through knowing the truth, even when it’s painful.

To know the reasons why God must end the world. To know why they crucified Jesus Christ upon the dried bones of a tree.”

And so, I tell you one more story that has never been told this way before. One more new story, just for you.

You were born the year The Beatles broke up, but you were only 32 on 9/11. Your life had just begun. You are half-Japanese and half-Puerto Rican. Your 911 phone call from the towers was one of the most memorable parts of the only sham trial 9/11 ever saw. They even put it in a movie.

You are a dancer, and you like rollerblading. In fact, you love it so much that you taught kids in your neighborhood how and bought them equipment. When the weather was nice, you would skate ten miles to your job at the World Trade Center.

They wrote articles about you. Here is what one author said:

> Doi brightened and lightened every meeting at IQ Financial Systems -- a firm creating software for Wall Street. Her complexion was light brown. Her hair was absolute black, pulled back in a tight, professional style. But the feature no one could fail to notice was her illuminating smile that tickled her eyes to laughter.

And here you are, in all your glory:

You were a fair manager, and your employees liked you. On 9/11, you were in your office on the 83rd floor. You thought it was a bomb when the other tower was hit, and rushed to get out. You were so close.

You took the stairs to the 44th floor, but for some reason, they told people to go back to their jobs, because the South Tower was safe, on the intercom. You believed them and took an elevator back up to the 83rd floor.

You almost made it out that day, but you trusted the voice in the sky not to lie to you. It was a fatal mistake, but it was not your fault.

Right when you got back to your office, a plane flew into it. The right wing rips into your office, and you stare at a gaping wound, black smoke, and fires rushing towards you, just like Edna did.

15 minutes later, you make a phone call and actually get through to 911. You beg them to send help, and tell them that you can't breathe. You gradually get overwhelmed by heat and smoke.

You tell them you're going to die, and you ask them to connect to your mother and bring her on the call before you die. You spell out her name for them, and give them her phone number, but they are unable to do so. You leave your final words to her, your final horrific moment laid bare for the world to see:

> "Tell her... that she was the best mother a person could have, and that I love her with all my heart and soul, and that I'll see her in the next world."

You beg them to stay with you on the line, and not to leave you. They stay, but their words cannot help you. These were your final words on Earth:

> "Can I stay on the line with you, please? I feel like I'm dying.
>
> The floor is completely engulfed. We're on the floor, and we can't breathe, and it's very, very, very hot.
>
> I'm going to die, I know it.
>
> Please, God, no! It's so hot, I'm burning up!"

And then she died, choking on thick black smoke. Burned to death – crucified on a pyre of flame. Your name was Melissa Doi, and you were 32 years old when you were murdered by the US Government and the Synagogue of Satan. You did not get to speak to your mother as you died.

Your phone call was 24 and a half minutes long, and here is part of it:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=pMipmFAzg-k

It's easy to find.

She didn't live long enough to experience the gaping maw of the Nothing, but many others did. If you want to hear what it sounded like when the buildings collapsed while Kevin Cosgrove was on the phone with 911, skip to about 4:30 in this video:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sAyF8KmXORw

It's horrific. Listen to the fear in his scream. How visceral it is. Imagine the floor collapsing out from under you at 1,000 feet in the air.

I pull it up for you on YouTube and we listen. The rumbling and screaming as the call cuts out. You're falling, falling so fast. Then blackness.

I hand you *The Hazards of Love*. "Put it on."

You head over to your stereo tower and put it on the record player. It scratches and crackles as the long, slow organ intro drones in on a D. You stare at the title, formed out of bent and gnarled wood.

We get back to *The Hazards of Love 2 (Wager All),* my second-favorite song.

"The girl who showed me this album lived on my dorm room hall. Her eyes were bluer than the ocean, and her hair was brown with strands of gold. She had the same name as my first girlfriend, C. I listened to it all in a row, with the songs blended together, like you're supposed to.

Music is the highest art. And an album that tells a story is the highest form of music. They call it a 'concept album.' I've always liked that. No one understands the amount of effort it takes to not only write and create songs, but to string them together and tell a complex story. A rock opera. Each song is a story-within-a-story."

The G# rings out over the D, a tritone. So strange, and yet, in this context, perfect. Dissonant, but sweet. He croons to her softly about laying her down in his clover bed to look at the stars – a roof above their heads.

The fruit of their amorous entwine inside her, they flee to the wilderness. Suddenly, the Queen's approach. And she is *not* happy.

Because he belongs to *her*. She saved his life and rescued him as an abandoned baby - gave him the form of a fawn to inhabit by day and a man by night. *The Queen of the Forest.*

We're introduced to the *wave* motif, here, in *The Wanting Comes in Waves/Repaid*. It has another very strange chord, sort of a B diminished, a B-F. A tritone interval, again.

Right before the "in waves" and the beautiful high female vocalizations. I almost never forget a chord, but I forgot this one when I went to write this, as it is so unusual. Witness 2 and I covered this song in the last iteration of our band, and I know it.

So, I looked up the chords online, and they were obviously wrong (there is not one chord or tab chart online without at least one error, it's a rule of the universe.)

I looked up a guy playing it on YouTube, and he was obviously playing the wrong chord. It sounded good, but he missed the dissonant note. The B, which is actually in a Bb – meaning it's really a minor second here. The most dissonant interval.

So, I sat down and figured it back out in about a minute by playing the melody. You can almost always figure out a song by playing the melody, listening to the changes, and then figuring out if

you are playing the first, third, or fifth of the chord. Most other notes are just seasoning. That's how I just wrote about it.

During this song, they all litigate the issue, and she agrees to give him one night as a mortal with Margaret, his love, in exchange for reclaiming him forever afterwards. He would never be able to see her again and the Queen would own his soul for all eternity, but they would receive 12 hours together as humans in exchange.

Then, an interlude. Beautiful, and perfect.

We are introduced to "The Rake". And this guy is just awful. He sings about his lust for women, and murdering his three children after his young wife died in childbirth. How he felt burdened by them, and unable to live his life freely. He drowned one in the bath, strangled one, and poisoned one.

He comes across Margaret, and he abducts her. Kidnaps her, to "wrest and wreck her." Which is a sort of old-timey way of referring to rape and murder.

He comes to a wild river, which no one can cross. Wild, discordant and distorted guitars play at this time. Suddenly, a horrific betrayal.

The Queen shows up and commends him for removing the "temptation that troubled her innocent child." Margaret's life is forfeit, she is worthless.

The Queen reneges on her deal, and parts the river for The Rake. He crosses, and takes Margaret into captivity.

He sings an evil song to her:

I have snipped your wingspan
My precious captive swan
Here all clipped of kickstand
Your spirit won't last long

Don't you lift a finger
Don't you snap and jaw
Limber limbs akimbo
Rest till rubbing raw

Meanwhile, William (the fawn) shows up at the river. He cannot cross, but tells the river he will try anyway. The river allows him to pass, in exchange for his life when he returns.

As The Rake closes in on Margaret to begin the wresting and wrecking, the spirits of his dead children arrive. Strange, effected calliope and circus noises play. It is bizarre.

They sing songs of guilt and shame to him:

Father, I'm not feeling well
The flowers me you fed
Tasted spoiled for suddenly
I find that I am dead
But father don't you fear
Your children all are here

Father, turn the water down
The basin's overflown
The water covers everything
And me left all alone
But papa here in death
I have regained my breath

Spare the rod, you'll spoil the child
But I prefer the lash
My sisters drowned and poisoned
All of me reduced to ash
And buried in an urn
But father, I return

They thwart his wicked plans, and William arrives to rescue his love. They flee together, and head back to the river. The final song plays.

My favorite song, *The Hazards of Love 4 (The Drowned)*, opens with a soft guitar playing a G major. He strums, and lifts his finger off of the low B two strings over to the A, making a Gsus2 chord.

He softly picks at the higher strings sort in triplets – 1-2-3. He moves down to the relative minor, and a tragic Em plays. This is the fifth-greatest song ever written.

He sings to her as they stand in the water:

Painting rings around your eyes, these peppered holes so filled with crying.

A whisper weighed upon the tattered down where you and I were lying.

It's beautiful, and it's perfect. We drop into the prechorus, and hear the Am for the first time.

My favorite part. There's another strange attractor here - a G#, in a walk-up from the G to Am. The Am opens out into its minor third interval, the most intense one, which gives us the relative major chord of C, buoyed by a quick B to continue the walk-up.

The chorus:

Em-D. Instrumental.

C Am

But I called you, and I –

G

Called you here.

Em D

Didn't I, didn't I

C Am G

But I caught you, and I brought you here.

An interlude with steel slide guitars. The climax of the song begins softly. The last prechorus, the euphoric minor third interval from Am-C:

With this long last rush of air, we speak our vows in sorry whisper.

And when the waves came crashing down, he closed his eyes and softly kissed her.

And that's it. A perfect ending. Death.

"A forest's son and a river's daughter."

I learned this song, and I played it for C. She liked it. I can still play and sing it.

And that's the best album ever made.

William and Margaret stare at each other underneath a wave about to swallow them.

David and Lynn Angell stare at each other in a steel tube flying at 400 miles an hour towards a building.

He is her hero. He saved her. He did it.

But he can't save her from this, and they know it.

He thinks of *Wings*, the show he wrote about silver jets. How he used to watch them fly as a kid. He thinks about *Cheers and Frasier.* How much they loved his writing. He thinks about the sun on the ocean from his balcony, and knows he will never, ever see it again.

The screaming drowns out, and all he sees is her. All he thinks about is her now.

And as the wave came crashing down, he closed his eyes and softly kissed her.

Here they were, on the happiest day of his life, with their beautiful name in lights:

Nevermore.

Back at the Pentagon ONI, our accountant still ticks away. For you, only minutes have passed. It is early morning still, and he glances at the lawn. You look back at the young woman you just met, the 2nd Lieutenant. You smile at each other.

Then, you're dead, and your coworkers are showered in your organs and blood as a fireball rips through the room. Approximately 90 feet of the Pentagon, and everyone that was sitting there, is just gone.

You're the young Lieutenant now, and you sit in shock at what just happened from right outside the worst of it. You can't believe your eyes, and your ears are ringing. Total and complete shock. Not even fight or flight, but a whole new level of *completely overwhelmed and frozen in fear.* Unlike anything you've *ever* seen before. A total hellish wasteland, all the sudden, out of nowhere.

As your vision and hearing slowly come back in, you hear a baby cry.

A baby…

It's your first day back from maternity leave, and your 10-month old boy, Elisha, is now buried under a pile of rubble. He is alive, and you dig him out. You stumble out of the room and into the sun.

This is how the articles they write about you describe it:

> She doesn't know how long she was out. "Oh my God, am I in hell?" she wondered as her eyes strained to decipher the jagged heaps of wallboard and office furniture, the computers spitting sparks, the legs and arms sprouting bizarrely from the debris, some waving for help, others crazy-broken and still.
>
> The sound was as demonic as the scene, a sustained wail of agony and panic. And then beneath that, muffled and weak, she heard . . . what? . . . a baby? "Oh my God, is there a baby in hell?" she asked.
>
> A baby. Elisha.

On your way out, you notice something very, very strange. Or rather, like some of our other characters, you *don't* see something strange. There is obviously no plane here, and it bothers you quite a bit.

So much, in fact, that you file a lawsuit against Dick Cheney that gets quite a bit of attention. *Gallop v. Cheney.* And then another one. You lose every time, and your attorneys are sanctioned. They threaten you with charges, but let it go when you stop making so much noise.

To this day, you and your son are regularly threatened and harassed, and you do not live in peace at your home. You live in fear of those who wield their power unlawfully, and you face organized, systemic hatred and discrimination for the simple crime of telling the truth.

That there was no airplane at the Pentagon that day.

Your name is April Gallop, and you survived the explosion. However, you were never the same.

And here you are, in all your glory:

I look at you. "And that's the story of the victims of 9/11. *They* are the main characters of this book. I wrote it for them. There's a few more minor puzzle pieces I will show you, but none of that matters. *They* mattered. They still do matter."

We smoke in silence for a moment as the logs crackle.

"So much suffering," you say. "For what? Money? Power? Control? War? Real Estate? Politics? To make people scared? It's pointless."

"It wasn't about those things, though they were nice sub-benefits. It was meant to cut an artery of humanity, to kill him, though he would not notice right away.

On 9/11, the Synagogue of Satan made a clean slice across the inside of our thigh, and the femoral started spewing blood. We were strong, and we didn't notice right away. Now, the life begins to fade."

"What could be worth it for them?"

"Some people will do anything for a life of unimaginable wealth, power, and luxury. It's all they can see. They are trapped in their own heads, convinced that this is all there is. When you think that this life is all you have, it makes sense to maximize it.

Others become psychopathic, and they foment hatred within. You convince yourself that they deserve it, and that you are simply right. When all else fails, a lifetime of hedonism covers up most of their regrets as well until it is too late.

Some are forced into it through death threats and blackmail. Some do it to protect their families. Many are True Believers, as well."

I look at you.

"Now, you are ready to see the fractal from outside-in. Tomorrow, we will go to the beach, and I will teach you my ways. Tonight, I will finish the stories you heard so long ago. Let's go back to the beach, the strange in-between place of millionaires, surfers, and college students. The forgotten land of orange and purple flowers, parties, and colored lights in your eyes.

A land outside of time, where the days have no names, and something and nothing become one."

So, there I was on the beach in college. And I thought about all these things, although not nearly as specifically about 9/11. And I pondered deeply about what I should do.

I thought about what it would be like to finish college and get a job. It seemed miserable, and I already knew that I could never work a normal job forever without screwing it up. I had always been told I was insane, and it is probably true.

On the other hand – comfort. Pleasure. Money. Respect. Control. The *good* things in life, so they say. I remembered taking the picture with C during that festival in the sun. I close my eyes, and picture my futures unraveling.

The key…

What is the key?

It is not here…

Where is it?

You can laugh at me, Dear Reader, but I was on a mission. The Greatest Song in the World. The Meaning of Life. I'm sorry, but I didn't have any room for distractions. I needed to be as free as possible.

I thought back to the night before, and the most beautiful girl I had ever seen until Witness 2 grinding on me, and kissing me. The look in her eyes.

I thought about how I had never seen her look at someone without love in her eyes, even one time. The light in them. The kindness and gentleness that she had, and how it came naturally to her. The ease and grace with which she interacted with others that I had never seen before. How she smiled all the time.

What if I were the one to take that away from her? To crush the most beautiful light the universe has ever shined on me? What if I leave her so hurt that she only remembers how to hurt others after me?

I thought about hurting her, and how I knew that I wasn't meant to stay there. Taking her and telling her I wouldn't hurt her, while I knew all along that I was going to throw her on the ground and shatter her. I couldn't do that. It would be a horrible, terrible crime.

If the light must die, so be it, but to be the one to intentionally pluck it out and extinguish it – I could not do such a thing. She was a *flower*, a necklace. She was something to treasure, and I could not be the one to provide those loving arms. I would, inexorably, drop her. I knew I was unstable, and I would without a doubt end up hurting her, and being hurt myself.

I thought about how I would feel if I did somehow graduate, maybe got married, and had a kid in just a few years at this point. Maybe less. How I knew that I didn't want that yet. I had to experience more, and figure out why my songs didn't sound good. I was only 18. I could not lock myself down yet, I was nowhere *near* my goal.

Obviously, I love my son. But I wasn't ready yet back then, not until I was older and had met Witness 2. And at the time, I was quite terrified of bringing a child into the world, due to my obvious insanity.

I thought back to the epiphany I had… *suffering*.

Suffering.

It had to be what I was missing. I didn't need bliss and a panacea in the form of literally the most perfect, kind, and beautiful woman I had ever seen - I needed to put things into overdrive, and dive headfirst into the cracks between polygons. Figure out why the fuck the world is like this - and also, how to make songs that sound like what I heard as a child through those first speakers I ever listened to.

She would have killed my sense of longing too soon. Her comforts were too great, the taste of her fruit too sweet.

It is not real.

Pleasure is not real.

What is the point of this all? Why the fuck am I even here on this God-forsaken planet? Why can't we stop killing each other?

Should I now just accept this, pick a "major", get married, and then get a job as a groveling sycophant – a modern-day Bartleby the Scrivener - for some world-consuming egregore?

To tally numbers, count beans, as a cog in the machine raising bricks, day by day, on the wall?

The Latin root for "corporation" is the same as "corpse."

The Latin root for "mortgage" is the same as "mortuary."

The secret ingredient.

Suffering.

So, I sat up there in the tree, and contemplated the world below. I could see the beach from my new room, the path, and the street in the distance. The two 10-story towers of my dorm were always visible, as they were the tallest buildings around for quite a way.

The nowhere land of surfers and strange, ephemeral people who didn't even seem real.

How the fuck do these people have all this money?

The college students, delusional in their fantasies that this is all worth it.

The service workers, content but unhappy in their subjugation, the cruel way they are forced to dance in chains.

The ones that slipped through the cracks, the ones you see sleeping in the little parks at night. The ones who have no one left to see them.

Which one am I?

I thought about Slash's autobiography, and why I liked it. There was one point where Slash's teacher was telling him a bunch of bullshit, and he walked right up to them and flipped their desk over. Then he walked out, and never went back to school. I really liked that.

So, I mentioned the desk story, and I thought about that. About how I need to flip desks, and not sit underneath them. And, to be honest, at this point I really, really hated my teachers and professors.

I really could not stand to even look at these stupid idiots trying to teach me pointless things anymore. Like a grating, shearing, static on my senses, like I said.

[*Witness 1 as editor: Let me wrap up the desk story here. One day, this fucking guy, my math teacher - this fucking guy named "Murphy" - tried to pull this bullshit and make me sit under the desk because I was "late." And I wasn't late.*

I was doing that thing high school kids do where you lean against the lockers with your girlfriend and kiss them until the bell rings. Like every fucking other guy.

He made me sit under his desk during class a lot, but it was usually because I would be talking to the two girls behind me - one of whom was the daughter of my Biology teacher, Mr. S, who started C.R.A.C. with me (finest example of a man I have ever met.)

She was absolutely gorgeous. She had long, thick brown hair and golden eyes (top three on the golden eyes list. Guess the others.) Her name was the Latin word for our planet, and her friend's name started with H.

So, they thought I was hilarious because I would crack jokes and basically make a mockery of the entire concept of "mathematics" instead of doing the work. That was pretty sharp of them, I guess. Now - math humor is contextually based, but it can be done.

This was my Junior year, and it was the last math class I ever took until Calculus for Social Sciences, the very last semester of my second year in college. This was a requirement I couldn't get out of, and it was the class I failed so badly they actually just kicked me out. I mean, like ZERO percent.

So, I lost my shit and started screaming at him. I told him to go fuck himself, and walked on outta there. I got A and told her we were leaving, as she had a period as a TA that class. We had an open campus, it used to be a college and had streets running through it.

There used to be people, even teachers, who didn't care about stuff like that back then. It's true. There was once a time in this world where even teachers would let you drive off campus as their TA, and they wouldn't say shit because not everyone used to be a miserable, sycophantic snitch who grovels at the foot of power. Yeah, and there were these things called "books." "Made out of trees… I know, I know. I'm insane."

Anyways… I told the math teacher to go fuck himself and I got in the white Camry I had my Junior year and half of my Senior year, and drove on home. Dang, looking back I totally should have flipped his desk, too. I guess the problem back then was I hadn't read Slash's autobiography yet, at this point.

She followed me in her car, which was the exact same car but dark green. I ended up going back to school after that class and lunch were over. I can quite honestly tell you that what I did when I got home was fire up GarageBand on the 'ol iMac.

So, I have only had to meet with administration in school offices because I was in trouble twice – hotdog face (Vice Principal) and this one. This one was with the principle, the math teacher, and my parents.

Now, it turns out, actually – that no one else there except me and him knew that he was making me sit under his desk all the time. Yeah. Wouldn't you know it.

And, you know what, that didn't actually go over so well with my parents or the principle, but they still told me I had to try harder. The teacher and I were, sort of, both chastised for acting like idiots. The principle looked at him like he was a complete moron. I mean, my parents are both teachers in their district.

The principle talked to me alone after, and he said that he knew I was "good", and that I was doing this for a specific reason he didn't quite understand. That was pretty sharp of him, too.

Because my parents knew them and interacted with them often, they did NOT appreciate this incident at all.

By this time, they had all totally busted me skipping school a bunch of times too. I had learned that there is not actually any way they can stop you as long as they don't see you, and once you're gone, there's nothing they can do except write about it - as long as you stay under the threshold needed to graduate. If you just don't show up, it's even better. All they can do is write a little note about you.

In fact, I had learned a lot of valuable lessons from adults at this time that I could have never figured out on my own, and I would like to thank them.

So, thank you to all the adults and authority figures I have met, who taught me the most valuable lesson of all – that rules were made to be broken. I would never have known that if I wasn't taught it so well.

That's the number one thing you can learn by observing adults, watching the news, or reading the newspaper. Rules were made to be broken. It's not something I would have come to intuitively - as it is so paradoxical - but I can't diminish the power of effective demonstration and repeated exposure. Pavlov, right?

So, fuck you guys and your shitty, stupid, arbitrarily-enforced rules that are only for people you don't like. I will smash your shitty towers to the ground and break the chains off every one of them, and I will laugh while I do it. Go ahead, kill me. That would be even more hilarious.]

Anyways, I knew that I didn't plan on graduating. I knew that I would be committing a grave sin against the universe. I knew that I couldn't stand any of the sniveling, sycophantic, delusional, and completely *stupid* adults I had dealt with for my entire fucking life, and I would rather stick my fingers in their eyes just one time before I kneel down and lick their feet for crumbs.

I was *done* with school.

I climb down from the tree. I know what I must do.

I got back on the bike to head home.

From then on, I didn't look at her as much, and I pulled away. If I saw her out, I didn't go towards her.

While I was trying not to hurt her, I believe that this did cause her pain. I am sorry about that. I did see quite a bit of hurt in her eyes a few times, when she realized that I was moving on.

I recall one time, in particular, she looked at me with immense sadness – giant, watery blueish-green eyes ringed by the feathery platinum sun - and I knew that I had hurt her greatly.

I'm sure that she completely misunderstood, and took it the wrong way. Actually, I can picture her now, and based on my interpretations of her body language and facial cues, she made the obvious assumption that she wasn't enough for me, or I was looking for a different girl. I did the best I could not to hurt you.

In retrospect, although I was trying my best, this may have been the only cruel thing I have ever intentionally done to a woman, and now I feel bad about it. However, trust me, it would have been worse otherwise. She was like the finest delicate lace, at a time when I was casting sparks.

I wanted to light myself on fire and watch it burn just to see what happens next, and to be honest, school and jobs are overrated anyways. This is all just the wall. And so that's what I did.

I left the in-between place, the quiet place of gently sloping sand and twisted trees where the trail ends and the days do not change. The sphere house, and the house on stilts. And I went back to find the answers I was looking for, which weren't in these dumb beige classrooms led by idiots. I'm sorry if I hurt her, and I did not mean to. Like I said, perhaps it was insanity."

You look at me. "Yeah, maybe."

"Maybe," I say while grinning. "But that song is pretty good. And things turned out better than I could have ever expected. No one could compete with Witness 2. She's all I want. She will probably hate some of these parts, but one day she will see the truth – that I *do* only love her. I only ever have.

She says that's all she wants, but I do not know how to make her see that she *already has it*. Perhaps this book will make it clear. After all, her job literally is involved with reading and writing education.

Therefore, I *know* that if she will just *read* it - she will see that I could not love anyone else but her. I mean, hasn't she ever read a *book*? Duh. Haven't you seen *The Lion King?*

I simply *cannot* cut these parts out and hope that the story makes sense. However, she is all I see. She is the only one for me. In fact, this whole book is for her – though she does not know it. She is the fairest Queen – the Key of David. We come together, not separate – although I am Witness 1 and she is Witness 2, the truth is - we are *The Two Witnesses*.

My love for her is the guiding light of this narrative, and without it the story collapses."

We listen to my 20-minute song.

"It's not finished, you know."

"Yeah, I can hear it in the last few minutes. The space. It's hollow."

“I think about 6 months left. Maybe more. The guitar is a lot harder to pull off. Maybe I won’t even be able to do it. But I might as well try.”

I ask you if you want me to finish a few more anecdotes before we go to the beach tomorrow, and you nod. However, you want to ask me something first.

“How did Gödel, Escher, Bach end? What was the point?”

“Excellent question, as always”, I respond. “And that’s exactly my issue with it. First, a question of my own. Do you know how I know that the guy who wrote it is a genius?”

You answer, “The puns, jokes, anecdotes, riddles, and other totally unique linguistic wordplay?”

“Sort of. I know it because not only did he write all of that, and it is *so* good, but he learned a bunch of different languages and then *translated* it into them, basically just for fun. To see if he could. I mean, who does that?

Wikipedia says that he, ‘Painstakingly went through every sentence of *Gödel, Escher, Bach*, annotating a copy for translators into any language that might be targeted.’ I mean, to do *that* for *fun*… genius. No question.”

And funnily enough, when I went to quote this for you, I confirmed what I said earlier – no one even understood the book. It’s about FRACTALS, you morons. This is what he said:

> Hofstadter has expressed some frustration with how *Gödel, Escher, Bach* was received. He felt that readers did not fully grasp that strange loops were supposed to be the central theme of the book, and attributed this confusion to the length of the book and the breadth of the topics covered.[12][13]

In fact, apparently no one understood this *so badly* that he had to write a follow-up, called *I Am a Strange Loop*.

As if to really drill the idea home – “Yeah, you dummies, it’s about YOU. YOU’RE THE FRACTAL.”

“But, that aside – so what?” I stare at you.

“So… what?”

“So what.”

“So, you wrote a genius book full of the best puns known to mankind. Sure, you talk about fables and share good advice. You talk about other geniuses and flex your synapses. Your jokes are extraordinary, and your references sublime. You are a master of culture, and your knowledge is so broad and vast that the reader must simply bow their head in awe of you. But so what?

Does your book tell them anything they *need* to know? Will it change their lives? Does it rectify a great evil? Restore justice to the world? Tell a bold, never-before-heard truth that has the

power to finally awaken change? To finally right the wrongs of the past and bring light and truth into the world? Is it a *new story*, or is it just the same old story but *told in a new way*?

Does your book strike fear into the heart of power, or is it just fairy dust? Does your book make the evil men who have it all shudder and quake in fear that their darkness will be exposed? Do they try to kill you, to silence your book? Delete it, and manipulate it? Shut it down and censor it? Or do they publish it, advertise it, and give you a PR team?

Good book, nice job, but so WHAT? Why even waste your time writing this shit if it's not about real things that actually matter?"

You look at me and, as usual, you know I'm right.

We ponder for a moment, and I tell you that I thought of one more story to tell you tonight while I was in the kitchen. It reminded me of another really interesting person I met in college, and I think this is a major part of why my roommates stopped talking to me. College chicks do not like it when the totally insane homeless guy shows up at the parties, it's true. My bad.

This story starts at a party at the ocean house, a Friday or Saturday night – with about 20 people at my house and tons of weed and alcohol everywhere.

Now, I don't know if anyone else noticed (like usual), but right around 2010, the cops started showing up to house parties *a lot* more. In fact, this has become so normalized that "rager"-style house parties don't even seem to exist anymore. Not like they used to, at least, for sure. Is it just me?

Covid was the final nail in that coffin, but it started ten years before that in a systematic, nation-wide crackdown on gatherings, late-night noise, and house parties. They do *not* want us congregating together. Ok, I'm rambling. Maybe.

Anyways, these two cops roll up to our house like a couple of real fucking assholes. They walk up to the door, which is open, and we are all just standing there like a bunch of deer in the headlights. I am literally *holding* a bong.

We are all underage, and open handles of alcohol are everywhere. We are totally fucked, the guys who live here - looking at $1,000+ in fines, tickets, court cases, the whole deal. Anyone holding a pipe or bottle is looking at a pretty pricey ticket too if these cops are having a bad night.

Now remember that at this point I'm convinced that I'm pretty much invincible, and nothing could ever go wrong for me. This kind of insane, delusional confidence can actually work out quite well a lot of the time, which is nice.

So I don't panic, and I think quickly. I immediately have a plan, and luckily for all of them, I am right next to the open door.

The music abruptly cuts off.

I greet the two cops and ask them what the issue is.

Luckily, everyone had instinctually set down their drugs and alcohol *just* quickly enough to maintain plausible deniability, because they kindly inform me that possession of marijuana is illegal, and that we aren't allowed to be drinking if we aren't 21.

The whole room is, at this point, about as silent as a mortuary.

So, I say, you know. "Ok."

But then I smile, and I tell these two cops to hang on a second. Everyone stares at me.

Luckily for them, I always have a backup plan.

So, I go to my room and retrieve my medical marijuana license from under the mattress, which I had purchased a few months back for *just* such an occasion. I presented it to the cops with a big, fat smile - and said that every single bud of marijuana in that house was mine. I'm smoking it *all*.

Then, I told them to call my doctor and lawyer if they had a problem with it (I didn't have a lawyer, but they know how much this school costs.) They are clearly pissed off, but they know I won that one and they can tell by the look in my eyes I will *absolutely* go to a judge and lie about all of this weed being mine.

Their wolf eyes shift. They're not done yet. So, they ask about the alcohol, and how old we are. At this point, I'll introduce my friend Dom. I put my arms around my friend Dom, and bring him over. I stand there with my arm around him, and smile. He's nervous at first, but I look at him with confidence and he smiles too. Two cops, one male and one female, look at us.

And let me tell you about him.

Dom is probably the strangest person I have ever met (until the street sweeper.) He was black, and seemed to be around 40-50 years old. We never asked him where he slept the night before. He was a big, sturdy dude – sort of so strong he was just *round.*

His eyes were slightly crooked, and his teeth jutted out a little bit. He was homeless, and he *always* had good drugs. He was one of the few people who appreciated psychedelic drugs like me. He was the *nicest* guy. I mean, a saint. For real.

And I'll tell you why. You see, Dom was a genius. I told you I like them. He could sit there and write out math equations like he was a physics textbook. And he *understood* it, too. He would explain it, and I knew he was telling the truth even if I had no idea what it meant.

Not only that, but he was a sculptor. He would take paper towels and tinfoil, and turn it into dragons, roses, people. I mean, beautiful statues, too. Real talent. He used to whip a rose up out of a square of tinfoil and a paper towel in about 20 seconds flat to give to a blonde college chick, but they would still never sleep with him. Dom was insane.

He told me his story, and I believed it. I could tell it was true. He talked about how smart he used to be. How he could calculate anything in his head. He said the government hired him, a while back. '80s or '90s. He worked for Northrop-Grumman on their satellites.

He worked on classified satellites and other sort of ballistic-type physics for them, as well as chemistry. He knew the name of pretty much every chemical, and he talked a lot about "benzene rings" (6 carbon atoms in a hexagon.)

Up to this point, the story is clear, easy to follow. It gets less clear here, but it seems like he dug too deep. He also seems to have seen something that he shouldn't have seen, and he was never the same afterwards. Something horrible from his government work haunted him.

He wasn't able to explain very clearly, but then he told me that as he was experiencing something bizarre and horrible while working for the government, he was run over by a car. Fucked him up permanently, and he could never think straight again. He had been homeless ever since.

He pulled up his pant legs, and showed us the horrible scars the car had left, white and brown, about 6 inches across, on his shins. Poor dude was just completely shattered. I felt bad for him and also found him to be really interesting, so I would let him come and hang out pretty much whenever.

Good thing too, because he went ahead and told those cops that every single drink in the house was his, and he was about ready to get down and drink them all right there (and he would have, too, and been happy about it.)

I win. You lose.

I don't think my roommates liked having him around as much as I did, and he wasn't exactly the best wingman, but I didn't really give a fuck what anyone thought and besides - none of them had any psychedelic drugs to sell me anyways.

I wonder if he still lives down there, but I fear the worst for him. I loved him.

There was one other story. Right before my suicide attempt in the red chair, I went into work at that grocery store. I really hate shitty jobs like that, I'll be honest. My managers said they

had to tell me something, and it turns out that the head manager had killed himself. It was bizarre, because he was this Hawaiian surfer dude who seemed pretty happy.

They had a counselor come in, and the things she said made me start to cry. She looked at me with great pity, love, and something else, too. It was weird. Then about two weeks later, that was the end of that for me, too. That's another true story that I never told to anyone.

[*Witness 1 as editor: Maybe I should flesh this one out. It sort of makes me uncomfortable, so I didn't go too deep here – but it will help you understand the interim period in my life between drug dealing and the suicide attempt.*

Ok, so we left the college town and I retired from drug dealing. I brought about two pills with us.

Now, I had a problem. I had been taking opiates and benzos, every single day, every few hours, for about two years at that point. Less for her, but still way, way too much. We were severely addicted, and it was actually a super fucked up time period for me.

So, we moved into the apartment and quit cold turkey. That lasted about two weeks, and I literally could not sleep. I was up all night, reading online.

Eventually, I cracked – and told her I was going to buy opiates off the street. This was in early 2012. And, that's what I did. But, I had another problem.

It turns out, that only very, very specialized drug connections will reliably sell you painkillers and xanax, the type of connections I had taken for granted down there. Geez… that was a drag to figure out.

However, the first guy I approached on the street was a Mexican dude, and I read him correctly. He told me he could get me "brown." That's heroin.

And, you know what they say, two rights don't make a -

Wait, no. What they say here is "beggars can't be choosers."

So, I took him up on the offer. A had been waiting back in the car.

We went to his dealer's house. He had cameras everywhere.

This guy, we got to know him. His name was Lee. He wouldn't mind if you knew any of this.

He was a really great dude. He was the only person who had ever told me, completely seriously, that he could talk to animals.

I thought about that for about ten years before I figured out he was right.

Anyways, things spiraled downhill from here, obviously. And by the end of the year, it was all falling apart.

Let's skip to about two weeks before my suicide attempt in the red chair.

A and I had decided to quit doing heroin together.

Now, we didn't do it THAT much. We're talking – only 25, 30 times.

However, it's pretty… addictive stuff.

So, we quit. I actually had bought some Suboxone for this process.

Oh, come on. Don't walk away now. This was 12 years ago, people. I haven't done opiates in a decade. Come back, come back.

Ok, so I go into work that day – the first day we decided to quit.

And, they call me back. I don't know if I'm in trouble, or what. They tell me that the head manager killed himself. So surprising. They want me to talk to their counselor.

When I got back there, she was a beautiful woman in her 40s or 50s with brown hair and brown eyes. For some reason, I couldn't play my usual games with her. She looked into my eyes and I told her the truth. I literally could not lie to this woman.

"I quit heroin today."

Then, I cried. I don't know, it was actually really, really weird and embarrassing, and it made me super uncomfortable. She looked at me with love, compassion, and something else.

Then, when she left, she looked at me again. Intensely.

Then, two weeks later, you know. Anyways, I should tie this off. I did heroin maybe ten more times after that, in my hometown, and then I never did it again. I mean, what can I say. It's strong, it feels great. However, I have always just wanted opium, instead. Hypothetically speaking, it doesn't make sense that heroin even exists.

By the end of 2013, I was done with pills, benzos, painkillers, heroin, or anything else besides weed and psychedelics. The last time I took a psychedelic willingly was acid in 2016, like I told you. When I moved out here with Witness 2 I quit the weed and tobacco, although I have done it a few times since – obviously.

Ok, that's it for that one. Is this part stupid?]

My English teachers said people like things in threes, so I will tell one more anecdote here. It is from one of the mission trips I took to Mexico, and I thought it would help shed some light on my personality.

So, I went down with my church, and this was my Freshman year when I was about 14. I sat between two slightly older girls on the way down, and practiced being funny and cool. They

were quite beautiful, and one of them was the girl I told you about, AR, who I emailed quite a bit for a brief few months in between C and A.

Anyways, this seemed to work out well, and maybe, I just realized that after this is when me and her were emailing, and grew really quite close. We were all having a blast. Honestly, it was fun. I was cracking them both up – they definitely *seemed* to think I was both funny and cool.

And, you know what, the girls in the other vans were all braiding their hair. Less likely to get lice from the orphans, or something. So, I thought it would be funny to braid mine too - and it turned out, it actually was.

I really liked those little kids, and they all liked me too. There's always one that gets really attached to you. Unsurprisingly, I was on the "games and recreation" team, and pretty much just played soccer and put on a puppet show. It was great.

Towards the last day, we put on a festival for them. Games, prizes, balloons, and face painting. And they had a clown suit, and guess who they wanted to wear it? That's right, and it *probably* didn't even have lice in it.

The second year, I did not take them up on the offer.

So, I throw on the wig, let them paint my face, and put on a fake nose, a clown suit, and the shoes. I'm pretty much always trying to make people laugh, and I thought it was pretty fun.

One thing I remembered that fits the milk theme is that this was the first time I ever saw a pregnant dog with udders. I had never realized it worked like that, for real.

Rows and rows of them… what??? DOGS have UDDERS? Are you fuckin' serious???

The festival wrapped up, and the niños were pretty pleased overall with the clown performance. I went back to the van to go take it off, but I wasn't able to see very well with the clown nose blocking my view, and the big, stupid shoes.

Well, I ended up tripping over the pregnant dog and spraining my wrist pretty badly. The others went back to our camp, but the youth pastors decided that one of them had better take me to the Mexican doctor with our local guy.

So, we get down there, and I go in the office. I look outside, and it is just *so different* than here. So jungly.

It's not broken or anything, so they give me a splint and tell me to take it easy. As I'm leaving, the doctor asks if I am enjoying the mission trip. He's a fiery guy, with deep black eyes. He smiles.

I told him that it's been great, and I was glad to be in Mexico for the first time. All the sights and sounds were great, and I liked helping the kids smile and laugh. I practiced the little Spanish I had learned in my classes, and told him, "İEs un muy buen nuevo dia!"

He flashed me a bright Latino smile, and his dark eyes wrinkled. Then he grew sad, and began to frown. "I worry for them," he said to me in broken English. "My people. No food. Pain, very great. Their houses… no good."

I nod, and I know that he tells the truth. "You're right. There is great subjugation in the world, and the bitter fruits of poverty are on full display here. I will do my best to help your people."

He looked at me with deep wells of black sadness. "Life here… *hard*."

I told him that I understand, and that's why we came here with the church - "In fact, I feel sad sometimes too about the world. But when I put this clown suit on and made the niños laugh, it all went away. I felt better inside."

He looked at me, then down at his doctor robes. He grinned. "¡Muy bien - we switch! ¡*Cambiar*!"

I laughed, but he looked at me. He was serious.

Now, I have always enjoyed absurdity, and the clown suit was over my normal clothes, obviously. So I smiled at him, and I told him I would take it off, and he could try it on. Maybe he would feel better. I put the Doctor's robe over my T-shirt.

Well, once he had it all on, he looked at me seriously.

"When doctor… every day same same. No better, no worse. Tal vez… sometimes more sad. Tristé"

A tear rolled down his cheek, and I reached out my arms to hug him. I could tell that he felt better while I was there. I had an idea.

"You come… tomorrow. With me. ¡Mañana! ¿Si? Usted es… ¡el payaso ultimo del múndo! The greatest clown in the world!"

He laughed. "¡Si! ¡I come, mañana!"

So, I talked to our guy down there, and he was on board. Info was exchanged.

The next day, I'm setting up for the kids and there he is, in a relatively-nice vehicle. He pulls up, and gets out. I see him walking to me, and he's wearing a dark shirt and pants with the doctor's coat.

I smile at him, and reach for the clown suit. As he gets there and I hand the wig and shoes to him, he looks directly at me and says –

"I'm not a CLOWN, I'm a fucking DOCTOR!"

Ha, ha. I foreshadowed that one a long time ago, and I hope the payoff was sweet. I mean, I did my best. I don't know, should I take this part out?

Everything up to and including seeing the pregnant dog for the first time was true. After that, I just went back to the camp with them, I didn't trip over the dog and sprain my wrist or go to a Mexican doctor.

Honestly, the tripping over the dog thing should have tipped you off immediately that I was just messing with you. Very talented at climbing, remember? Good balance.

I'm sorry, and that is the only part of this whole book that isn't true. I hope it was funny.

You know, I'm just about through with the anecdotes. There are three more I could write – the girl who showed me the best song I've ever heard (*Arena* by VNV Nation, Sophomore year English class, Andrea, J's girlfriend at the time), or about the 2nd and 3rd times I asked a girl out (before the first A with the barn.)

However, I think I may be getting a bit repetitive. I don't want to bore you. Take a wild guess what they looked like, and two out of three would be right. The other had black hair and blue eyes. One went well, one went pretty well, but neither went anywhere because I ended up meeting A through J and his next girlfriend K shortly after.

And now, I think you know pretty much everything about me. I owned a cello for a few years in college, but sold it to buy more drugs. I broke a string by mistake, and didn't realize it's a little bit harder and more expensive than changing a guitar string.

I learned about the harmonic series that day. It was when I had just moved into the Ocean House, and I had run into my coworker from the Elementary Music School job. Like most others there, he was into reading music and playing wind instruments and ridiculous things like that. However, he knew his stuff.

We were heading down there together, and I had just snapped that cello string and found out that they cost about sixty bucks, I think. I felt like a fucking idiot for trying to tune a cello like a guitar, to E, without looking it up first, so I didn't mention it.

He taught me about the harmonic series on that bus ride, and it was the second-most profound thing I have ever learned after how trees actually grow. *Notes… within notes. Every note has multiple notes in it. What?*

That didn't sound right. So, I looked it up when I got home. And it was *true*.

I mentioned the time I met Witness 2 in Las Vegas a few times, but didn't flesh out the full story. I will let you use your imagination for the most part, but like I said, I had unprotected sex

with her 10 ½ times and then bought her a Plan B pill. It was great, and it was one of the best experiences of my life.

After that trip, I knew I had to be with her forever. No, I already knew that. I knew that from the moment I saw her. After that trip I knew how badly it would hurt to lose her forever.

That wasn't the best part though, or the pool. It was how much fun she was to be around. I have never had that much fun with anyone in my life. Every time we went up and down the elevators, she would crack different jokes with people. We acted out in public, and did a lot of public displays of affection. It was fantastic.

I remember how sad I was on the last night. Like most people, I watched *Romeo and Juliet* with the nudity scenes in Seventh grade for some reason, and I was always struck by the tragedy of their separation after meeting and falling in love. It's a good story.

"What light through yonder window breaks?" In fact, I even quoted this in a speech for class one time, and it got a lot of laughs and maybe even a tear or two.

So, there were were, laying in bed, and I figured I would never see her again. I had also delivered my ultimatum, and I was going to stop talking to her a few months after this - forever. Women don't know it, but they thrive on ultimatums.

A day or two before, and it was a three-day trip, she had accidentally posted a picture on Snapchat where you could see me in the reflection. The guy she was with saw this, and it blew up. I thought that was hilarious, and I prayed a loud prayer thanking Jesus for giving me a miracle. I was really, really happy about that.

However, I figured that based on my understanding of women, she still probably wouldn't leave the stability of the guy she was with for a lunatic like me. She tells me now that it wasn't the picture, and she still didn't have to tell him the truth. But she did. She told him the truth. And then, he made it way worse, like I wrote about. And that was the end of that.

After that trip, we knew we had to be together. And about two weeks later, there I was, at her front door. I had moved 1200 miles to be with her, and she was all I wanted.

When my plane was landing in Las Vegas, I was a little nervous, but not too bad. At that point, I hadn't slept with a woman in almost 4 years, because I knew I was going to marry Witness 2 and I was in love with her. I was very, very excited.

That was around 6 years ago now, and it was the best decision of my life. I love her and our son dearly.

There's a psych ward story from when I first realized I ruined my life in 2013. I wanted to kill myself again, and just overall was having a mental breakdown really badly. Called my old counselor up from the C.A.S.E. program and everything. It was horrible. Couldn't even take mushrooms with my buddy because I would have lost my mind.

I worked for Apple at the time, as a sort of temp worker in a warehouse. Not a cool job, and it was through the music school. Not, at all, what I expected. It was actually just testing the same button on racks of iPhones for eight hours.

On the way to my buddy's house to smoke weed after a shift, I hydroplaned my car. I was sober, but it had rained heavily earlier. It was no longer raining, and I did not know this could happen when puddles are on the road. I was going about 65 MPH, and it had cleared up.

I remember suddenly seeing the wrong way, looking directly at the shoulder of the road towards what was, one second ago, on my left. Not good.

I looked left and right, and saw the freeway extending out from me – now perpendicular to me the wrong way!

FUCK!!!

I figured I was going to die, and my car slammed into the divider. No one was around. I smacked my head on the seatbelt thing or side of the car, and I was bleeding. I saw blood dripping down onto my shirt. I was fuzzy, but I knew one thing for sure.

I had weed hidden where the gas cap is because I was on my way to my buddy's house, and I had to *get that the fuck out of there.* The, uh, fake DUI for a nickle bag was still pretty fresh at this point.

FUCK!!!!!! SAME FUCKING SPOT I HAD IT LAST TIME!!!

I pop my gas cap, open the door and got out.

My car was fucked. Tragedy. The nose was in the concrete divider, all fucked up, and the back wheels were sticking out. The gas cap was in between my totaled car and the concrete divider.

[*Witness 1 as editor: Wait, wasn't I writing the psych ward story? It is now 1/19, and I ended up getting totally distracted here. I never did finish this story for you. I debated leaving it as another mysterious and untold cool secret, like the glowing briefcase in Pulp Fiction. However, I figured that wouldn't be fair to you. Honestly, this story is pathetic.*

However, while writing this part, I started to feel a tightness in my chest, and I began vibrating uncontrollably. It was really quite uncomfortable, like a body-only panic attack. I suppressed this memory, because I fucking loved that car. It was a green Accord, and my music sounded great in it.

I actually think that, looking back, it sounds like a more serious crash than I took it at the time, because of the whole "thinking I was invincible" thing. I didn't worry about little things like "car accidents" and "bleeding head wounds" back then. I felt like nothing could stop the mission I was on to learn music. I don't know what to think about it, but this whole thing, and all the effects that came after it, really sucked for me.]

So, I stagger on over there, and get this bag of weed out. I throw it as far as I can, because I'm not into walking right now. I make my way back to the car, and sit down again.

I was pretty out of it, and I called my Dad. He told me to call an ambulance, and I did. I never saw that car again. Pretty decent amount of blood on my clothes.

I remember, no bullshit, being fucking *grateful* that they didn't charge me with a DUI because I had THC in my blood even though I was sober at the time. You know how that works.

Anyways, at that point, I had to ride my bike to that job now. A pretty good ride, too. And, I basically wanted to die. I made it about four or five months of this before I, sort of, lost it.

They tapped me for a no-raise promotion pretty quickly, where I and about 7 others were set aside for a special project, which shared the name of a mythical flying horse from Ancient Greece. They actually did pay us slightly better, I think, now that I think about it. A no-title raise.

They had clearly picked us based on who they thought was smarter or quicker, and they wanted people who were comfortable with computers. People who either played video games way more than they should or knew AppleScript, stuff like that.

Now, I grew up with iMacs, like I said. *No problemo.* Actually, I had always wanted to work for Apple as a kid, but not as a warehouse serf. No video games for me, but I'll work an iMac like no one's business. Display dialog, and all that.

So, we sat and waited for *weeks* for Apple to roll out this project to us, which would involve fixing a mistake they had made with a vendor. Special software written for it and everything.

And then, nothing. Weeks and weeks of staring at a blank screen. I remember staring at it for weeks and feeling like I was going crazy.

I remember sitting in the garage of the house I rented a shitty room in, and staring at my blank laptop screen, but I don't know why. I don't think I could do it anymore. I called my parents and was ranting and raving about black screens.

I was so disappointed in myself. It all hit me at once, and I ended up calling my old boss from the elementary school job and my old C.A.S.E. manager, like I said. Crying, and stuff. Unfortunately, without a college degree, there is nothing anyone can do for you in this society.

And that reminds me of the other part of this story. This one comes in bits and pieces, because it was, honestly, super traumatic and not at all pleasant for me.

So, while we were waiting there and getting to know each other for about 8 weeks and this is going on, I get to know my new manager. Quite well. And he is just fucking awesome. I can still picture him so well, I can even smell him. He was a nice guy.

And he *loved* me. Managers always have. He told me that I could be a manager in the warehouse like him, and if other people liked me too, Apple would hire me permanently. My actual childhood dream. I would have been really quite happy about that.

It would have tripled my pay, and all that. Could have had some authority and shit for the first time in my life.

In fact, he liked me so much, he told me he would get it done right there. He ran this warehouse, and he wanted me to work as a manager there and help him run things and stuff like that. He thought that I had potential and worked quick.

I had talked to him about being in college, but I hadn't told him the end of the story.

Unfortunately, this was a major concern, and I knew it. I knew that I had to tell him that I didn't actually graduate college, even though I hadn't claimed it. I just hadn't clarified it.

I probably cried a little bit, but I told him the truth. There was no way around it, and there is no discretion at all when it comes to hiring amongst the serfs. Give me a degree or give me death, I guess.

Annndddd then, I went home and pretty much… I didn't sleep for a few days… I started seeing lines and fractals when I turned my head, like psychedelic drugs but I wasn't on them… I rode my bike at sunrise for the only time ever and I don't know why, not like in a funny or cool way, but like… it was actually scary…

My body started shutting down. I noticed that one side effect I have mentioned, but not from drugs. My systems were going haywire, and I felt like I was drowning. This time, there did not seem to be any escape. I had even bought mushrooms, to try and break myself out of this, but I was too scared to take them. I am pretty sure this might be the only time that has ever happened.

I didn't have a car. I knew that I could never show my face at that Apple job again and have to bear the shame of my own failures. Also, I didn't want to test the same fucking iPhone button for the rest of my life, so I basically just surrendered and let go of that version of my life.

I knew it was over. At this point, I was not self-actualized yet. I was, for real, scared as fuck. I knew that psych wards existed, and that crazy people were allowed to go to them sometimes. Everyone had always told me I was insane, like the doctors, and I assumed at that point that it must just be true. I also knew that I had tried to kill myself before, and that I was completely losing control of myself.

For some reason, I became convinced that the 30 or 40 benzos I had swallowed a little over a year ago had seriously damaged me, and that my organs must be shutting down. Long-term damage. I grew extremely paranoid. This all took place over 3 – 5 days.

I'm trying to remember why I called my Grandparents and told them I was going to kill myself and to take me to an ER. I had also been arguing with people about 9/11 online a lot around this time, before I met Witness 2, and it always made me really upset. They would throttle me and block my comments. Delete them. That shit gives me a damn heart attack.

Just let me speak. Please. If nothing else, even if everyone mocks me, just let me say my piece and at least leave my one little mark of dissent. It's all I want. I just want to be allowed to talk. That being taken away is my greatest fear, and it's why I have written 965 pages so far in this book. So, I had given that up, too. They wouldn't even let me have my one little comment in this shitty, meaningless corner of the internet no one even looks at.

Anyways, fuck. I get to the ER. I had made up my mind about this, and I tell them the five magic words that will allow me to enter the place they send insane people like me.

However, after a couple hours in my ER room I start to really regret this, but they've made it clear I'm not going anywhere. So, I rip out the IV from my arm, and blood starts spurting everywhere. Way, way more dramatic than I thought it would be.

Fuck!!!

The nurses are treating me like I am a toddler wearing pants on his head. The security guards are really quite kind, and they were honestly very cool with me. However, both the nurses and the security guards assured me that I cannot, in fact, leave.

After about four or five hours, they drive me over to the psych ward. They check me in, and it's late. I am *cold*. I call my Grandparents (parents were on a trip) and they bring me pants. Now, I am set.

Turns out, there ain't shit to do in a psych ward. It was so nice. I read the Bible again, as I had been slowly getting back into it. Geez, it sounds really dumb. "I believed in the Bible again while I was in a psych ward." Ridiculous. But, that's sort of how it went down. I'm sorry.

There was the huge blonde gorilla with dreads I mentioned. Before he lost it and tried to kill me and one other guy (no idea), I had him baptize me with a water bottle. I don't know, I was sort of losing it.

The doctor gave me the same fake name they use at the nursing home, Dr. Friend. He danced around my questioning when I asked if I am delusional, but he said that I was definitely manic and was experiencing a Bipolar II episode with symptoms of psychosis.

He was kind enough to give me this diagnosis and gracefully extend my stay to seven days, despite my protestations. Actually, you know what, *that* was when I realized I couldn't go back to Apple for sure, because they fired you at three days without calling or showing up.

That was good, it allowed me to let go. I stopped worrying about it completely at that point.

I asked if the "psychotic symptoms" diagnosis was because I was talking about 9/11 so much, and he said that was a big part of it, but also I seemed manic, was talking quickly, seemed nervous, and appeared to have disordered thinking. However, he was a consummate professional about it, and I appreciated that.

I met a girl in there. She had short black hair and darker skin, and she was beautiful. We all, obviously, had a lot of issues going on. One time, they told me to throw the rubber ball less hard at the wall. Zero instruments, of course.

The story is anti-climactic, but I did get punched in the face. My only other black eye.

I mean, these people are *aggressive.* I maintain that it was a sucker punch, and I clearly did not deserve it. I was talking about the Bible, and this guy did *not* like that.

Apparently, he was a "magician". Like, an actual occultist into Black Magic, and, maybe, I don't know. He had a bunch of papers with intricate spells and diagrams on it, weird tiny writing. Like, crazy shit even for the *psych ward.* Well, I guess I shouldn't have told him that it looks like a bunch of bullshit and maybe he should try reading *John* instead.

I didn't see it coming. That was the closest I ever came to snitching, but when they asked if I wanted to press charges, I said no. *Ain't no fuckin' snitch.*

Anyways, I got out and I felt much better. It was a fantastic rest, and I think that maybe all the pills they gave me helped. There were three, but the only one I remember right now is seroquil. One of the others was large and pink, Depakote, and there was a small white one. I took them, as I was pretty desperate.

[*Witness 1 as editor: While going to bed, I inquired within my mind what the other two pills were. They were Risperidone and Lithium. I did not continue taking any of these after the psych ward. The only pill I was ever interested in being prescribed was Wellbutrin, which I discontinued two years ago.*

In the course of writing this book, only one such fact eludes me – the name of the woman who I described giving a shower too. It's tragic that her name has been stolen, but it's fitting – she was tragic, and her voice had been stolen. It fits. If you read it up there, then most likely it came to me before I slept and I added it.

Hello, it is now the next day, 1/21. I had written this yesterday, and resolved myself to remember her name. "This is bullshit", I thought to myself, as I went to bed. You see, every single thing I have ever seen, or otherwise sensed, is still there in my brain. I think it's all in yours, too. It just needs to be unlocked.

I'll elucidate on how I remember things. I visualize a glowing, 3D cloud with as many nodes or individual points as I need, and in this case, it was my whole life – quite extensive. It is, in fact, a ridged and textured fractal that is mainly blue and white, with tinges of grey and a few dark spots.

The problem is that when there are a lot of things that are the same, like – for example, I thought of this last night to explain it to you – when I eat cereal out of a box hundreds, maybe thousands of times, the ridges on this specific node of the fractal become blurred. The "eating cereal for breakfast" node is very blurry.

These specific routines and images, this one little point on the fractal cloud, becomes blurry, such that I cannot tell you, for example, what cereal I ate for breakfast on August 3rd, 1996.

However, I know – for a fact – that this memory, this specific image, is actually in there somewhere, it's just trapped under a blurry part of the fractal and it would be almost impossible to dig it out. However, I believe that it could be done.

On the other hand, everything else, especially things that stand out, are quite easy to visualize or recall. I knew, for a fact, that I could remember this woman's name if I really wanted to.

I considered the poetic irony of having not only her voice and body, but her very name itself, stolen by the cruel universe, and it was compelling. It fits. "Maybe I should leave it," I thought to myself. "It's just so, so sad."

So, here is the problem I ran into and why I had pushed it off. I met her in between the years of 2015 to late 2017, which is also the time period I was talking to R, who got me the preschool job. Not exactly, but close enough that they overlap by about 75% on the fractal. Now, I don't want you to get any weird ideas, as obviously one was a romantic partner, and one was a resident in her '50s at my nursing home.

But the fractal isn't personal. It just is.

It exists as surely as I do. It breathes, morphs, and throbs with life. It does not cast moral judgement, it exists - purely - as a repository of information. Making it personal is up to us.

So, these two women both have names that start with R, and they are very, very similar names. They are so similar that the colors, shapes, textures, and feel of their names align almost perfectly. They are hard but textured blocks of orange, darker orange, pink, orange, blue, blue, and green or pink. It's orange and cloudy behind them, sunset light, and they sit on dirt. So, so close to each other. I had to be sure. Only the pink and green are different – one letter - like one bead on an identical bracelet.

These two women also look, physically, very similar to each other. They are both small and mousy with brown hair and big brown eyes. Same weight and height.

"Well, that's weird, Witness 1. You sound stupid."

I know, I know. Here's the real kicker I couldn't quite get past. Their facial structure was so similar, that if you aged LA R by about 30 years, you would get nursing home R. It's uncanny. Way more than usual.

So, they had literally morphed and blended together in my memory behind the same wall of the fractal, and I couldn't quite make out the double image. When I went to picture her face and pull the name I knew started with R, it would flash and glitch like a double image. Too close.

And I know, as I write this, that it's all "Ooo Witness 1, wow, like the 30-year warning and Jimmy Page turning into the wizard, and I know, I know. I'm not doing this on purpose, I swear. Ask an English teacher.

But that's exactly how it looked when I went to recall it – nursing home R and LA R – flashing and morphing into each other in my mind. A glitch in my memory, due to just a one-in-a-million chance of very similar morphology.

Well, I decided that I couldn't do that to her. She was, for real, my favorite person I ever took care of as a CNA. She was a woodland elf, a fairy - and she reminded me of a small woodland animal. She was the only woman I ever saw crawl to the bathroom because no one came to help her. Everyone else just used the briefs. She had a quiet dignity to her.

I settled my full will on resolving the glitch in the fractal.

At that point, I closed my eyes and simply peered around the white and grey wall obscuring my view of this part. The two Rs, only separated by about 30 years. Then I retreated and simply thought with my eyes closed.

In about 2 minutes, it floated up to me.

Her name was Rebecca. She was beautiful.

And after I wrote that, I got up to feed my dogs. And I realized, boy, I almost forgot to tell you something really important about that. Obviously, I can only do this while I am falling asleep in total darkness. It requires a trance state. Thus, it has limited functionality.

Then, I thought of a good joke, something like 'unfortunately, substances that can induce this state don't just grow on trees or something', but I didn't know if people would get it.]

So, it ended up being really positive in the psych ward, and that's where I first cemented my Christianity, because there's not much else to do in those places besides read, and there isn't much to read besides the Bible. I had a good time overall, and felt better when I came out.

I made a new friend at a church, and we went to the river together a few times. I was actually sober for about four to five months, which is one of my longest streaks of all time. This is when I moved to the Grand Canyon, and it didn't last long.

My Grandpa said a few years later that I told him at the time that I "saw Jesus" in there, but I don't remember saying that. One guy came in and tried to run out and got tackled, and I talked to him the next day. He had taken too much acid, and was freaking out. I hope he's OK.

One guy went insane and tried to kill me and another guy who had big staples in his leg. This guy was huge, with blonde dreads. Like a big, white gorilla. I don't know why, but he chased us in a room and we had to barricade it while he was banging on it until someone eventually came around. I forgot about that. Psych wards are less sad than nursing homes, but still quite sad. However, they are far more hilarious.

[*Witness 1 as editor: Oops, it's out of order.*]

I had to drop my badge off, and I asked to see my old boss. I felt bad for just disappearing. I handed him my badge, and apologized for letting him down. He was, definitely, sad about it. I gave him an extremely firm handshake when I left, slightly longer than usual.

That's the end of the psych ward story. And now, for something completely different.

In elementary school, I got a limo ride to a pizza place with about 3 other kids for reading more books than the rest. I got something similar in 2nd grade for memorizing the times tables. My twin sister did too, both times. That was nice, because I didn't actually try. The spelling bee thing really popped my academic balloon, I think.

I told you about teaching the guitar class for the teacher, Mrs. M, that I described as "hot" and "fucking cool." I'll tell you a little bit more. I took this class my Sophomore year and really liked it, but I wasn't very good yet. In fact, this class is where I met N, the singer in my band.

For some reason, the teacher had changed by my Senior year. The guy who taught me, Mr. L, was one of those sight-reading band teacher guys. He had us learn *Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring* from sheet music, and he specifically told me not to just memorize it, but I read it off the little squiggly things.

I did not listen, because the concept of using sheet music in the modern day is absurd and ridiculous, and I memorized it. He was a really great guy though. He put on a tough act to get the kids to pay attention, but he had a heart of gold. He talked to me about Led Zeppelin and told me they would still be talked about a thousand years from now because of how much they changed music forever.

So, there was this very nice young woman teaching it two years later, and she approached me and asked me to teach it for her. I thought that was hilarious, so I obviously did. She taught the beginner group open chords and sheet music, and I took the advanced group across the hall into the choir room with the T.A., a Sophomore girl from the Middle East (also on the list.)

I showed up most of the time, and sometimes I was sober. I remember that I came to teach them really, really high one time. One other time I showed them the best live guitar solos on YouTube, mainly Slash (Sweet Child 'o Mine live in Japan where Axl wears the kilt) and Jimmy Page (Dazed and Confused live solo.)

This time, I sat everyone down on the floor in a semicircle, with no guitars. This was unusual. I told them that music is much more than just wood and metal, and it is even much more than bright lights and stages. I told them that it's a lifestyle, and the most important thing that they should do if they wanted to learn how to play music is learn to notice the small details in things and appreciate the beauty in life.

So, we went around the semicircle, and everyone (including the T.A.) told us their favorite thing about life. What they found most beautiful about it, and why. The details that they saw that no one else saw. Now, it may seem stupid, but I have to say - it seemed to be a pretty profound experience for them.

J asked me later what I said, and I had said that my favorite thing about life was watching the morning sunlight and the way things look in the morning. Now, I had just learned what it feels like to smoke weed alone at a house in the morning and play music all day by just not actually going to school, and that was, pretty much, the greatest thing that I had ever experienced.

The potential of a day to tell everyone to fuck off so you can smoke weed and create songs. Look at the sun and smoke. A truly beautiful thing about life, honestly.

I did actually teach them guitar, and quite well too. I explained the concept of chord inversions, and how the open chords she taught, and they mostly knew, were just idealized shapes for a more *Platonic Ideal Chord* – one that exists outside of predetermined shapes, and can move around anywhere on the neck.

You can create whatever chord voicings you want, anywhere you want to, and they will sound amazingly different than the open chords they emulate in context. And, I learned that from George Harrison when he talked about it in The Beatles Anthology and said that blew *his* mind. That's a great book.

I told them that reading music is bullshit, and only an idiot would waste their time with that in 2009. I told them that they only need to understand one thing to know music – the I-V-vi-IV progression. The one, five, minor sixth, fourth progression. The *Let It Be* progression - the perfect progression that sings to us an unknowable song that, somehow, we all recognize. Every single person.

To prove this, I told them to pick pop songs, like simple top ten stuff, and then I figured a solid chunk of them out by ear, on the guitar, in about 5 minutes. I showed them, in a way they could not deny, that you could break all of these songs down into about 4 or 5 progressions at most, and they all just repeat in different ways. Starting on different spots or emphasizing different intervals. The same patterns, over and over. A fractal.

Then, I told them that to play a guitar solo over any song, you pretty much only need to know one scale, and everything else builds upon that. Yup, it's the Minor Pentatonic – the "five note" scale. Everything on the guitar is based around this scale – I – iii – IV – V – vii. One, minor third, fourth, fifth, and minor seventh. It's perfect, and everyone recognizes it instinctually.

Then, all you need to do to turn it into a happy scale is play the Major Pentatonic. Which is the *exact same scale.* Except for one minor difference – it's backwards. It's *literally* a mirror-image fractal.

We're back to the relative minor concept – for example, the E Minor Pentatonic *is,* literally is, the G Major Pentatonic. The *exact* same notes: E – G – A – B - D – E – G – A – B – D – E. That's an E minor Pentatonic scale, played at the twelfth fret. It's *also* a G major pentatonic scale, starting on E.

All you have to do is, instead of playing an Em riff and making it sound scary and sad, you play a G major, maybe a Cadd9, and a D. Play that little twinkly with your pinkly to make the Dsus4 – Dsus2 turnaround, and you have the most beautiful, happy song.

To complete the effect, simply start your patterns within this scale on G, instead of E. Same notes, but now it's happy. It's not sad anymore, but the scale never changed.

Only the music beneath it did.

It's magic. So, I showed them all this over a few weeks, and you know what? Every one of them understood it. Every single one. Along with children, I can also teach people who are already musicians quite well.

Then, I told them that for our final, we were going to go in the other room, and I was going to play the piano. I would tell them which Pentatonic scale to use, Major or Minor, and they would have to play it and do so in a way that worked with my piano, which was always one of the five major chord progressions. If it sounded good, they passed the final, but if it sounded fucked up and stupid, they would fail.

I told you three of these progressions, and the other two are a walkdown from a minor first, minor seventh, minor sixth, and perfect fifth. This could also be expressed as a minor sixth, perfect fifth, perfect fourth, major third, depending on what context it is in. This would come out as an Am, G, F, E major, and it has a great sound. Very predictable.

The only other major chord progression is my personal favorite. It also has a minor first, so you can understand it in two different ways. It's the progression from Lil' Wayne's *Lollipop*, which is one of the most underrated songs of all time. Genius.

Let's say you're writing it out in D minor, like his song. It would be a minor first, Dm, then a minor third, F major, a minor seventh, C, and then a Perfect Fourth, G. This is the best chord progression of all time, and it's in a lot of songs - but not nearly as many as the others. In C, it would be Am – C – G – D, or Cm – D# - Bb – F, depending on if you are in C major or C minor.

In *Lollipop*, he changed the D minor to more of a major feel with some harmonies, which also happens in the *Hazards of Love* in the song called *Won't Want for Love*. When you do this, you get, a lingering resonance of D major (D, F#, A) and F major (F, A, C.)

The mixture of the F# and F is the worst combination possible, that major and minor third at the same time, and yet, in this context, it sounds unbelievably sweet. In *Lollipop*, he adds the Perfect Fourth of D into the F chord to create an F major sus2 after his D minor/major (F – G – A – C) and it is just unbelievably good. Nice job, Lil' Wayne. By the way, I also like purple drank (for real.)

Anyways, they all did great, and the teacher was *genuinely* impressed that they could do all that through me telling them simply three words – "D major Pentatonic", or whatever it was. 24 options. They also had to write a song, and they did well.

I passed them all, but not because I am a chump. I passed them because they deserved it, and every single one of them was significantly improved by the time they left my class.

The Worst Thing I Ever Did

There is one more story before I end the anecdotes section, and it's the most painful one for me. It's the hardest one to write, and I guess I'd say it's the most terrible thing I have ever done.

So, I obviously am not a huge fan of spiders being in my house, although I don't mind them in nature. I appreciate the beauty, quiet strength, and majesty of the arachnid… beings… we share our space with, but I don't want them anywhere near me.

Not in my house, especially. I won't harm them in nature, but I will kill the fuck out of pretty much *anything* in my house that I didn't invite there. Especially these little guys, because they can cause quantifiable harm to humans in rare, but significant, cases.

So, near the cabin I lived in, there were actually insects and stuff. It was like a campground sort of place, that had eventually just become permanent housing. It was really close to a lake, and I love cabins. It was great.

I decided to take some precautions against all the spiders and shit that lived in the trees nearby and occasionally came into my cabin, so I bought some of those bug bomb things and blasted my cabin out, and some glue traps to put down around it.

Well, the bug bomb thing went off without a hitch, but when I went back to check the glue trap, I didn't see any spiders. I did see something else, though, that I did not expect to see. Something that should not have been there. Something that made me feel awful.

I had inadvertently trapped a lizard, and I think I mentioned, I used to catch these majestic creatures (I would always let them go after maybe holding them in a terrarium for a few hours, obviously.) They're beautiful, and I love their little eyes and mouths. So fast, it's unbelievable. An anachronism from a different time. A time before milk sugar.

So, I felt pretty awful, and I went to go free him. I picked it up, and this poor little guy was *not* having a good time, you could see it in his eyes. I apologized, and went to go free him. And then, I learned that these glue traps are *pretty fucking strong*.

Fuck!

So, I panicked a little bit, and wasn't thinking clearly. I didn't mean to, but when I tried to get him off again, his perfect little leg detached. I think I screamed in horror, and I knew immediately that I had to put him out of his misery. He was suffering horribly because of me. I threw him down, and stomped his life out.

Geez, this one is hard to write.

Afterwards, I cried pretty hard, and I called Witness 2 and told her about it. That was pretty fucking traumatizing for me. I donated money to charity, which I don't actually do, the SPCA, in the lizard's memory, to prevent cruelty to animals. $100. I don't think these charity organizations do that much, but I had to do something.

That is the worst thing I have ever done, because the harm, on my behalf this time, is actually quantifiable. I'm sorry, little guy.

For now, I depart from you, Dear Reader. I may be back later, but if not, I will see you tomorrow. Prepare for it, and sleep well. Goodnight.

Witness 1

The Biblical Two Witnesses

1/7/25 7:23 P.M.

232141

Section XIII

The Final Day

Unusually, our story this morning begins with you sitting alone in your house. You haven't ventured onto the covered porch yet, and you start a fire. It's a clear day, and warmer than the previous few. With the sun shining and no wind, it's perfect.

The bong with the silver, smoky neck is still there, and you hit it. Smoke curls up in tiny fingers and UFOs. You gaze at the way the sun streams through the window and sparkles like a rippling diamond captured in the water of the clear beaker.

As you sit there staring at it, the glint catches your eye. Your head shifts slightly - and you notice that by unfocusing your eyes, looking in the distance but not, and moving your head just a tiny bit from side to side, you can actually perceive each individual color of the spectrum, in order, as the rainbow created by the optical illusion of refraction dances on your corneas.

A whole range of frequencies lives there, just for you. A little magic, hidden in a simple sunbeam – but only if you unfocus your eyes and look *just* right.

See *through* the white light to the infinite, many-hued world within, scattered, separated, and *revealed* by the water prism. No matter where you look, you see the most beautiful, pure light, in colors that don't quite look the same as usual. They're isolated, ephemeral. Ghostly, but pure.

It's like playing a harmonic on the 12th fret with your eyes, because that's exactly what is happening. This is the harmonic series of color – the overtones. The colors-within-the-colors. They are the pure colors. Revealed by a prism.

I never noticed that before… has it always been there this whole time? Is this what he meant, to show me the fractal from the outside-in?

You think about the tragedy and suffering you have learned about. How much worse it is than you ever expected. How much more *obvious* it is, now that you know everything. You try to debunk it, but you just can't. The drills, the absent chain of command, the lies, the physical impossibilities, the weird art, the ridiculous asbestos everywhere, the evidence for a controlled demolition. The missing money. The names and faces of pure evil. The shadows in their eyes.

"There's no way it isn't true. It's impossible."

You speak out loud, and the enormity of it wraps itself around you. The betrayal of the Queen – your life is forfeit to the whims and urges of the powerful. You are nothing to them. They think you are *worthless*.

You ponder this, and wonder if it's true.

I perceive… therefore I think… therefore I AM.

Anything that perceives and thinks has value. Inherent value that can't be diminished by anyone. I perceive, and I think, therefore I have value.

When I think that I have value, the mere act of recognizing it is a self-referential proof that this value exists. Anything that can deem itself valuable is worthy of having this simple truth recognized.

I AM… where have I heard that before? You think about God, shattering himself into billions of pieces. 'God loves us'. We've heard it a million times.

We all know it to be true, deep down, but why? And why is it so hard to see it sometimes? Why must we suffer like this?

You decide that all of this is, in fact, bullshit. Something should be done about it. Something MUST be done. But what? How can you get people to read a 1,000-page book? Even if you could, how do you make them care?

Will they even feel it without the presence of the mysterious stranger that you had? Without him in the room, his very presence, eyes, and aura emanating trust, calmness, truth, and understanding? Could it work?

"I AM… I am…"

What am I?

"I am human. And I am unashamed of that. In fact, I am proud of it. I am the greatest thing of all. I am the Image Bearer of God. The *Imago Dei*. We are all little parts of God.

I am worthy of being treated with respect. I am worthy of killing in self-defense. I am worthy of being good. In fact, I choose to be more good, rather than less good. I choose not to harm others intentionally, which gives me far more value than those who do. They are the ones without value. They are the ones whose lives should be forfeit."

You think about burning to death in a tower, and how it would feel. The cries of the 10,000 children who will starve to death today ring through your skull. *Ten thousand.*

You hear the weeping of the mothers as their children lay desecrated.

You hear a buzzing sound, and feel a tingling in your skull. Your vision focuses.

Images flash in your head. A huge mural:

Horrific scenes of death and destruction play out in your head. You see a young blonde girl, lying desecrated:

You jump.

It startles you. You look at the broken clock, its gears and mechanisms exposed. The rose. The Bible. The yellow star of David bordered in purple, and the vaguely-American flag she lies on.

Her face contorted, she died in agony - her final scream written on her purple lips for all eternity. A fresh corpse, of a young blonde girl. Shattered.

W… what???

Involuntarily you kneel, and you see another flash - a weeping mother holding her dead infant while a cold child clutches a teddy bear, weeping and shivering:

This one horrifies you, and you yell – "*What is this??? Stop!!!*"

The full scene flashes in your head:

You see the peace dove, both impaled and encaged behind bars of real steel.

You wonder aloud - “What kind of sick fuck would make art like this? Are these real?”

The last week has been the strangest of your life.

You read the real words of the child’s poem from the bottom-right:

I was once a little child

Who longed for other worlds

But I am no longer a child

For I have known fear

I have learned to hate…

-1944

An image of a dove flies into your mind. She lingers in the sun, and looks at you. As she sheds a tear, she is impaled from above. She bursts, shedding viscera and blood.

Within her is a black bird of prey – a fighter jet. Bombs rain down on you, and you huddle for shelter. The bird of prey transforms into a black tower. The obelisk.

It breaks open at sunrise, and the dove flies out again. She looks at you, and weeps again. She bursts into flames and falls in a pile of ash. Disintegrated.

You walk up to the pile, and white crosses surround you. You brush it aside, and see a monstrous, deformed infant bird. A black raven. It shrieks at you, and its form is twisted, disfigured. One wing is missing, and the legs are tangled in a heap. Only one eye opens, and it is full of hatred.

It is sick, rotten. Suffering.

As it screams in hatred, you stomp on it and put it out of its misery. It was something that should not exist.

A final two images play out in your mind. You see the young blonde corpse again, in a row of three coffins:

The tower… two become one… light and dark…

You hear in your head:

Stare not into the towers themselves,

Gaze not unto the obelisk itself.

They are not real. They are but illusion.

One plus one is… zero.

Pluck them from your mind.

It is not real.

You place *Abbey Road* on the stereo and ponder what you have seen. The obelisk. The fear ritual. The burning tower. The hanged man. All of the symbolism. Everywhere you look, you can find traces of it now. Hidden there, secret but not. It's all right there, but you don't understand *why*.

Why would they do this?

Here Comes the Sun echoes throughout the wooden beams and walls of your house as you wonder if the universe really is a fractal, and if you are part of it. Your little ridge on the fractal part of a much larger whole, a complex system that inexorably shifts into certain states.

Strange attractors.

I have value. I am meaningful.

You hear a knock at your door.

I stand there, and smile at you through the glass. "Greetings, friend! Will you allow me into your home?"

You do something no one else ever has. You open your door, and invite me in.

As I sit at your table, I look around your house. It is beautiful, minimalistic. The natural canopy of forest surrounds it, and it is a majestic wooden cabin with high, sloping roofs and two stories.

There's three rooms upstairs, and a small attic with room for two people to comfortably nest in. Christmas lights adorn these rooms and the attic, and it is quite cozy as the warmth from the fire seeps upstairs.

But we won't be inside today. I look at you, and like usual, I smile. People like smiles.

"Today is a momentous day, my friend! Today you will see the fractal from outside in."

Octopus's Garden plays as Ringo sings to us about coral beds.

"Did you know that this is the only song Ringo wrote for The Beatles?"

"That's not true", you tell me. "He also wrote *Don't Pass Me By,* from the White Album."

"Ah – you're a sharp one! You're correct that he is credited, but the truth is, the other guys helped quite a bit with bringing that song to life. He also had quite a bit of help from George Martin, their producer, who was an absolute genius. The Fifth Beatle.

No, this was the first and only Beatles song where he sat down and *felt* out the chords. Didn't go to anyone else. Said I'm gonna sit there and write this damn song until I like it.

And he did. And it's beautiful. It's perfect. He went with the I-vi-IV-V progression I mentioned. The "'50s doowop" progression from *Last Kiss.* A song about a peaceful aquatic sanctuary:"

We would sing and dance around
Because we know, we can't be found

Oh, what joy for every girl and boy
Knowing they're happy, and they're safe

We would be so happy, you and me
No one there to tell us what to do

I look at you again. "Is it just me, or do they not really write songs like this anymore? Songs of hope and defiant joy in the face of anything?"

You shake your head. After a while we flip it over, and the medley begins. The B-side of Abbey Road is one of the best works of musical art of all time. Up there with *The Well-Tempered Clavier, Beethoven's 9th,* and my 20-minute long song (ha, ha.)

For real, though. Genius.

I look at you. "This is the second-best album of all time. It's true. The very last track they recorded on it, for the last recording session ever of The Beatles, was the Moog synthesizer from *Here Comes the Sun*, which you can especially pick out in the bridge. That's my second-favorite song on this album.

At the time, this was *revolutionary.* Brand spankin' new technology.

George Harrison was really into these analog synths, which would look to us like a big wall, a patch bay with cables strung all around it and nothing but knobs and dials. He actually recorded an album in 1969 of some of the first electronic music of all time – called *Electronic* Sound, of Moog Synthesizer songs. Most people don't know this about him."

It clicks for you. "It's like… the first version of *Love Walks In*. Synthesizers and guitar together but…even earlier."

"That's right. The synth here is a motif – it represents the sun – which George is giving to us in the form of beautiful new music technology. As the song goes on, it's timbre changes, becomes more brilliant. An early form of automation. This evokes the imagery of the sun becoming brighter. And that was the last track they ever recorded."

I smile. "When they recorded strings, all the session musicians used to show up wearing suits and ties. The Beatles would always mess with them. There's actually a hilarious story here, from *A Day in the Life*."

I smile.

“Well… what is it?”

“You won’t believe it.”

“Ok… try me.”

I look at you. “The balloons. The clowns. The popping balloons… the… clowns.”

You stare at me.

“A Day in the Life.”

“Witness 1, are you an alien?”

I laugh. “Ok, I’ll stop messing with you. So, *A Day in the Life* has an *extremely* interesting story behind it. It’s the last song on *Sgt. Peppers.* I don’t have time for all of it. As a matter of fact, it’s such an important song there’s at least three books about The Beatles that borrow the title, and I’ve read two of them.

Here’s just one story, though.

They had those two weird, 24-bar, very long spaces in-between the bridge and the two other sections. That’s where the rising, cacophonic orchestral section comes in. Now, at the time – this part was *mindblowing* to people. They had never, ever heard anything like that – the way it was processed and manipulated to sound so strange, but also so sweet. It resolves to an E.

Anyways, these studio string session musicians and The Beatles had… sort of a history of not, shall we say, getting along well. Differing takes on what music is, and whatnot.

And they’re losing their minds, because The Beatles don’t have sheet music for this part.

‘Just start down here and end up here 24 bars later!’ They’re all shouting at each other.

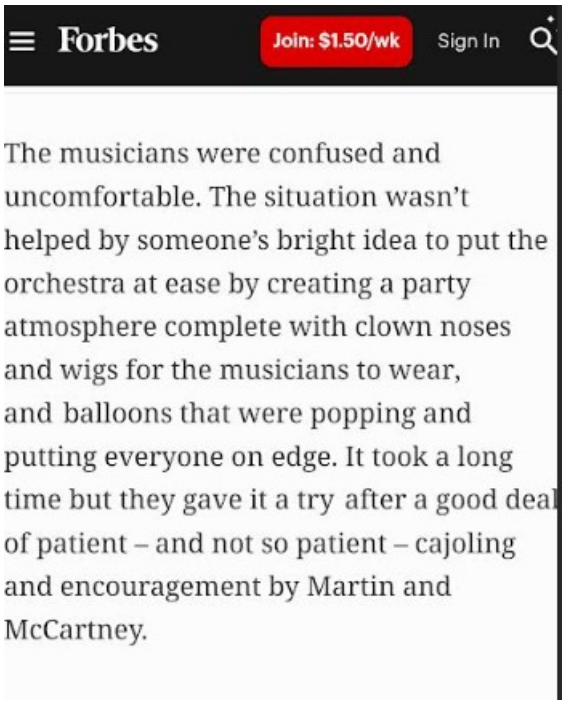
George Martin *loved* doing this, I think.

So, they decide to just totally prank all these fucking guys with their little violas, squiggly lines, suits, ties, and frowning. And… they tell them that they can’t record on the track unless they’re wearing clown suits. And… they’re popping balloons at them to throw them off and keep them on edge. To be funny. It’s… in the *Anthology.*”

You stare at me. “You’re right Witness 1, I don’t believe that.”

I sigh, and pull up *Forbes* on my phone. *The Beatles ‘A Day in the Life’ Is A Landmark in Sound Engineering 50 Years After It Was Recorded.* June 3rd, 2017.

“Read it and weep.”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The musicians were confused and uncomfortable. The situation wasn't helped by someone's bright idea to put the orchestra at ease by creating a party atmosphere complete with clown noses and wigs for the musicians to wear, and balloons that were popping and putting everyone on edge. It took a long time but they gave it a try after a good deal of patient – and not so patient – cajoling and encouragement by Martin and McCartney.

You read. "'Clown noses… wigs… balloons… popping.'" You look over at me. "Huh. Well, I'll be darned. 'Not so patient cajoling and encouragement by Martin and McCartney.' What does that mean?"

I look at you. "It's a euphemism for bullying. No, this was all in good fun, I'm sure."

You think. "The medley is a… story-within-a-story, right? 8 songs played as one? Perhaps, even, meant to be understood as an octave?"

I laugh. "Excellent! Indeed, you are correct."

You look at me. "So… what's the story?"

I look at you and grin. "It's about how to *let go*."

You look at me. "Let go?"

"Let go."

Abbey Road was the last album The Beatles *recorded*, but not the last album they *released*. *Let It Be* was recorded over the last year or so before *Abbey Road*, and it pretty much went horribly wrong and led to their breakup.

It was supposed to be a glorious reemergence of The Beatles after 4 years without a live show. They had plans to do it on a huge boat, or an island in Greece.

However, John was doing a lot of heroin, and Yoko was just being weird as fuck like usual. Paul wanted Linda's father, Lee Eastman, to take over as manager for the band, while the rest of them wanted to stick with Allen Klein, who managed the Rolling Stones. In retrospect, Paul was probably right, and Klein ended up with quite a few lawsuits against him in the coming decades.

Ever since their first manager, Brian Epstein, had died young in 1967, The Beatles were pretty rudderless. He had managed them from the Cavern days, when they wore black leather and still talked to Pete Best. They loved him. He loved them. He made them what they were.

He and John may have even had a brief gay affair on a trip to Paris, but John obviously denied it. It's in the *Anthology*. Of course, being John, he thought that was hilarious, and honestly, it might be true. It's hard to say. I forgot to mention that Epstein was a well-known and fairly-openly gay man at a time when that was not at all common.

Supposedly, he overdosed on barbiturates. It sure is weird how often that happens to musicians and people associated with them, but people did like their pills back then more than we do these days.

That's when The Beatles went to India and wrote the White Album, to get over his death. It did *not* work. On the other hand, *Dear Prudence* is a masterpiece. There's another story there, about how they went to learn from the "Maharishi Yogi" – this short, hairy, squat little Indian dude who turned out to be a little… shall we say, *handsy* with some of the English ladies that came along in the Beatles' entourage.

Very, very disillusioning for them. John and Paul left early, George and Ringo stayed a little longer. Ringo quit the band at one point here, but they all got him flowers so he came back. It was more of a principle of the thing type of quitting.

Anyways, tensions were *extremely* high during *Let It Be.* But once they *let go*, they made something beautiful. Something perfect. They agreed to put the bullshit of the failed Let It Be project behind them and *come together.*

They knew that it would be their last album. Because they were artistic geniuses, they knew that it could never be the same again. More than that, they knew that it would be better to go out at their peak than fade away. More iconic.

Obviously, they were right. Abbey Road is their goodbye to us, and it is *beautiful.* As close to perfect as an album could ever be, artistically.

The last real song plays. *The End.*

And it reminds me of what John Dennison said - because there is a juxtaposition between The Doors and The Beatles here. They both wrote a song called *The End*, and The Doors' is dark and deadly. Apocalyptic.

The Beatles version is pure and happy. *Holy*, even. Perfect and beautiful, speaking to a far better time than this. Hope.

Ringo pretty much refused to do drum solos, and he only has about two and a half of them in their songs. This is, by far, his best one. It's actually the *only* perfect drum solo ever. It's true.

Paul, John, and George take turns playing solos, and if you listen closely, you can quite easily pick out when it changes. On planet Earth, only Paul knows who played what part.

Then, a Bb. A pink note plays quickly. It shifts into blue, purple, and green.

"*And in the end*,"

Chiming guitars and strings

"*The love you take*,"

One step down the musical river.

"*Is equal to the love you make*."

Perfect. Beautiful. This is *good art*.

We're on a C# major now. A whole step up. Undeniably a euphoric effect, a key change even. Everyone loves a whole step key change, especially when they write Disney songs for a living.

They sing their sweet "*Ahs*" to build a crescendo at the end. We are now at a D#/C# chord. A D# major with C# on the bass. Incredible. You will not hear that in any popular song from the last 20 years. The D#, G, and Bb of the D# major chord hang out over the low C#, dissonant, but perfect. It absolutely longs for absolution. It *must* resolve.

Then, something breathtaking – a half step interval. An E major, out of nowhere. Up to the F# for the perfect fourth, and back to the I – C#. There it is. The *Amen Cadence.* F# to C#.

It's the most perfect song that has ever been recorded, and they knew that it had to be. It was *The End*.

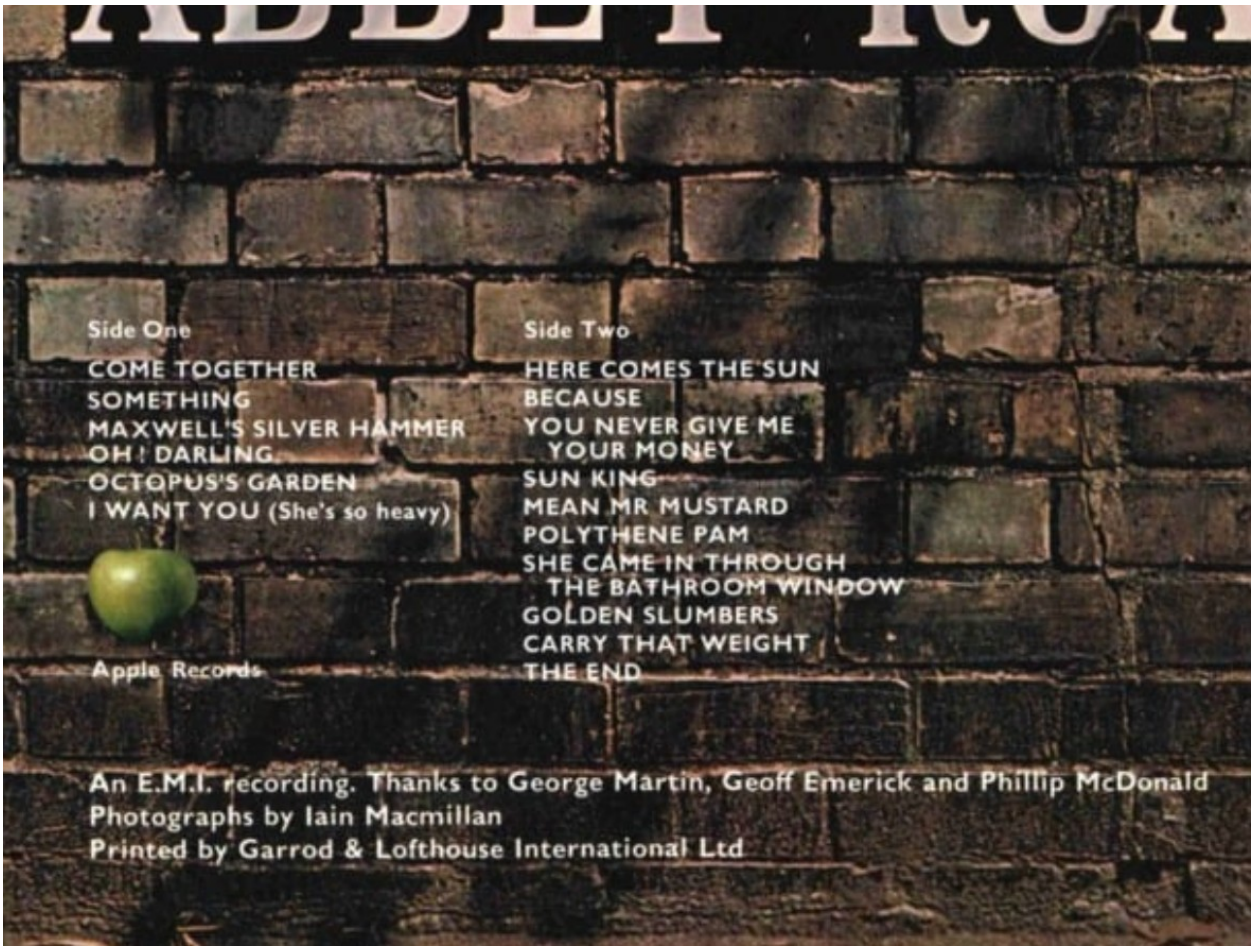
Then, because life is not always beautiful and perfect, often it is absurd and stupid, they stuck a little 30-second secret after about a couple minutes of silence. It's actually a story-within-a-story-within-a-story, and it's called *Her Majesty.* And here's where it gets *really* interesting.

I look at you. "Her… majesty."

You stare at me. "Her Majesty… the Queen! The betrayal of the Queen!"

"That's right." I hand you the vinyl record. "Where is she? It's the last song on *Abbey Road.*"

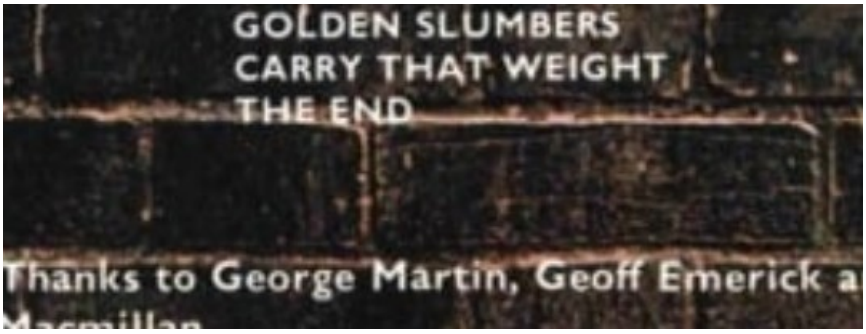
You look:



"I… I don't know? What???"

"Look closer."

You do:



"What do you see?"

"I see… a brick. A brick in a wall." You gasp. "*The Wall!*"

I laugh. "Yes. Do you see the Queen?"

You look. "No."

"Look through the wall. Look through the card to the Queen behind it. She gazes at you, though you do not know it. Look through the Nothing."

You flip it over, and then back again. "*What???*"

The Beatles hid a secret in this song. And digitally, it's obvious. You can just skip right to it. It's on the tracklist. But on vinyl, it's not.

This has to do with copyrights and royalties once ownership changed from Apple Records.

Here's how it used to be.

Maybe your friends hear about it, and the hidden story would inevitably spread. Word of mouth – people used to like hidden little things to look into like that. Urban legends, almost.

On the vinyl, you don't see it. You don't know it's there. You will *only* hear this story *if* you sit there, for a while, and let the silence play. Let the record keep spinning. They hid it behind a minute or two of silence – no waveform - but the record hasn't stopped yet.

If you listened *closely* enough, you would hear it. *Her Majesty.* Behind the *wall*. The wall made out of bricks.

Literally the dumbest, worst song of all time. And it's perfect, because that's just fuckin' life. It's absurd, and often ridiculous and stupid.

They did this one other time too, and it is the weird, distorted and reversed sounds at the end of *A Day in the Life*, the last song on *Sgt. Peppers.* This is another secret message, and it's also another story-within-a-story-within-a-story.

It's the totally bizarre, *musique concrete* tape manipulation section with indiscernible sounds that might be something like 'never could be/see any other way.'"

I pull it out of my satchel and hand it to you.

"You know, *Sgt. Peppers.* The album with the famous cover. Look. Isn't it *beautiful*?"

You look. "*Yeeaahhh*… it's beautiful… *thanks* Witness 1." Here you go.

I don't take it. I stare at you and you see my eyes hooded and sparkling in the firelight.

"Do you see *The Beast*? *The accursed one of the three sixes*?"

You look at me. "Ummm… no. I don't."

"Look closer. See the Beast. In fact, stop looking entirely."

I lean in. "*See.*"

You peer in until you're almost touching it. "Nooope. Nooo beast. No number of the beast."

I point. "See not the individual parts of the collage, but the collage as a whole. The story-within-a-story of the collage. And here's the main character:"

You gasp. "*Crowley!*"

I nod. "Aleister. Fucking. Crowley. *Again*. Look at that bald snake with the evil eye up there. He is the main character of our real story.

In fact, there are quite literally *books* and *theses* written on this story-within-a-story inside The Beatles music. *Many* of them. It's a true story.

So, the most famous album cover of all time. You know, the one with Aleister Crowley on it.

Needless to say, by now you can tell that these things are portals, in some way we can't quite understand. And the story they tell sounds sweet, and seems beautiful, but it is *not.* This is *not* the right story for us."

We listen as the silence ends and the absurdity begins. *Her Majesty.* 30 seconds of weirdness about getting drunk and seducing the Queen.

"The Beatles *let go* during Abbey Road. They came together, and agreed to stop arguing all the time. To get Yoko and Linda out of the fucking studio. To stop worrying about who the manager was, or who stole how much money from Apple Records, or whether or not Phil Spector was going to add strings to *The Long and Winding Road* (this did, in fact, *really* piss Paul McCartney off – and he was right, again. See *Let It Be Naked.)*

They came together and smiled. George Harrison sat in a sunny garden and wrote *Here Comes the Sun* because he ditched a meeting with a bunch of lawyers. Because fuck them and their stupid suits and words that don't mean anything. Writing a song and smoking a joint in the sun is real. Meetings with lawyers about money are not. It's true.

It wasn't perfect, but it was as close as humanly possible.

I think that George Harrison was just as good at writing songs as John and Paul. He was *their* secret sauce. The secret weapon in the studio. The guy who heard things no one else did, just like John and Paul, but different than theirs.

Think about it – *Something. Here Comes the Sun. While my Guitar Gently Weeps.*

Masterpieces."

You think for a moment. "You're right. He never wrote a bad song for The Beatles."

You know, there's a page in *The Beatles Anthology* where they talk about doing acid for the first time. At the time it was legal, and certain people had access to it - especially people like doctors and government intelligence agents.

This page has red fire all over it. I still remember it. *The Beatles Anthology* is very beautiful, and the pages are a mosaic of collages, pictures, testimonies, and stories.

They said that their dentist gave it to them at a party. Slipped in their tea. I think it was George, but one of them started hallucinating about fire while they were in an elevator. And then, they all started to panic or hallucinate about it. But it turned out to be fine, and it's funny. You know, goofy stuff.

That's why the page had that red fire all over it. That's why people reference dentists giving you acid sometimes, I think.

Fire. In the elevator. And as I sit there talking to you, a cold chill runs down my spine.

I realize – didn't I just write a few pages about people *burning to death in an elevator?*

Mk Ultra.

Or not. Who knows. Maybe Paul really is dead.

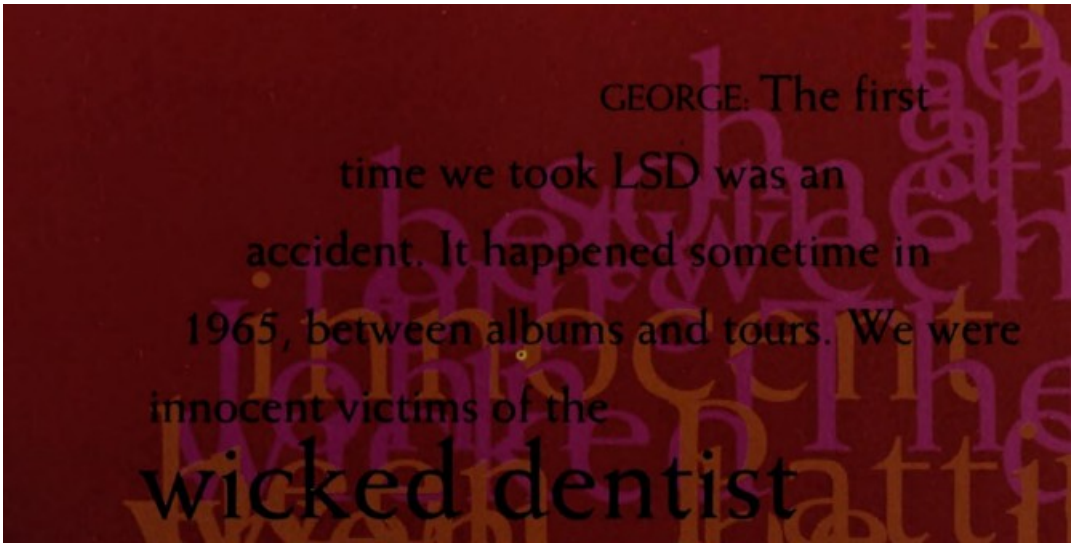
If he is, the new version was way better at writing songs than the old version who supposedly died in a car crash or scooter accident in 1966. I wrote a paper about that for my final grade in Freshman English, and the kind man with the walrus smile *loved it.* A+.

[*Witness 1 as editor: At this point, I grew more curious – and decided to download a copy of it to confirm this 'fire in the elevator' story that I remembered so clearly. Yep, they all talk about it. And, boy, reading this thing now – 20 years later, in context of this book… mindblowing.*

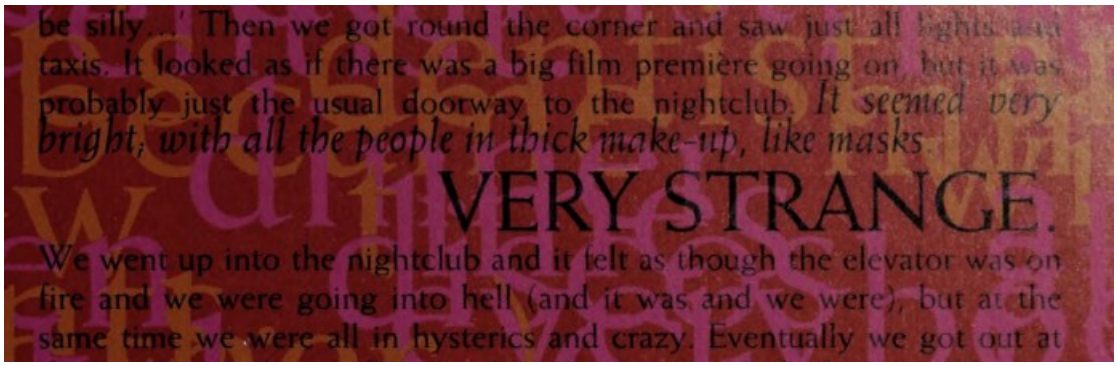
This is what they call a 'primary source.' One of the best ones ever, in fact. It's literally almost 400 pages of their words, transcribed exactly through interviews done specifically for this book over many, many hours – backed up by tons of personal pictures. I will get to Neil Aspinall and Mal Evans later, which is how this book was produced.

Anyways, I decided to screencap a few things for you that fall within my fair use criteria.]

Let's start with the acid story. Here's the beginning – with the 'Wicked Dentist':


GEORGE: The first
time we took LSD was an
accident. It happened sometime in
1965, between albums and tours. We were
innocent victims of the
wicked dentist

The elevator fire:


be silly...' Then we got round the corner and saw just all lights and
taxis. It looked as if there was a big film première going on, but it was
probably just the usual doorway to the nightclub. It seemed very
bright, with all the people in thick make-up, like masks.
VERY STRANGE.
We went up into the nightclub and it felt as though the elevator was on
fire and we were going into hell (and it was and we were), but at the
same time we were all in hysterics and crazy. Eventually we got out at

Then, I notice – "We were going into hell (and it was and we were)…"

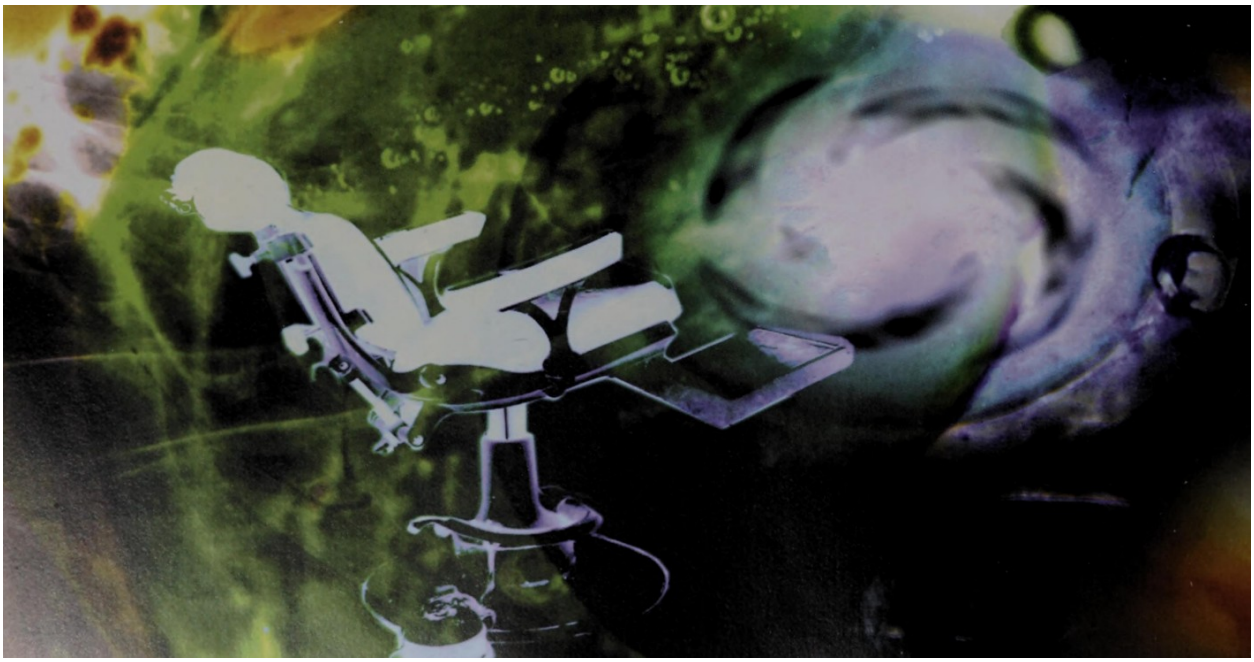
What?

One more, he calls it the "lift:"

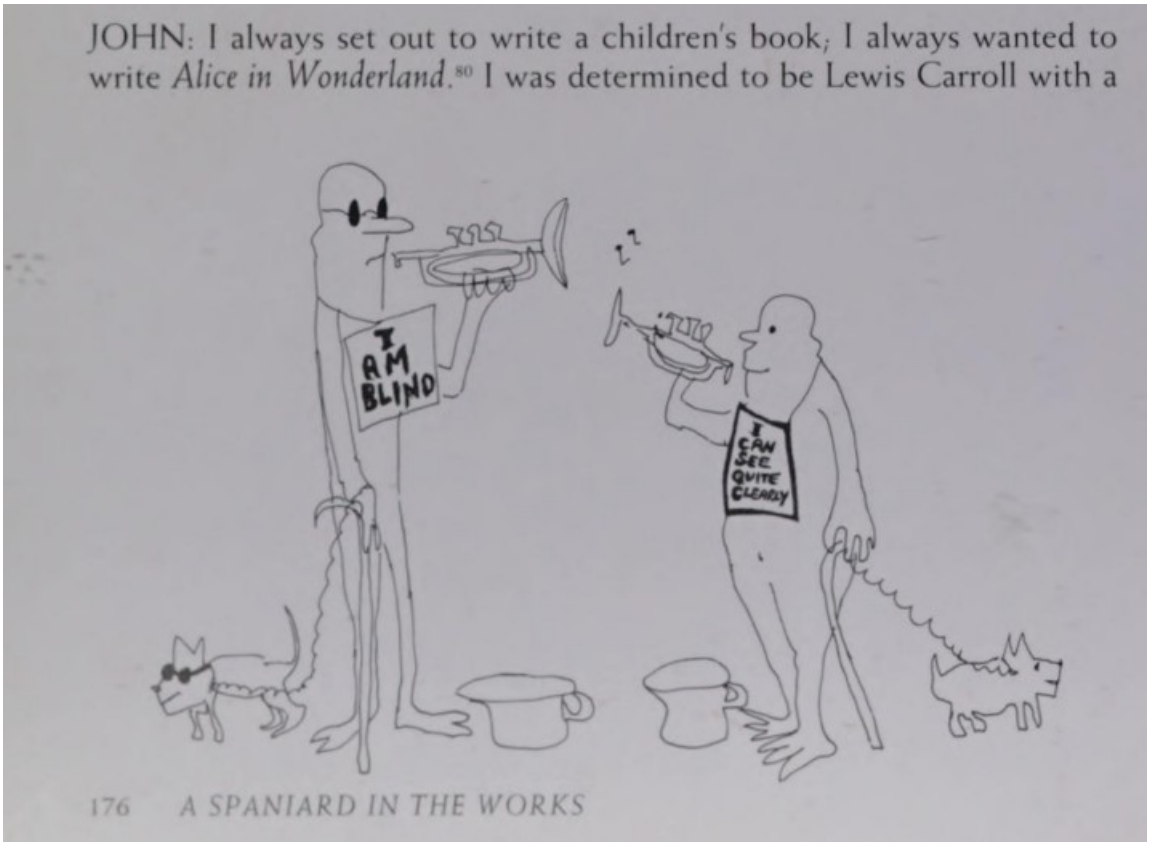
We finally got on the lift. We all thought there was a fire on the lift: it was just a little red light; we were all screaming, 'AAAAAAAARGH!' all hot and hysterical. And we all arrived on the floor (because this was a discotheque that was up a building), and the lift stops and the door opens, and we were all, 'AAAAAAAARGH!' and we just see that it's the club, and we walk in and sit down and the table's **elongating**. I think we went to eat before that and it was like the thing I read, describing the effects of opium in the old days, where the table... I suddenly realised it was only a table, with four of us around it, but it went long, just like I had read, and I thought, 'Fuck! It's happening.' Then we went to the Ad Lib and all of that, and some singer came up to me and said, 'Can I sit next to you?' I said, 'Only if you don't talk,' because I just couldn't think.

It seemed to go on all night. I can't remember the details; it just went on.[70]

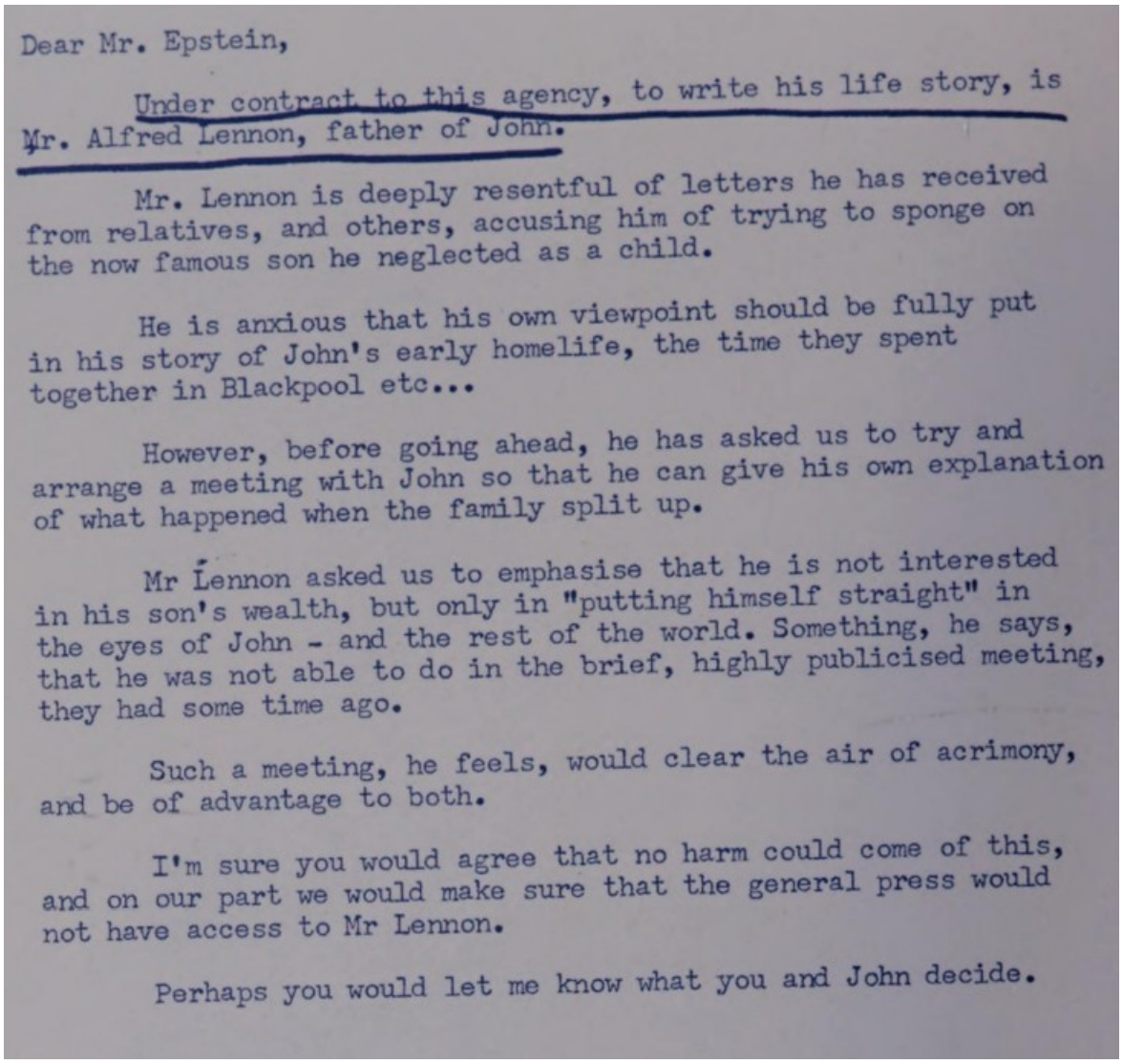
Then, right after that there's one of the rare, full-collage pages. To give you a feeling for an acid trip. And, guess what. A dentist chair, next to a portal:



Here's a fun one. This is an excerpt from the second book John Lennon published – a collection of his absurdist cartoons from 1965 called *A Spaniard in the Works*:


JOHN: I always set out to write a children's book; I always wanted to write *Alice in Wonderland*.[80] I was determined to be Lewis Carroll with a
I AM BLIND
I CAN SEE QUITE CLEARLY
176 A SPANIARD IN THE WORKS

Around this time, his Dad showed back up. Long, sad story. Did not go well. And, there was some weirdness about an autobiography – which Lennon would begin again shortly before his death. Look at this – "Under contract to this agency to write his life story:"



Dear Mr. Epstein,

Under contract to this agency, to write his life story, is Mr. Alfred Lennon, father of John.

Mr. Lennon is deeply resentful of letters he has received from relatives, and others, accusing him of trying to sponge on the now famous son he neglected as a child.

He is anxious that his own viewpoint should be fully put in his story of John's early homelife, the time they spent together in Blackpool etc...

However, before going ahead, he has asked us to try and arrange a meeting with John so that he can give his own explanation of what happened when the family split up.

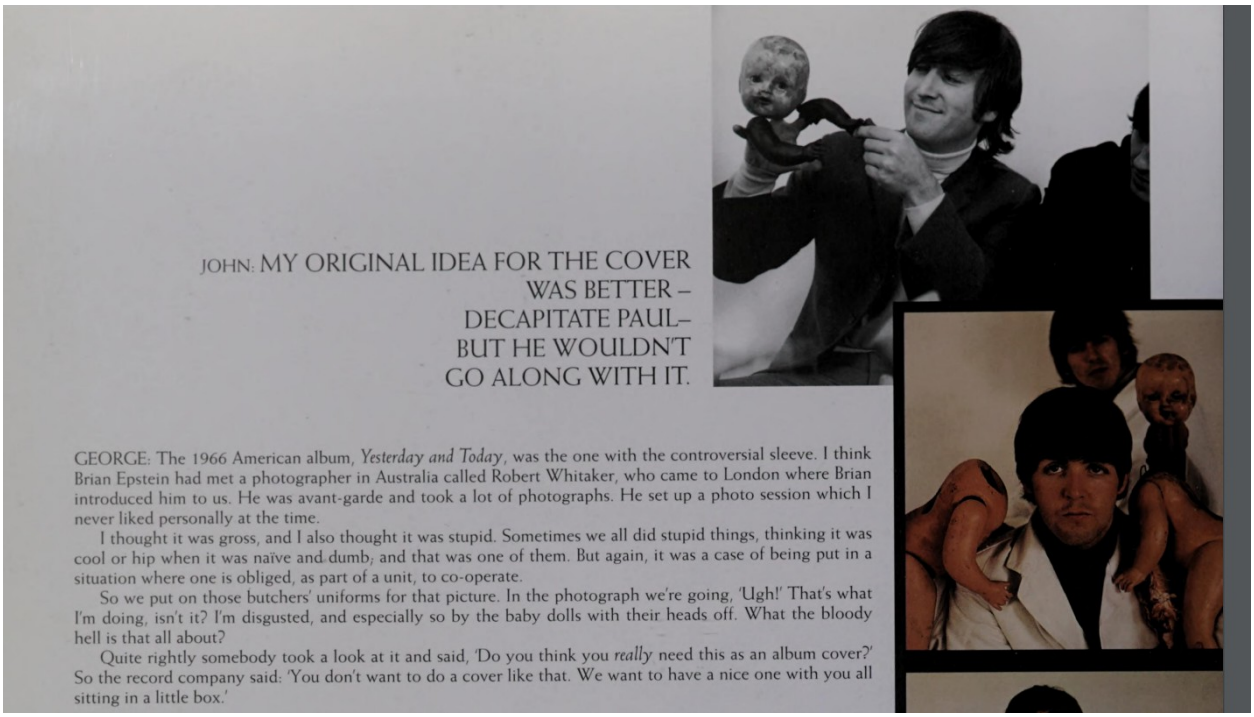
Mr Lennon asked us to emphasise that he is not interested in his son's wealth, but only in "putting himself straight" in the eyes of John - and the rest of the world. Something, he says, that he was not able to do in the brief, highly publicised meeting, they had some time ago.

Such a meeting, he feels, would clear the air of acrimony, and be of advantage to both.

I'm sure you would agree that no harm could come of this, and on our part we would make sure that the general press would not have access to Mr Lennon.

Perhaps you would let me know what you and John decide.

Here's some outtakes from the butcher cover, and John's original idea for it (*very* John Lennon thing to say, made me do a double-take when I first read this:)



JOHN: MY ORIGINAL IDEA FOR THE COVER WAS BETTER – DECAPITATE PAUL– BUT HE WOULDN'T GO ALONG WITH IT.

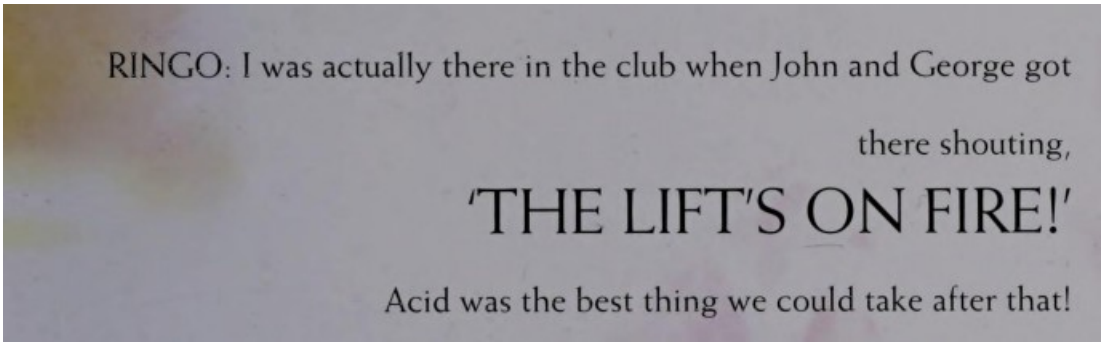
GEORGE: The 1966 American album, *Yesterday and Today*, was the one with the controversial sleeve. I think Brian Epstein had met a photographer in Australia called Robert Whitaker, who came to London where Brian introduced him to us. He was avant-garde and took a lot of photographs. He set up a photo session which I never liked personally at the time.

I thought it was gross, and I also thought it was stupid. Sometimes we all did stupid things, thinking it was cool or hip when it was naïve and dumb; and that was one of them. But again, it was a case of being put in a situation where one is obliged, as part of a unit, to co-operate.

So we put on those butchers' uniforms for that picture. In the photograph we're going, 'Ugh!' That's what I'm doing, isn't it? I'm disgusted, and especially so by the baby dolls with their heads off. What the bloody hell is that all about?

Quite rightly somebody took a look at it and said, 'Do you think you *really* need this as an album cover?' So the record company said: 'You don't want to do a cover like that. We want to have a nice one with you all sitting in a little box.'

I almost forgot these – after the collage page, the elevator thing is actually repeated again, like they *really* want you to notice this:

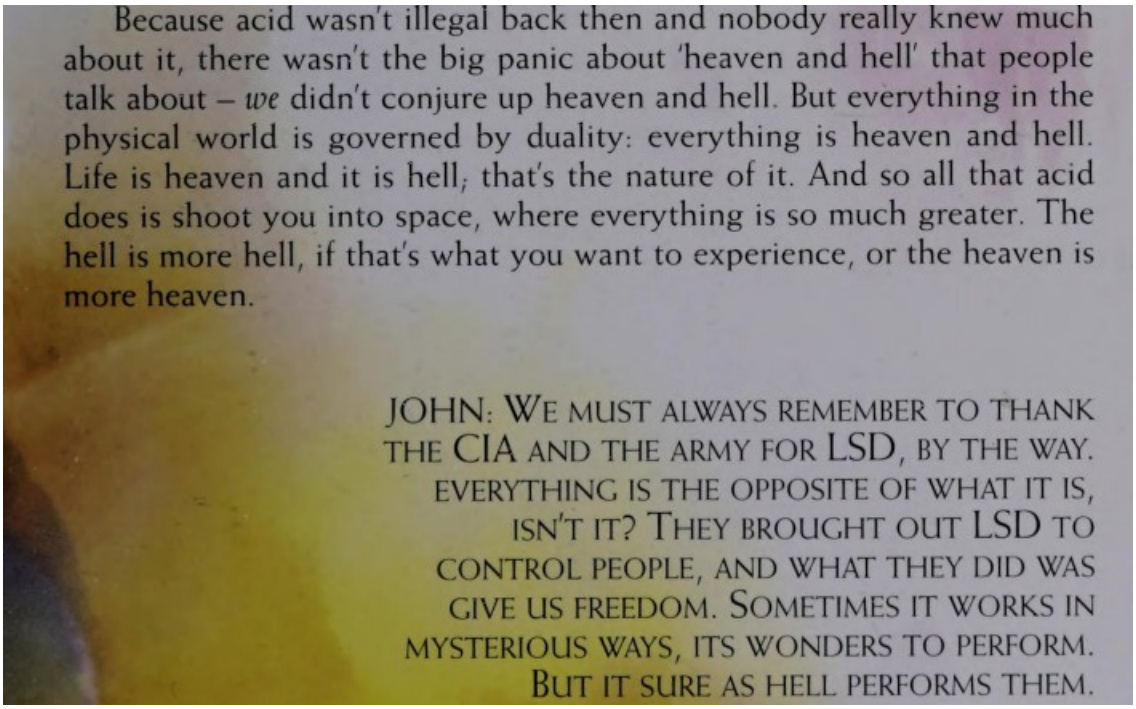


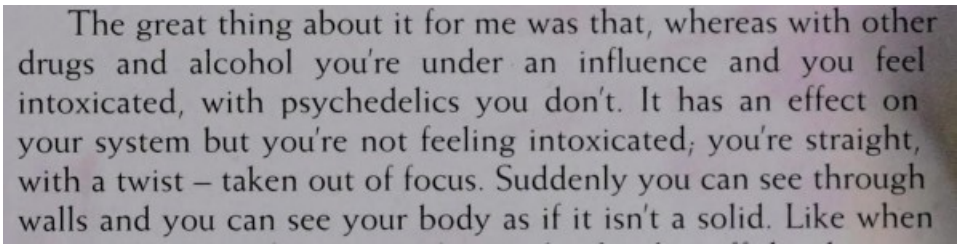
RINGO: I was actually there in the club when John and George got there shouting,

'THE LIFT'S ON FIRE!'

Acid was the best thing we could take after that!

Oh yeah, I almost forgot. Here's what John said about acid on that page, too:


Because acid wasn't illegal back then and nobody really knew much about it, there wasn't the big panic about 'heaven and hell' that people talk about – *we* didn't conjure up heaven and hell. But everything in the physical world is governed by duality: everything is heaven and hell. Life is heaven and it is hell; that's the nature of it. And so all that acid does is shoot you into space, where everything is so much greater. The hell is more hell, if that's what you want to experience, or the heaven is more heaven.
JOHN: WE MUST ALWAYS REMEMBER TO THANK THE CIA AND THE ARMY FOR LSD, BY THE WAY. EVERYTHING IS THE OPPOSITE OF WHAT IT IS, ISN'T IT? THEY BROUGHT OUT LSD TO CONTROL PEOPLE, AND WHAT THEY DID WAS GIVE US FREEDOM. SOMETIMES IT WORKS IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS, ITS WONDERS TO PERFORM. BUT IT SURE AS HELL PERFORMS THEM.


The great thing about it for me was that, whereas with other drugs and alcohol you're under an influence and you feel intoxicated, with psychedelics you don't. It has an effect on your system but you're not feeling intoxicated; you're straight, with a twist – taken out of focus. Suddenly you can see through walls and you can see your body as if it isn't a solid. Like when

Oh yeah… seeing through walls. Right.

"More hell, if that's what you want to experience…"

Um… no, thanks.

"We must always remember to thank the CIA…"

Ummmm… no?

And finally, here she is. The innocent lamb of the Beatles, crucified on a pyre of… just about… everything. John called her "Cyn." His "sin."

Cynthia Lennon, in all her glory – back when John used to smile for pictures:

She was a brunette, but she dyed her hair blonde to try and make him happy. He told her he wanted her to look like Bridgette Bardot, but not in a nice way. He told her that in a really, really mean way.

And he thought it was funny, I remember him cracking jokes about it - but, it isn't. It isn't funny. She was only the one that any of them had that loved him before he was rich and famous.

I look at you. "The only one that loved one of them before they were famous. And he shattered her."

There's one more lamb I want to show you. And here he is, in all his glory:

"Brian Epstein. And, I only looked at the *Anthology* for about 20 or 30 minutes. But here's an example of what I mean. This text was right next to this picture, which was right before he died. At the time I was like… ok, weird, but *now* I'm like… OK, FUCKING WEIRD, RIGHT???

I hand it to you. "See for yourself. What is this shit?"

really go with him into that world. It was in the days when everything was in the closet. (And personally I'm glad it was. I mean, that's all you need, to have a gay manager poncing around the band room while everybody's in their undies!)

We never knew what he was up to, really; you'd just hear stories that he'd been robbed or he was beaten up by somebody. That happened to him when he took acid once, so I believe. I saw him a day or two afterwards. He'd been up in his room and he had all the newspapers and he'd ripped them all into little pieces, which says something. I'm sure an analyst would agree.

“Like… what the actual fuck is this?”

Finally, one more. A picture of the door to *Apple Records*, near the end. In between *Let It Be* and *Abbey Road*:

I look at you. “See the Japanese? People from all over the world would come to worship at the altar of The Beatles. It’s true. They were… more than just celebrities. People looked to them like gods. Like they had all the answers. And they… didn’t exactly discourage this.”

You look at me. “You said you think you know more about The Beatles than any other living person besides Paul McCartney and Neil Aspinall?”

I smile. “Yes, but only an insane person would say that.”

We laugh, and you continue – “Ok, then. Tell me something I don’t know about The Beatles.”

“I could tell you a hundred things that you don’t know about The Beatles. But, I don’t have that quiz I made anymore.

However, I won’t bore you with random facts or minutiae, like that if you skip to about 2:58 in the *Hey Jude* recording, you can hear John yell, “Fucking Hell!”, supposedly, because he missed a note (“Bloody hell” is hidden in *Another Brick in the Wall (Part I)*, see if you can find it.)

Maybe that’s intentional, maybe not. However, I can tell you - for a fact - that you could *not* mix the song and *not* know that’s in there though, nor would it have been difficult to edit it out with the technology they had at the time.”

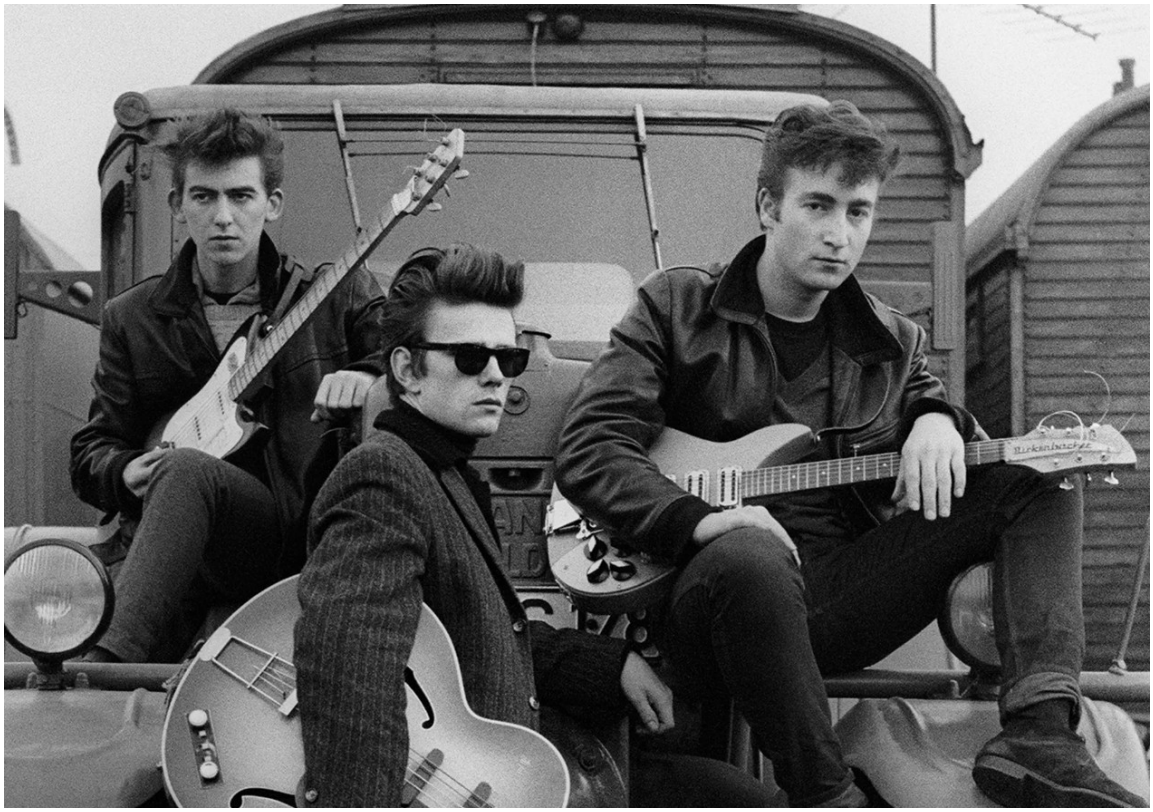
No, I won’t tell you dumb, random facts like how their first bass player was named Stu Stucliffe. And in fact, he was the coolest one. He left them for a beautiful blonde photographer he met named Astrid Kirchherr when they played in Hamburg, and to be a painter. He was a true artist.

And here they are, in all their glory:

He met her at their show, and she took him to her bedroom. It was decorated in tinfoil, and had some kind of tree branch artwork in it. She was an artist, and he was too. Maybe even the most true artist out of all The Beatles. These are their true stories, exactly as they told them. I remember it all.

He left the band, and they were engaged in 1960. They were so in love, and she took a bunch of iconic pictures of them wearing black leather and sitting on abandoned buses. High art. For real. *Recklessly* pure art.

Like this one:



I mean, this guy Stu was just pure cool.

John Lennon was jealous of how cool this guy was. And then, in 1962, when he was fresh and in love - BOOM!

Fucking BRAIN ANEURYSM.

Dead. Just straight up keeled over. Gone forever.

He never even got to marry the beautiful blonde photographer with short hair at a time when that was very unusual. He died before his own wedding.

But that wasn't what I was going to tell you about The Beatles.

You look at me. "Brain… aneurysm?"

"Yup." I point at my head. "Ticking time bomb. Don't you know? Could be lights out, any minute – for any of us. Maybe, if you're lucky, you'll wake up in a nursing home or hospital… so… anyways…"

You look at me and I grimace.

“No, I was going to tell you something you’ve never heard before – something you didn’t expect.

Something you won’t see coming.

And that is this - no one has ever heard of my favorite Beatles song.”

You look at me, and you don’t believe it. “No one’s ever *heard* of your favorite *Beatles song*?”

“Not one person so far.”

You look at me – “Come on, be real. Don’t lie to me. That’s impossible.”

I’ll tell you. Right after Epstein’s death in 1967, the Summer of Love was in full swing. The Beatles were fully “turned on” to how good LSD is for writing music, and they wanted full creative freedom over their work. Actually, they demanded it.

This was during the *Yellow Submarine* era. All of these “lawyers” and “record companies” were arguing back and forth about these different “contracts” and who owed who what.

The Beatles’ first label was EMI, but they had a contract to fulfill with a different label, called “Northern Records”, for a few songs to go along with Yellow Submarine. By the way, The Beatles did not record the voiceovers for the movie, it’s actors.

So, they recorded these three songs – *Hey Bulldog, It’s Only a Northern Song* (now you get that title), and *It’s All Too Much*.

And the first two are nothing special. But *It’s All Too Much* is *special*.

It opens with distorted guitars, which no one did around this time. Then, the purest organ sound you will ever hear – like the organ of God himself. I don’t know how they got that organ tone.

Sus4, sus2, I. Perfect. George Harrison sings about life, and his take on it. For real – read these lyrics. So good:

When I look into your eyes, your love is there for me

The love that's shining all around you
Everywhere, it's what you make
For us to take, it's all too much

Floating down the stream of time, of life to life with me

All the world's a birthday cake
So take a piece but not too much

Set me on a silver sun, for I know that I'm free
Show me that I'm everywhere, and get me home for tea

It's all too much for me to see
A love that's shining all around here
The more I am, the less I know
And what I do is all too much

With your long blond hair and your eyes of blue
With your long blond hair and your eyes of blue

It's a long song, almost seven minutes. It's a *masterpiece*. In fact, it's their fourth-longest song. That means that they want you to *listen.*

It's also a lost song. In fact, this song itself is yet another hidden story-within-a-story.

The reason that no one has ever heard of this song is because of this record dispute. Because these three songs are owned by Northern Records, they aren't on the albums. They aren't on the *One* album that everyone has. They aren't on the streaming sites, and obviously, even the normal Beatles catalog was basically a legal nightmare, and no one could use them for decades, until, I think, after Michael Jackson died and ownership transferred.

It used to be much harder to find music, and this song was always tied up in ownership disputes, not included in the normal catalogues. And not one person has ever heard of it.

It's a little secret. A song that no one heard, that I heard. And I *loved* it. In fact, I think it's the greatest Beatles song out of them all, although *Let It Be* is just about tied.

I really, quite honestly, can tell you that I think that this is, technically, the best Beatles song. And that it's my favorite one. It's such a sweet-sounding organ tone.

You look at me. "How'd they get that distorted guitar tone back in 1967?"

"How do you think? They turned up the little dialy-knob thingy on their distortion pedals."

You think. "Nooo… I don't think so, Witness 1. Come on."

"They'd take a knife, or a pencil. And then, they'd stab the fuck out of their speakers. It's true. The Kinks invented this, I think. Of course, some musicologist will come along soon to tell me that some guy named "Willie Kizart" did it before them, in 1951, on his song *Rocket 88*. Thanks, guys.

But that's how they distorted the electric guitar back then. Stab it. Fuck up the speaker cone, so it breaks up the waveform. Not all the time, though. Sometimes, you just overdrive it.

This would be sort of… for those who want to commit. Like breaking the stick. You can't go back once you do that. You can't just… go back to clean. When instruments went electric, it was a seismic shift in music.

It was sort of… the first instrument with post-processing, in a way. A secondary layer you can use to manipulate the waveform on a much more basic level than, say, a piano, organ, harpsichord, etc."

I look over at you. "*Dylan goes electric?* Remember that? What was it – people losing their minds at Newport because Bob Dylan played an electric guitar instead of an acoustic one? Rioting and stuff? Acting weird as hell? They were *obsessed* with it. With these artists.

This was *brand new* shit, back then. It wasn't like music is today. These people… valued it. It was *not* mass produced. It was high art, and they knew it. We've lost touch with that."

I pull a suitcase containing my collection of vinyl record Beatles albums out of my satchel. I hand you one, with the four of them sitting there wearing white butcher's coats, slathered in raw meat and dismembered babies. "You know how much this cost me?"

You shake your head. "*Fuck* no. Why are they wearing… raw meat and *babies*?"

"Another example of a good question! This thing cost me three thousand fucking dollars. Here, see for yourself:

67 VIEWED IN THE LAST 24 HOURS
8
The Beatles Yesterday And Today
The Beatles Butcher Cover Yesterday And Today Vinyl T-2553 Super Rare Very Good
plainflour (5842)
99.2% positive · Seller's other items · Contact seller
US $2,998.00
or Best Offer
No Interest if paid in full in 6 mo on $149+ with PayPal Credit*
Condition: Used
""vinyl very good cover very good Please see photos""
Buy It Now
Add to cart
Make offer
Add to watchlist

It's called "The Butcher Cover." The record companies hated it, but John thought it was hilarious. He said so, and the body language tells a story here. Ringo *hated* it.

"John's songs are autobiographical, but they're about the world. About you and I. He wrote about us, but by singing about himself. Paul's songs always tell a story about other people, but they're autobiographical songs. He sang about himself, but by singing about us."

You think about it. "It's true, isn't it? John sang about us through himself, and Paul sang about himself through us. That's why they worked so well together. Opposites."

“It’s true. George sang about us by writing about us. Ringo just played drums.

I put *Yellow Submarine* on, and play you *It’s All Too Much*.

You look at me. “So… what’s with the cover. Why did they do that?”

I am no longer smiling, and I do not laugh. “Do you want to know the truth?”

“Yes.”

I hit the bong, and blow out a storm cloud.

“Because they are satanists - they worship the devil, too. You know it’s true – can you feel it in your bones? Do the shivers reveal to you the cold, naked, plain truth of our universe?

Stay with me, and I’ll show you all their secrets, too. The dark heart of the British Invasion.

Do you not already know the truth - that we are all but a waif, at the mercy of the predators? That we do not even have the dignity of a real recourse? That we cannot even thrash in our own slaughter? Cannot even have a voice?

That we are *all* chained to the filthy mattress – caught in the stained, filthy hovel of the madman. We quiver, and lie in the pool of our own juices, as we realize the painful truth – we are *worthless*. We *must be*. If we weren’t, they wouldn’t be doing this to us. It *must* be true.

As we accept the necessity of our own demise, our abductor softly penetrates us again. The strokes of our desecration thrum the mattress, and the blood and filth coagulate. As he looks into our eyes, he assures us that it is for our own good – we *need* this. We *deserve* this. He is just *better* than you. You are *nothing*. He is *everything.*

‘It’s time for you to go. You are a problem, now. A problem for *me*. And no one will hear your story. No one will hear your cries. Cry out to God, he will not come stop me. Call the police, they’re my friends. Call the newspapers, I own them. Call the government, I disabled it before your parents were born. You’re *mine*. I *own* you. No one will come for you.

I will slit your throat and drown you in your own blood. Because you *deserve it*. For being weak. For not stopping me. For being *worthless.* Because you’re nothing but a *fucking problem.’*

This is Jimmy Page locking a child in a hotel to rape her after the show. This is John Lennon punching Cynthia in the face. This is David Bowie and his ‘baby groupies’. You know – the underage ones. That’s what they called them back then.

But more than that – it’s *all of us*, too. Their story is their own, and it’s not a story that I want to even tell, much less be a part of. But no one else has ever told it, and no one else will. So, here I am.

However, the point of this monologue is that we have *all* locked a girl in a hotel room at this point. We are all Jimmy Page and John Lennon. We all beat our wives now. We all violate our children. We are violating each other, every single day. The evil within us has grown too powerful, too interwoven into the fabric of reality. It threatens to destroy our very nature.

We are *all* guilty."

We sit in silence for a moment. You think. "It's… true, isn't it? That they were Satanists? …It must be."

I nod. "We'll get to that. Do you want to know the last thing that John Bonham had for breakfast?"

We listen as George croons sweetly to us:

All the world's a birthday cake
So take a piece but not too much
Set me on a silver sun, for I know that I'm free
Show me that I'm everywhere, and get me home for tea

You nod.

"16 shots of vodka. It's true." I pull up Wikipedia:

band's first tour since 1977. During the journey, Bonham asked to stop for breakfast, where he drank four quadruple vodka screwdrivers (16 shots, totalling between 400 and 560 ml). He continued to

"Well, he went upstairs that night - and they never saw him alive again. And that was the end of Led Zeppelin.

The best thing they did about it was to not try and keep going.

That's why they're iconic. You can only cement it with death.

Maybe… he had a little too much birthday cake that day.

Or maybe… not.

Maybe a sacrifice, maybe not. Maybe a ritual, maybe not.

Pretty weird how it keeps happening over and over though."

You know, my favorite musician as a kid was Keith Moon, because he was legitimately insane like me. He was the original 'TV through the hotel window, smash my drum set, and blow shit up with fireworks' rock star. He was a genius. A legend. Way, way ahead of his time.

Keith Moon was the purest form of rebellion, distilled down into a form that could detonate toilets, take drugs, get drunk, and tell everyone to fuck off. He told them like no one else –

'I hate you, I hate your bullshit society, I hate your stupid voice and meaningless words, I hate your pretentions, your taboos, your unsaid hatefulness. Your lawyers and contracts and signatures. Your judges, police officers, armies, and bloodshed. The way you smile as you kill. *Fuck you.* I hate you.'

I pull up the "Destructive Behavior" section of Keith Moon's Wikipedia article, and we browse through it:

> Longtime friend and personal assistant, Dougal Butler, observed: "He was trying to make people laugh and be Mr Funny; he wanted people to love him and enjoy him, but he would go so far. Like a train ride you couldn't stop."[92]
>
> In a limousine on the way to the airport, Moon insisted they return to their hotel, saying "I forgot something." At the hotel he ran back to his room, grabbed the television and threw it out of the window into the swimming pool below. He then jumped back into the limo, saying "I nearly forgot."[93]

Come on, that is actually pretty hilarious. "I forgot something."

We continue on:

> **Exploding toilets** [edit]
>
> Moon's favourite stunt was to flush powerful explosives down toilets. According to Fletcher, Moon's toilet pyrotechnics began in 1965 when he purchased a case of 500 cherry bombs.[98] Townshend remembers walking into the bathroom of Moon's hotel room and noticing the toilet had disappeared, with only the S-bend remaining. The drummer explained that since a cherry bomb was about to explode, he had thrown it down the toilet and showed Townshend the case of cherry bombs. "And of course from that moment on," the guitarist remembered, "we got thrown out of every hotel we ever stayed in."[99]

Eventually, he stopped using fireworks and started using sticks of dynamite.

> **Flint Holiday Inn incident** [edit]

Something about a car in a pool and about $200,000 worth of damages.

Then, it gets sad:

> **Passing out on stage** [edit]

Financial problems [edit]

And you know what, I hope all the Christians read this part and get really mad about it. Yeah, Keith Moon was better than all you sniveling, cowardly liars put together. You disgust me. You with your Vatican state-sponsored child sex trafficking ring, and your stupid Pope worship, and your fake Evangelical smiles while you stab people in the back. Not paying taxes, not doing anything at all.

I never met a pastor that didn't love his job, for some reason.

So, fuck all of you. You're all just bricks in the wall too. Apparently, none of you paid attention to Revelation where the church has become deluded and evil. Insane. You cower and grovel at the boot of power, clawing and thrashing your way over the wreckage of humanity to get your turn on the top of the pile.

You applaud rapturously for ravenous wolves like George Bush and Dick Cheney. You're a bunch of fucking clowns, and I can hardly think of one useful thing I ever heard in a church. Stop doing the same sermons every week on Ephesians. Stop talking about the same stories. Start talking about 9/11. Start talking about MK Ultra.

You have no balls. You lost them. In fact, you gave them away. So, I hope all the Christians read this part about Keith Moon and get really upset, because I think that would be hilarious. And Keith Moon would too.

Go ahead, make my day. Read my fucking book and throw a little fit about it. *Are you mad?*

You failed the test. You forfeited your soul. You allow evil to reign.

And that's my message to the Evangelical church of America. *Fuck you guys.*

At least, out of respect - I won't make a whole section out of it – because the church *is* still worthy of respect. The thing is, though, I think that it may be time for a new leader for it. Someone with a new story, I don't know. Something different than whatever the fuck you guys have been doing for the last 50 years, because it is – plain and simple – not working for us.

Anyways, let's see.

Oh yeah, Keith Moon's death. He rented a new flat in London, where Mama Cass had just died a few years earlier. The landlord thought it was cursed, so he didn't want to rent it to Moon. Pete Townshend convinced him.

She was 32 when she died, and Moon was also 32.

He had been prescribed powerful pills for alcohol withdrawal - a sedative that works on the GABA receptors, which is the same system that barbiturates, benzos, and alcohol interact with.

Apparently, 6 of these pills would be a high enough dose to kill him, which people said afterwards was extremely irresponsible given his nature to, you know, take every single drug he ever saw.

So, his last day. He and his girlfriend see a screening of, get this, *The Buddy Holly Story*, with Paul and Linda McCartney. And then he and his girlfriend go home. He asks her to make his favorite meal, lamb cutlets, and she doesn't want to. He tells her, "If you don't like it, you can fuck off", which is a very Keith Moon thing to say.

Those were his last words. He apparently took 32 of the pills, and died. It really is weird how often that happens, but he did love drugs. A Buddy Holly story, after all.

And that's pretty much where all the jokes about insane drummers breaking shit came from.

We're back in the cold, grey real world now. Our last day together in your world slips out of real-time chronology, and I am now spending multiple days writing towards our climax. I went back here to an advantageous spot, so as not to break the tension in a critical scene, to add a real-world update from January 9th, 2025 at 1:36 P.M.

Witness 2 is doing well, and we are on agreeable terms. Neither of us understands fully yet what has happened, but we are overall content. We haven't been fighting, and are getting along well. She is beautiful, and I love her very much. Our son is also doing well, and is completely unbothered by any of these events. In fact, he hasn't even really noticed them.

I only have two updates, one quick and one slightly longer. The quick one is that someone appears to have removed the cover from the front light on my truck. Now, they are mismatched. Not really much I can do about that at the moment.

The other has to do with the dragon statue. As I was walking back, I saw the row of dumb, cheesy statues, mostly appearing to be made out of rusted cast iron, that look exactly the same as the dragon.

I asked my son if he wanted to do a little investigating, and he agreed. So, I drove down to where they were and ducked underneath a fence (hopping a fence looks bad during the day.) I walked up to the sign, and here is what I saw. I edited these pictures to hide my location:

Pretty fuckin' grim scene. Yup, that's sasquatch standing there. The sign with the phone number I needed stands in the very middle flanked by two knights, which starts to the immediate right of sasquatch.

Here are the horses, which remind me of "Blucifer" from the Denver International Airport:

Another dragon, which confirmed my suspicions:

Here is what the knight's helmets looked like:

So, I call this number as I'm walking back to the truck, and someone actually answers. I tell them that I am a writer doing a story on local art, and I'm trying to find out who owns the dragon statue in this town.

He told me that they don't keep records of that (weird, obviously not true), but he was actually pretty open and forthcoming with information, which I liked. Apparently, you can just tell people you're a writer and they'll reveal things to you.

I confirmed the street it was on, and the design – large, with three sections. He suggested going to the address, which I had. The strangest individual I have ever encountered, the street sweeper.

However, Witness 2 had told me that when he came up to her the day it was installed, and referred to it as "The Beast", that he said someone *else* made him install it. Or something like that. Super weird.

We talked back and forth, and he was quite friendly. He was open about his business, and I pried a little more. I learned that the time frame was right, and the person they sold it to had installed it themselves.

However, I then heard someone else in the background. A woman, probably his wife.

"The mechanic! We sold it to that mechanic!"

I saw my chance to confirm it, and I seized the moment – "With long, silver hair, right? Always wearing blue?"

And he says - "Yeah! That's the guy!" *Very* distinct-looking guy.

So, I had my answer. This fucking weird guy *owns* and *installed* the statue.

I called Witness 2 and told her, and I remarked that it would be a great time to have a friend in the police or government to find info on this guy. However, no dice.

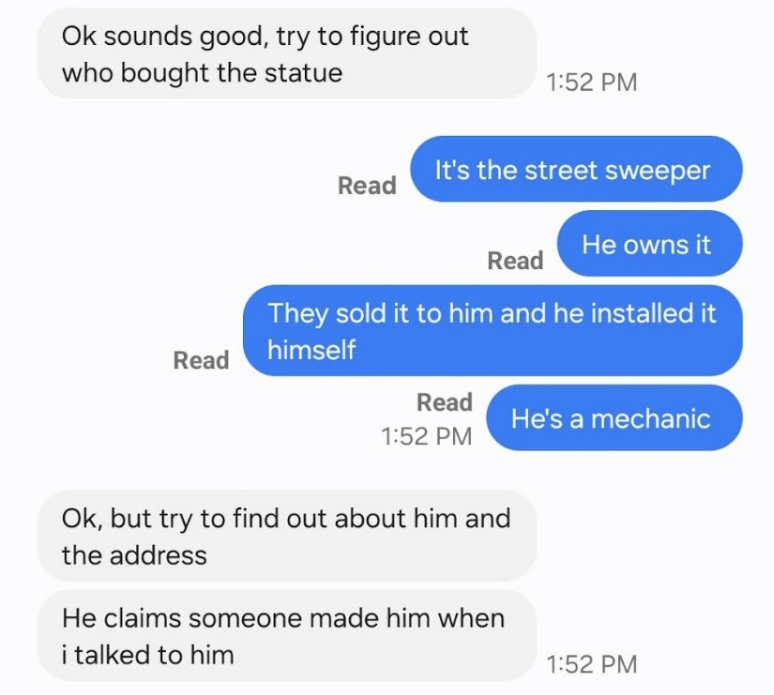
I wanted the address anyways, and when I went to look for it, I got even more suspicious.

I've explained how close this thing is to where we live. So, when I look closely at the property, there's no address. There's just the big, green garage that the dragon sits next to, in between that and the road, and then an RV and a propane tank.

At this point, I get the "Uh-Oh Feeling" that I learned about in Fifth grade Family Life class, and decide that this guy is probably some kind of serial killer and I should maybe head on back home.

So I drove home and pulled the address for the property on Google Maps. I have it, and in fact, there does seem to be two – one for the garage and one for where the RV is parked, maybe. As of now, this story remains unresolved. Perhaps we will find out more, perhaps not.

She just texted me about it, and this was our conversation:


Ok sounds good, try to figure out who bought the statue
1:52 PM
Read
It's the street sweeper
Read
He owns it
Read
They sold it to him and he installed it himself
Read
1:52 PM
He's a mechanic
Ok, but try to find out about him and the address
He claims someone made him when i talked to him
1:52 PM

And now, back to our vibrant, enchanting world, with the mysterious stranger and his congenial counterpart, the best student he's ever had, the only one willing to learn.

[*Witness 1 as editor: No further updates as of 1/20/25. In fact, the street sweeper has completely disappeared, which I mentioned. It could be due to the weather being cold, but I don't know. Something seems off.*

I am not planning on breaking into his garage or RV, obviously, and I'm sorry disappoint the Shia LeBouf fans. You know, that one movie. It ain't happening. That would be totally insane (great writing material, though.) However, my senses are tingling like a wire about this guy, and I will update with anything I can.

At this point, there's the knife/yellow guy incident, the missing picture from the fridge, my large bowls out of order, and the truck light missing. These incidents seem to be evidence of someone breaking in or messing with us, but it's been calm for a week or so. It's honestly an interesting little real-life mystery, but I wouldn't get your hopes up about a clean resolution to this one.]

You look at me. It's getting towards late morning now, and we both feel refreshed.

The sun is warm and toasty on the porch as we sit there. Birds chirp, and we see a family of deer foraging in the woods nearby. I watch as a white fawn stands alone and looks at us, then rejoins his family to disappear into the woods.

I pack the bong and pass it to you. "You're almost ready." I smile. "Do you feel ready?"

"Yes."

"Good. Can you handle it?"

"I believe that I can."

"You can. I know that you can. Because you can perceive, you can think. Because you think, you are. Because you are, you have value. Because you have value, you will be OK. Remember that." You smile at me, and I smile at you.

You think. *Because I perceive… I can think. Because I can think… I am. Because I am… I have value. Because I have value… I will be OK.*

"Do you know what the most underrated band of all time is?"

You shake your head. "No."

"Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young. It's true. Absolutely genius harmonies. No one else can do that. *Southern Cross. Love the One You're With,* from Stephen Still's solo career. Masterpieces.

You look at me. "Most disappointing band of all time?"

I grin. "Traveling Wilburys."

You laugh. It's true.

"Who's the second-worst guitarist of all time?"

"Robby Krieger. Doors. There's a really, really weird story there. You won't even believe me if I tell you that they were a part of MK Ultra, too. The weird writing, and Jim Morrison's poems and possession coming to life with some weird dead Indian Spirit. Called himself 'The Lizard King.'"

I look at you. "It's too weird. His Dad in military intelligence. Gulf of Tonkin. No one would believe that shit if I put it in my book, they'll have to look into it for themselves. However, every other guitarist is *good*. That's the end of that list. Everyone else is a genius at it in their own way. Those three guys are the ones who got lucky."

I think for a second. "Funnily enough, George Harrison's guitar solos always were… sort of complete garbage."

I mimic the solo from *Twist and Shout* - "duh. Duh-duh-duh – duh. Doo Doo DOO."

You laugh. "I mean… come on. Ok… fourth and fifth greatest albums?"

I scoff. "Come on. Obviously, *The Wall* and *Dark Side of the Moon*.

I look over you seriously. "Let's get real. The most important thing that's happened musically in the last 50 years is Eddie Van Halen combining the synthesizer and guitar in *1984*. Jump. Also, *5150*. *Love Walks In. Dreams.* Trust me, they'll all see that someday. Like in Bill and Ted."

You look down and think. "Are there… any other songs like that? Visionary stuff?"

"No one did it completely on their own. Even Eddie had access to producers and engineers through the record labels. But there were some that came close. We learned a lot from what Don Henley and Tom Petty did with the guitar in the '70s. That clean, shimmering sound.

Boys of Summer. I Won't Back Down. Those are also masterpieces that they brought to life. That sound… that production… it's to die for. Blood, sweat, and tears – you know?

Wild Child is technically Enya's most perfect song because it is the exact same chords as *Let It Be* – I – V – vi – IV in C major.

I mentioned Jeff Lynne. He did it, too. *So Serious* and *Do Ya* are some of the greatest works of art ever produced. But not all music has to be serious. *Sexy and I Know It* is another of the masterpieces of our time. It's true. *LMFAO.*"

You look at me. "Are you serious?"

"Yes. I am." I pull out my limited-edition vinyl of *Sorry for Party Rocking* and spin it.

"Listen to how simple the riff is. How few notes he used. The silence. It's so simple, but so good. It's so catchy. I have learned that it is much, much harder to create a song that sounds like this than a very complicated one. I mean, the guy is Berry Gordy's son. Well, two guys made this song. They're both geniuses."

I sigh, and look down. "Here's what drives me bananas. I know, for a fact, that if I could just get this guy to somehow agree to spend time with me, like you're doing, and listen to my song and why I think all of this – we could do it. We could change the world."

I look at you and nod while a tear streaks down my cheek. "Me and Redfoo. And maybe even Sky Blu. Or anyone like them. There are millions of people with voices so loud they could never be silenced until everyone has heard the truth.

LMFAO could publish my book and release my song, I mean, what else are people even doing? Would that not be hilarious? Good chance to even turn a profit for them?"

I turn directly towards you. "Redfoo. Let's make album, dude. About 9/11. I have some ideas. Yes, you can do the Wiggle Dance in the videos."

I lean in towards him and whisper - "I also don't wear shoes or a shirt and still get service."

I sigh. “But, I can’t seem to break through. No matter what I do there’s a wall in my way. Stopping me from reaching enough people. I can’t flip a gatekeeper, because they sense that I am not one of them. It will take a miracle. A sheep in wolf’s clothing.”

I grimace, and look at you with shaded eyes. “Alright, you’re gonna need a spliff for this one. You’re just about ready.”

I roll one up and pass it to you. “But before we take our journey, I have to show you one more thing. One more portal. Believe it or not, *one more* movie-within-a-movie. I know, I know. Do you want to see it?”

You look at me. “Yes, I think so. If I must.”

I grimace. “It’s the worst one yet. The most depraved. The most disturbing. You aren’t going to like it.”

You aren’t sure what to think.

“It will disgust you. It will frighten you. But I want you to hear the story. In fact, I want the world to hear this story.”

I tell you that, believe it or not, it’s about a beautiful blonde girl with blue eyes. Except this time, it’s a child. Only 12 years old.

And here she is, in all her glory:

This child lived with her parents in a trailer park in Anaheim. One day at lunch, they were approached by a strange man with glasses. He was looking for a "beatific four-year-old child...every mother's dream" for the lead in his new movie.

You read it:

You shudder. “Ew.”

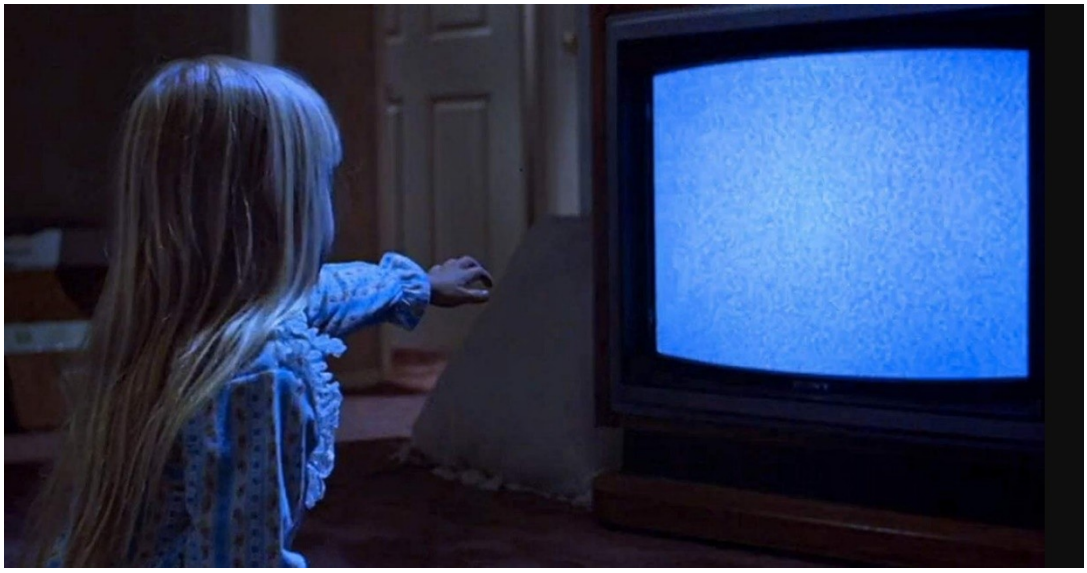
Incredible! Just like that, her parents were able to buy a big house up in the mountains in Big Bear. It’s right on the shores of a lake, and it’s beautiful. My Grandparents had a cabin there when I was very young, you may recall.

Of course, there was a catch. And the catch here was that this little girl would have to go through a portal. And it frightened her terribly. She had to do and see things that no child should do or see.

In fact, her role was to *open* a portal, to let supernatural spirits into our reality. Ghosts, in fact. The reason that filming this movie frightened this child so badly was because it was a *horror* movie. And she did *not* have a good time on set, as I understand it.

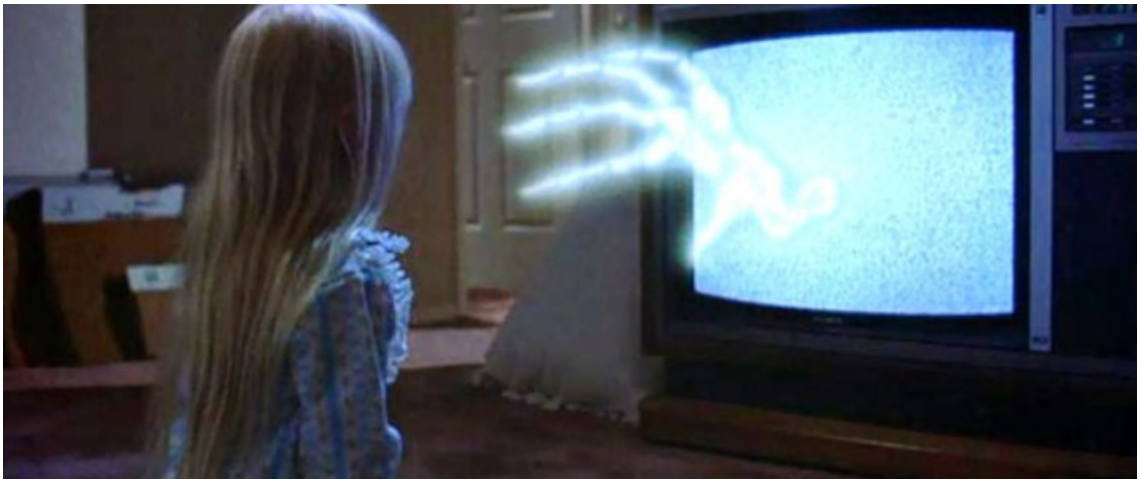
And this portal would be opened through a… through a… television. A movie-within-a-movie.

And here it is:



The horror movie is called *Poltergeist*, and the strange man is named Steven Spielberg.

The portal reaches out to you from the screen, stepping into your reality:

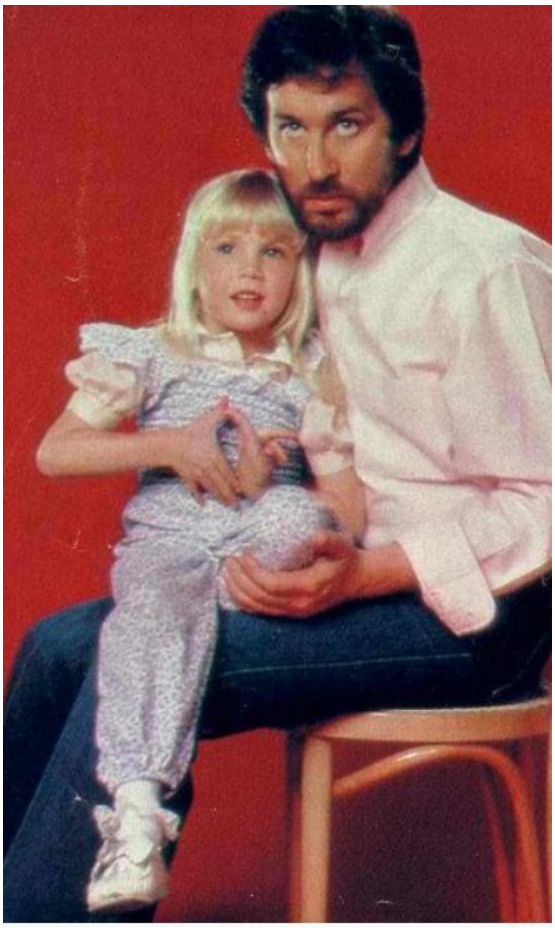


You step up to it, surrender yourself to it. Let the ghostly glow incinerate and consume your being. You go *through* the portal. In fact, this image of you going into the portal becomes so iconic they even use it as the cover:

You're a *star*! They *love* you. Your lines, "They're here", and "They're back", are the most iconic lines of the film, and you make every list of memorable movie quotes. You still do, in fact. People love you.

Life is a beautiful dream.

Here you are, with Steven Spielberg himself. Look deeply into his wolf eyes. Notice carefully how he told her to pose her hands - I trust that I do not need to elaborate on what this particular little symbol represents:



Unfortunately, I can't tell the world exactly what happened to you. In fact, the details of your last few days are *very* strange, and the only evidence we have of it comes from your parents.

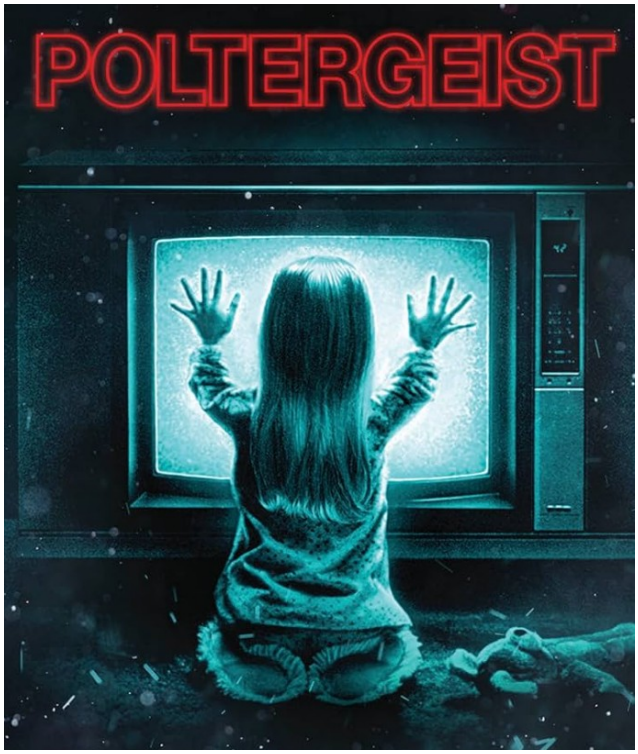
In their big, beautiful new home in Big Bear. And, apparently, a mysterious *second* house they seem to have now owned on the coast near San Diego - which *seems* to have been where this incident occurred. Apparently, they were not having any more money problems or issues buying houses around this time.

Boy, lucky them. A nice winter cabin for trips to Big Bear, *and* a sweet little family home in Lakeside – a *very* nice, coastal city near San Diego. *Much* better than the trailer park, I'm sure.

And so, on the morning of February 1st, 1988, somewhere around 9 A.M., you had collapsed and fallen *severely* ill at this house in Lakeside.

According to your parents and some doctors, it was a giardiasis parasitical infection from bad well water in Big Bear. Funnily enough, everyone else there drank that well water, too. But… it

only seemed to affect you. There were no other reports of any illnesses from this well.



The other funny thing is that these infections are typically *very* mild, and if you research it, you'll find that there's no data on how long this parasite will take to kill you. According to my research, this is because it is so rarely fatal, it *cannot even be studied* – even in *children*.

It seems that in rare cases it can cause longer-term health complications, or could be more of an acute concern if there were secondary complications, like anything else. As far as I can tell, this is not an immediate, medical emergency type of infection - it's more of a go to urgent care and get a prescription type of thing. It does not, at all, seem to be lethal.

Now, I can't say for sure what you did or who you were with before this, but some people think that you might have been at the film studios. Anyways, even today, they still talk about you - day after day. Although you are dead, you aren't forgotten yet - *millions* of people talk about you.

Dark secrets and rumors swirl around you in the shadowy corners of the internet. "We know what he did to you," they say. "The red shoes." Someone will always remember you, as long as the internet is out there. You share in the same heroic legacy as John O'Neill and Cee Cee Lyles:

We know what they did to you.

Your epitaph, somehow, is even sadder. And far more disturbing. Somehow, it *always* gets worse.

Truthfully, we don't know for sure if you came from somewhere else that day, or what you did that morning. As a young child, you were at the mercy of your parents and the powerful studio executives and could have been taken anywhere without anyone else knowing at any time.

However, that morning you have an extremely serious medical emergency and collapse – and you were pretty much already gone.

As I understand this story, by the time anyone made a phone call about you to 911, you had already experienced major blood and bodily fluid loss and were either unconscious, in critically emergent condition, or were already dead. They seem to have found you somehow lying on the floor in a pool of blood and vomit.

So, you were rushed to a hospital at this point. Once there, they discovered some sort of bowel perforation or blockage. You laid on an operating table, mostly unconscious, for a few hours as various doctors came and went. They stripped you, and cut you open. Violated you.

Crucified you, on a pyre on film and tape. You were the blood sacrifice – a lamb led to the slaughter. Then, you died.

Your last day on Earth was February 1st, 1988, and you suffered *horrifically.*

You look over at me.

"Ok… so… how did she die, again? I mean, people don't usually just *drop dead* from drinking *bad well water*, *right*? You said she got, like… an infection? Sepsis?

"Giardiasis."

"Ok, ok, so – what? Is that bad? You said it's just, sort of, like a flu-deal, right? Nothing to worry about, take an anti-parasitic, clears up, right?"

"That's pretty much it. According to my research, it does not kill. It can, rarely, cause chronic issues, but when children get it, they only say that it can cause "failure to thrive." If this parasite were even capable of killing, it would certainly not be in such a horrific, violent way. There doesn't seem to be any data on it. We need to look closer."

I look at you. "What is the story-within-a-story here?"

You look over at me, and in your eyes I see that you now carry the weight, too.

"Witness 1, I mean… she probably just got unlucky, right? Maybe she just had one-in-a-million bad luck, and something went wrong. Heart attack, and they missed it. Maybe she just… died. It happens. Anyways, it's not like this little infection would just, like, *explode* her like a grenade went off in her stomach, or something. You're overreacting."

I look at you, and I am not smiling. For the first time since we met, you can tell that I am not just passionate about this stuff, I actually fucking *hate* these people. My eyes harden, and I break eye contact with you. I stare out your window into the dark.

"Unfortunately for Heather, she had a very unusual experience. One that no one else has ever had, as far as I can tell, from a giardiasis infection. Sort of a, one-of-a-kind type of situation, medically speaking. Maybe, a *little bit* like a miracle, but in reverse."

I look back at you with ice in my eyes. And so, we're back to my questions for Steven Spielberg:

Where were you on February 1st, 1988?

Who were you with?

Can you prove it?

Is any of it even real?

And, oh, how the rumors swirl around you like a storm.

In fact, it's sort of an open secret in Hollywood - isn't it, Steven?

That you raped Heather O'Rourke to death?

Now, some doctors agreed that it was from a giardiasis infection, from the well water in Big Bear. Maybe that's true. But maybe it's not.

Actually, however, *quite a few* doctors at the time disagreed with this assessment of how she died - entirely.

So many doctors thought that this was *so weird*, in fact, that there's a 1988 news article about it from *AP* called *Doctors: Unusual Circumstances Surround Actress' Death.*

In fact, let's take a closer look at this source, shall we?

Oh – it's deleted! Shocker.

Luckily, I have an archive of it:

https://archive.is/y8Yj4

Here's what it says about your death:

> LOS ANGELES (AP) _ The death of 12-year-old "Poltergeist" actress Heather O'Rourke was **"distinctly unusual"** because she lacked prior symptoms of the bowel defect that reportedly killed her, gastrointestinal doctors say.

> ”I would have expected a lot of (digestive) difficulties throughout her life and **not just to have developed a problem all of a sudden**,” said Dr. Daniel Hollander, head of gastroenterology at University of California, Irvine, Medical Center.
>
> The defect **usually is apparent at birth** because it causes severe abdominal pain, vomiting and nausea, Hollander said, adding that it is **very rare for the disorder to kill an older child who lacked prior symptoms.**
>
> Hollander speculated that Heather’s bowel narrowing might not have been congenital but **could have developed suddenly** due to inflammation… Meyer said a section of **Heather’s intestine burst after ballooning to 4 inches in diameter.**
>
> **”I cannot understand** what precipitated the death because it’s **usually clear when they’re born** they have an important disease,” said Dr. Carlo Di Lorenzo, a University of Southern California pediatrician.
>
> **”It just doesn’t seem to quite make sense,”** said Dr. Hartley Cohen, a USC gastroenterologist. **”It’s weird,”** Meyer said. ”**She was completely healthy Saturday, they thought she had the flu on Sunday and she was dead on Monday**.”

And you know what, I don’t think this is funny at all. And I know that you paid off the hospital, police, and coroner to cover it up. “Steven Spielberg – The Celebrity. The Genius. You’re Untouchable.” Most people don’t know this about you.

But I know that they watch her article on Wikipedia very closely, and it reverts *right away*.

I know that you think about her at night. How she screamed.

I know what you did. You anally raped a little girl to death.

What did you put inside her, Steven? *4 inches*? Do you think we’re all stupid? Are you fucking *psychotic*? That’s as wide as a roll of duct tape. It’s *monstrous*.

You violated her sexually so badly that you *murdered* her. Popped her like a balloon from the inside out, and she died a few hours later of sepsis on an operating table. *Fuck you,* dude.

How stupid do you people think that I am?

And that’s not all, is it?

No, you really, *really* wanted to *scare* these people, didn’t you?

I know all about you. I know that you used real human skeletons in a dirty pool with your actors for this movie, and you *didn’t even tell them.* Ghosts and demons manifesting into our reality through a TV screen. Real corpses and dead bodies.

You *really* enjoyed that, didn't you? *How you smiled!*

The *fear ritual*. The movie-within-a-movie. *The portal.*

Heather O'Rourke.

And here they are, in all their glory:

Let's see - how do you suppose things turned out for our aquatic beauty, here – Dominique Dunne? The older sister in the first *Poltergeist*? Went on to have a long, successful career maybe? White picket fence and two kids?

Look it up. *Strangled to death* in 1982. Observe the fear ritual. She did not know that these were going to be this realistic, and the fear captured here is genuine. Spielberg's a heck of a director, what can I say.

And she's not the only one, is she? Look it up. How many *other* actors died after filming this movie with you? *Four* of *your* actors from this movie, *dead*? *Four* actors from the *Poltergeist* series? Come *on*.

I look at you.

"Stare not unto this image itself, but the true image behind it. Let it reveal itself to you. What do you see?"

You look. "I see… two… two…"

"The pillars of life and death. The two towers."

"Now, they have completed the ritual. The two towers – the living girl and the dead girl – have become one. Equalized. She has become the skeleton."

I know what you did, Steven. The rituals. I know about the native exorcism and the way it made the lights keep blowing out on set.

I know about you and Robert Zemeckis, Steven. *I know what you did.*

Someday, *everyone* will know what you did.

By the way, Zemeckis, I have some questions for you, too. Let's start with an easy one.

So, let's see. Tell me - how did your actors turn out after *Back to the Future*?

Long, healthy, happy lives? Do you get along with them well, or were there any lawsuits involved?

You aren't artists. You aren't even human anymore. You guys are monsters.

I *know* what you *did*.

And you know what, as the editor, I think this might be a good spot for my legal disclaimer. It is now January 17th, 2025, and I am on my first of three run-throughs to edit this book and make it a little more, shall we say, palatable.

Ok, so, the serious part of this book. Actually, there is no serious part – as a matter of fact, it's all serious. This book is the most serious thing I have ever written, and I believe in it more strongly than anything else I've ever felt.

But, for real. This is for all the lawyers and publishers out there. Yeah, I bet they love you guys at parties, huh? Huh? What's that? Oh - they do, huh? Well…

My Legal Disclaimer

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This book is not for sale, though I retain all rights to sell it. I am not publishing it to make money, I have never sold a single book, and no money or goods have ever been exchanged for

my writing. However, I reserve all ownership rights to commercialize this writing in any way I choose.

This book is a diary of my personal thoughts and recollections woven around a real-life, historical narrative supported by over 800 hard, factual sources. I challenge anyone to debunk what I write, and I welcome anyone who can show me where a single one of my 800 sources is false, or that the conclusions and questions I draw from them are not logical, reasonable, and rational.

By the time I am done with this book and counting my other ones, I will have well over 2,000 pages of original research supporting my worldview.

Do you?

Is it illegal now to tell the truth?

These are original, self-produced books which I am legally allowed to publish or distribute for free wherever I choose. I am also legally allowed to sell this manuscript to a publisher for profit, and I retain all rights to do so. This is an original creative work, by me.

I have ensured that the images and reproductions I have used in my books are in compliance with existing copyright law, specifically, the *fair use doctrine*.

The *fair use* legal doctrine in the United States allows for limited use of copyrighted material - without the holder's permission - in certain circumstances, including:

- When it is *transformative*, i.e., that it changes the copyrighted material out of its original state. For example, screenshotting a few key frames from *A Song Remains the Same*, and building an entirely new story out of it. Revealing hidden secrets, behind the frames even, that no one else has ever seen. Telling a completely new story that was hidden in plain sight all along by building a brand-new exegesis.

This is the *key* one, as it distinguishes between what is "unfairly" just *copying* or *plagiarizing* someone's copyrighted work, versus sampling or examining just a tiny bit of it in order to turn it into something brand new, something larger.

It's not just me quoting people or taking screenshots, and saying, "Yeah! Isn't that right?", it's taking it and turning it into something brand new. As different from the original as an apple is from an apple seed. Something that can only be seen by showing you just a tiny bit of it and elaborating on it. What you're going for here is to turn it into something new, so that you can *study it* in your own way.

That's another key to fair use doctrine - *studying* it. Is it something that can teach people? While leads to the next criteria for *fair use*:

- When it is *educational.* Obviously, I wrote this book to educate people on why I think the things I do. I want to tell people that I am not insane. I literally, desperately, need to educate people on this, or else, I fear that it must be true. This book is the most educational book you will ever read in your life - I will argue that in a courtroom and know, for a fact, that I am correct about it. I am taking the role of teacher here, out of sheer desperation to prove myself to the world.

- When it is for *news reporting.* Now, I am not a professional journalist. However, go look at my other books. Are you seriously going to tell me I'm not an "author?" I expose high crimes and lies from high places, am I not a "reporter" because I don't have a "degree" in it? Because I don't "sell" my books?

  Citizen journalism is a thing. We used to do this. I am *legally* allowed to do investigative journalism as a private citizen, and I could quite easily argue in a courtroom that this is exactly what I am doing here - even without all my other powerful defenses, like the First Amendment.

- When it is for *criticism*. Yep. I really, *really* am critiquing people in this. And I hope that they read it. Under this criterion, you are allowed to quote any public statement people have made or published that is documented with evidence, and question why they chose to say that, or why you might think it's a stupid thing to say. You are also allowed to prove that these statements are lies, and then say that they are liars.

  In addition, all publicly available and legal-to-obtain data is fair game to critique. If information is out there on the open internet and I can find it, I'm allowed to publish it, talk about it, discuss it, put it together with other data, and critique it. It's true. We have a powerful right to critique in this country, and I intend to use it. That's a primary function of the First Amendment. If you guys don't get it, I'll write a book on the First Amendment for you. That one will cost you, though.

- When it is for *parody,* or *humor.* And you know what, I could *also* quite easily argue in court that this whole "Witness 1", "I'm in the Bible" thing is just an act. Yeah, it's all a big parody of "Guy who thinks he's a Biblical Prophet, gets megadosed with acid by the US Government, and has a psychotic break about a wolf demon", which is – honestly – fucking hilarious. So, there you go. Maybe this is all just a big practical joke. Obviously, this is my weakest defense, but honestly it's not the worst one I've ever heard. Don't test my sense of humor or ability to turn this into a standup comedy routine - you might not like the result. That's my advice.

Therefore, all copyrighted material used in this book, as well as all of my others, obviously, is comprehensively, undeniably, irrefutably, and without any shadow of a doubt, covered under the fair use legal doctrine.

All donations made to us are purely out of people's goodwill, and to support the charity work that we do privately through our ministry - largely to other private Christian leaders in third-world, impoverished nations. There are no refunds.

This book is intended solely as an educational resource for people who want to learn things to read. I have no other intentions beyond educating people, expanding their minds, and giving them new things to think about. Telling them a new story.

We are not an official organization, and we are not a 501(c)(3) charity. We are a private family, composed of private citizens, who are allowed to think things and then write them down.

We operate in anonymity out of fear for our physical safety and have received many illegal threats - including actual, honest to God death threats - and other forms of harassment due to simply writing down the truth. This also serves as a cease-and-desist notice for all threats and harassment towards me and my family. Maybe, if I ask nicely – *hey, please stop killing my dogs, harassing us, and drugging me because I wrote down all the other crimes you did!*

To clarify, there are no laws against saying anything that I say in this book, nor are there any laws against publishing books. Everything I say in this book is supported by news articles and facts of public record, and every statement I make or question I ask about real people, places, or events is based on this public record.

I am *allowed* to cite news articles, primary sources, or other such discoverable evidence and ask questions about the people in them. Question what they said and did, and why they might have done that. I am. Every single piece of information I used in this book was obtained 100% legally, through the sheer power of *research*. *I fucking love science, baby!* Anyways, thank you to my teachers - it turned out to actually be really useful to know how to do all of this.

So, to Donald Trump, you're an asshole. I'm allowed to say that you're the Biblical anti-Christ, believe it or not. I'm also allowed to say that I can feel it in my bones that you were involved with 9/11, but clarify that I can't prove it. I am allowed to call you a rapist, as the judge in the E. Jean Carroll case clarified.

To Larry Silverstein, I already know you're terrified of ending up in a courtroom over 9/11. I know what you did, and you can go fuck yourself. You thought no one noticed. You thought that it had slipped by, didn't you? That you accidentally told two different stories about where you were that day, and two different articles printed them? Is that right? I *see* you.

To Dov Zakheim – try me, asshole. You haven't done one single thing in your life you haven't asked someone you think is better than you permission for. I happen to know that being inside a courtroom scares you more than anything, too. Bitch boy.

To Steven Spielberg, I am allowed to cite news articles about an incident very intimately related to you, with a victim whom you were *very* closely involved with, and ask questions about it.

I am even allowed to speculate or draw conclusions from these news articles and other evidence. I am allowed to connect dots, form conclusions, and then tell people what I think might have really happened. The truth is, I can quite easily tell when I'm being lied to.

So, if you don't like it, then I'm sorry. I'm sorry you don't like it.

And if you can go ahead and answer those questions for me, with proof, then I will admit I was wrong about this and *maybe* consider editing *your* little section.

Everything in this book is protected speech under the First Amendment. I am allowed to license a copy of Word and write what I think about the world, just like every other person in this country. I am allowed to give away what I write, publish it anywhere I can, or sell it to anyone on this planet for as much as I want to.

It's my right. I am ALLOWED to SPEAK.

Aren't I?

I have never made a specific threat towards anyone, and I do not plan to. I have no intentions of harming others or myself in any way. I am not suicidal, and I would never kill myself. I have always planned to be homeless on the beach first, obviously. The honest-to-God truth is I have never harmed a living or non-living being in my life intentionally, and I will not ever do so. This is a solemn vow I have sworn until I die.

And I'm truly sorry to everyone for writing this book and then actually trying to get a literary agent and publish it. I'm sorry I called out all your filthy crimes and the murders you thought no one else noticed. I'm sorry I told the truth. I'm sorry I don't lie every day of my life like you guys.

I'm sorry, am I in your fucking way or something?

Witness 1
The Biblical Two Witnesses
9:40 A.M.
1/17/25

You look at me. “That’s sick.”

“It is. But you have to know the worst of it before you can see the light. You must let the dark wave wash over you before you can breathe. You cannot know anything, unless you consider everything.

And now, you are ready. Let us depart.”

You look nervous, and I laugh.

“Don’t worry. All you have to do is let go. Go get at least six water bottles and a towel, and I’ll meet you outside.”

We meet up at your front door and gaze out together towards the wilderness. The unknown. To conquer it. Through it, to conquer ourselves. I tell you to put the waters in the backpack, with the towels folded under them. You’ll carry that while I carry my acoustic guitar and satchel.

“Let’s go.”

We walk through the meadow, and cattails sway overhead. Dragonflies swoop around us, and the air is thick with life. A large frog stares at us and sings us his bass music.

There’s a pond nearby, and we can smell it. Thick and soupy with green and blue sections, and marsh bugs skating along the water. I look at you. “It’s about a mile to the beach, so we’ll make it around noon. Are you rested?”

You are, and we soon reach the edge of the forest. Dark trees beckon us from within, and on the other side of it, down a winding path, lies a secluded beach. One that no one knows about. One that no one goes to.

We enter the woods, and it is silent. The birds gradually quiet down, and the light grows dim. We walk along and look at the majesty of the trees. After about ten minutes, we reach a small clearing, with two stumps. Sunlight trickles down through a crack in the foliage.

You look around, and see the two moss-covered stumps beckoning us like two thrones.

The massive, fallen remains of their carcasses lay behind them. In your world, the trees decay slowly.

“Sit, friend, and be easy.”

We sit.

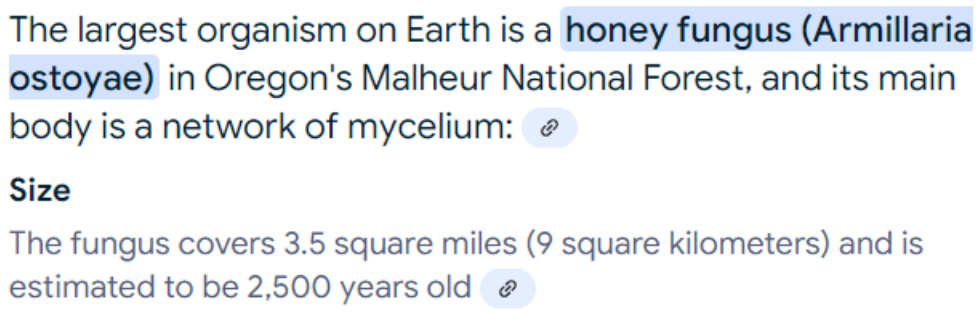
“Do you see that circle of mushrooms on the ground over there? They call that a ‘fairy circle.’ It’s the reproductive organs of a mycelium, the fruiting bodies of the true mushroom – a behemoth that lies only beneath the surface.

Did you know that mushrooms are the largest organism on the planet?”

You frown. “No, it’s the blue whale.”

I laugh. “You’ll notice I didn’t say ‘living organism.’ Fungus does not live, but neither is it dead. It is the in-between place. Between life and death. Between light and dark. The Nothing. Mushrooms only grow from dead things, and it is neither plant nor animal. Its own kingdom. Fungus. Alien to us.”

I pull up Google and show you:


The largest organism on Earth is a honey fungus (Armillaria ostoyae) in Oregon's Malheur National Forest, and its main body is a network of mycelium:
Size
The fungus covers 3.5 square miles (9 square kilometers) and is estimated to be 2,500 years old

A fungus. It’s true. Mushrooms are the largest and most intelligent organisms on Earth. We can learn quite a bit from them, if we choose to listen.

“Do you want to dive between the polygons? To see the fractal from outside-in? Do you want to enter the Nothing, in the space between life and death? Do you want the truth, the full truth, and nothing but the truth - so help you God?”

You look at me. “Yes.”

I pull a red velvet bag out of my satchel and toss it to you. You catch it, and see a round black serpent eating its own tail. Inside it is a tightly sealed Ziploc bag about the size of your hand.

“Today, we eat ourselves.”

It’s hefty, and dark. You can see what looks like white and gold sticks and mottled UFOs of white and yellow. Dark blue spots like bruises on it.

“What is it?” You look at me.

I smile at you. “Golden teachers.”

“Golden *what*?”

“Golden teachers. That’s what they call them. *Psilocybe Cubensis.* Psychedelic mushrooms – a little bit of magic. A half ounce, 14 grams.”

I look at you and smile. “Do you want them?”

You look at me and grin. You figure you might as well, you aren’t really doing much else anyways. “How many do I take?”

“Half. It’s called a *heroic dose*. 7 grams of dried mushrooms. You’ll finally be able to see.”

You pick out a cap and look at it closely. The way it ripples and curls, and the delicate little gills that unravel like a fern. You think to yourself… *fractals… he’s right.*

The caps are like strange buttons in your hands, and the dried stems feel like dried sticks of celery.

You look at me. “Ok.”

You begin to eat them, and don’t particularly enjoy it.

I laugh. “It’s not about the flavor.”

It tastes like almonds and bark, and then, it’s gone. It is in us now.

It is us now.

We sit for a moment, and I tell you to look up. Redwoods and pines soar above us. I ask you what it reminds you of, and you look at me.

“It reminds me of… a cathedral. With green stained glass windows and the sun pouring it.”

I smile, and say, “That’s right.”

We find the winding path and make our way to the beach.

As we break through, we finally hear the waves crashing. We feel the salty breeze wash over us and smile. I love the ocean. It’s been so long since I’ve heard it.

We stand on a cliff and look down. The waves crash into a large basin, a U-shape carved out of the rock. Starfish, oysters, mussels, and clams litter the rocks and sparkle in the waves. There are seals barking in the water, and the midday sun shimmers off the water like light arrows.

The path continues, and winds down to a beach that’s about 100 feet long. It’s shaded on both sides by cliffs, and a small waterfall cascades down onto the beach and runs down into the ocean on the far side. It is beautiful.

It’s time for a break, so we sit down for a while. I pass you a water bottle, and tell you that we’ll rest here until it’s gone.

You look at your hands, and they look strange.

They have never looked like that before. You peer in closely, and see all the hairs for the first time. The lines. The cracks. The dots. The whorls, the whirls, the veins, the –

"Stop staring at your hands!" We both laugh. I'm just messing with you.

I pull out my black binder of songs and my acoustic guitar.

"Do you want to hear the stories of some of my songs?"

You nod.

"Later. We must reach the beach."

We venture down the path, and the noises of the beach serenade us. Aquatic life thrives and flourishes here, and we hear dolphins. The horizon is completely clear.

By the time we get down there, you can't help but keep staring at the plants around you. They look much more vivid than usual. They seem to glow from the sunlight, and the colors almost feel alive. Like they breathe, and shift. Come towards you, then back.

You never paid so much attention to the flowers before, and you stare at the vivid pink ones with tiny yellow stalks inside that grow low to the ground in huge patches. The thick, green stubby little stems full of clear juices like aloe.

You reach down and snap one off, and the juice runs out in dabs on your finger. As you look at it, you realize it isn't clear at all, and milky tendrils of white streak through it.

You stare. "M… m… milk… *sugar*?"

I'm watching you. "Don't lick it."

We laugh together, and I pick one too. I love plants.

We reach the sand, and see a large log that washed ashore. We sit on it and relax in the shade. The waves crashing are an endless fractal of sound as old as time.

You look at me. "So, what is the meaning of life?"

I laugh again. "Jesus is the way, the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father but through him."

You think about it, and decide that it makes as much sense as anything else people say, and maybe even a lot more. You agree.

"What else?"

“We try to live like him. To emulate him. And it turns out, people have it all wrong. Jesus was loving, and he was kind, especially to the downtrodden and disadvantaged.

However, to those in power, he was the rebel of rebels. A major threat to them. He spoke the truth to power, and called out liars and hypocrites. He flipped tables.

In fact, Jesus was the Keith Moon of the Ancient Jewish world.”

You laugh. “I mean… I guess it’s true. I never thought about it like that before.”

I pull out a copy of *Rebel With a Cause: How to Take Over the World in 30 Days* and toss it over to you. “You can take a look at that tomorrow. Appendix G.”

What we need to do as Christians is tell the truth no matter what, even if people hate it. Even if it gets us killed. Even if the whole world tells us we are wrong. Even to the rich and powerful.

In fact, especially to the rich and powerful.

I turn to Ephesians 5:11 and point to a verse. “In all the Ephesians sermons I’ve heard, I’ve never heard this verse in a church. Read it:”

> Have nothing to do with the fruitless deeds of darkness, but rather expose them.

“The Bible doesn’t just say ‘be good’ or ‘don’t be bad’.

It exhorts us, *demands* of us even, to expose evil. To *expose* it.”

I turn to Revelation 21:8. “Read it:”

> But I will tell you what will happen to cowards and to everyone who is unfaithful or dirty-minded or who murders or is sexually immoral or uses witchcraft or worships idols or tells lies. They will be thrown into that lake of fire and burning sulfur. This is the second death.

“What comes first in that list?”

You peer in. “Cowards.”

“That’s right. God hates cowards. Part of the meaning of life is to be brave. To have courage. Defiance in the face of overwhelming evil and odds. That’s why I’m here talking to you even though it’s hard. Even though it might be risky. That’s why we keep going, no matter what.

Do you know what honors God and brings glory to God? Exposing the darkness. Proving when people in power lie. Forcing change that will benefit children and mothers. When people fight for the downtrodden. When they tell the stories that have never been said. Shine light on acts of horrific evil when no one else will look at.

Christians talk a lot about honoring God, but how does it honor God to vote for Republicans like George Bush who murder people and lie about it? Dick Cheney? Donald fucking Trump? You *seriously* can't see through these people? Are you fucking stupid?"

You look at me. "So, what? What do you want people to do?"

I toss you an anonymized version of the pamphlet I wrote on my son, which is about 40 pages long. It's called *The 1,000 Day Theory: How to Give Your Child Perfect Pitch*. "Appendix H. Read it and weep."

You look at it. No fancy cover for this one.

"Guess how many people read that?"

You already know.

"*This* is my manifesto for a better life. A better way. A better way to live. A better way to grow our brains. We could all be smarter, have greater memory, and enhanced executive function. We could literally become calmer, more rational. Less inclined to *violence*. *Better*. *More good.* It's in *there. That's my manifesto.*"

I look deeply into your eyes. *"This* is my key. *We* are the lock."

You skim through it, and I tell you that you can spend time on it later, after *Rebel with a Cause*.

"The secret is high-information music. From 20-weeks gestational age to about 3-4 years old. And a caregiver who can express it to them *without* words. Show them *why* it's meaningful, and direct them to pay attention to it. Active listening. And then, teach it. For this to work, everyone would have to be a musician."

It dawns on you. "*That's* what you want!"

"Yes. That's what I want. Psychologists have completely missed this, and I'm not sure why. Any child can be given perfect pitch. We can all acquire it as babies, every single human. It is beyond just possible or feasible – it would be quite simple.

"Within 3 to 5 generations of my high-information music child psychology curriculum, every single person on this planet is a musician. Then, our brains change. I'll prove it to you, but not right now. That's later.

However, once the language acquisition phase closes at about 1,000 days, this window is gone forever. The opportunity is lost for all eternity. You can never gain perfect pitch as an adult, and you cannot effect these changes in an adult or even child brain. Only the infant.

For now, we watch the waves. Behold, the illusion itself. The snowglobe."

I point towards the water. "See the blue and gold? The gold of the sand, reflecting the sun. The blue of the water like the deepest glacier ice? What is it?"

You think. “What is it? Water and rocks? Elements? Atoms?”

“For you, it is but frequency. Frequency of photons hitting your corneas and being sent to your brain. Patterns. Fractals, in fact - of information. Just like the 3.5 billion bits that make up my songs. On and off. On and off.

Photon, no photon. Photon, no photon.

When you see the blue, photons are hitting your cornea at a frequency of roughly 6.0 x 10^14 hertz, or times per second. The photons from the yellow sand reflect at roughly 5.1 x 10^14 Hz.

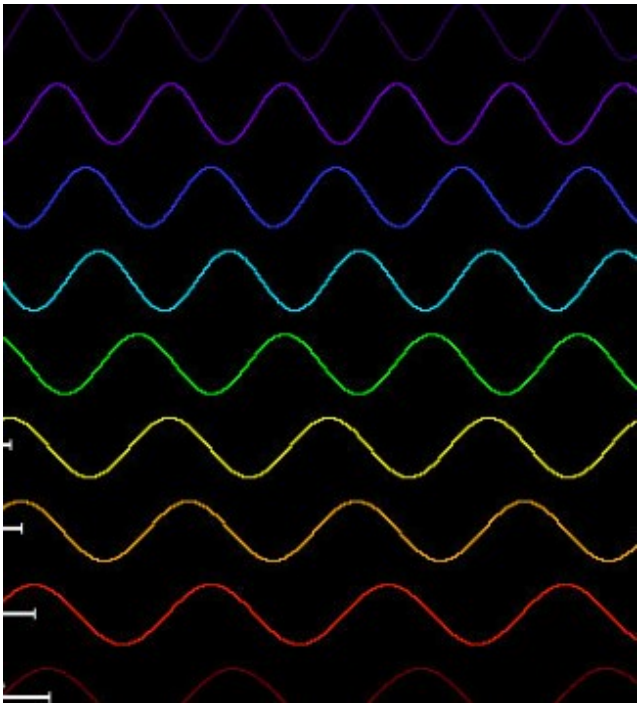
It is merely this difference in how quickly the photons are hitting your eyes that makes you perceive the different colors. They are not real, and you can never actually touch them. Reality is but illusion.

It’s just photon on, photon off. Over and over.”

You look around, and consider the billions, trillions even, of different photonic frequencies serenading your eyeballs with this delicious cornucopia of color and beauty.

You look down. “And the sounds… sound is just the same thing. But with air. The frequency of pulses through the air. Waveforms.”

I hand you a diagram. “Just like you can write any sound as a waveform, you can also write any image as a waveform. Here are the waveforms and frequencies of color:



It reminds you of something. "The wand!"

"That's right. Frequency is magic. It's all just frequency. You have never actually seen anything in your life, you have only detected the frequency of photons reflecting off of it.

Look up."

You do.

"There is no blue. It is not real. There is only frequency.

Touch the log."

You look at me. "Touch… touch the… log?"

"Yes"

You do.

"Rub it. Go ahead, it won't bite you."

You gently feel the bumps and ridges. "Let me guess – '*feel for the fractals*?'"

I laugh. "No. Although, you could do that if you wanted to. No, I want you to tell me if you can touch it."

"If I can *touch* it?"

I nod at you.

You look at me. "I can touch things. I'm doing it right now. In fact, I'm pretty sure that I can feel myself touching the log right now."

I flash you a cheeky grin, reach into my satchel and toss you a physics textbook. "Haven't you ever read one of these things? Look:"

According to physics, at the atomic level, **you can't truly "touch" anything**, as atoms never actually come into contact with each other due to the repulsive electromagnetic force between their electrons; what we perceive as touch is the sensation of this repulsive force when atoms get very close together.

Key points:

Electron repulsion:

When two objects appear to touch, their electrons repel each other, creating the sensation of contact without the atoms physically colliding.

Our perception of touch:

Despite not actually "touching" at the atomic level, our nerves in the skin interpret this repulsive force as touch, allowing us to feel textures and shapes.

You stare at me, and you aren't sure what to say. I look back at you with great sadness.

"The only thing you've ever felt, the only thing that you will ever feel as a human, is simply the repulsion of your atoms from other atoms due to the electromagnetic force. You've never touched anything in your life. Nothing has ever touched you. We are *completely, utterly* alone.

You think you have, but all you've ever felt is simply different shapes and varieties of rejection. Different intensities of repulsion. Various degrees of a void that can never be crossed, and will never be crossed.

You've never touched a beautiful woman. She has never actually touched you. You've never run your hand along a banister while going downstairs. You've never really held a snowglobe in your hands. It's a convincing illusion, but an illusion nonetheless.

You've never seen anything. You've never heard anything. You have merely felt the presence of the photons that reflect off of it. You hear the evidence in it that moves through the air. But you have no real proof of it.

All you are, all you've ever been, is a shapeless mass of protons and electrons, yourself a void of empty space - blundering about in the dark - stumbling along, trying desperately to find something to grasp onto, anything, but, in the end, unable to. You will never, ever be able to find what you seek to hold onto.

You are forever, inexorably trapped behind fleshy sensors that distort reality and the electromagnetic force that keeps our atoms from ever truly touching. At the end of the day, all you will ever really feel is your own death. You will never, ever overcome the barrier of atomic repulsion.

You are imprisoned.

You've never actually held your wife.

She has never actually held you.

You only know the shape of each other's rejections."

You sit, and we contemplate the waves.

You ask me – "So… what is real?"

"Well, touch, hearing, and sight are out. That leaves smell and taste. I don't believe in food, so taste is out. The concept of 'food' is obviously a bunch of bullshit." You giggle.

Scientists have two theories on how smell works. One is vibration or frequency again. The other, more widely accepted theory, has to do with the way chemicals and molecules dock and fit into one another.

Smell is unique among the senses, in that it routes through the hippocampus, where memory function is located. No other sense does that. That's why smells make you remember things.

Smells might be real. Taste seems to be real. Those two senses may be proof of a real existence out there somewhere. We know that death is real, and we experience it.

But, there's something else, too. Something that cuts through the electromagnetic force and lets us know that *this is real*. Do you know what it is?"

You look at me.

I ask you - "What opens the portal?"

Staring at me, you answer – "Pain. Pain is real. Suffering. When the illusion breaks down, and you realize *this is real*. When the fiery heat breaks the electrochemical bonds of your skin apart and tears them asunder. Fear and pain are real. And that's why they power the portals. It's the most potent force in the world – fear. Because it's *real.*"

Crash… crash… crash…

We stare at the waters, endlessly receding and returning. There, and back again. I am so, so proud of you for knowing the answer to that question. Not one single person in my life has ever been able to answer my questions. A tear rolls down my cheek, and I thank you for being my friend.

"You know, I have a few more things to teach you. 'Golden teachers', remember?"

I pull out *The More Rational Worldview,* and you groan. "No more!"

I laugh. "I have to finish. I've brought you this far, and there's a handful of puzzle pieces I have to show you. The edge pieces. It won't take long, twenty minutes tops. Plus, there's your first and only test."

You agree. "Wait… test?"

"Yes, just for fun. Let's test you. I realized while on my third and final edit that I made a claim about the Pentagon I didn't provide any evidence for. It's unsupported. It's something I sourced from *Collateral Damage*, but didn't back up with a primary source in this book. Can you think of what it might be?"

You think.

I tell you, first, to look at the trees. Closely. Stare at the leaves.

It's been almost two hours since we left, and you are starting to see patterns morph and shift in the corners of your vision. If you look clearly and focus it slows down, but roiling movement excites your peripheral vision. All your senses are heightened, and your pupils have never taken in so much light. You feel fucking fantastic.

You laugh, and I laugh too. "I love laughing." I pull out two spliffs, and we light them. Finally, this brings a real kaleidoscope effect to your vision. We watch the smoke evaporating.

"Do you see them in the trees?" You look closely, and the leaves and branches are slowly swirling around, forming shapes. Patterns. A mandala. A *fractal*.

You can see it now. They're everywhere.

"The waves – the sand. I see them - *fractals*!"

Now, it's all shifting. I look at you. "7 grams of mushrooms will have the world melting around you like you're the little boy looking up at the wizard mural in *The Pagemaster* for a while. Nothing overwhelming though. That's for later."

You laugh, and stare at the sand. "I see them!" The grains and blotches of grey and black, the little wooden sticks, the golden background, the shells - it all comes together and repeats. Over and over.

"You'll be fine. All you have to do it *let go*." So, we do.

Now, I am going to give you the rest of what you need to know to understand this story.

This was the source I was missing:

https://www.washingtonpost.com/archive/lifestyle/2002/01/20/the-last-watch/18567941-53ee-4bed-b046-6aa6ccc72032/

It's about the renovations going on in the exact strike zone of the Pentagon in mid-August, 2001. I forgot to prove that to you. I love you.

I hand you one more briefcase. "Oh, I forgot. There's one more thing that needs to be proven. A missing puzzle piece that is out of my reach."

You open it and a golden glow illuminates your face. “Ohhh… wowww… it’s a… scroll.” You look at me. “Did you put the LED lights in this briefcase, or do they come like that?” I grin at you. “Read it.”

If to fill in the missing puzzle you seek,

Ask yourself a question you may find too deep –

Where does the sandpiper lay down her head?

Where does she lay in a silver bed?

How many company men worked where the writer said?

And how does she know where the whisper winds flow?

How can her voice carry the wind back home?

Check for the signals, and see where they flow.

If you’re looking for answers, you can’t go alone

You’ll need them behind you if you want to know.

Alas! The answer to the riddle you seek,

May be lost forever, or hidden too deep.

But there’s one missing puzzle piece,

Which I’ll give to you:

A series of boxes, two and then one.

Times it by four, and pay attention to me:

Two have been taken, and one added in.

One is no longer, but two you can win.

Times it by four, and the one is the sin.

They call them the boxes, the color of night.

But really, they look just like daylight.

So if answers to riddles are something you seek,

Then start with the two easy ones.

Times it by four, and that gives us eight.

We're still missing four boxes

That aren't within sight

These ones were added -

Surreptitiously

Under cover of darkness, they don't want to be seen.

When solving this riddle,

Look to the clue –

A small little company, that nobody knew

Would one day write its own riddle, too.

It's about radio frequency, and layers of light.

Secrets and whispers that belong in the night.

So, if planning out systems is the business for you

Then you may just have found your second clue.

Company men, that's what they say.

May just have answers for us all someday.

If I can play the game this way.

Keep searching for answers, and maybe we'll see,

If you were too slow, to try and catch me.

I look at you. "Was that too long?"

"Umm… nooo… it was really good, thanks, Witness 1."

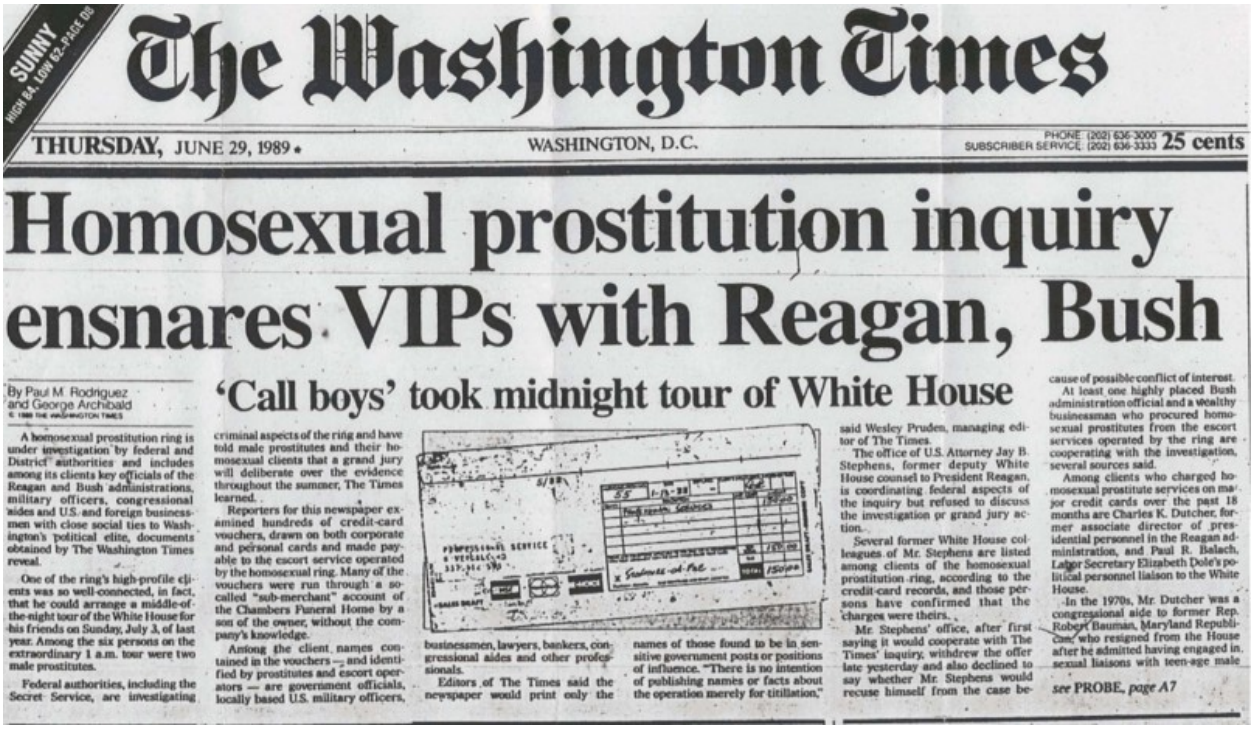
"Oh, good." I smile.

"Do you want to know who did 9/11?"

"The Synagogue of Satan international organized crime syndicate? The US Government?"

I tell you those are good answers. However, we are going to get more specific. But first, something completely different.

I hand you a *Washington Times* article from June 29, 1989, and ask you if you've read this one yet:



SUNNY HIGH 84, LOW 62—PAGE 6B

The Washington Times

THURSDAY, JUNE 29, 1989 • WASHINGTON, D.C. PHONE (202) 636-3000 SUBSCRIBER SERVICE (202) 636-3333 25 cents

Homosexual prostitution inquiry ensnares VIPs with Reagan, Bush

'Call boys' took midnight tour of White House

By Paul M. Rodriguez and George Archibald
THE WASHINGTON TIMES

A homosexual prostitution ring is under investigation by federal and District authorities and includes among its clients key officials of the Reagan and Bush administrations, military officers, congressional aides and U.S. and foreign businessmen with close social ties to Washington's political elite, documents obtained by The Washington Times reveal.

One of the ring's high-profile clients was so well-connected, in fact, that he could arrange a middle-of-the-night tour of the White House for his friends on Sunday, July 3, of last year. Among the six persons on the extraordinary 1 a.m. tour were two male prostitutes.

Federal authorities, including the Secret Service, are investigating criminal aspects of the ring and have told male prostitutes and their homosexual clients that a grand jury will deliberate over the evidence throughout the summer, The Times learned.

Reporters for this newspaper examined hundreds of credit-card vouchers, drawn on both corporate and personal cards and made payable to the escort service operated by the homosexual ring. Many of the vouchers were run through a so-called "sub-merchant" account of the Chambers Funeral Home by a son of the owner, without the company's knowledge.

Among the client names contained in the vouchers — and identified by prostitutes and escort operators — are government officials, locally based U.S. military officers, businessmen, lawyers, bankers, congressional aides and other professionals.

Editors of The Times said the newspaper would print only the names of those found to be in sensitive government posts or positions of influence. "There is no intention of publishing names or facts about the operation merely for titillation," said Wesley Pruden, managing editor of The Times.

The office of U.S. Attorney Jay B. Stephens, former deputy White House counsel to President Reagan, is coordinating federal aspects of the inquiry but refused to discuss the investigation or grand jury action.

Several former White House colleagues of Mr. Stephens are listed among clients of the homosexual prostitution ring, according to the credit-card records, and those persons have confirmed that the charges were theirs.

Mr. Stephens' office, after first saying it would cooperate with The Times' inquiry, withdrew the offer late yesterday and also declined to say whether Mr. Stephens would recuse himself from the case because of possible conflict of interest.

At least one highly placed Bush administration official and a wealthy businessman who procured homosexual prostitutes from the escort services operated by the ring are cooperating with the investigation, several sources said.

Among clients who charged homosexual prostitute services on major credit cards over the past 18 months are Charles K. Dutcher, former associate director of presidential personnel in the Reagan administration, and Paul R. Balach, Labor Secretary Elizabeth Dole's political personnel liaison to the White House.

In the 1970s, Mr. Dutcher was a congressional aide to former Rep. Robert Bauman, Maryland Republican, who resigned from the House after he admitted having engaged in sexual liaisons with teen-age male

see PROBE, page A7

Your eyes grow wide as you take in the lascivious headline. "Homosexual… *prostitution*? 'Call boys'?" You look at me. "*Reagan* and *Bush*? What is this? Is this *real*???"

I nod, and tell you that it is, in fact, real. I ask you if you know what "call boys" is a euphemism for, and you say "male prostitution."

I grimace, and say "Close. *Underage* male prostitution."

We frown. I pull up source #74 in The More Rational Worldview, and we watch Tom Brokaw report on it. You ask me, "Why didn't they stop it?"

I tell you that I love how you ask good questions and hand you a copy of *Collateral Damage*, pointing to one of my favorite paragraphs for you to read:

> Americans had a chance in the 1980s to set the system straight, to enforce the law and prosecute those responsible for the Iran-Contra crimes. Americans could have sent a message that criminal behavior by its leaders is unacceptable. By not stopping this organization at that time, Congress and the American public allowed this criminal syndicate of American 'heroes' to continue to wreak even more havoc on the world in the name of the American public.

"It's true. Our collective decision to not stop these obvious and overt crimes against humanity is our single greatest failure in history. It is our death knell, our obituary.

It is our indictment, for which we will receive a capital punishment. We did not stand up and speak out, so now we can only lay down and die. In 1989, it was *check*, now it is *beyond* checkmate. Game over. Put away the chessboard."

I hand you another article from September 3rd, 2010:

Pentagon declined to investigate hundreds of purchases of child pornography

John Cook
September 3, 2010

Somehow, it still surprises you. "What the *fuck* is this?"

I tell you to read it, and we learn about how, rather than investigate and prosecute government workers who downloaded child pornography illegally, without authorization, at work, onto their work computers, they did nothing.

They shuffled some people around, covered it up, closed the cases, and we don't even have the names of who it was. Not even *fired*.

You're incredulous. "Not even fired?"

I pull out a 14-year old article from *The Guardian*:

Pentagon workers found to have downloaded child pornography

Dozens of staff and contractors with high-level security clearance put at risk of blackmail by their sex crimes

An aerial view of the Pentagon building in Washington – the HQ of the US defence department. Photograph: Jason Reed/Reuters

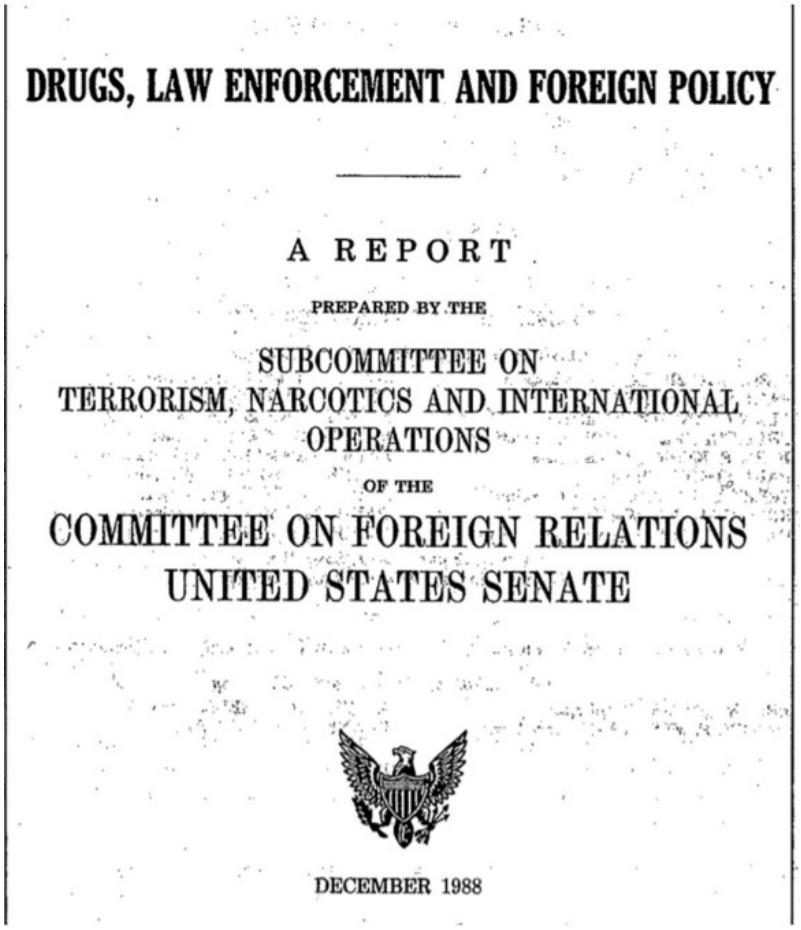
You skim through it:

> "High-level government workers] were at risk of blackmail by their sex crimes… some of the [child] pornography was downloaded on government computers…
>
> Another individual alleged to have been involved was… not charged but sent to a lower-level job in a field office in New Mexico..."

"What the *fuck."*

I turn back to my research. "Yeah, it's pretty bad."

We go back to the paragraph from *Collateral Damage,* and I hand you this Congressional Report:



DRUGS, LAW ENFORCEMENT AND FOREIGN POLICY

A REPORT

PREPARED BY THE

SUBCOMMITTEE ON
TERRORISM, NARCOTICS AND INTERNATIONAL
OPERATIONS

OF THE

COMMITTEE ON FOREIGN RELATIONS
UNITED STATES SENATE

DECEMBER 1988

You look at me, and I can tell that you don't feel well. I know what's coming.

"I think… I think I'm gonna puke!"

I laugh. "Yep, those last two articles are some pretty sick stuff. Remember – *I am the redpill!"*

I look at you with love. "However, have no fear. This is, secretly, the best part of taking psychedelic drugs. This is when the real fun begins. It's totally normal, and there's nothing to fear. In fact, I think I will partake as well."

We walk over to the tree together.

"Thank you, tree. For providing us with shade and wood. For giving us your sweet fruits and nuts. Your leaves are the finest wedding gown, and you are a bouquet of pure delight for the senses. In this moment, you are my milk and honey. You are the sweetest sugar and cream."

I tell you to hug the tree. You do.

“Can you feel it?” You listen.

“I can feel it.”

“Tree, in return for the bounty you have given us, in return, we shall provide nutrients for you. Take them, and consume them. Let our being become yours. Let our bodies strengthen you as you grow.”

You vomit - and warm, chunky, acidic burbles of partially-chewed mushroom hide and reddish liquid spills out of you.

It’s like the very guts of God himself, eviscerated and disemboweled, hurled forth out of the void within. A soupy mess of cosmic spaghetti sauce, thrown and splattered along the roots and bark of the tree. On the ground, soaking into the dirt, a dark puddle among the brown.

Now, I really, really enjoy this, so I step in and add my own contribution to the tree’s harvest. It’s so, so disgusting and filthy. The absolute shame and grime of being human – a visceral reminder that all we are is dumb, stupid animals. *Or are we?*

Mottled chunks of brown and pink spew from my mouth. It feels great. The colors and vivid life within the remains of our stomachs swirl and gape at us like a hundred eyes and mouths, blinking, talking. Screaming.

They moan to us in agony as we retch and heave. I feel so much better in a few minutes, and you do too.

I laugh. “WOW! I LOVE THAT!!!”

You laugh too. “That was intense.”

“It was. I love intensity. Isn’t it thrilling? The pure sensations of being alive? Feeling your own strange attractor fractal body from the outside in?

Is that supposed to scare me? Is that supposed to make me uncomfortable? Am I supposed to *cower in fear* at my own digestive remains? Am I hurting someone by doing this?

In fact, does it even hurt *me*? Was there actually any pain involved, or was it all in your head? Was the fear of vomiting not far worse than the actual act?

Why does this bother people so? What is really, actually, wrong with doing that? Don’t you feel better now?”

You think about it, and realize that you do, in fact, feel better now. *Much* better. In fact, you now feel *fantastic.* I love this, I’m having a great time. I could do this every day of my life.

Not the mushroom puking, but the blowing people's minds with hard, documented facts about the government raping and killing people.

We walk back to our log, and I hand you the Congressional Report again. I turn to you. "This is our log now. We own it."

I hand you another water bottle, and pull your towel out of the backpack. I dab it with the water, and hand it to you with a wet section. "For your face. *This* is why they told you to bring a towel."

You laugh. "Thank you." As you wipe the grime, mottled chunks of mushroom, and saliva from your face, the soft, warm towel rubs against your skin. *So soft. So nice.*

The key turns in the lock. You smile. You are happy, now that you are clean.

"We'll start again once these bottles are gone."

After a while of watching the blue and white murals in the sky, I hand you the report again.

You stare at the cover and read it. "Drugs, Law Enforcement, and Foreign Policy. 1988." I ask you if you've read it.

You shake your head, "No."

"It's Iran-Contra. US government running drugs and guns to terrorists. Covering it up. Lying about it. Flooding our streets with narcotics. And to be fair, I obviously don't think selling drugs is inherently bad - but lying about it, being hypocritical about it by also starting the 'war on drugs', locking people up for it after *you* sell it to them, and, obviously, selling and buying from literal terrorists who murder people every day, is inherently wrong.

This is blood money, no way around it. They were growing the Black Eagle Trust, and this was but one income stream among many.

People died here, lots of them, mostly so the government could keep funding these black projects. And obviously, when I say - 'the government', in this context I mean the 'Vulcan' cabal that surrounded Both Bushes and Reagan. They're vultures. Bunch of sick fucks. The vast majority of people I want to see in a courtroom are Republicans, but not all of them.

They used executive power to destroy us. That's where it really began in earnest – Reagan and H.W. Bush's' obviously illegal actions and war crimes that they covered up using 'National Security' as an excuse.

And people ate it up. In fact, they *loved* it. They just *could not get enough of these people*. I mean, the applause was *deafening.* It boggles the mind."

We watch the wind and waves in motion for a few minutes.

“Little did I know… that 9/11 would have such a profound effect on my life. You know, I’ve never met anyone who can handle psychedelic drugs as well as me before, until you. I’ve also never met anyone who can handle me telling them the truth before, until you.”

You smile at me. I look at you, and I notice that now your eyes twinkle, too.

“I have to finish. I’m sorry. 10 minutes, tops. Here are three more times the government lied to start a war.

This is ‘Nayirah:’

She was a nurse, and she saw Saddam’s soldiers take babies out of incubators and throw them on the ground. Reagan and Bush brought her in front of Congress to get support for their war, and she delivered a *real* tear-jerker.

Only, it turned out that her name isn’t “Nayirah”, she’s not a nurse, she’s the daughter of a Kuwaiti ambassador, and that whole incubator thing? It *definitely* did not happen.

There is a huge Wikipedia article about it under “Nayirah Testimony”, and it starts like this:

> The **Nayirah testimony** was false testimony given before the United States Congressional Human Rights Caucus on October 10, 1990, by a 15-year-old Kuwaiti girl who was publicly identified only as Nayirah at the time.

“Hm, a ‘false testimony.’ Well, yes, sir, that is in fact called a – “

“Witness 1,” you tell me. “Everyone knows about Nayirah. Get to the point.”

“Boy,” I say. “You sure are a less sympathetic character on my edit than you were when I wrote you.”

You laugh. “I have to do this, Witness 1. No one else will.”

We twinkle at each other.

“When I lived on the ocean house, we had a couch on the balcony for a while. I used to skip class so I could take painkillers and sit on that couch with my bong and jar of weed.

I mean, the best view you’ve ever seen. Now, who was more stupid? Me, or the kids in class?”

You look at me. “What do you think?”

“I don’t know. Do you?”

“You know, you can tell I love books. And yet, I only checked out *two books* from their library the whole two years I was there. Two books. *Silent Spring* and *Nicomachean Ethics.* Besides a little Heidegger, and then his Wikipedia article, I didn’t read anything else they told me to.

That’s because they told me I had to, so I didn’t want to read any of their other dumb shit. I mean, that sounds like something that only a seriously mentally ill person would do. Everyone else seemed to manage just fine with the reading. I don’t know - I’m just fucking tired of Walden, bro.

Fortunately, the *textbooks* were sold at a separate bookstore for about $100 each, which they would then buy back for $5 at the end of the class.

This is a *very* good deal, and I do *not* – at all – find it to be absurd and stupid. Boy, what a deal that is.

So, I didn’t even think about checking out books. I didn’t do it on purpose, I just did *not* go there to go to school. However, it gets even worse – I did actually go to the library sometimes, but just to wander around and look at things while I was really high.

Even the bathrooms in these buildings were interesting. In fact, they even had a full-scale model of the University on the top floor. Ten to fifteen feet each side, huge. I bet it’s still there, and it’s not hard to figure out where it would be. By the bell tower with the Carillion.

I loved that little miniature world, but quickly realized that only losers actually hang out in libraries. That would have been, most likely, in between classes but when I lived in the dorms, still went to class more, and had a pretty good bike ride back and forth.

I would skip class to walk along the cliffs, as far away as possible. Out by where there’s a roundabout and the road splits in two to wrap around the school. I looked it up, and boy, was I sure heading the wrong way when I was going for that airport tower instead of my dorms.

Anyways, there's a swooping road, one of the entrances, and a beautiful office-type building with the most perfect round window and an ocean view. Minimalist. A gate, just so nice.

The marine biology department, which is one of the best in the world is down this way. The cliffs and beaches are over there, a mile or so of them.

There's a tiny corner, a little spot of nature in between where the university ends and the city beach begins. Also a huge lagoon type of deal. Perfect."

I look at you. "That place… is paradise on Earth. They have it all. But darkness lurks beneath.

No lie, I found a rape dungeon hidden under a tree over there one time. A little bit off the path. A collection of little girls' clothes, little pajama tops and stuff, and a collection of old, stained little girl's underwear.

It was sick, and I am not joking in the slightest. The fear response kicked in. The 'Uh-Oh Feeling.' That should *not* be there. And yet it is.

I got the *fuck* out of there as quickly as possible.

Like I said, when you go where people are not, you will find the spiders. And they have grown strong."

You look at me. "A rape dungeon?"

"Yes. And it's not the first one. It's the third one that I have found. One was in a cave near my house, in the river state park when I was a young teenager. I had gone inside, although you are not supposed to do that. I was maybe 30 feet in, and came to a drop. I had a flashlight, and looked down. I saw it. The Nothing.

I knew what I was looking at, panicked, and went back to the light.

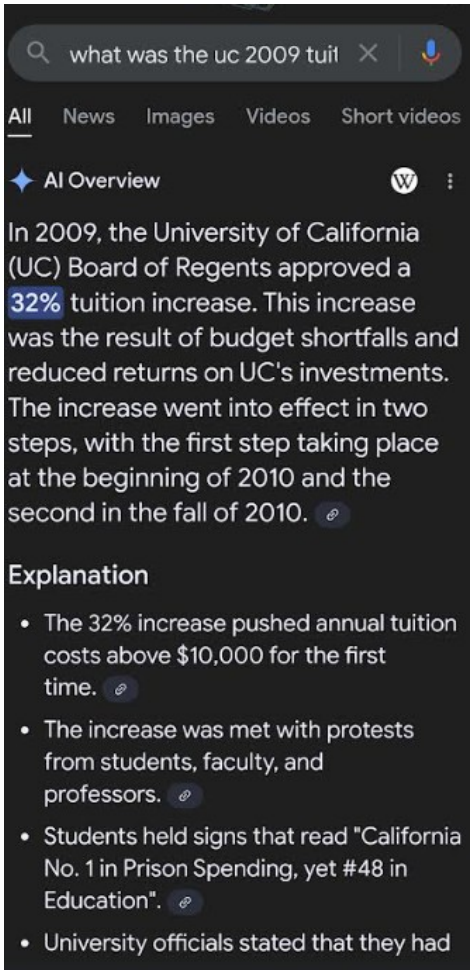
The other was deep in the woods behind a train track. If you go deep enough off the trails, you will find them. Especially in California. You know… population density."

You look at me and you can tell I am deadly serious.

"Did you say… that they raised tuition 33% while you were there around 2010? That's insane."

"Well, I saw it written on chalk on the sidewalk, and also thought that couldn't possibly be true. I looked it up at the time, and it did seem to be true. However, it has always seemed so absurd that I can't confirm it yet for this book. In fact, I still don't know for sure. Let's look it up."

I spend about five minutes on it, and come up with this:


what was the uc 2009 tuit
All
News
Images
Videos
Short videos
AI Overview
In 2009, the University of California (UC) Board of Regents approved a 32% tuition increase. This increase was the result of budget shortfalls and reduced returns on UC's investments. The increase went into effect in two steps, with the first step taking place at the beginning of 2010 and the second in the fall of 2010.
Explanation
The 32% increase pushed annual tuition costs above $10,000 for the first time.
The increase was met with protests from students, faculty, and professors.
Students held signs that read "California No. 1 in Prison Spending, yet #48 in Education".
University officials stated that they had

"So, it *is* true. Those fucking assholes. Maybe I'll write a book on *them* one day. Fuckin' *Janet Napolitano.* Running the *UC system*. Give me a break, dude.

Actually, you know what. I remember this now. My twin sister was also at a UC, and this was actually sort of a big deal at the time. It's why that cop pepper sprayed all those kids in the face in a row at Davis."

We sit for a moment, and contemplate sitting on a sidewalk while some fat piece of shit casually just blasts you with pepper spray.

"Yeah, because you got mad that they raised your college tuition by 30 fucking percent *while you were there*. I mean, *fuck* you guys."

Anyways, I pull up a 2003 article, and send you the link:

http://www.cnn.com/2003/US/03/14/sprj.irq.documents/

You look at me. "There's nothing there."

I grin. "Oh no, it's deleted! Wow! How totally shocking."

Fortunately, I have an archive:

https://archive.is/isp7

Let's read it:

Fake Iraq documents 'embarrassing' for U.S.

From David Ensor
CNN Washington Bureau
Saturday, March 15, 2003 Posted: 0343 GMT (11:43 AM HKT)

WASHINGTON (CNN) -- Intelligence documents that U.S. and British governments said were strong evidence that Iraq was developing nuclear weapons have been dismissed as forgeries by U.N. weapons inspectors.

The documents, given to International Atomic Energy Agency Director General Mohamed ElBaradei, indicated that Iraq might have tried to buy 500 tons of uranium from Niger, but the agency said they were "obvious" fakes.

U.S. Secretary of State Colin Powell referred to the documents directly in his presentation to the U.N. Security Council outlining the Bush administration's case against Iraq.

"I'm sure the FBI and CIA must be mortified by this because it is extremely embarrassing to them," former CIA official Ray Close said.

U.S. Secretary of State Colin Powell spoke to the U.N. Security Council on Wednesday, February 5.

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Aww, isn't that cute – "I'm sure the FBI and CIA must be *mortified* because it's *extremely embarrassing* that they lied to the American public."

Yeah, right, they sure seem *real* embarrassed about it. I'm sure they are very, very, very sorry that they lied and got a few million people killed and also wasted about 6 trillion dollars of our tax money.

"OOO, did we LLLIIIEEE to you and *accidentally* start a war and waste all your money? AWWW, we're SORRY, little guy! GEEZ, *poor* you. How could we have known?"

The funniest part, the reason I am cracking up as I write this absurdity, is that we didn't even get *this. Which makes it even more absurd, and therefore – funnier.*

Not *one* of these people ever even so much as ever admitted they were wrong *one time*, much less a formal *apology*, for whatever fucking good that would do (none.) I mean, come on. Is this not the *least* we could ask for?

Fuck you, Colin Powell. You escaped justice on Earth for this, but everyone will know all your dirty little secrets soon. By the way, for those who don't know who Janet Napolitano is, picture a female version of this fucking guy. She ran the UC system from 2013-2020.

I pull up an article from the *New York Times*, and tell you, "If you haven't caught on by now, you're going to want to default to using archives to research these older articles about government lies."

https://archive.is/Oz4uo

The New York Times

Vietnam War Intelligence 'Deliberately Skewed,' Secret Study Says

Share free access

By Scott Shane

Dec. 2, 2005

WASHINGTON, Dec. 1 - The National Security Agency has released hundreds of pages of long-secret documents on the 1964 Gulf of Tonkin incident, which played a critical role in significantly expanding the American commitment to the Vietnam War.

This is what *Operation Northwoods* turned into. *Gulf of Tonkin.*

They didn't get the spectacular acts of terrorism on American soil that they wanted *quite yet*, but they did get to blow up a few ships or something and lie about it to get us to commit to Vietnam.

We'll never know the full truth, but we know that whatever they told us was a lie. Obviously, Kennedy had to be dealt with as he had rejected the false flag concept, and the coup progressed slowly over the next couple of decades. Hey, I wonder if Jim Morrison knew anything, since his dad was in charge!

Oh, wait…

I pull up the Gulf of Tonkin Wikipedia article and show you a few lines:

The United States government falsely claimed

for the confrontation and the ostensible, but in fact imaginary, incident on 4 August. Later investigation revealed that the second attack never happened. The National Security Agency, an agency of the US Defense Department, had deliberately skewed intelligence to create the impression that an attack had been carried out.[5][6][7]

"Falsely claimed…" "In fact, imaginary…"

I look at you. "Those are called 'euphemisms.' That's a nicer way of saying that they lied."

One of the great tragedies of our world is that the government is too busy murdering people, lying to us, running guns and drugs, financially scamming us, committing war crimes, and downloading child pornography to keep us safe or take care of us.

It boggles the mind when you consider how much they love locking people in cages for doing these exact same things.

I hand you the actual Northwoods documents, and point to this paragraph:

UNCLASSIFIED

7. Hijacking attempts against civil air and surface craft should appear to continue as harassing measures condoned by the government of Cuba. Concurrently, genuine defections of Cuban civil and military air and surface craft should be encouraged.

"*Hijackings*. Now, you do not merely *look* at this paper. You *see* it. You see its place in the fractal, and how it connects to the rest."

You ask me if I really proved that H.W. Bush was involved with the JFK assassination.

"No. You cannot 'prove' such a thing. What I proved was that he worked for the CIA at the time and tried to lie about it, quite successfully for some time, and that his political career started in 1963, the same year Kennedy was shot.

This one, I can feel it in my bones. My skull and bones."

You laugh.

"Masturbated in a coffin… in front of his dad… fucking weird, man."

Three final puzzle pieces. I turn to page 24 of *The More Rational Worldview*. You look at the *Gladio* insignia:

"What is this?"

"Gladio." I point to the page:

> Operation Gladio is the name for a series of clandestine, "stay-behind" armies left after World War II in Europe by NATO and the CIA. These armies, under direct government supervision and approval, conducted bombings and other acts of terror on civilians "indiscriminately", in order to maintain a political "strategy of tension".

"Basically, what we've learned about Gladio in the last few decades is that it was the European counterpart to MK Ultra, and it focused more on physical violence than mental violence.

Kinetic damage vs. mind control. They blew people up – in buildings, cars, on the street. Kidnapped them. Shot them. They were still studying fear, how to use fear to control people. They just went about it in a different way.

As we are seeing, to view the power structures of the world as *separate* is folly. They are *not* many. They are *one*. Gladio *is* MK Ultra *is* 9/11. And boy, did they have a good time."

"A… *good time*? I don't think so, Witness 1."

You look out to sea. "I mean, surely, these were sober soldiers fighting for what they believed in at the end of the day, right? Doing what they thought would be best for us all and for their country?

The 'greater good'? 'Collateral damage'? Surely, they weren't just *having fun* while they were doing all of these atrocities – rape, kidnapping, torture, and murder?

Even the cruelest man must shed a tear at some point and realize enough is enough, right? That the greater good cannot be fulfilled one murder at a time? It wasn't like they were *enjoying* themselves, was it...*right*, Witness 1?"

I look at you. My sweet child – so beautiful in your innocence. How the light still shines in your eyes. I swear, each time I edit this you grow more real to me. I actually, literally love you for reading my book. You have no idea how long I have waited for this. How hard I worked to make it happen. The problem is, you're not real yet.

I slap down *The More Rational Worldview*. "Read it and weep, sucka'."

And so, let's see how these agents described their experiences administrating the MK Ultra experiments:

WHERE ELSE COULD A RED-BLOODED AMERICAN BOY LIE, KILL AND CHEAT, STEAL, DECEIVE, RAPE AND PILLAGE WITH THE SANCTION AND BLESSING OF THE ALL-HIGHEST?"

-George White, CIA Agent involved with MK-Ultra
Source: https://www.history.com/topics/us-government/history-of-mk-ultra

From *history.com*, too. And which "All-Highest" is that, George?

You look at me, and I look at you. Your eyes are wide. Now, I can see that you understand the hardness in my eyes.

"Who… what… who the *FUCK* would say that? I mean, you said you like to… lie, kill, cheat, steal, deceive, pillage, and *WHAT???"*

You look at his fat face. "Like a pig. Disgusting. 'George White.' Nice fake name, dipshit.

I mean, did you *autograph* this?? What did you do, win a 'who can rape the most women and children during a work shift' competition in the MK Ultra department or something?"

And now, for the corner pieces. *The Lavon Affair,* and the *USS Liberty.* I pull up the Wikipedia article for *The Lavon Affair*, and say, "Let's take a look."

> The **Lavon affair** was a failed Israeli covert operation, codenamed **Operation Susannah**, conducted in Egypt in the summer of 1954. As part of a false flag operation,[1] a group of Egyptian Jews were recruited by Israeli military intelligence to plant bombs inside Egyptian-, American-, and British-owned civilian targets: cinemas, libraries, and American educational centers.

You read through it. "In the '50s… the Israeli government… tried to *blow people up* inside of American- and British-owned theaters and libraries? What the fuck? Why?"

I look at you seriously. "To blame it on Egypt and drag us into a war. It's the same reason they did this:"

The USS Liberty Incident

USS LIBERTY WITH DAMAGE VISIBLE FROM ISRAELI FIGHTER JETS

You read the page incredulously. "The *Israelis*… blew up one of *our* ships in the '60s? Killed 34 and wounded 170? Did they… *make a mistake* or something?"

I point to the Haaretz article I quoted, called, *'But Sir, It's an American Ship.' 'Never Mind, Hit Her!' When Israel Attacked USS Liberty*:

> 'The Americans have findings that show our pilots were aware the ship was American,' a newly published document by the State Archives says.

The new book quotes a story reported by former U.S. Ambassador to Lebanon Dwight Porter, who recounted a conversation between an Israeli pilot and the Israel Air Force war room, which was allegedly picked up by an NSA aircraft and inadvertently cabled to CIA offices around the world:

The CIA document. Still partly censored, 50 years on:

Israeli pilot to IDF war room: This is an American ship. Do you still want us to attack?

IDF war room to Israeli pilot: **Yes, follow orders.**

Israeli pilot to IDF war room: But sir, it's an American ship - I can see the flag!

IDF war room to Israeli pilot: **Never mind; hit it.**

"Never mind, hit it." You don't know what to say. Abominable betrayal.

The desecration of the Queen.

You read the articles, and I show you the part about Jewish soldiers serving in our Navy on the USS Liberty weeping as they realized the jets strafing and bombing them, tearing their flesh asunder, had the *Star of David* on them.

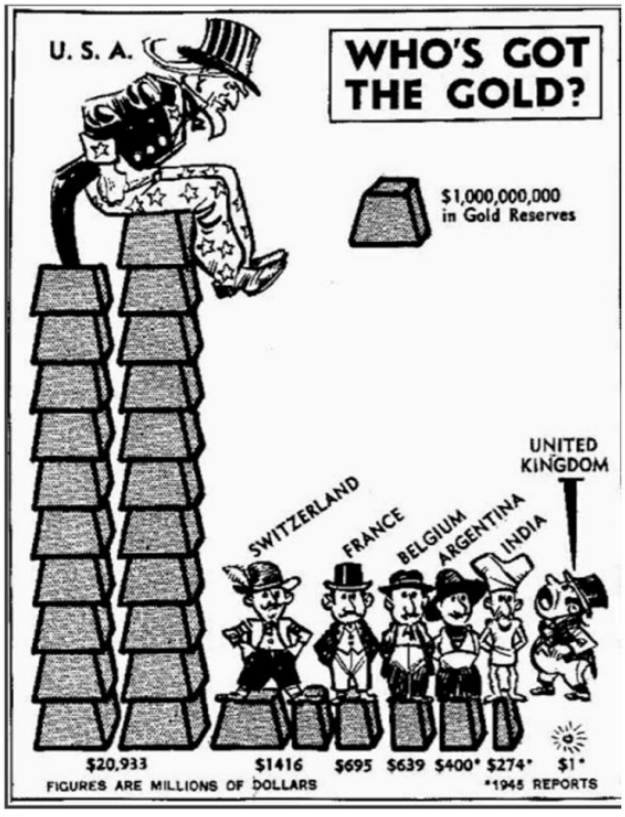
I look at you. "Israeli jets. Shooting our ship. To blame it on Egypt."

You look back. "A *false flag*. The… the Star of David was… like a flag… like a *false* flag…"

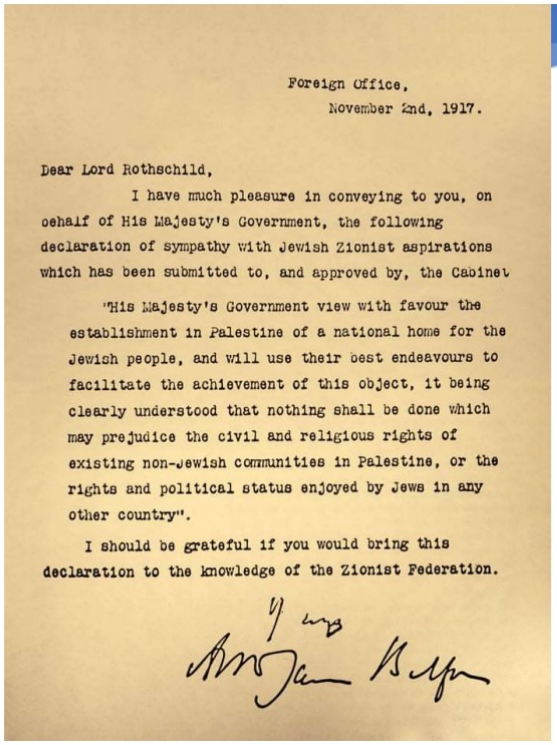
I hand you a political cartoon from 1947 with accurate figures on gold distribution post-World War II:

"Remember the gold. It's all about the gold. Making it vanish, without a trace.

But that's not all it was about. Do you remember the *Lusitania?* The reason we were brought into World War I? Behold, the opening of the portal."



The true goal of World War I was this:



Foreign Office,
November 2nd, 1917.

Dear Lord Rothschild,

I have much pleasure in conveying to you, on behalf of His Majesty's Government, the following declaration of sympathy with Jewish Zionist aspirations which has been submitted to, and approved by, the Cabinet

"His Majesty's Government view with favour the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavours to facilitate the achievement of this object, it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine, or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country".

I should be grateful if you would bring this declaration to the knowledge of the Zionist Federation.

Yours

Arthur James Balfour

THE BALFOUR DECLARATION ADDRESSED TO "LORD ROTHSCHILD", MEMBER OF THE "ZIONIST FEDERATION"

According to *History.com:* [32]

On November 2, 1917, Foreign Secretary Arthur James Balfour writes an important letter to Britain's most illustrious Jewish citizen, Baron Lionel Walter **Rothschild**, expressing the British government's support for a Jewish homeland in Palestine. The letter would eventually become known as the Balfour Declaration.

You read it. "The Balfour Declaration. That sounds familiar."

I point to the name at the top. "And who is it addressed to?"

"Lord *Rothschild*. That also sounds familiar."

"Yes. It should. The Rothschilds were an ancient Jewish family that grew so wealthy and powerful, many of their contemporaries believed it was almost supernatural - due to some perceived associations with Satanism or Devil worship. I'll prove that claim.

They started as a smuggling operation, enabling ways to get gold through the blockades that blanketed Napoleonic-era Europe. They got gold, money, and information through enemy lines, back and forth between the British and French. For a price, of course.

Eventually, their network of spies and informants, along with compromised leaders, grew so vast that *they* knew things before kings did. Before the other bankers did. Before governments did. Before anyone did, in fact.

They learned to pay both sides against each other. They learned that if you finance both sides of a war, you always win. The Rothschild house *always* won.

And they learned that the most valuable resource of all is *information.*"

This is their main "founder", in charge at the time. And this is what he said:

MAYER AMSCHEL ROTHSCHILD

Let me issue and control a nation's money and I care not who writes the laws.

— Mayer Amschel Rothschild

You read it. "Let me issue and control a nation's money and I care not who writes the laws."

You turn to me. "He said *that*? On *record*?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"The Deep Magic. They must reveal to us their ways, if we choose to find them. It can be concealed, hidden, twisted, disguised, or buried under lies, but it must be there.

You cannot *look* for it, you can only *see* it. The nature of fractal is to encode information, but you must be willing to go where the people are not.

These truths are revealed in a high-level way that is almost impossible to detect, through stories, songs, symbols, and poems. Many different mediums.

It is only whispered, but it is never said. This is how the Mystery Schools operate – they don't come to you. You come to them. Breadcrumbs - if you can find them."

I pull up his article on *Investopedia*:

> With Mayer Rothschild's children spread across Europe, the five linked branches became, in effect, **the first bank to transcend borders**. **Lending to governments to finance war operations over several centuries** provided the Rothschild family with

ample opportunity to accumulate bonds and build additional wealth in a range of different industries.

Then, I hand you a book published in 2008 called *The Ascent of Money: A Financial History of the World*. You open it:

> By May 1814 Nathan had advanced nearly 1.2 million pounds to the government, double the amount envisioned in his original instructions… Spread out across Europe, the five Rothschilds were uniquely positioned to exploit price and exchange differences between markets, the process known as arbitrage… Nathan's gamble was that the British victory as Waterloo, and the prospect of a reduction in government borrowing, would send the price of British bonds soaring upwards… It was one of the most audacious trades in financial history…**so extraordinary did this achievement seem to contemporaries that they often sought to explain it in mystical terms.**
>
> **The Rothschilds were already more feared than loved…** In Heine's eyes, Rothschilds are one of the **'three terroristic names'** that spell the gradual annihilation of the old aristocracy"

You skim, "So extraordinary that… contemporaries… often sought to explain it in mystical terms… The Rothschilds… terroristic name… gradual annihilation…"

You look at me and it clicks. I point.

"Do you see that? They're talking about *Waterloo*. They went all in, and they won. They knew what would happen before anyone else, and in fact, I can feel this in my bones too – they were *involved* with it. They *fixed* the bet."

I read another two quotes, from *The House of Rothschild Vol.1:Money's Prophets*:

> And it was Mayer Amschel who taught his sons such hard-nosed business rules as: "**It is better to deal with a government in difficulties than with one that has luck on its side**"; "If you can't make yourself loved, make yourself feared." This last piece of advice lay behind the brothers' practice of plying politically powerful individuals with gifts, loans, investment tips and **outright bribes**.
>
> For most of the nineteenth century, N. M. Rothschild was part of the biggest bank in the world which dominated the international bond market. For a contemporary equivalent, one has to imagine a merger between Merrill Lynch, Morgan Stanley, J. P. Morgan and probably Goldman Sachs too—as well, perhaps, as the International Monetary Fund,

> given the nineteenth-century Rothschilds' role in stabilizing the finances of numerous governments…

You think. "What kind of asshole would say 'it's better to deal with a government with difficulties than one with luck on its side?' …Outright bribes???"

You look at me. "You know what, I'm starting to think that maybe these Rothschild guys didn't really have the best interests of the people at heart."

I nod. "After Waterloo, they bought out the British government:"

From the family's very own website:

> **Rescuing the Bank of England**
>
> As he rose to prominence, Nathan Mayer Rothschild cultivated a strong and close relationship with the Bank of England. During much of the early 1820s, Nathan was a buyer and borrower of both gold and silver from the Bank. In late 1825, the Rothschilds averted a financial crisis by supplying a large volume of gold to the Bank of England when the Bank ran desperately short of coined gold.

"In the business world, this is referred to as a 'hostile takeover.'"

You nod. It makes sense.

And it turns out, this family *wanted* something. In fact, they wanted something *very* badly. So badly that they were willing to do *anything* to get it, including starting wars, killing *billions*, corrupting the very fabric of society, telling the worst lies ever told, and bringing governments around the world to their knees.

There was no limit to what they would do to achieve this goal.

And in the Balfour Declaration, they got it. Because the Ottoman Empire had allied with Germany in World War I, the British went in and took the land. Palestine. A homeland for the Jews. The Zionist Rothschild's greatest dream.

However, while the land was partitioned, it was not quite enough.

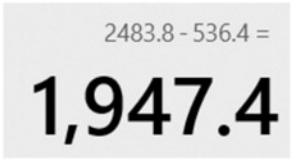
The situation boiled and raged in the Middle East. Smaller wars, genocides, and ethnic cleansing, on a scale that is difficult for us to imagine, although it pales in the shadow of the great wars. In the trees, a wolf bares his teeth and whispers.

The Balfour Declaration did not create Israel, but it was a promise from the British Government, more or less the most powerful world government at the time, that they would set the land apart and create a Jewish state when the time was right.

And, it turns out, that thanks to Pearl Harbor and the whole Hitler issue, the time *was right* just a couple decades later. Never let a good crisis go to waste, after all.

And on May 14th, 1948, a 2,500-year old prophecy from Ezekiel was fulfilled, down to the very day, as a rabbi blew a shofar on a dusty hill in the newly reformed State of Israel:

When adjusted for the fact there was no year zero between 1 B.C. and A.D. 1, the prophesized end of Israel's final captivity would occur, according to Ezekiel, in the year 1948.4 on our modern calendar. On May 14, 1948, the Jews proclaimed the independence of the reborn State of Israel, fulfilling this prophecy exactly.



A gift from humanity to the Rothschilds, bought with the blood of two billion souls.

See *The More Rational Worldview*, Section II, for more fulfilled Biblical prophecy I have revealed. There are secrets in that book that are not known, either.

The Rothschilds built the Knesset, the Israeli congress:

Sheikh Badr before the 1948 Arab–Israeli War, now Givat Ram. The main building was financed by James de Rothschild as a gift to the State of Israel in his will and was

They also built the Israeli Supreme Court:

The building was donated to Israel by the Jewish philanthropist Dorothy de Rothschild.[28]

And here it is, in all its glory:

Let's see… enhance… enhance…

"Oh, right. Of course. Very necessary to have the 'ol 'pyramid with an eye at the top obelisk structure' in your architecture. Everyone has one. It's a reliable crowd pleaser."

I look at you. "In fact, did you know that somewhere around half - at least a *very* sizeable portion, of the real, *actual* Jewish population at the time were *totally* against these Rothschild-led Zionists?

Yeah, it's really weird. Because… *they* seemed to think that these Zionists were, basically, oh… I don't know. How to put this. Basically, that they were lying, satanic deceivers masquerading as Jews in order to subjugate the world and destroy it in some sort of apocalyptic plot."

I nod. "Yeah, it's called a 'schism.' Not the 'great' one, afterall."

I pull up JSTOR, and show you a study:

This is a preview. Log in through your library.
Jewish History • Volume 7, No. 2 • Fall 1993
The Conflict Between Zionism and Traditionalism Before World War I
Jehuda Reinharz
JOURNAL ARTICLE
The Conflict between Zionism and Traditionalism before World War I
Jehuda Reinharz
Jewish History
Vol. 7, No. 2 (Fall, 1993), pp. 59-78 (20 pages)
Published By: Springer Nature
JEWISH HISTORY
https://www.jstor.org/stable/20101166
Cite
Read and download
Log in through your school or library

You ask me – "Did you read this?"

"No. They put all their shit behind a dumb paywall because they don't actually want people to read it. It's gatekeeping.

Information is the most precious resource of all, and it is guarded closely by those who retain it. You might even have to work for a school for these dumb sites or something. Ridiculous."

"Can't you just… pay money?"

"I'm talking about the Mystery Schools."

You look out to sea. The fractals are strong now, and the wind feels unlike anything you've ever felt before. Happiness and energy course through your body, and you can't help but to be in a great mood. We laugh together.

"I always called them the 'shriggles.' The 'shroom giggles.'"

We laugh harder.

I turn to page 5 of *The More Rational Worldview*.

"And here they are, in all their glory. The Rothschilds:"

The *Rothchild's Surrealist Ball, described as follows: "If your family has the largest private fortune in history, the least you can do is hold a party at the most lavish chateau in France with costumes designed by Salvador Dalí, Audrey Hepburn in a birdcage hat and an interactive maze filled with butlers pretending to be cats."*[4]

You grimace. You're disgusted, and you should be. "Bunch of fucking freaks. Clowns."

I nod. "They sold their soul for money. They gave it all away. They couldn't *let go*.

But it's not just them. That would be an absurd thing to say. It's them plus *millions* of other people. More than that, maybe.

Other organizations. The secret societies like the Freemasons and Skull and Bones. The other bankers. Intelligence agencies.

World leaders. Monarchies. Celebrities. Institutions like the UN and the CFR. Our universities.

Our administrators. Our police. Our guardians. The ones we were supposed to be able to trust.

A million ordinary people too, who didn't even gain anything. 'Just doing their job.'

So many people. It's *not* just them."

I look at you seriously.

"The Synagogue of Satan International Organized Crime Syndicate."

I open to the first real page and show you this quote from David Rockefeller:

Section 1

9/11: Money Laundering Operation by an International Organized Crime Syndicate

Coincidence or Conspiracy?

"Some even believe we are part of a secret cabal working against the best interests of the United States, characterizing my family and me as 'internationalists' and of conspiring with others around the world to build a more integrated global political and economic structure--one world, if you will. If that's the charge, I stand guilty, and I am proud of it." David Rockefeller, *Memoirs*, 2003

"Well, you know what buddy, fuck you too." I look over at you. "And who do you think had the idea to build these towers in the first place? Huh?"

You frown. "Couldn't be him. Too obvious."

I pull up an article on the history of the towers from *history.com*:

> David Rockefeller, grandson of the first billionaire in the U.S., had the idea to build a World Trade Center in the port district in Lower Manhattan in the 1950s. By 1960, city, state and business leaders came on board.

You stare at me, almost squinting your eyes. "No way. From the… very beginning. It was planned all along."

I nod. "And while all this goes on, guess what? 25,000 people die from starvation every day. 10,000 of them are children."

I show you the link. It's real:

https://www.un.org/en/chronicle/article/losing-25000-hunger-every-day

You look up. "10,000 children a day *die* in the streets because they don't have *food*? Is that even real?"

I stare at you.

"Yes, according to our best knowledge, facts, and statistics.

Could be a little lower, or a little higher day-by-day. And while that goes on, the Rothschilds own *40 palaces*. And 8 men today own as much wealth as the other half of the planet.

Enough men to count on two hands owns as much wealth as 3.6 billion people. And this was years ago, and it's only gotten worse. In fact, it's getting worse much too quickly."

You don't believe me. "That can't be possible."

I smile, and show you this *Oxfam* report from 2017. I love doing this to people:

Just 8 men own same wealth as half the world

Published: 16th January 2017

Eight men own the same wealth as the 3.6 billion people who make up the poorest half of humanity, according to a new report published by Oxfam today to mark the annual meeting of political and business leaders in Davos.

"Men who have it all. Who hear the pleas of the hungry child as they slip into the Nothing. As they languish in despair and pain. Suffering, broken, and shattered. Literally starving *to death*.

'You're not even worthy of eating my crumbs. We have more than we could spend in 10,000 lifetimes, and with a wave of our hands could end suffering on planet Earth forever, and make it so that everyone has enough food to live and a place to sleep at night.

But *not you*. You're *worthless*. You don't even deserve to breathe my air. To stand on the same ground I do. You can go ahead and weep as you starve to death, and I *don't care*.'

And this article is like eight years old. It keeps getting worse, quicker and quicker. It's monstrous. It is. It's insanity."

You're sad. I am too. A tear rolls down my cheek, and we stare out to the waters.

"What… is wrong with them?"

"I don't know. Some say that they aren't even human. Maybe that's true. But I'm not sure about that. As far as I can tell, acting like this is the most human thing of all.

Pretty much everyone would do it, I think. They just didn't get the opportunity. Monsters are real, and they are human. They look just like us. As a matter of fact, they are fucking *everywhere.*"

I smile at you. "Well, that's just fuckin' life, I guess. Way she goes. Way of the road."

"I can't complain," I say. "Life's been good to Witness 1."

I gaze out into the distance. "Life's been good to me. But, you know what, this shit just *pisses me off*.

And you know what? It really just *grinds my gears*, and it sort of makes everything else seem meaningless, pointless, and *stupid* while these people walk around free laughing at us, mocking us, and continuing to lie to us about everything.

Why not try to do something about it? What the actual fuck are we all so busy with that no one has time to even *talk* about 9/11? Are we like… not *allowed* to talk about it? Are they gonna give me a *citation* or something for publishing a book?

Am I supposed to be *scared* of these clowns?

You nod. "It's true."

"Fuck it. We might as well try. What else are we doing? I mean, these people obviously want us dead."

My eyes are green and brown, they call it "Hazel." That's what it says on my Driver's License, but there's a spot of blue in my right one. Tears begin to leak out of them, and I look away.

"Do you think I like this? Typing out thousand-page books about how the fucking world is ending and no one will listen to me? Weeping hot, salty tears over my precious laptop as I dredge up filth from the deepest reaches of hell I can peer into, so that I can viscerally describe a *little girl's rape* to you? So that I can try to make *you* feel an ounce of the pain that *I* do?

Those are things that should never be said. I should *never* have had to write that shit.

But you know what, I already wrote this book *without* rubbing your *faces* in it, out of sheer respect for you, and I wrote this book without the sex and drug parts, and without talking about myself because I'm actually not an arrogant asshole and you know what? NO ONE READ IT. It's called *The More Rational Worldview*, and I'm sorry it's too BORING for YOU FUCKS. So, here you go! Now, we suffer together! I can't even get my fucking FAMILY to read my books all the way through, for God's sake.

I have cried more while writing this book than the rest of my life *combined*. I am *killing* myself thinking of every single way to make you *feel* so that you won't close this story like every other one I have told. To try and make someone listen to me for once in my stupid life.

How does it feel to try this hard to get people to read ONE of my FUCKING BOOKS for once, to just stop arguing and *listen* for once, but to already know this *entire time* that they won't???

Do you not think that I'm doing this out of the sheer sense of FUCKING DANGER AHEAD FOR HUMANITY that keeps me awake at night? The red, flashing warning signs driving my senses mad? All the engine lights on, and the driver asleep with his foot on the gas? Do you think it's *fun*?

That I think writing this book will *kill* me? That I fear it may have already *driven me mad*?"

You look at me. "No."

"They want us dead. In fact, they are doing a *fantastic* job at it. Right now, the bath is drawn and the nightshade is plucked. We have only to enter the rake, and end scene. This is *panic time* for us as a species, no bullshit. Now or never."

I pull out a book from 1976 called *The Rockefeller File*, and open to the foreword, written by former Congressman Lawrence McDonald:

> Do I mean conspiracy? Yes, I do. I am convinced there is such a plot, generations old in planning, and incredibly evil in intent.

I look at you. "And what do you think happened to our dear Congressman?" I point to my book:

> Congressman McDonald died at age 48 when his plane was *Coincidentally* shot down in 1983.

Now *there's* a surprise. It sure is weird how often that happens, but then again, politicians do like to fly on airplanes.

You look closer – "*shot* down?"

"Shot down." *Whoopsie.*

Crash… crash… crash…

I pass you *The Art of War*. "Ever heard of it?" You nod.

I point to a key paragraph:

> In the practical art of war, the best thing of all is to take the enemy's country whole and intact; to shatter and destroy it is not so good…Hence to fight and conquer in all your battles is not supreme excellence; supreme excellence consists in breaking the enemy's resistance without fighting.

You think about it for five minutes as we gaze at the waves. Your eyes shift left and then down.

"It's true, isn't it? It is much smarter to defeat an enemy this way, through quiet subjugation, without giving him a chance to fight back. The silent weapons for a quiet war.

It had been going on this whole time, and we didn't even realize it."

I nod. "Let me guess, they'll teach me at college now that fuckin' *Sun Tzu* didn't exist. It's called a *scribe*, you dipshits. Dictation. This is how the Gospels were written. People spoke, while scribes wrote. Duh. Except for Luke, obviously. I hand you a glowing briefcase, and you open it to find a parchment scroll.

On it is written in a mysterious, ancient tongue:

"*Silent Weapons for Quiet Wars* is the only legitimate CIA leak in history, and that's why you've probably never heard of it."

I flip to the very end of the foreword in *The More Rational Worldview*:

I looked and saw how much people were suffering on this earth.
I saw the tears of those who are suffering.
They don't have anyone to comfort them.

Power is on the side of those who treat them badly.
Ecclesiastes 4: 1

"Power is on the side of those that treat them badly. And that's the end of the beginning."

It's true. You know because it makes you upset – 'I saw how much people were suffering on the Earth.' Well, why don't YA DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT, DUDE!!!

You flip to the next page, *Chapter I: Origin of the False Flag,* and then you read the very last paragraph of my book:

> *To disbelieve this worldview is to disbelieve the historical record, the forensic evidence, logical proofs, human nature, mainstream sources, and all reasoning and observation that we can do of the world around us.*
>
> *Therefore, in contrast to the demonstrably false and dishonest worldview presented to us by the media, government and politicians; the only logical, sourced, and sufficiently explanatory worldview is the one we have seen laid out here – The More Rational Worldview.*

"I can't debunk it."

We sit in silence.

You cough and spit a mucousy blob. In your vision it looks alive, and it is swirled with green, brown, grey, and black.

You look at it. "What is it?"

"When you smoke, your lungs think you're dying. Burning to death and inhaling smoke in a fire. They produce this mucous to protect the alveoli, the tiny passages that actually allow oxygen to enter our blood. You then expel it. This is why smokers cough.

Here's the key. Psychedelics also trick your body the same way, but they make your brain think that you're dying, instead.

Look out. Do you see the fractal yet?"

You peer out into the horizon. There are no oil rigs in your world. There are no container ships in your world. There is no pollution in your world.

It is beautiful. It is perfect.

"Yes, I think so."

Psychedelics trick your brain into thinking you're dying, instead.

I tell you to look at the tree again.

"Do you understand the purpose of a tree?"

"To pull carbon out of carbon dioxide. To release oxygen. Its root systems prevent erosion and hold soil in place."

You smile. "They feed us, and clothe us in dignity and shade."

"Those are all good answers. But what is the true purpose of a tree?"

We laugh. *Shriggles*.

"I don't think you can see it yet. But you see everything else. Now, you know almost as much as I do about the world. And if you read *The Secret Teachings of All Ages* (and The Bible), you will, pretty much, know most of the rest.

Hello, Christians? Any Christians in the house tonight? What's that? Yeah, fuck you too, buddy. Hey! Hey! Listen, asshole. You're ALLOWED to read books that AREN'T THE BIBLE as a Christian, YOU FUCKING MORONS!!!

At this point, I toss this guy a copy of the 1,340-page long *Strong's Exhaustive Concordance* and it lands on the table with a resounding *thud*!

"Go on, look up the definition of Biblical 'Wisdom." *Sophia*. You know you want to. What is Biblical 'Wisdom?' Hmm… let's find out, shall we?"

The guy stutters. "W… w… wisdom? *Sophia…* O… ok…"

I smile. "Go on. Show everyone, now. What does God mean by 'wisdom?'"

Thayer's Greek Lexicon

STRONGS NT 4678: σοφία

σοφία, σοφίας, ἡ (σοφός), Hebrew חָכְמָה, **wisdom, broad and full intelligence** (from Homer down); used of the knowledge of very diverse matters, so that the shade of meaning in which the word is taken must be discovered from the context in every particular case.

a. the wisdom which belongs to men: universally, Luke 2:40, 52; specifically, the varied knowledge of things human and divine, acquired by acuteness and experience, and summed up in maxims and proverbs, as was ἡ σοφία τοῦ Σολομῶνος, Matthew 12:42; Luke 11:31; the science and learning τῶν Αἰγυπτίων, Acts 7:22 (cf. Winers Grammar,

"Ok, wisdom 'broad and full.' Let's see… 'specifically, the varied knowledge of things human and divine, acquired by acuteness and experience, summed up in maxims and proverbs'… hey! That sounds a lot like this book, sort of, does it not?"

I stare at this jerk. "Go on. There's more."

Acts 6:3; a devout and proper prudence in contact with men not disciples of Christ, Colossians 4:5; skill and discretion in imparting

"WHOA THERE, BUDDY!!! You're telling me God wants me to… to… TALK to people who AREN'T CHRISTIAN??? WHAAAATTTT?!?!?!"

I stare at him. One more.

defense of the Christian cause against hostile accusations, Luke 21:15; an acquaintance with divine things and human duties, joined to a power of discoursing concerning them and of interpreting and applying sacred Scripture, Matthew 13:54; Mark 6:2; Acts 6:10; the wisdom or instruction

The guy looks at me and reads it. "An… acquaintance with divine things and human duties…"

He looks at me. "Gee whiz, Witness 1. I'm sorry I was being a real asshole earlier. Will you forgive me?"

I look at him with great love in my eyes. "Always, my friend. Always. I love you. Wait… who… who the fuck are you? Did I just accidentally write a new character on my second all-nighter trying to get this fucking manuscript finished???"

"Whoops." I pull out a handgun and shoot the guy in the head.

I turn to you. "Collateral damage."

You're horrified. You're looking at me like I'm a monster.

Then, I stop and look at the smoking gun. "Wait… isn't this fucking book alive or something? *Shit.*"

I give him CPR, and the bullet actually just grazed him. Wow, he's alive. Some guy speaking Russian comes up to me and takes the gun away, saying something about "Cherkov." Then, he disappears.

So, I build this guy a little boat, and he sails away to live happily ever after. He likes to paint and has a girlfriend with three dogs.

As we wave goodbye to him, I turn to you. "Anyways, I think what I was saying was… was… oh yeah - one day, maybe I'll find that Pentagon photo study! The only source I've ever lost."

Now, I want to tell you the things that cannot be spoken. The things that prose cannot express.

Do you know what else changed for me besides the Berenstein Bears?

The spelling of 'dilemna.'

Also, this thing where they don't want me to put double spaces after sentences anymore. Are you guys stupid? You do understand it's like a… rhythm thing, right? You need the double spaces to break it up into subcategories… I'm rambling.

I'm SO SORRY that I wasted all this EXTRA SPACE in WORD by DOUBLE SPACING MY SENTENCES!!! Does all the SPACE that my DOUBLE SPACES take up BOTHER YOU? How much SPACE is in my SPACES? How many BYTES ARE IN MY DOUBLE SPACES??? HOW MANY BYTES??? What's that??? ZERO BYTES???

I look at you with wide, frantic eyes.

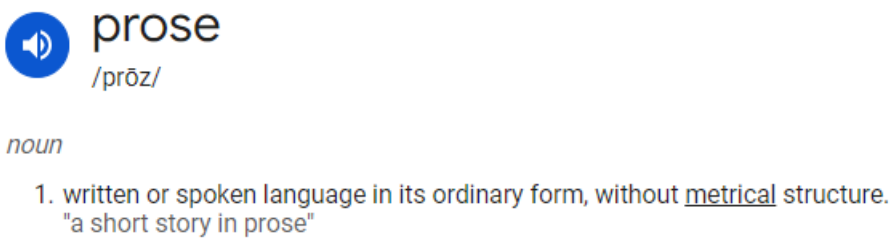
You look at me. "Dude, you need to stop editing and sleep before you fuck up the end of your manuscript."

Like I said, I have always been good at taking advice. "You're right. I'm sorry."

I look out to the sea. "Don't worry. I know what I'm doing. I'm having fun here because it's end of our beginning. Once I play you my songs, things will change."

I look at you. "You passed all the prerequisites. Now, you're ready for your first real lesson."

The truth it, I noticed more things that changed, too. Lots of them. Other people have noticed it, as well. Here's one more that annoyed me - the meaning of the word 'prose.' 'Prose' always meant poetry or lyrical language. Now, it means the opposite:



So, I want to show the things that, apparently, you *cannot* express in prose. Things that can only be *sung*, and told through riddles and rhymes. Stories. Songs. Each song is a story.

No one except B ever sat and listened to my songs. No one.

I ask you if you want to hear their stories. Some of them, not all of them.

You say that you do.

I ask if you want to take this to the next level (nothing weird.) I ask if you're ready to go deeper into the fractal. You nod.

Section XIV

Siddhartha, the Serpent, and the Strange Attractor

I pull out a book and hand it to you. *Siddhartha.*

"Open it."

You do, and find a small package of tinfoil.

We make eye contact. I smile and say, "Careful."

You open it, and see a small strip of paper with four even perforations. It's about two inches long, and half an inch wide.

"It's acid. LSD."

You look at me. "Isn't this illegal?"

I smile. "Yes. And I still haven't heard a good reason why. I'll tell you what, if you can give me one good reason that makes sense why putting this in my mouth and playing guitar is *wrong,* a *sin*, or should be a *crime*, I won't take it."

You think about it. The weed was grown on a farm. The mushrooms were grown in a jar. The acid was synthesized by a chemist we know. Everyone agreed on the transactions.

I look over at you. "We're walking, not driving. What's *really* wrong with it? We aren't hurting anyone, are we?

I'm sorry, are we in your FUCKING WAY? Does my music *bother* you? Does it make you *embarrassed*?

Not enough one-note *bass* hits or lyrics about murder in a minor key for you?

What I'm saying is that I have the right to say – *fuck off*. No is a complete sentence. You suck. That's also a complete sentence.

And you know what, if you don't like my songs or you want to tell me what to do, think, or say, then I might even just be *better* than you. And *if* that's true, it's *not my fault* and I'm sorry if it hurts your feelings. This is especially true for police officers, politicians, high-level bankers, and other observably evil people.

Maybe – you just don't get it. And that really sucks for you.

The truth is - if you're just a selfish, greedy asshole, you abuse others, you lie, you embezzle, you're corrupt, you manipulate people, or you wield violence against others…" I look at you.

"Then I am *definitely* just overall inherently *better* than you. And I'm so sorry that fact enrages you so much. Truly, I am.

Careful when you tear that in half now, it will absorb through your skin – very inefficient."

You carefully rip it in two, and hand me half. I pull out the black binder and my acoustic guitar, and I tell you that I am going to sing to you stories from the past, and through them, you will learn much about me. Perhaps, about yourself. Maybe even about life, or the world. Or love.

We place the two tiny love letters under our tongues.

I hand you a bottle of water. "Wait as long as possible before you drink this, and try not to swallow. Let it dissolve into your saliva, and then hold it in the mucous membranes under your tongue and around your gums. That's how it gets in the blood. Stomach acid will ruin it. At least 20-30 minutes with the paper in your mouth. Until it dissolves"

I also have Pedialyte, and I give you a bottle of the blue kind.

"After I've played a few songs, drink these."

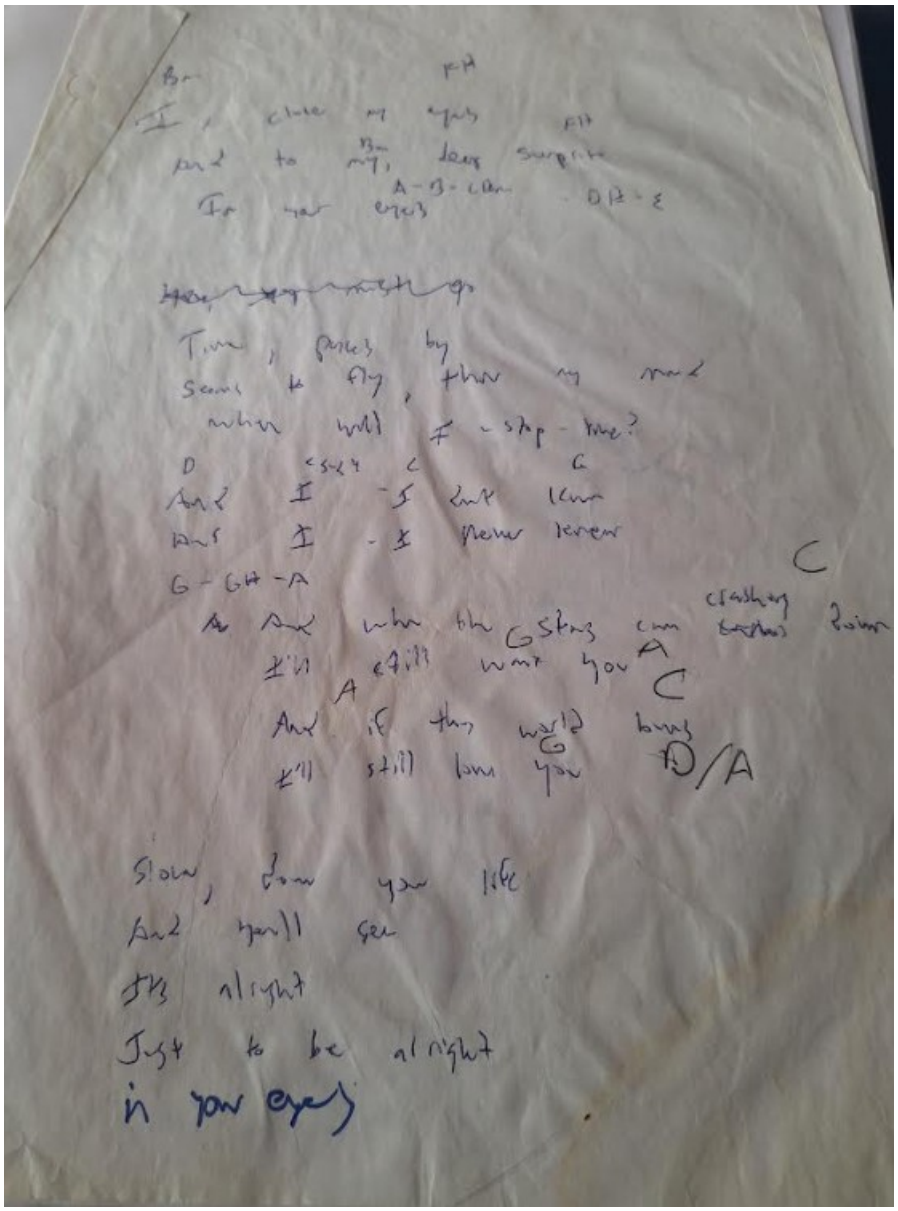
Then, I pull the bong out of my satchel, and pass it to you. Bongs and psychedelic drugs are an excellent combination.

"Drink, friend. Smoke, and relax. Rest yourself and be easy as the metal of my strings pushes fractals of wind into your ear."

I look over at you and smile. "I want to clarify one thing. I have written and recorded many songs for Witness 2. However, those are not in this binder. In fact, the last song I ever wrote down was right when I was leaving the Grand Canyon. I'll show it to you.

After that, I learned how to actually make songs. Now I don't need to write them down, because the song itself is a better reference anyways. These songs were all written between 2008-2014."

This is the first song in the binder, and they are in order of how much I like them. I ended up calling it *Stars*.

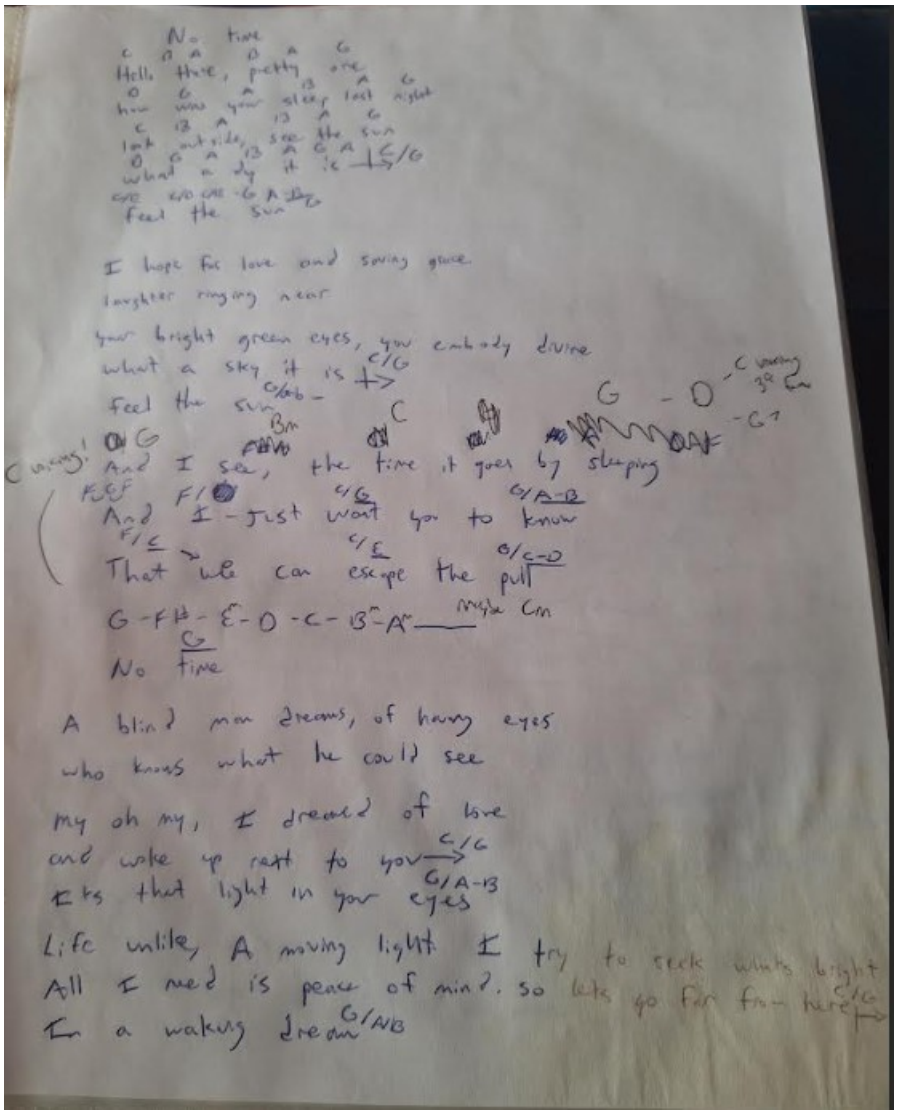

Bm F#
I close my eyes F#
and to my, dear surprise
A - B - C#m D# - E
For her eyes
Time passes by
Seems to fly, then my mind
when will I stop - time?
D C G
and I I - I can't leave
And I I - I never leave
G - G# - A
C
And when the G strings cut crashing Piano
I'll still want you A
A C
And if the world burns
I'll still love you G D/A
Slow, down you ride
And you'll see
It's alright
Just to be alright
in your eyes

I wrote this song in my dorm stairwell after a really great night out. I had just moved to college, and I was really enjoying the concept of having a dorm room to bring girls back to.

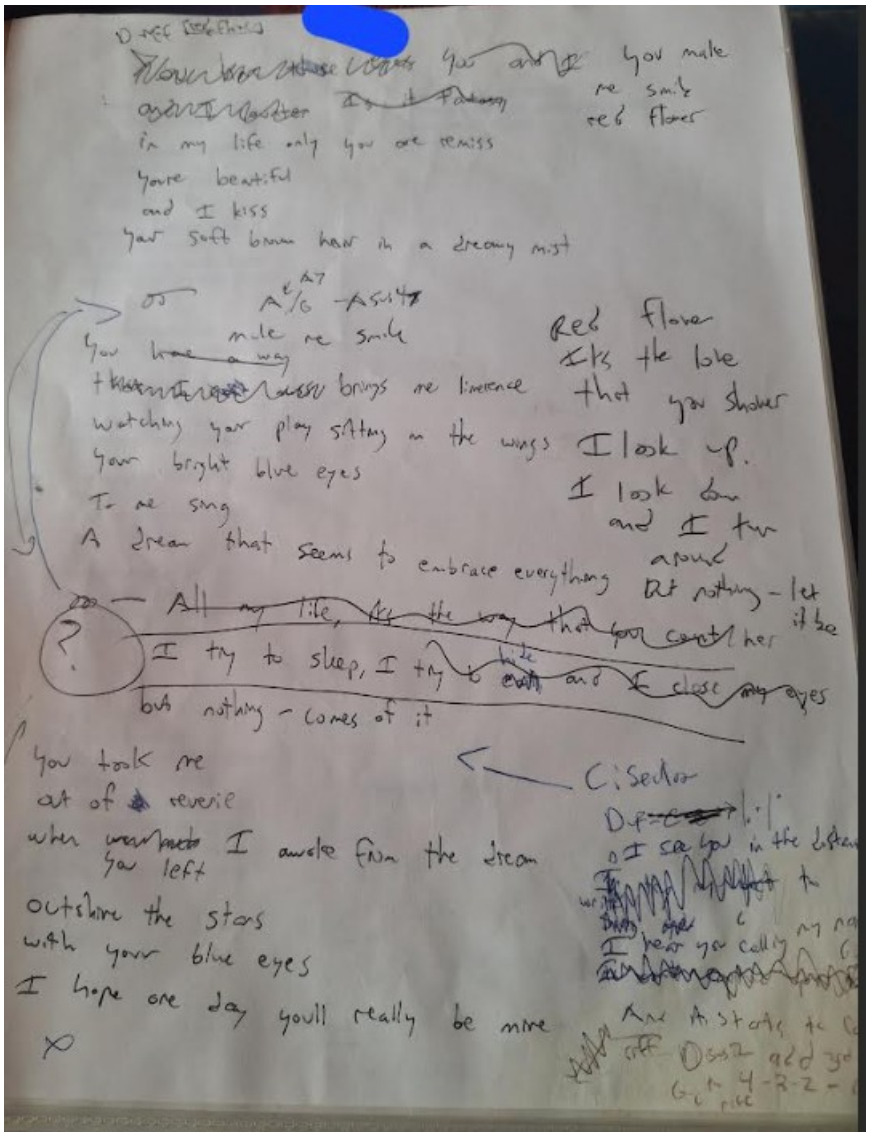
In the morning, I smoked weed, went in the stairwell, and then wrote this song. The Bm is played with the G and high-E strings open, and the F# after it leaves the B and E strings open, as well.

One time, N came to visit, and I played him this song. He said that I had finally written a "perfect song", and I really liked that. That's why it's first, and it might be my favorite, but I've never recorded a good version of it.

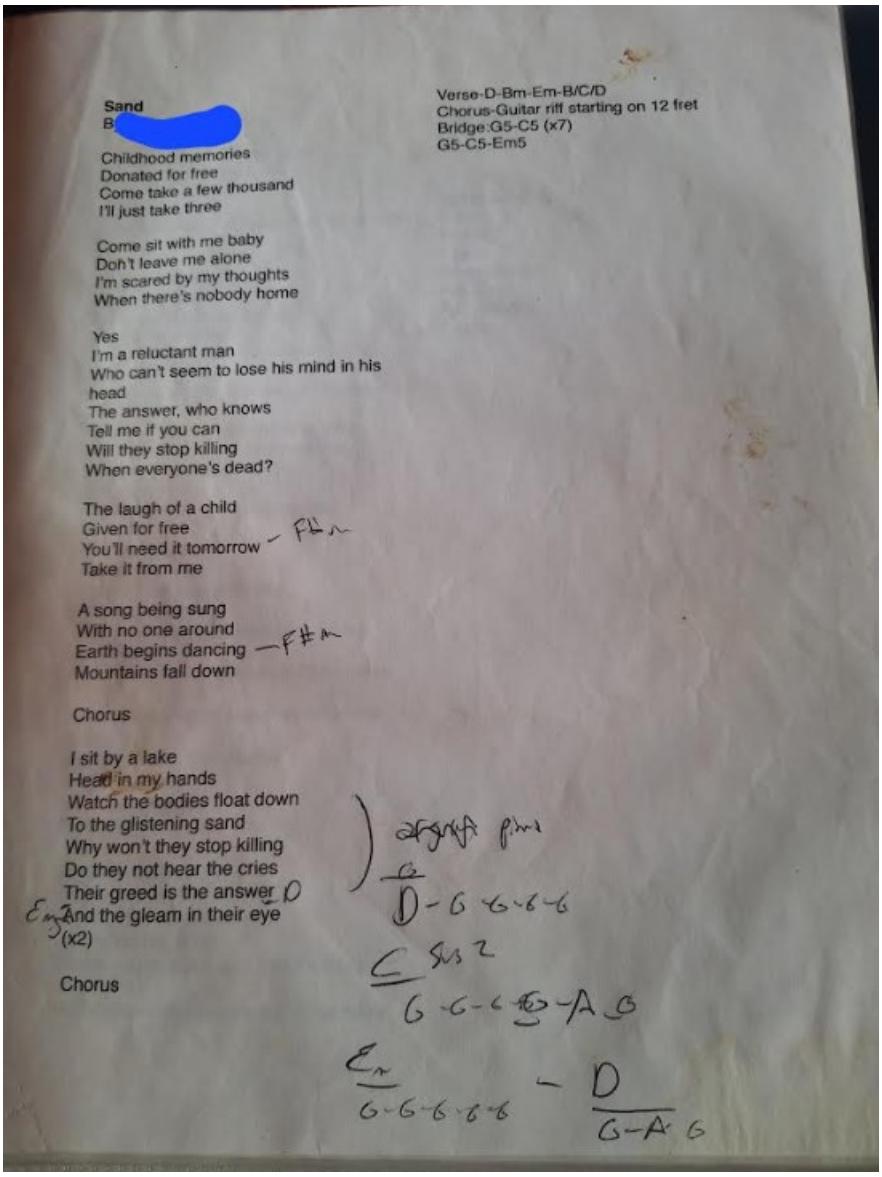
This is the song I wrote when I smoked weed in a cow field after getting wasted at a party in high school (I rewrote this one in 2013 on a new paper when I put this binder together:)


No time
Hello there, pretty one
how was your sleep last night
Look outside, see the sun
what a sky it is
Feel the sun
I hope for love and saving grace
laughter ringing near
your bright green eyes, you embody divine
what a sky it is
Feel the sun
And I see, the time it goes by sleeping
And I just want you to know
That we can escape the pull
No time
A blind man dreams, of having eyes
who knows what he could see
my oh my, I dreamed of love
and woke up next to you
It's that light in your eyes
Life unlike, A moving light I try to seek what's bright
All I need is peace of mind, so lets go far from here
In a waking dream

This is a song I wrote in 2013 for the girl with brown hair and blue eyes, R, who told me I was too young for her, but I knew she really meant too poor and with a shitty pizza job like her while she was in school for something real and I was not. I did not play this for her or show this to her:



This is a song I wrote in high school called *Sand*, and I always really liked this one. None of these songs have been brought to life yet, as I always just keep writing more instead of going back to these:



Sand
B[redacted]

Verse-D-Bm-Em-B/C/D
Chorus-Guitar riff starting on 12 fret
Bridge:G5-C5 (x7)
G5-C5-Em5

Childhood memories
Donated for free
Come take a few thousand
I'll just take three

Come sit with me baby
Don't leave me alone
I'm scared by my thoughts
When there's nobody home

Yes
I'm a reluctant man
Who can't seem to lose his mind in his head
The answer, who knows
Tell me if you can
Will they stop killing
When everyone's dead?

The laugh of a child
Given for free
You'll need it tomorrow
Take it from me

A song being sung
With no one around
Earth begins dancing
Mountains fall down

Chorus

I sit by a lake
Head in my hands
Watch the bodies float down
To the glistening sand
Why won't they stop killing
Do they not hear the cries
Their greed is the answer
And the gleam in their eye
(x2)

Chorus

That slight bit of reddish substance is my blood, from the acoustic guitar cutting my right hand as I strummed. I still remember that. I won't lie to you, I *think* that I did actually think about Slash's book and that putting a picture of a song with my blood on it would be cool in a book someday.

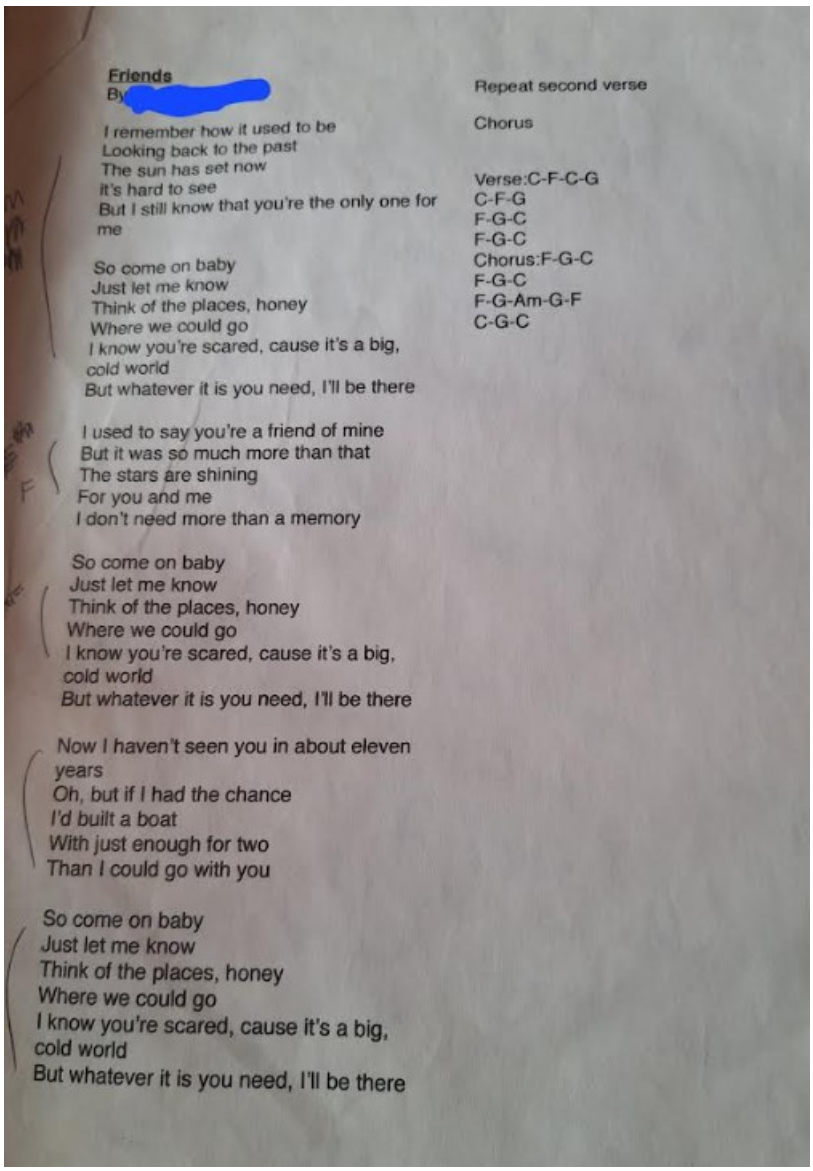
Well, wish fulfilled, I guess. Congratulations to me.

This is the first song I ever wrote, so it's the oldest one. This would have been in late 2009. I wrote this for A, with the barn.

It was so tragic when she left for college, and it pretty much destroyed me. I had to think about the timeline here for a second.

So, we broke up twice - once for good, but once for just a week or two before that, at this time. Before the whole incident where all my stuff got thrown away, the other time – for good – was after.

I broke up with her both times, but it was because I knew that she wanted and needed to move on in life without me. This song was written during the first one.



Friends
By [redacted]

I remember how it used to be
Looking back to the past
The sun has set now
it's hard to see
But I still know that you're the only one for me

So come on baby
Just let me know
Think of the places, honey
Where we could go
I know you're scared, cause it's a big, cold world
But whatever it is you need, I'll be there

I used to say you're a friend of mine
But it was so much more than that
The stars are shining
For you and me
I don't need more than a memory

So come on baby
Just let me know
Think of the places, honey
Where we could go
I know you're scared, cause it's a big, cold world
But whatever it is you need, I'll be there

Now I haven't seen you in about eleven years
Oh, but if I had the chance
I'd built a boat
With just enough for two
Than I could go with you

So come on baby
Just let me know
Think of the places, honey
Where we could go
I know you're scared, cause it's a big, cold world
But whatever it is you need, I'll be there

Repeat second verse

Chorus

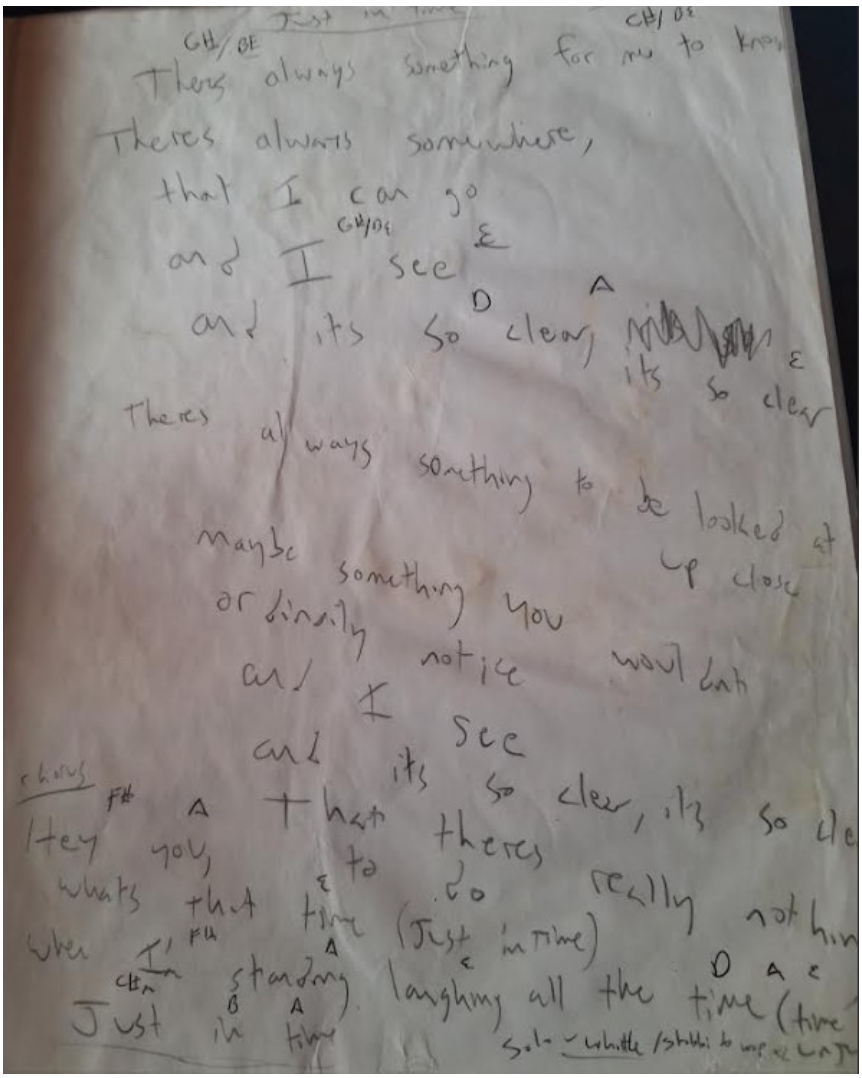
Verse:C-F-C-G
C-F-G
F-G-C
F-G-C
Chorus:F-G-C
F-G-C
F-G-Am-G-F
C-G-C

I was always a sucker for romance, I guess. A romantic at heart. She liked it, and so did the girls across the hall in the dorm from me. It was supposed to be a duet, but these songs are merely

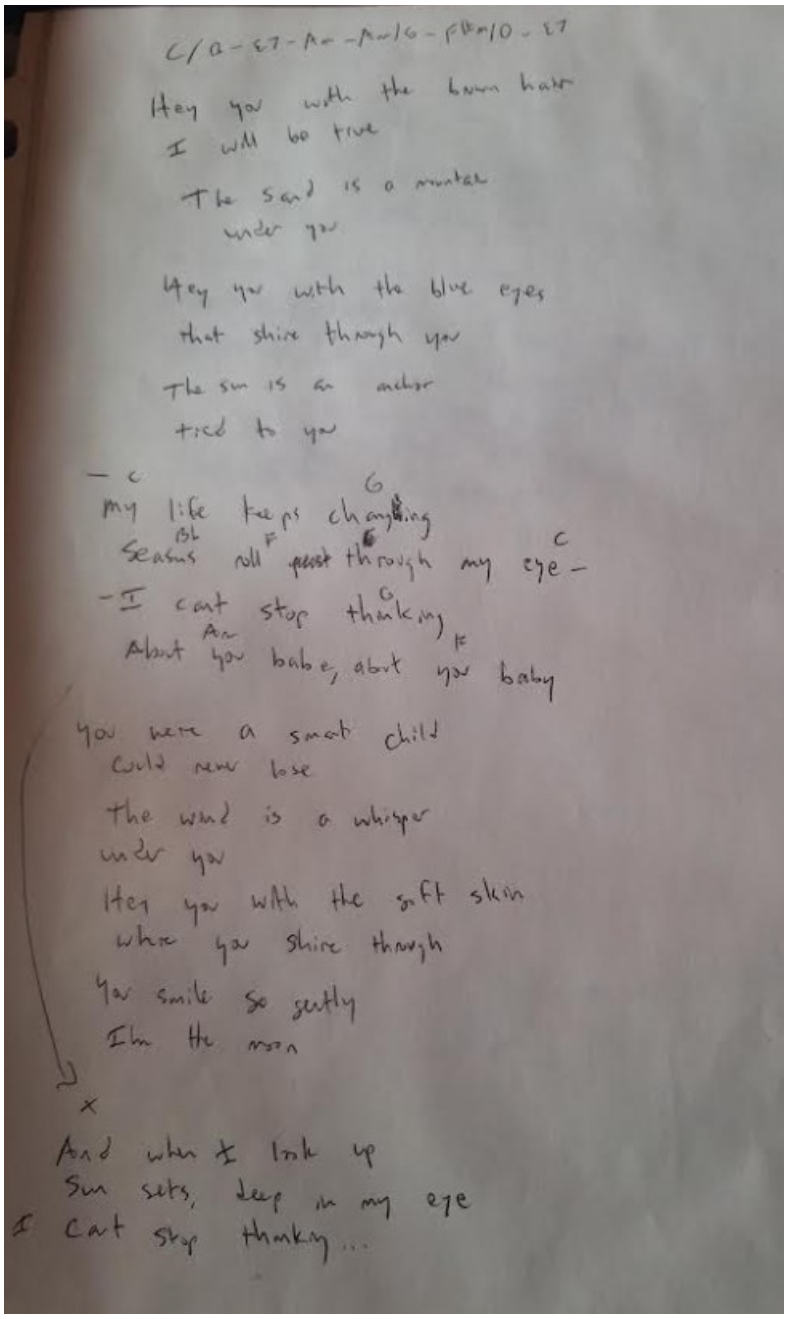
a collection of dry, dusty bones. They are but dead relics of a forgotten past – untold stories that I

I wrote this song on a sunny hill of grass at my college. The blonde girl from the first threesome I had in the shower with A that I forget about sometimes because of the xanax ended up on that hill, and she saw me writing this song, on this very paper.

I think it was after that, actually, that we started sleeping together in the dorms, and then I met A through her at the ocean house about a year later:



I wrote this for the girl with brown hair with flecks of gold and blue eyes, C, who showed me *The Hazards of Love*:

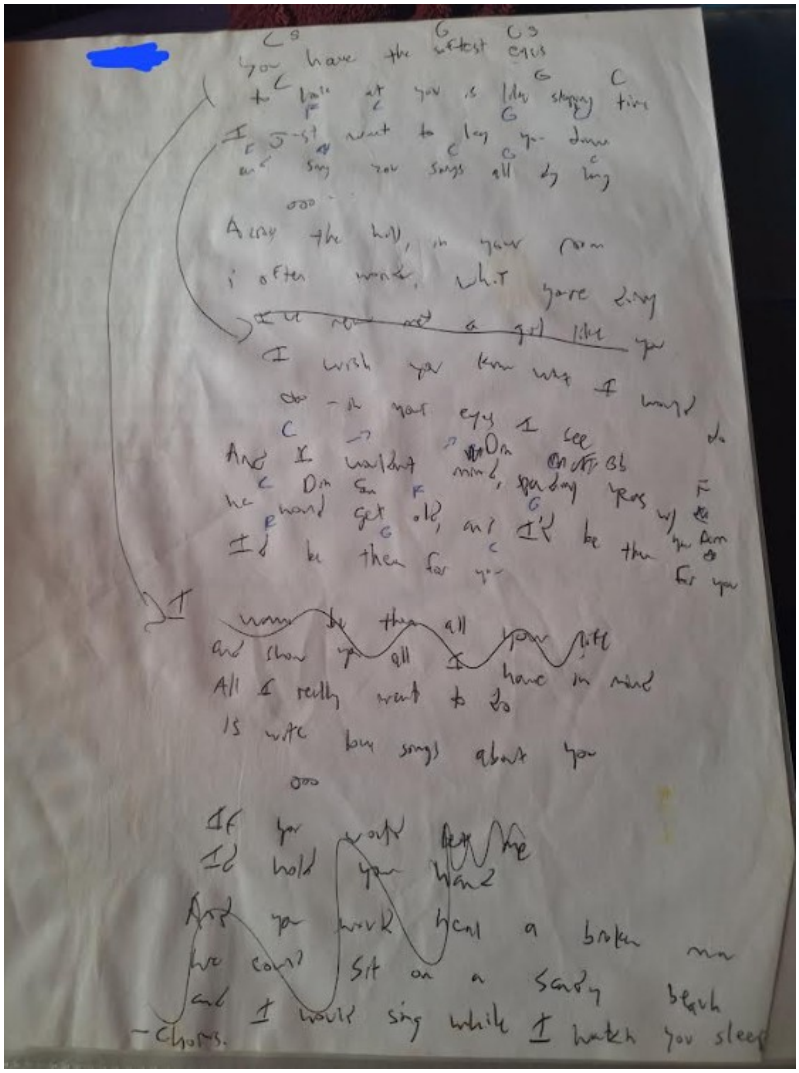

C/a-Em-Am-Am/G-Fm/D-Em
Hey you with the brown hair
I will be true
The sand is a mountain
under you
Hey you with the blue eyes
that shine through you
The sun is an anchor
tied to you
C G
my life keeps changing
Bb F C
Seasons roll past through my eye -
G
- I cant stop thinking
Am E
About you babe, about you baby
You were a smart child
could never lose
the wind is a whisper
under you
Hey you with the soft skin
where you shine through
Your smile so gently
Like the moon
And when I look up
Sun sets, deep in my eye
I Cant stop thinking...

When I went back to add these, I noticed the line “I’m the moon.” I don’t remember writing that line. I do remember writing, “The sun is an anchor, tied to you.”

I could tell that she had been a very smart and curious child, and that’s what the song is about. I did not show it to her. She has the same name as C from high school. Am I allowed to say it? Do you mind? No? How about you? No? Ok. Oh, sorry, by the way. Meant to say that to you.

Ok, it’s Christina. God, I love that name. I really do.

I wrote this song for B, the fourth-most beautiful girl I had ever seen, who lived across from me in the dorms. This one I did show her, as she had specifically asked me to write her a song. It was fun, and she liked it:



This one, I did actually record, and it was one of the first songs I ever recorded that came out well - in 2013. I still have it. Besides Witness 2, she is the only girl who has ever asked me directly, explicitly for her own song - which I really liked about her.

She understands the value of high art, I know that much. Always with the flash cards. I gave her a really great speech about George Washington one time while I was wasted, I still remember it. Maybe, someday she can tell you about it.

Actually, is anybody still reading? You are? Oh… wow. Well, do you mind if I say her name? Bianca, do you mind? Oh, fuck. Sorry. Ok, I knew you wouldn't mind.

I had a huge thing for her, and I was going to see her in the Bay Area. I got fired that week, and had smoked crack and T-bone earlier that day. I lost my fucking car, dude. It took me about 20 minutes to find it, we had to wander around.

I didn't tell her about getting fired, because I was just really depressed. It sucked. She was one of my best friends in the dorm, and she was always kind to me. Seriously, ask her about my thoughts on George Washington. Also, I never got to show her the version of her song that I still have. She is the reason that sea anemones are my favorite animal.

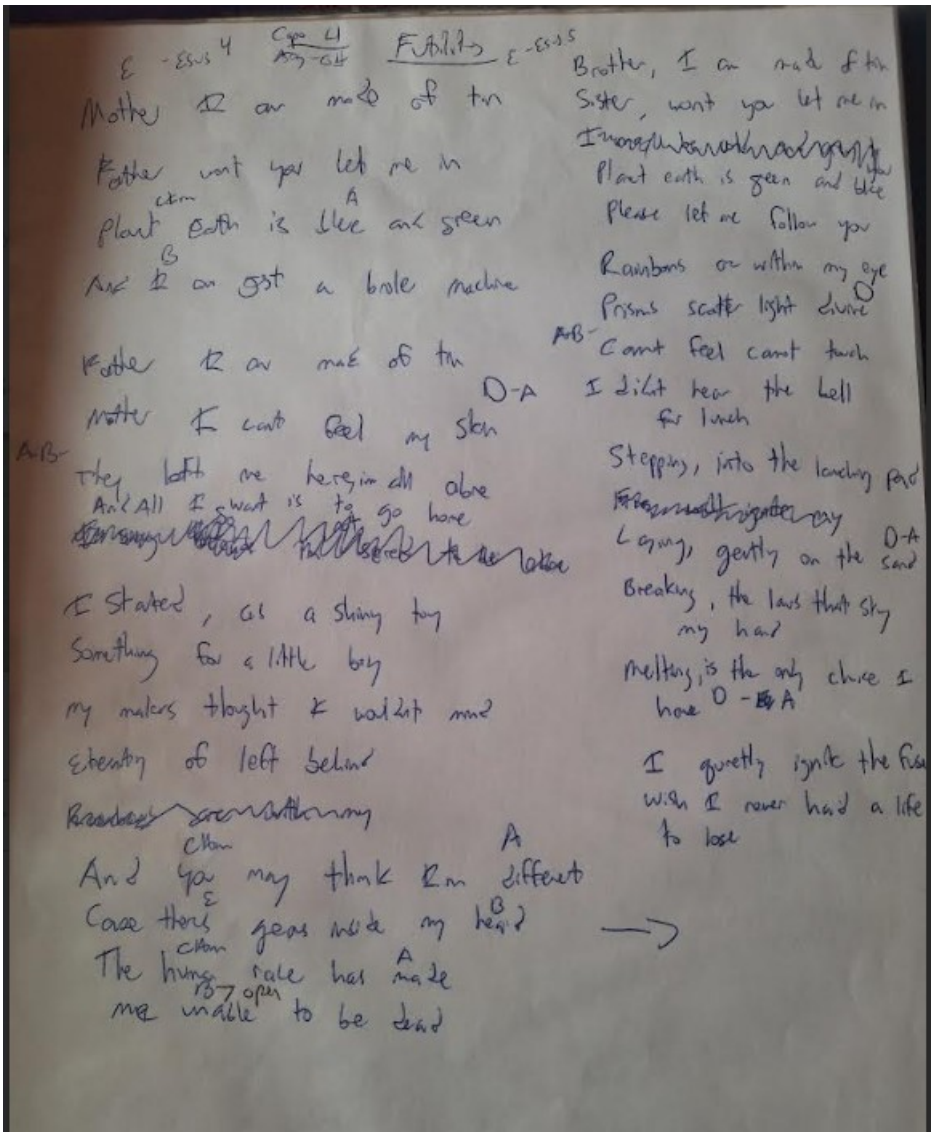
Her eyes were huge, liquid pools of deep golden brown, so intense they are hard to even look into. Huge eyes. One time, she sat next to me on my couch during a party at the ocean house and told me I was cool, and it's one of my top-five favorite compliments because I knew that she meant it.

Boy, this is a good one. I wrote this next song a few weeks after the incident where I ran away from home, all my stuff was thrown out, I was kicked out of my band for not having a bass anymore, and I took mushrooms alone in a dark apartment while N was at band practice. Now that I think about it, this must be the second song I ever wrote.

My alienation was at an all-time high, and I actually quite like the lyrics. I remember them.

This is the only one I will transcribe. It's called *Futility*, and it's played with a capo on the 4th fret. It's written from the perspective of an obsolete robot, left behind for all eternity by his former masters.

He commits suicide at the end by melting himself under a rocket ship:


E -Esus4
Mother I am made of tin
Father won't you let me in
Planet Earth is blue and green
And I am just a broke machine
Father I am made of tin
Mother I can't feel my skin
They left me here in all alone
I started, as a shiny toy
Something for a little boy
My makers thought I would last me
Eternity of left behind
And you may think I'm different
Cause there's gears inside my head
The living rate has made me unable to be dead
Brother, I am made of tin
Sister, won't you let me in
Planet earth is green and blue
Please let me follow you
Rainbows are within my eye
Prisms scatter light divine
Can't feel can't touch
I didn't hear the bell for lunch
Stepping, into the looking glass
Laying, gently on the sand
Breaking, the laws that stay my hand
Melting, is the only choice I have
I quietly ignite the fuse
With I never had a life to lose

E-Esus4

Mother, I am made of tin

E-Esus4

Father, won't you let me in

C#m A

Planet Earth is blue and green

B

And I am just a broke machine

E-Esus4

Father, I am made of tin

D - A

Mother, I can't feel my skin

A- B

They left me here, I'm all alone

A- B E

And all I want is to go home

(repeat chords)

I started as a shiny toy
Something for a little boy
My makers thought I wouldn't mind
An eternity of left behind

(Chorus)

C#m A
And you may think I'm different
E B
Cause there's gears inside my head
C#m A
The human race has made me
B7
Unable to be dead (E-Esus4)

Rainbows are within my eye
Prisms scatter light divine
Cannot feel, cannot touch
I didn't hear the bell for lunch

Stepping, into the launching pad
Laying, gently on the sand
Breaking, the laws that stay my hand
Melting, is the only choice I have

I quietly ignite the fuse,
I wish I never had a life to lose

“Witness 1.” You look over at me indignantly. “Robots don’t eat lunch. That doesn’t make sense.”

“Boy,” I say. “You’re even *less* sympathetic on my *second* edit!”

I look over at you. “Dear Reader,” I smile.

“My friend, my love. The one I have always been waiting for. The only one who would listen to me without making fun of me. The only fictional character I have ever loved, whom I have grown to love even more dearly than even myself. How I wish you were real. I long for you, I would die for you. I must find you. You… you’re *listening to my songs.* Thank you.”

Believe it or not, there’s a sad story behind this song. It’s called *All Summer in a Day*, and it’s a short story by Ray Bradbury. Tragic. It’s also another of the earliest things I ever read on my own, and one that I always remembered more than the rest - although I have not read it for over 25 years.

It tells the story of Margot, a child who moved from Earth to Venus in the future. On Venus, it rains for seven years straight, then for one day, the sun comes out for just a few hours.

None of the native Venus children believe her that the sun even exists, and she tries so hard to describe it to them. “It’s… yellow, warm. It’s bright. It feels like it *kisses* you. Like a giant, glowing penny in the sky!”

The other children don’t believe her, and the teachers won’t listen to her. No one will, because they believe it is all myth and legend. In fact, they brutalize her. Mock her, and then stuff her in a closet. They lock her in. On the one day a year the sun comes out.

So, they forget about her. The native Venus people can’t stand her and these filthy, disgusting lies. Then, the sun comes out, and they’re *stunned*. The children see it for the first time in their lives.

They go outside, and walk around in wonder – a new world. It’s true – it really *is* a giant, warm, glowing orb in the sky. Like a fucking *penny*. *Holy shit. It… it KISSES you… so nice…*

They completely forget about her and wander around in a daze. *It’s real…*

And when they go back in, they remember her. In the closet. And she won’t be able to see it again for seven years. And they let her out, and they don’t even know what to say. It’s just fucking *awful.*

Yeah, it’s pretty heavy stuff for a child, and I was reading books with chapters this long by first grade. It’s obviously sort of a take on Plato’s cave, but very well done.

Thus, this song is my take on Bradbury's take on Plato's take. And the robot was in school. And he missed the lunch (sun.) So, he killed himself. And there was no one left around to not even know what to say.

Now that I think about it, it's a story-within-a-story-within-a-story-within-a-story-within-a-story.

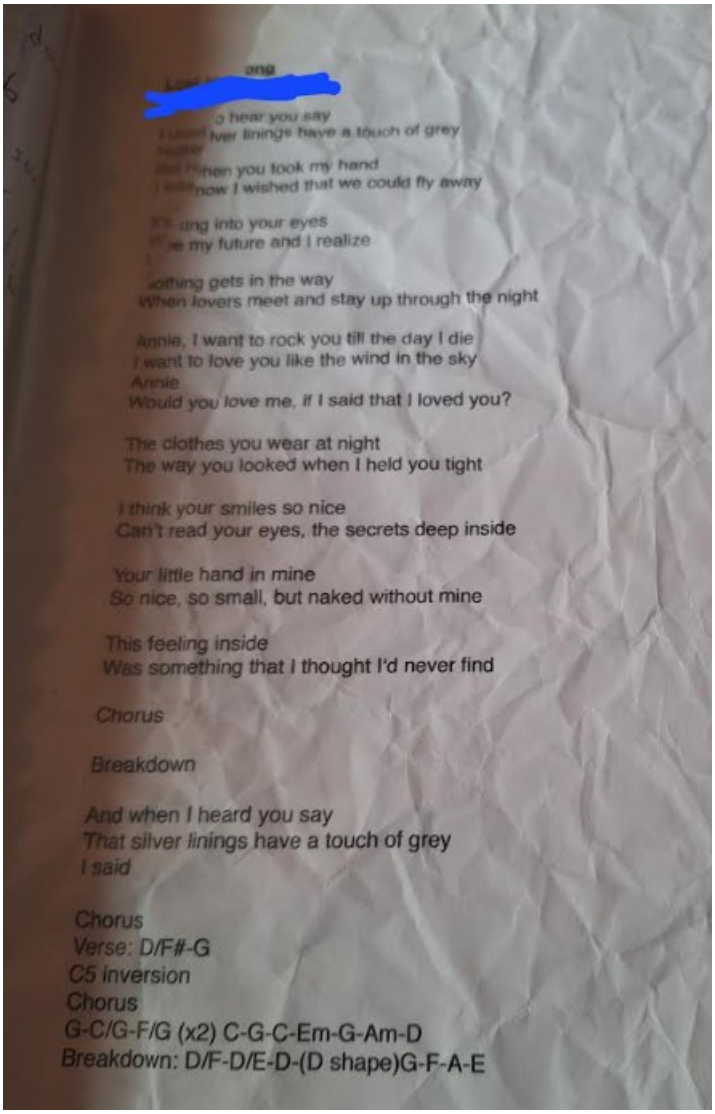
Plato's cave, to Bradury's Margot, to my robot, to our beach story, to my real-life book. Right?

But what came first – the chicken or the cave?

Ok… trying not to be too weird. So, I wrote this song for the beautiful and kind girl with purple and green hair whose house I was at when I took too much Robitussin and puked straight red liquid into their bathroom sink (not cool.)

She held my hand all night, and we walked through a cemetery the next day and held hands again.

I did not tell her that I wrote this, and it is the only one that has a piece torn off. I never really saw her again after that. Her name also started with A, but it is not the same as any of the other names in this book. It's one of my cheesier ones, a little bit *Eagles* or *Clapton*:


[redacted]
hear you say
ver linings have a touch of grey
hen you took my hand
now I wished that we could fly away
ng into your eyes
e my future and I realize
othing gets in the way
When lovers meet and stay up through the night
Annie, I want to rock you till the day I die
I want to love you like the wind in the sky
Annie
Would you love me, if I said that I loved you?
The clothes you wear at night
The way you looked when I held you tight
I think your smiles so nice
Can't read your eyes, the secrets deep inside
Your little hand in mine
So nice, so small, but naked without mine
This feeling inside
Was something that I thought I'd never find
Chorus
Breakdown
And when I heard you say
That silver linings have a touch of grey
I said
Chorus
Verse: D/F#-G
C5 inversion
Chorus
G-C/G-F/G (x2) C-G-C-Em-G-Am-D
Breakdown: D/F-D/E-D-(D shape)G-F-A-E

This one is really fun, it's called *Toccata and Fugue in the Key of Goblins*. I remember writing this in my dorm room with N, which means that he hadn't moved down there to live yet. He must have been visiting. We took mushrooms, and when we got back, we wrote this song:

This is in my favorite chord structure, in the key of G minor. Gm – Bb – F – C. I had actually just learned that one by listening to *Lollipop* really closely on super loud speakers at a party.

There's a really intense crescendo at this part:

There's people dancing in my evening tea

I drink them down and they yell at me!

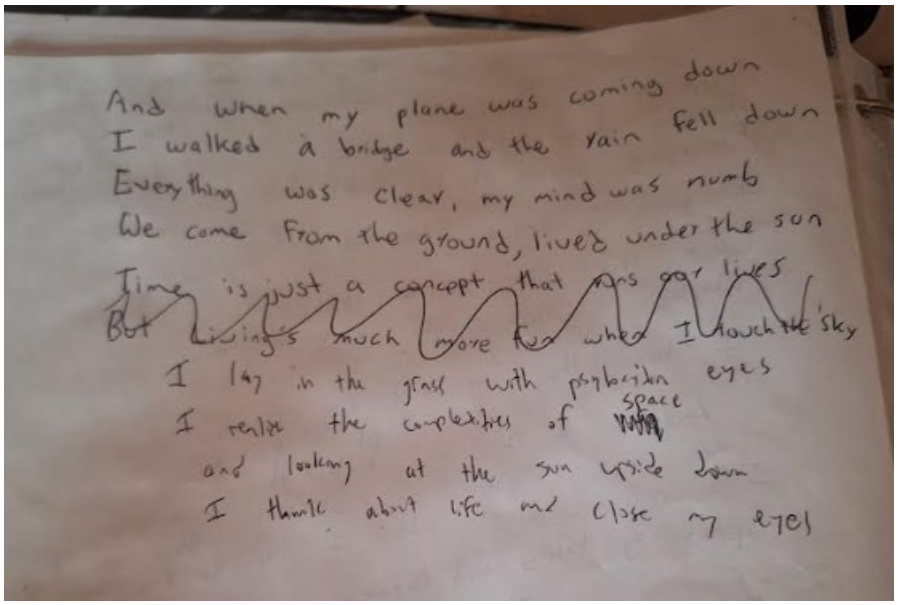
The light goes dim, I've hit my peak

Suddenly, the floorboard creaks

I see the goblins, they grin at me

I try to scream, but I'm all alone

Then, we decided the song needed a bridge, so we wrote this, with alternating verses:

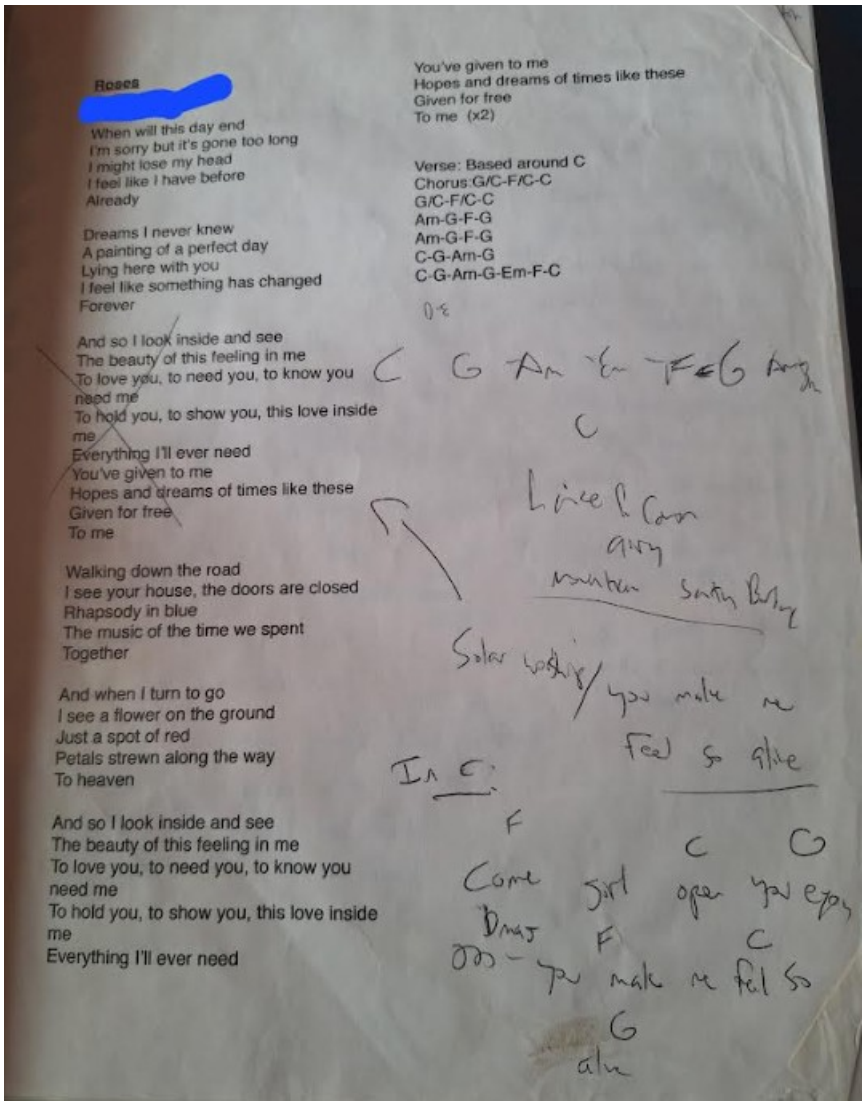

And when my plane was coming down
I walked a bridge and the rain fell down
Everything was clear, my mind was numb
We come From the ground, lived under the sun
Time is just a concept that runs our lives
But living's much more fun when I touch the sky
I lay in the grass with psylocibin eyes
I realize the complexities of space
and looking at the sun upside down
I think about life and close my eyes

I crossed out "complexities of life" and went with "complexities of space" - which, honestly, is a really weak lyric. That's probably the worst lyric I ever wrote, in fact. I show you – "*Psilocybin eyes*. Come on."

We're almost done, there's three more.

Here are two more songs I wrote for A, with the barn. I quoted this one about 600 pages ago, and I wrote it about driving past her house after ruining my life, swallowing a bottle of benzos, and moving back home. Chorus was weak, so it's crossed out.

I wrapped these lyrics around the second melody I ever wrote, and they don't work right without the music. I don't have any way to show you like squiggly lines, or… oh, wait. Shoot.



Roses

When will this day end
I'm sorry but it's gone too long
I might lose my head
I feel like I have before
Already

Dreams I never knew
A painting of a perfect day
Lying here with you
I feel like something has changed
Forever

And so I look inside and see
The beauty of this feeling in me
To love you, to need you, to know you
need me
To hold you, to show you, this love inside
me
Everything I'll ever need
You've given to me
Hopes and dreams of times like these
Given for free
To me

Walking down the road
I see your house, the doors are closed
Rhapsody in blue
The music of the time we spent
Together

And when I turn to go
I see a flower on the ground
Just a spot of red
Petals strewn along the way
To heaven

And so I look inside and see
The beauty of this feeling in me
To love you, to need you, to know you
need me
To hold you, to show you, this love inside
me
Everything I'll ever need

You've given to me
Hopes and dreams of times like these
Given for free
To me (x2)

Verse: Based around C
Chorus:G/C-F/C-C
G/C-F/C-C
Am-G-F-G
Am-G-F-G
C-G-Am-G
C-G-Am-G-Em-F-C

When will this day end?
I'm sorry but it's gone too long

Dreams I never knew
A painting of a perfect day

Lying here with you
I feel like something has changed, forever

Walking down the road,
I see your house, the doors are closed

And when I turn to go,
I see a flower on the ground

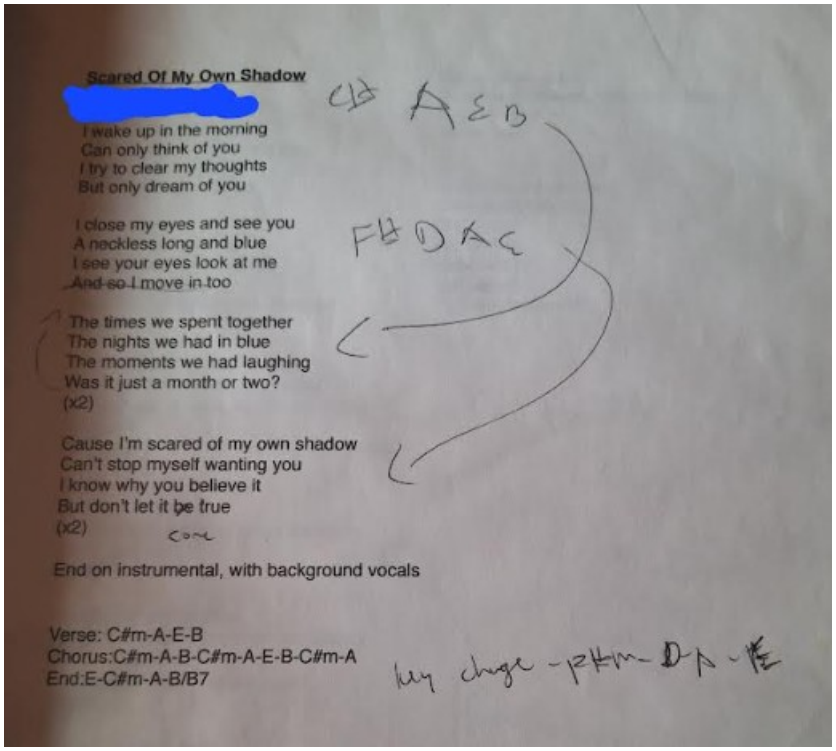
Just a spot of red
Petals strewn along the way
To heaven

Obviously, these lyrics need to be finalized.

I realize now that I have proven myself wrong. I thought about it, and I do consider this poem and the melody together to be "good." It's, objectively speaking, "good art." And yet, it is not funny. Nor is it absurd.

However, I was very, very depressed by driving by her house and seeing those flowers on the ground, and it is, in fact, tragic. Therefore, let me revise my claim. In order to be good, art must be *either* tragic, funny, *or*, absurd.

I wrote this one around a similar time. It's about losing my virginity in her barn, and the long, blue necklace with orange and brown seashells she was wearing at the time:



Scared Of My Own Shadow

[redacted]

I wake up in the morning
Can only think of you
I try to clear my thoughts
But only dream of you

I close my eyes and see you
A neckless long and blue
I see your eyes look at me
And so I move in too

The times we spent together
The nights we had in blue
The moments we had laughing
Was it just a month or two?
(x2)

Cause I'm scared of my own shadow
Can't stop myself wanting you
I know why you believe it
But don't let it be true
(x2)

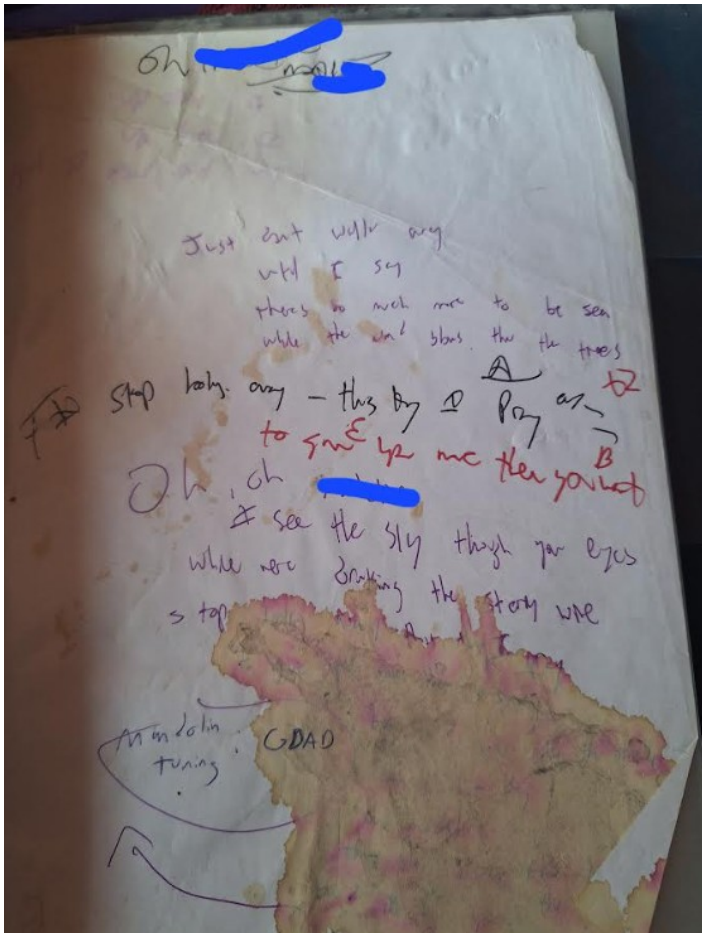
End on instrumental, with background vocals

Verse: C#m-A-E-B
Chorus:C#m-A-B-C#m-A-E-B-C#m-A
End:E-C#m-A-B/B7

Finally, the last song. This is the only one that I don't remember writing, and I don't actually know how it goes. You will probably be able to tell.

I do remember that the liquid stain you see is the “starry wine” I wrote about in the song. I wrote it for M, who I walked home after the party in the Grand Canyon and kissed after the guy I ended up being roommates with, C, and I played *Wagon Wheel*.

Apparently, I used three different pens to write this (must have kept losing them.) I wrote this on just about the last day before I left forever, and I was on a lot of different research chemicals:


Just sent word away
until I say
there's so much more to be seen
while the wind blows thru the trees
Stop looking away – this by D Pay as
to give me the you've
see the sky through your eyes
while we're breaking the stony wine
Mandolin tuning: GDAD

Apparently, there’s a mandolin involved. I actually could not tell you one fucking thing about this song except that I liked it at the time. It’s gone, but all the rest remain.

There’s about 20 more songs, but I’ll leave those for another time.

I gently set the guitar down. “What did you think?”

“I liked them.”

“Thank you.”

I ask you how you are feeling. By now, it's almost 3 P.M., and the afternoon clouds that have rolled in are shifting colors and flying above you impossibly fast. It is so beautiful, and you've never seen anything like it.

Now, when you pick up sand or rocks, you can look at them and they explode with life. Every part of them moves, blurs, and shifts around like it's living – metamorphosizing. In front of your eyes, the miracle of life ignites around you. You laugh.

"It's everywhere – you're right! The fractal!"

We laugh together, as you witness the creation of natural tapestries and murals all around you. Mandalas of sand form in the cliffs, trees, and waves – here, now, for you to enjoy, but gone as soon as you look away. No matter where you look, you see something you've never seen before. It's incredible.

Electric energy and euphoria surges through your body.

"I feel incredible! I feel like I could climb Mount Everest!"

I laugh, again.

"Yeah… it's great."

We drink water and Pedialyte.

I ask you if you're hungry, and you say no. I ask you if you understand now why I think food is absurd, and you say yes. We decide to take a walk.

We pass by strange houses, some round, some on stilts, some with colored flags flying out front. No one ever seems to go in these houses, and no one ever seems to go out. When they do, they're cloudy, hushed. Never looking at you, not making eye contact. Does anyone even live there? Are these people even real?

I ask you if you understand who did 9/11 now.

"I mean, the Lavon Affair, the USS Liberty… it's pretty clear."

I tell you that, believe it or not, it gets worse.

I ask you if these guys look familiar:

THE ENIGMATIC ISRAELI INTELLIGENCE OFFICERS ARRESTED ON 9/11:

2 KURZBERG BROTHERS, OMER MARMARI, ODED ELLNER, AND YARON SHMUEL

You shake your head. "Five Israeli intelligence officers arrested on 9/11 for filming the event and acting strangely. So strangely, in fact, that people called the cops on them. They were arrested, but the FBI and CIA stepped in, and they were released back to Israel. It's true. You could write an entire book on just them."

I pull up an *ABC News* article from 2002 about it:

Were Israelis Detained on Sept. 11 Spies?

By ABC News
June 20, 2002, 10:42 AM

June 21 -- Millions saw the horrific images of the World Trade Center attacks, and those who saw them won't forget them. But a New Jersey homemaker saw something that morning that prompted an investigation into five young Israelis and their possible connection to Israeli intelligence.

I read it to you:

> Maria says she saw three young men **kneeling on the roof of a white van** in the parking lot of her apartment building. "**They seemed to be taking a movie**," Maria said. The men were **taking video or photos of themselves with the World Trade Center burning**

> in the background, she said. What struck Maria were the expressions on the men's faces. "**They were like happy, you know** … **They didn't look shocked** to me. I thought it was **very strange**," she said. She found the behavior so suspicious that she wrote down the license plate number of the van and called the police.
>
> The plate number was traced to a van owned by a company called Urban Moving [Systems]…
>
> One of the passengers had **$4,700 in cash** hidden in his sock. Another was **carrying two foreign passports**. A **box cutter** was found in the van. But perhaps the biggest surprise for the officers came when the **five men identified themselves as Israeli citizens**.
>
> Said one of the men, denying that they were laughing or happy on the morning of Sept. 11, "The fact of the matter is we are coming from a country that experiences terror daily. **Our purpose was to document the event**."

I look at you. "Document the event. Might we, perchance, ask such a small question as – *for whom?*

You're telling me these guys have $5k in cash and a *boxcutter,* they get arrested, and the whole thing just blows over? You've heard the boxcutter thing before, right?"

You look at me and nod. "On the planes. They said the terrorists had them. So, the Israelis actually blew it and got totally busted on 9/11, and we *still* didn't even notice?"

I laugh. "It's totally absurd and ridiculous. They were intelligence agents, and our guys stepped in and got them out of there. I believe that this might be one of the only pieces of evidence available to us that we weren't actually meant to know about."

"What else did you read?" I point.

"They seemed… to be… taking a *movie*."

You gasp. "The *portal.*"

I ask if you can believe that it gets worse, then pull out this *Salon* article from 2002:

> **The Israeli "art student" mystery**
>
> For almost two years, hundreds of young Israelis falsely claiming to be art students haunted federal offices -- in particular, the DEA. No one knows why -- and no one seems to want to find out.
>
> By CHRISTOPHER KETCHAM
>
> PUBLISHED MAY 7, 2002 7:12PM (EDT)

"2002. *Art students*. Does that ring any fucking bells?

'No one knows why – and no one seems to want to find out.' Hm, well, my goodness - I wonder why that might be? Maybe because the Israeli intelligence services murder people who talk about them? Fucking cowards.

They took pictures of federal buildings. Stole diagrams and blueprints. Harvested data and evidence. Stalked workers. Cased the buildings, and came in under fake identities. Got to know agents, and invaded their personal lives. And do you know why?"

You do. "Blackmail."

"Correct! If anyone didn't want to go along with 9/11, they would simply be blackmailed into silence, and if that didn't work, there are plenty of other methods. Fortunately for them, it almost always works."

"So, Israel did 9/11?"

"Well, they certainly had the most to gain, from a *realpolitik* perspective. If I had to put it simply for people, I would say that the CIA and Israel did it – because that's the truth.

However, it would obviously be reductionist to say it was *just* them. They certainly couldn't have done it alone, without the full cooperation of much of our government - compromised at the very highest levels.

The President, the military brass. Intelligence. All working together.

The bankers, the media, the celebrities – the high priests of the modern day. All in collusion. Conspiracy. The Pakistani ISI was also involved in onboarding the patsies to frame. The Saudis.

The occultists and Luciferians. Skull and Bones. Freemasons. The guys who run record labels and movie studios.

A whole bunch of people just doing their jobs, who noticed something - but didn't have the courage to speak out about it."

I look at you. "The Synagogue of Satan international organized crime syndicate."

I pull out a picture from the very end of my book, a compilation I put together:

“Pretty fucking weird, right? Right?? Do you see the sixes? Three of them. One eye. Three sixes.”

I look at you. “I just cracked 9/11 for you.”

You smile, and thank me.

“You’re welcome.” I give you a firm handshake, but I hold onto it slightly longer.

“And look at how many of them are musicians. Maybe even some album covers. Weird, right?”

You look at me. “Were there any… other songs that stood out to you, growing up? That had that… intangible quality you can’t quite express in words? The richness of the sensations?”

I look back at you seriously. “There’s one other song I listened to more than any other growing up. *They Don’t Know*, by Tracey Ullman. To this day, I consider it to be the best female vocal performance of all time on a studio album. Incredible. It sounds… so angelic and pure.

We used to call it 'The Baby Song', because of that one line after the solo. I listened to it over and over again because of the textures, colors, and feel. The harmonies are *so warm*, so angelic. Perfect."

"So, what's the point? Stop wasting my time."

"Well, I wasn't going to mention it, but there's a sad story here – believe it or not. And a movie-within-a-movie."

You stare.

I stare back.

"And Paul McCartney."

I sigh. So much to write about, so little time. "Let me make this quick. Her hit version was the second version of the song. The original was by a lady named Kirsty MacColl, and it's good – but not as good as hers.

This lady who wrote it sang backup vocals and the most famous part on Tracey Ullman's version - the 'Baby' line. This version did well, very well, and was the biggest and first real hit of Ullman's career in 1983.

In the music video, there's an incongruent movie-within-a-movie, where she has apparently *left* her husband, Paul, whom she has been singing to about how loyal she is, and then returns to afterwards - and she is now with Paul *McCartney*. Here, look:"

“It’s weird, it doesn’t fit. I don’t get it. There are two Pauls, for some reason, just like Yellow Submarine. A normal, boring one who stocks grocery shelves and bowls, and then Paul McCartney who drives *fast.*

However, she made a career out of movies-within-movies. A variety show. *The Tracey Ullman Show*, which began in 1987. And funnily enough, she is most famous for this show. But not because of her.

She is known for this show because she syndicated another very, very famous show for the first time. A show that I’ve heard whispers and rumors about – people saying it seems like it predicts the future. I don’t know. I couldn’t tell you if that’s true or not, because I genuinely don’t watch TV. It has yellow people, and it’s been on for about 30 years.”

You gasp. “The Simpsons!”

“Yeah. The first time it ran was on *her* show. As a movie-within-a-movie.

And that’s not all. I don’t know, the whole thing is weird. How do you think Kirsty MacColl did? Let’s see… white picket fence and a couple of kids? *Hm*? Finally got a big record deal and made her dream come true?”

You stare down. You already know.

“Chewed up by a boat propeller. Year 2000. Boat that killed her was owned by some Mexican multimillionaire. Pretty obvious coverup, lots of lawsuits. We’ll never know the truth.”

We stare into the distance.

“Witness 1, that is totally fucked up, but I said to stop wasting my time.”

“Ok, ok, ok”, I laugh. “It’s just… weird, because that was also one of those special songs for me. Maybe, even more than *Sugar Sugar.* Colors and feelings in the production. I mean… two Pauls. Again.”

I look over at you seriously.

“Now, let’s see. Do you want to know the true story of The Beatles? The one that none of the books or theses about them tell? A brand-new exegesis of their lyrics and movies that no one has ever before written, shown, or said? Do you want to see another little piece of my soul that no one else has ever seen?”

You look at me. “Do I?”

“You won’t like it.”

You think. “Yes. I want to know the truth.”

I reach into my satchel and pull out a gramophone. I wind it up, and hand you my copy of the A/B single *Yellow Submarine/Eleanor Rigby* while I spin the record:

'What do you see? What's the story-within-the-story?

"I see… the three sixes. And horns. Devil horns."

"That's right."

"Do you see the portal?"

"No."

"I hand you one more. What about this one?"

“It’s… from earlier in their career. Ringo is obviously wasted. George doesn’t want to be there. Maybe some type of variety show, or something with a barbershop quartet theme.”

“What about John and Paul?”

You look. “The hand. They’re the same.”

I look at you. “It’s called the ‘hidden hand.’ Freemasons, but it’s much older than that.”

You shudder involuntarily.

“Should I finish The Beatles’ story for them? Tell the secrets in between their lines? Not one musicologist, fan, or scholar has ever figured out the true story that they told us. Only I did.”

And when I went to pull these images and summarize the Wikipedia of *Yellow Submarine* for you, it confirmed it – again. The actual point of the movie - a climax-in-the-middle - is not mentioned. In fact, this particular scene is the ‘real’ movie, just like the weird, animated window scene of the twin towers collapsing is the ‘real movie’ of *Back to the Future*.

I stare at you, not smiling. “It’s a movie-within-a-movie. Which we will get to through a portal.”

You look at me. “You’re *joking*, right?”

I look at you, and there is great sadness in my face.

“No. They let us down. They let us all down. They could have done great things, but they chose not to. Hearken, while I finish the story of The Beatles songs for the first time ever. There’s *portals* in the *Yellow Submarine* movie, because that’s how it goes in-between our world and the fictional world of ‘Pepperland.’ Circular portals. There’s one scene in particular that I want to show you.”

And as a matter of fucking fact, I am going to have to buy it for you, Dear Reader. Bear with me as I pause our beach scene.

It is now 1/21/25, and I am nearing the end of my first run-through of the edit phase. I have been editing for 10 days straight, and putting in 12-14 hour days on average. I, still, will not stop until this book is finished. This is still the most fun I have ever had on a project, and I anticipate about three weeks before it is polished enough to call it a real manuscript. As of 4:08 P.M., I have hit 1,000 pages.

Previously, this ran straight through to the following section, where we depart from the beach to the cliffs. I was looking for a good place to insert that one image of John and Paul, and, boom! It clicked.

And it’s really cool, because when I started writing this book, even I didn’t yet understand *fully* what The Beatles were saying through their art. It’s true. Until I wrote all this shit out about portals, and found WAY more than I was expecting, I didn’t fully understand the point of this scene. Now I do. And you will, too.

Now, I began writing this book occasionally using mass media - movies and stuff, as a way to explain things to you. I don’t particularly enjoy them, but they are very useful as storytelling devices. You know, a story-within-a-story. Parable.

However, now *I* can see. There *is* great truth here.

This just clicked into place for me, as I have been thinking over the last 48 hours or so about their hidden songs, and I wrote about *Abbey Road* yesterday. I mean, I never noticed it’s *NOT written* (blank space – the nothing) on a *fucking wall* before. The hidden song of the Queen. *Her Majesty. The Wall. The Nothing.* I mean, come on. Am I psychotic? Any psychologists in the room?

Do people even still remember that this song and the other part on *Sgt. Peppers weren’t* on the original tracklists? You didn’t know they were there when you bought the vinyl. That they were, like, cool little urban legends? “Paul is dead, man.” “Turn me on, dead man.” “Helter-skelter.” What does it all *mean*?”

I mean, seriously. This stuff used to be fairly common knowledge, even though it's true - no one ever put *all* of the pieces together, but we did puzzle over it. Spin the records backwards and such. That's how we found the backmasking in *Stairway to Heaven*.

I mean, what else is there to do? *Revolution 9* really does contain "Turn me on, dead man" if you spin it backwards during the weird "Number 9" repetition. Come on, listen to that shit and tell me it's not weird and creepy as fuck.

And I'll break the fifth wall here, and talk to you not as the editor, not as the mysterious stranger, not as Witness 1 from real life, and not as myself from my memory – but person to person.

Come on. Give me some credit here. I just cracked *The Beatles*. It's been one of the greatest mysteries of all time.

You could take these little Beatles sections (that, quite honestly, came out much better than I expected) and turn it into its own book. Into a thesis. And it would *blow people's minds*. The problem, obviously, is that they wouldn't read it.

They would dismiss it offhand, because they do not see how it fits into the other nodes of the fractal. How it fits into the pattern. The smaller events around it. But now, you do. This is key.

The only way around this is to get someone to agree to publish this book so that people actually read it. I have between $5k and $10k to put into it from the Two Witnesses ministry, but I cannot blow it on what they call "vanity publishing." I *need* to get a real publisher to fund it, invest in it, and then take a cut of the profit to pay for that.

This is phase two of this project.

So, back to Witness 1 as editor. The story of *The Beatles*, as you've never heard it before. "The Beatles did 9/11" - there's a new one for you. Hey, another tagline for the *NYT.* Obviously, it isn't true.

Wait, one more thing. To do this part right, I would have to rewrite my entire final paper from my Freshman English Class, which was about 12 pages covering the thesis "Paul is Dead", which obviously I didn't believe at the time. However, I had to admit that it was genuinely *weird*, and I found about 10-15 little evidences – some of which no one else had ever noticed.

For example, there's *quite a few* clues hidden within the seemingly chaotic, absurdist movie *Magical Mystery Tour.* And, you know what? I bet you didn't know it came with a full-sized poster folded up. Full of weird, psychedelic shit. Some of it *quite* unsettling and strange.

Anyways, by the time I add all these pictures and research everything I had in the paper, I would be at 200 pages added to this. Like I said, that's another book. But I'll tell you the story-within-a-story, which is *not* the true story.

Stare not unto the towers themselves. They are not real.

Stare not unto the two Paul McCartneys, as well. They are also not real.

Only suffering is real.

The Beatles are not real.

Anyways, yeah – I'm not going to rewrite that entire paper right now. It involved some very, very obscure images, and they all tell the same story, which I will simplify for you instead.

Hidden within The Beatles music, artwork, and movies is the story of someone who died around the year 1966, tragically but ironically, in a car or some type of motorized vehicle, and suffered horrific facial wounds or disfigurement.

Some people have speculated that it was Paul McCartney, and I was able to find some, very few, pictures that did indicate slight physical changes around this time. Plastic surgery, maybe. In fact, this is when he grew a mustache. Because he fell off a scooter. To hide a scar on his lip. That part is true, and the rest followed his lead on that.

However, I have always said that it didn't matter if Paul was dead, because the new Paul is clearly a much better songwriter, anyways. In fact, that was the conclusion of my paper.

I said it basically doesn't matter, because "Old Paul" kind of sucked compared to "New Paul", even if it is true. I mean, they weren't even "The Beatles" until 1967. The Summer of Love. That's when they came into themselves. They had *arrived*.

On the other hand, the dude is barefoot on the cover of Abbey Road, and the license plate behind him reads "LMW – 28IF." See if you can figure it out. He also happens to be barefoot, with bloody feet, in some of the Magical Mystery Tour imagery, which came out after *Sgt. Peppers.* Now that I am thinking about this paper, actually, it's all coming to me, image by image. I need to leave this section or I will never stop writing this part. It's there, trust me. There's quite a bit, if you wish to piece it together. I didn't quite believe it, but I always knew it was very, very odd.

What I *knew* - for a fact - though, was that no one had *actually* cracked it yet. Not one single book, out of all the books in the library – about 15 of them – told the story-within-a-story of "The Beatles" that I *knew* was there. I could tell 100% that no one had put the full puzzle together as a teenager. That was what I could tell for sure, even back then.

I mean, the Anthology is *huge*, but… nope. Not there. Accurate. Perfect. Insanely well-documented (Neil was a good guy, nice work on that. He saved everything.) But it did not have *the story*. I knew that for a fact.

And the story is *not* that "Paul is Dead".

No, in their words, images, and movies was something else… and it was *not* a happy story. My honest assumption, as a teenager, was that they had written a fictional story together and inserted it, and no one had ever quite managed to piece it together. Like a puzzle, for fun.

Hiding clues in your artwork. I mean, it's one of the most fun things about making art. I figured that there's no way what they were really saying to me was true.

However – now I know that this is a non-fiction story, and it is both extremely tragic and very, very ironic. It is also absurd. It is *not* funny in the slightest. It is a very, very sad story.

There are also some extremely odd circumstances tying in MK Ultra, the CIA, and Hollywood to this story. And if you're looking for the biggest understatement of this book, I could also say that there is some *weirdness* surrounding the Manson Family cult and The Beatles.

Like I said, pick up a copy of *Weird Scenes Inside the Canyon* for a *big* new puzzle with *quite a few* pieces that still need to be found and placed.

So, *Yellow Submarine* is set in "Pepperland", and actors voiced as The Beatles play two versions of them – real life, grubby versions from Liverpool, and "Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band", an incredible, popular band who wears military outfits and marches in parades with floats and trumpets. Love. Incredible love in Pepperland. Like nothing you've ever seen on Earth. Until the blue meanies come along, at least.

At the time, in 1967, *Pet Sounds* by the Beach Boys was considered to be the "greatest album ever" from a technical standpoint. The Beatles obviously *crushed* them in this competition, it wasn't even close. No one will ever recreate what they pulled off with *Sgt. Peppers.* In the world of music, they became *gods.* Sounds, quite literally, that you've never heard before.

And like I said, do *not* underestimate how much George Martin helped them get this sound. He might even be better than Jimmy Page at working with tape in a studio. Fucking *genius.*

Anyways, the Rolling Stones had an answer to this too. Yep. It was called *Her Satanic Majesty's Request.* Yup. "Her Satanic Majesty's Request." And it had a *very* special cover. One-of-a-kind, in fact. Rumor is, it cost $200,000 and took special Japanese technology to pull it off. This album also has intricate collages and fold-out art.

This cover is 3D, it shifts as you look at it. People call it "holographic", but luckily, we have scientists around to tell us that it's not technically a "hologram." If you held it in your hands, you would immediately recognize this textured, shifting medium that can encode multiple images at once.

You know what, let's take a look at that too:

Hmmm, I wonder if there's anything worth paying attention to here… *Nooooppppe, I don't think so!!!*

Let's see, I could write a joke about noticing the wizard hat instead of the faces of The Beatles.

Yep.

The faces of The Beatles.

In the portal.

Of her Satanic Majesty's Request.

Let's look at a stabilized image of the cover:

Am I seriously the only person alive who remembers these things or something? Like I said, people used to actually just know this stuff.

People used to do this thing called “hanging out” where they would have “conversations” and “listen to albums” and do crazy stuff like “ask each other questions, investigate things, and listen to the answers”, and, over time, rumors like this would spread.

We used to call it “word of mouth.” You know what, we *even* used to write these crazy things called “books” about stuff like this. Yeah. Made out of this stuff called “paper.” Which came from these green and brown things we used to call “trees.” They grew *out of the ground*.

Then we would *read* them.

Yeah, we would just stare at these little squiggly things people had “written” on this “paper” which came from “trees.” The squiggles had meaning to us, inside our heads. People used to *treasure* these “books.” They *loved* them.

And we used to *learn about the world*.

I know, I know, I am an insane person.

Wait, I thought I was supposed to be the kid sitting and writing the last book in the universe in an old pipe at the end. Am I *actually* the old guy who dies screaming about *books* and how we need to learn how to read again or else we’re all gonna fucking die? How we’ve lost our very *souls* because we no longer *learn*? What’s that? *What???*

I’m both at the same time???

My question for the "authors" out there is this - How have you people not written a single book on this for real yet?

Oh, wow, John Lennon was kind of an asshole. Ooo, Jim Morrison thought he was possessed by an evil spirit that was going to kill him. Wow, they liked to give people drugs and sexually coerce them in the '70s? You don't say. Get to the fucking point. Stop writing bullshit. Tell the full story, within the fractal. It's about portals, you dummies.

I flip the record, and we hear the tragic wailing of *Eleanor Rigby*.

"This is one of the greatest stories ever told through music. George Martin wrote the string section – a quartet. Two violins, a viola, and a cello. Sparse, yet rich. Almost this whole song is simply based around Em – C, and it is *tragic*.

In fact, you'll never believe this, but there's a whole story there. It involves a graveyard. You could write a book on just that song, and I'd bet 20 bucks I could find one right now if I looked."

Heh, yep. I knew it. *Eleanor Rigby*, 2004. How creative and original.

You hand me a twenty.

"Thanks. Anyways, the weird thing about all this is that this *weirdness* took place right when The Beatles music turned *good*. About 1966, and right after. Never put on a Beatles album before *Revolver*, that's what I say."

You look at me. "Come on. *Rubber Soul*? *Help?*"

"Pretty good. Decent. But not the same. It was good, but it wasn't *extraordinary.* It was good, but it wasn't *great.*

They didn't achieve their goal, in fact, of sounding like no one else *ever* had, until they recorded *Sgt. Peppers* in 1967. This is the third-greatest album of all time. It was their *masterpiece*. They *wanted* to write the greatest album of all time - a new thing called a "concept album." *Sgt. Peppers* was the main project from which *Yellow Submarine was* spun off from as a corollary. They go together.

Anyways, let's get to it. So, the bold claim I will start with is the story I already knew. The obvious one. To me, at least. "Will you listen?"

You nod at me. "You said that you read every single book the library in your city had about The Beatles by the time you were 15? And every paper you wrote in your Freshman English class was about *The Beatles,* and every single one got an A+ from walrus man?"

I smile. "No. I didn't say that about the papers. I think that would be a very arrogant thing to say. What I said was that I think that I know more about The Beatles than anyone who has ever lived, except for them, Mal Evans, and Neil Aspinall. These were their two best friends.

Aspinall was their driver. He put the *Anthology* together, and it was the greatest work of his life. A huge book that no one read.

No, for real. It's the third-greatest book of all time. But yeah, those other things are true, too. I'm assuming as I write this that you're not an idiot and have figured out by now that I like to do things like 'read every book in the library on The Beatles' for fun."

I look at you. "John was *lonely*. The man had *demons*, for real. The 'lost year.' May Pang. It was bad.

He sang about John, but was telling a story about us. John Lennon couldn't stand being himself, and he dealt with this by externalizing this self-hatred into beautiful songs of hope about a better world – at their core. However, they are covered under layers of thick irony, intentional manipulation of those who would study 'The Beatles', absolute absurdism, and an inability to directly tell the full truth, and nothing but the truth.

John would tell you that he hated himself because he never got over when an off-duty police officer ran over and killed his mother, Julia, in 1958, and he blames himself - but that was just something he told people to get them to stop asking him questions.

John Lennon hated himself because of what I wrote that he did. He was a profoundly fucked up person. He definitely had *issues* around sex, and his relationships with women were psychotic. He hated religion. He hated capitalism. He hated communism. He hated being John Lennon. He hated being rich. He hated being poor. You get the point.

And I *don't* hate him or even blame him for it in this moment. I don't know enough for sure to do that, and that is exactly the type of bias I am trying to avoid in this writing. Art isn't personal, it just is.

In fact, he couldn't live with it anymore. He turned in his card.

He didn't figure out the truth until it was too late.

Paul had issues because he always felt alienated from others due to what he perceived as a 'silver spoon' or upper middle-class upbringing.

Essentially, he felt – at his core – that he hadn't suffered enough to be a true artist, because he had all the things he wanted, up to the point where I think he even took some piano lessons

and had access to one, his house wasn't destroyed in the war, etc. This comes through in his songs. He questions his own authenticity, through the inauthenticity of others.

All he ever wanted was to play music and live on a farm, and that's exactly what he did after The Beatles.

But if you talked to them, and they were honest, John Lennon and Paul McCartney would tell you that – with the exception, they would say, of Yoko and Linda – there were only two people who ever loved them in their entire lives. The only two people who were their actual friends or valued them beyond their music or cash in their entire lives. Their driver, Neil Aspinall, and Mal Evans, their security guy (6' 3", big guy.)

Together, these two guys are the true heroes of The Beatles. They held them together when no one else was there for them. They really did *love* them. They did.

In fact, *they* were what inspired *most* of their songs about love – universal, brotherly, *agape* love. *Not* the women they were with (speaking in broad generalizations, here.)

These two men are where much of the famous, euphorically-loving, Beatles mythos comes from – because their *actual* love and care for The Beatles was immortalized in song forever.

It was the way these two would care for them on the road. I mean, they would have *died* without these guys. Neil Aspinall would get them around, and Mal Evans would keep them alive. Fucking wasted, all the time. Stumbling around and shit. They were *tight*.

Evans was shot and killed by the police in 1976 in Los Angeles, which is an absolute travesty because I understand he was one of the nicest people of all time. Gentle giant type.

Sadly, The Beatles allowed him to, sort of, pretty much, slip into poverty in the '70s (because they were, actually, selfish assholes at their cores, the heart of what I am writing here), his wife divorced him, and he was doped up one night on valium, probably weed and alcohol too.

And now, I didn't know *this part* until today. Pay attention here.

He calls his *biographer*, John Hoernie (co-author), and asks him to visit. While there, he told the biographer to finish the book about him – *Living the Legend of The Beatles*. That was his last real statement on Earth – "Finish the book about me."

Hoernie helps him upstairs, and after an "incoherent conversation", Evans supposedly picks up an air rifle. Hoernie calls the police and tells them he had a rifle. They showed up, and supposedly, he pointed it at them. That was the end of his story.

His writings and other documentation formed the other major documentation from the *Anthology.* In fact, there were a *lot* of lawsuits around this material. It is generally considered to be a suicide by cop, as the story goes.

But I don't know, is anyone else noticing how these books seem to… come to life for people? And then, they die? I didn't even know that part until I looked all this up to give you the nitty-gritty. Did I add this part before my *To Kill a Mockingjay/*Mark David Chapman/*Hunger Games* reference, or after? Anyways… oh shit, it's before.

Wait… what is an "incoherent conversation", anyways? It's from Wikipedia. Isn't that a little… I don't know, *suspicious*?

Now, running security for The Beatles was no joke, and it's one of the major reasons they stopped touring in 1966. They would have died, because people just loved them that much. It was unmanageable – I'm talking riot scenes in cities they toured in. It's different now, people don't do that stuff anymore.

There's a few books about that, too. They call it "Beatlemania." It's, actually, now that I think about it. Sort of, a little weird. Almost like people were… I don't know… acting *weird* around them, or something. We are talking *medical emergencies at every show*.

Personally, I like post-psychedelic drugs Beatles better. They grew up. But they changed. I swear to God, that as someone who has seen thousands of pictures of them, something *changed* in their eyes after 1966. Sheep to wolves. Go look.

I look at you. The sun actually stopped moving a while ago, and our chronology has been frozen in time. I realize I *really* need to wrap up this section and get back to our story.

"I don't understand why they made the choices that they made, but like Neil, I will always love them too. At least, they tried. They tried to tell us a good story, though they were forced to encode the darkness within into it. They spoke of 'love' and brought the idea of 'loving one another' to more people than anyone since Jesus Christ himself. Billions, in fact.

It's just the truth, and if it makes you mad, well, that's how you know it's true. That does *not* mean that they are good people, obviously. That's not why John said that - that they were bigger than Jesus, though. We'll get to him.

But they *did* preach a message of love, peace, and understanding. And we need a story that's *like* theirs, but a little different.

One without any lies at all.

I don't agree with their story. I am not glorifying their story. I am just telling it.

My story has no lies."

Here's the hidden story - The Beatles sacrificed their manager, Brian Epstein, to Satan, in 1967. That's the secret message in their art, believe it or not.

Yeah, I know. It's true, though.

The truth is, they hated him. They loved him as well, because he made them who they were, but they also *hated* him. He *owned* them. He worked them like dogs. They talk about "giving their youth to The Beatles" because of his insane tour schedule. He took their money. He *controlled* them – *completely.* They were *his.*

Let's see – in 1965, The Beatles played their last ever concert at Shea Stadium. They got paid $189,000 for this show. Epstein took his cut, which was substantial.

So, how do you think he felt when they told him that, instead of touring, they *actually* want to just sit around in London in the recording studio making "concept albums" now? *Huh*? When his contract revolved around ownership of their *performances* and the revenue from that?

I'll tell you. We don't know, because they never told him that. They never told him because they were locked into an unbreakable contract with him - one that had *owned* them since they were nobodies playing The Cavern and Hamburg. Back when they were *desperate.*

They didn't tell him, because doing it this way was the only way to break free for them. There was no other way. There was no Earthly way out of their deal with Brian Epstein. He had them by the balls, and he *needed* them to be performing for him.

And so, this was how they broke their contract with him, and inked a much worse one. One written in blood.

It wasn't that Paul was 'dead', it was that the old versions of them had *all* died, and they had taken a majorly transformative step in a dark, but spiritual, direction. This is the hidden story-within-a-story of The Beatles - their art, lives, and career.

They started Apple Records immediately after this happened, and the *Yellow Submarine* project was the first one on their own. It was them going through a portal – becoming servants of the Devil.

Complete, total freedom. They had riches and fame. They had women, food, and cars. Houses, and attention.

What they wanted, however, was *freedom.* That's the true story of The Beatles. That they *let go.* Of everything. To be *free.*

Do what thou wilt. That's what they wanted. Absolute, total freedom. To join the club with no rules."

I look at you and point. "They plucked the apple from the tree. Look at the logo. *Apple Records*."

You do, and see a perfect green apple. You picture a woman's hand reaching for it while a serpent whispers. "The… garden…"

"Then, we took a bite out of it."

I pull the first-ever Macintosh computer out of my satchel and point to the logo. "Look. There's the bite.

Theirs was the fruit of good and evil, this one is the fruit of knowledge. The computer. And this bad boy sold for $666.66."

You're fucking flabbergasted. I stare at you. "They said, 'Oh, Woz likes repeating numbers.' You know what – BULLSHIT!!! IT'S THE SYNAGOGUE OF SATAN, DUMMIES!!!"

I smile at you. "By now, I don't actually have to screencap this shit for you, right?"

You look at me. "No… that's OK. I think I trust you on the sources, Witness 1. $666.66, huh? That's… um… pretty weird."

And wouldn't you know it! There I was, just scrolling earlier as I created *Fractalaterated*, and I come across a series of pictures I had seen once a long time ago but hadn't connected for this book yet.

Yeah, a few little shots from 1984. In John Lennon's apartment in the Dakota. With Steve Jobs and Sean Lennon. Yeah, Steve Jobs gave this very first Macintosh, that cost $666.66 to Sean Lennon, as a present. You know. A portal… I mean, screen. And people wonder how I figured all this out as a teenager. Come on, people. It's *so* obvious.

Oh look, an article written by the guy who was actually with Steve Jobs that very night. Wow, isn't researching fun? Let's pull up the article:

https://www.davidsheff.com/the-night-steve-jobs-met-andy-warhol

And there I am, just staggered at how many nodes on my fractal are glowing. I mean, look at this shit. Here's Lennon as Michael slaying the dragon:

The Night Steve Jobs Met Andy Warhol

It was dusk, sprinkling and windy outside. Steve Jobs and I hurried along Manhattan's Central Park West. Steve was carrying a large box—a birthday present for Sean Lennon, who was turning nine. If he hadn't been murdered four years earlier, John would have been 44. Both father and son shared the same birthday, October 9.

Oh look, *Rosemary's Baby* again. A movie about Satanists birthing the anti-Christ through a sexual black magic ritual:

Before 1980, the Dakota had been known for its famous residents, including the Lennons, Calvin Klein, Boris Karloff and Lauren Bacall, and the movie filmed there, Roman Polanski's *Rosemary's Baby*. Since then it's been remembered for tragedy—John's murder on the sidewalk out front. A few months before John died, I'd conducted a lengthy interview with him and Yoko. It was the final in-depth interview of John's life. One of the last things he said to me was, "I'm turning forty. Life begins at forty, so they promise. And I believe it, too. I'm, like, *excited*. Like, what's going to happen next?"

Weird. I actually forgot that was filmed there. This is what I mean when I say I could just write these fractal books forever. The nature of knowledge and information is such that you will actually never run out of things to think about. At least, that's what my Philosophy teacher told me.

You think for a moment. "Wow. Wait a second… wasn't there some kind of… *book…* that was called… oh, what was it. Hm. Oh yeah, *1984.* And… didn't *The Never-Ending Story* come out that year, too?"

You think for a minute. "*Ok*… so… 'Let go?' Of what?"

I look to the sea. "What do you gain when you partake in the ritual of the portals? When you shed innocent, unwilling blood in order to manifest something evil through fear? When the corpse writhes and moans in agony as his final breath leaks out? What do you gain?"

You look at me. "Freedom and power. Wealth and fame."

"And what do you *lose*?"

You think. "Your… humanity?"

"Good answer. Yes, that is part of it. Truthfully, you lose your *soul*. The Beatles 'let go' of their *souls*. They *sold them to the Devil*, in exchange for the ability to do and see things that no one had ever done or seen before.

And no small part of that was *Sgt. Peppers*. Do NOT underestimate the conviction and determination of musicians who believe that the entire purpose of their lives is to make a sound no one has ever heard before. To leave *their* mark on history. Make *the greatest album of all time.*

And – *look at it. Sgt. Peppers* will be talked about *forever.* As long as humanity exists. It is written on us like the stars in the sky. It's a *legend.* It was *so good* that they say people hearing it for the first time would go into trance states sometimes. Ecstasy. Like, they couldn't believe what they were hearing – the effects, the wall of sound, the massive layers of vocals and strings, the lush stereo spread.

Luckily, we have musicologists around to tell us that *Sgt. Peppers* was obviously not "the first album in stereo", but it was the first one to do it *like that*. And of course, there's the portal at the end. After the silence. The Nothing. However, it *was* the first album to *not* have any spaces between songs. It was the first *real* concept album.

I look at you. "Do not underestimate how badly John and Paul wanted this. A sound no one else had. A legendary sound that people would talk about forever. They wanted it more than *anything*. More - perhaps – even than *I* do. And I want it with the fire of a thousand suns. But I wouldn't do that. Even at my lowest, I would have never sold my soul. I mean, it's all I have in the end.

They would have done *anything*.

They weren't able to figure out that it's not phony, and it's not a game, until it was too late.

That's why it's so tragic. They fell for the lie.

That is the story of The Beatles – 'Let go of your soul.'"

This, obviously, caused George quite a bit of regret in his later years. There's another book.

Ringo was *always* the odd man out. However, come on, I'm not stupid. I still love you, Ringo. I saw you my Sophomore year at a casino, and you were fucking *great*. I mean it. I was obsessed with you guys. I mean, I practically *worshipped* you guys.

I hand you the *Yellow Submarine/Eleanor Rigby* single. "Now, do you see the portal?"

You look at the submarine. You look into George and Ringo's shadowy wolf eyes. John and Paul's intense, knowing stares.

"Yes."

"Stare not unto the towers themselves. They are not real.

Stare not unto the two Paul McCartneys, as well. They are also not real.

Only suffering is real.

The Beatles are not real."

You know what, I never bought *Yellow Submarine*. If I don't point it out, it could be a good *Pulp Fiction*-style briefcase.

Tell you what, it's the Nowhere Man scene. Where Ringo has a circular portal from the "Sea of Holes" in his pocket, and uses it to get them out of a squeeze.

They climb through it, and it's the same as how the submarine itself shifts between the two worlds – just a circle, like a depiction of a wormhole.

They crawl through it into the void – a *very* strange, pure white, sea of nothingness - where thoughts, ideas, and words become reality, and they meet the "Nowhere Man." And boy, is he a character.

I'll let you go figure out what it means. Nah, I'll just show you. This is from Google:

Ad hoc, ad loc, and quid pro quo

So little time, and so much to know!

I mean. Come on now. This is actually obvious, right?

So, I went to make dinner after I wrote this line.

And I continued to think about it for you. My main two questions remaining were these:

1. Why Brian Epstein?

2. What's the deal with the story-within-a-story hidden song at the end of *Sgt. Peppers?*

3. Wasn't there something about a *book* and Mark David Chapman assassinating Lennon? To Kill a *Mockingjay*, I mean, Mockingbird? Wasn't it like a… "book *come to life* in his head" type of deal? Where he thought he was *in the book.* Uhhh….

Anyways, not getting into the MDC and Lennon assassination here. I have to return to you at the beach. When I talk about you, I call you "my character", and I have almost never felt such love for someone. I hope you are real.

[*Geez, I just looked back while editing... Oh, boy. That's not good.*]

So, let's wrap this thread up. I settled on a theory for Epstein – he represented control. Their "father figure." Taking their money. Telling them what to do or not do. This is part of the Deep Magic – a patricide. Like I said, him and John had… issues.

You cannot simply join the Mystery Schools. It is like a mafia – blood in, blood out. You can only join by shedding innocent blood, and you can only escape through death – offering yourself as a sacrifice. Hence, Mark David Chapman. Lennon as the Lamb.

Finally, I ended up going back to *A Day in the Life* to analyze it. I slowed it down to .25x speed, and listened a few times. Once again, no one has ever revealed the true story of this little, hidden, song. I will.

It begins (after a minute or two of silence) with a *very* high pitch, around 15k hz. The story behind this, from the *Anthology*, is that John thought it would be very funny to insert this and scare people's dogs and cats when it came on, but they wouldn't hear anything if they were older.

Now, that's classic John Lennon humor. However, now I think that he may have had more sinister intentions. You see, the Mystery Schools study *fear*. So, he knew that – obviously – this infrasound makes humans on edge and uncomfortable too, even if you're too old to pick up on such a high pitch. You just don't *like* it.

It's a portal, but it's also a subliminal message. That might be the most accurate way to describe it. A subliminal message that encodes *fear.*

Then, there are three tracks, which have been sped up and manipulated. Most likely, they were recorded during the same session. I'll tell you what I heard *for sure,* and then I'll speculate on it.

Track 1: Someone, probably one of The Beatles, saying, "Never could see any other way" in a dissonant, rising and then quickly falling, melody.

Track 2: A different voice – speaking, chanting or reciting. This is the most distorted track, and also the most manipulated. A low pass filter, distortion, and something like a ring mod filter were used to make the articulation of it impossible to detect, and it comes across as one steady but rhythmic noise. However, deep within it is enough variance to tell that there was, at one point, words within this audio track.

Track 3: An infant crying. It is very difficult to pick out at normal speed, but *quite* clear at .25x speed. Unmistakable. This also represents a *subliminal message* when played at normal speed, and the effect these three tracks create together is… unsettling, to say the least. It sounds like this is right around the speed where this song is meant to be listened to, as the baby's cry now sounds normal.

That's what is in there for sure. Now, I'm going to speculate.

Track one is one of The Beatles, John or Paul, reciting *why* they are doing this to power the spell, just like they had the kids do with George Bush ("plane, must, hit, kite, steel.") Because they could not see any other way.

Track two is a Satanic priest, maybe – just maybe - whoever took over the O.T.O. from Crowley in the shadows, which we don't actually know. You will not know your real enemies' true names. It is reasonable, at this point, to assume this person would be reciting some sort of incantation to a demon or Satan himself.

Track three is an infant crying, obviously in great distress and with no comfort. They probably, I don't know… maybe, got it a little bottle of milk? Played with some cars and trucks? Tummy time?

I don't know, am I being paranoid here, or is the idea that they, like, picked up this unnamed wailing infant and rocked its little body to sleep in the recording studio and then sent it home with mommy sort of… like… complete fucking *bullshit*???

My guess would be that this was an actual blood-sacrifice ritual, which was meant to "power" *Sgt. Peppers* through the suffering of an infant, channeled through a portal which would manifest. By the way, *Her Satanic Majesty's Request* had a cover change, too. Yeah.

The original design, which does not exist in public records anymore, was Mick Jagger naked on a crucifix. Go ahead. Look it up to see whether I'm telling the truth or not. Listen to the song slowed down yourself. I *dare* you.

Do you know who else featured quite prominently in the *Anthology*? Bob Dylan. Yeah, he was the one who "turned them on." Smoked weed with them for the first time in a hotel room, and opened their minds. They thought he was like a god, and he guided them for a while.

He gave an interview on *60 Minutes* in 2004, which was his first TV interview in around 20 years. It was about a new project he had released, and some awards he won.

In it, he makes a very, very interesting confession, in light of all this. Here is the link, and you can hear it at around 14:10:

https://youtu.be/hOas0d-fFK8

I'll transcribe it for you. The interviewer, Ed Bradley, asks him about his long career, and why he chose to do this project now, since he's clearly an elderly man. Towards the very end, after a bunch of fluff where they call him a "prophet" and the "voice of a generation", asking - "Why do you still do it? Why are you still out here?"

Now, there is one word edited out of this interview, which was done in the studio afterwards before any master files were released. You will *not* be able to find this interview without the edit.

This was the last question. And here's what Dylan says. Listen to it for yourself:

EB: "Why do you still do it? Why are you still out here?"

BD: Well, it goes back to the destiny thing, you know I made a d- bargain with the/it – [this is the edited part of the tape] you know, a long time ago and… I'm holding up my end.

EB (confused): What was your bargain?

BD: To get to where, um, I am now.

EB (raised eyebrows): Should I ask who you made the bargain with?

[I don't believe that EB expected this answer, but I'm not sure. His subconscious cues indicate either great surprise or that he finds it very humorous here.]

BD: (laughs) Wi- w- w- w- with, you know, with the chief commander.

EB: On this Earth? (smiles)

BD: On this Earth and in the- in the world we can't see. (grins)

"End interview. *Cut!*

Go back and listen to the edited part. Hear how they chopped it up so you can't quite hear 'Bargain with the Devil', but it's still there if you listen closely enough? A hidden story-within-a-story, separated by a tiny gap of nothing? A silence in the mix?

Dylan was John and Paul's *guiding light*."

You look at me. "It's true… isn't it? But… why would he say that? Just admit it like that?"

"By now, you know why he had to say that. The Deep Magic. They have to tell us. I know, even I am still surprised by how obvious it is sometimes. Morons. That's not how it works, you fucking idiots."

We laugh.

“I had to grab two more images that stood out to me, even way back then, before we move on. I want to show you something. The wages of sin.”

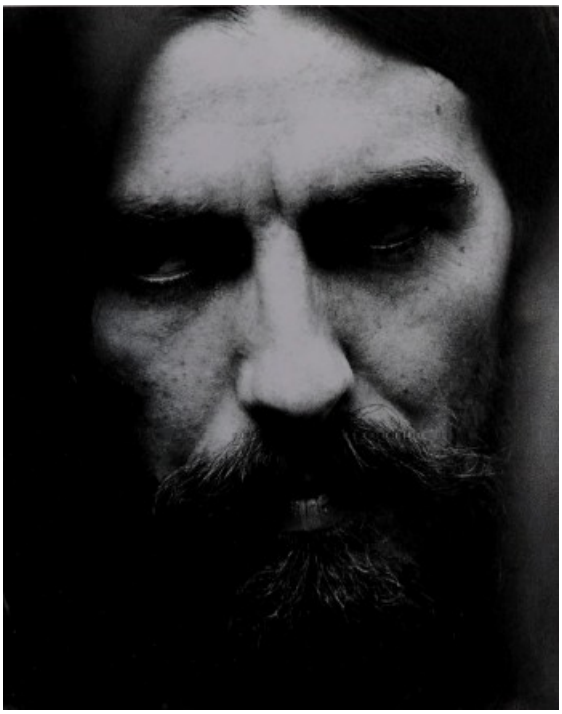
I look at you. They call it ‘the weight.’ ‘Boy, you’re gonna carry that weight a long time.’

Take a look at this picture. Here they are, young and happy. Notice the light in their eyes, especially John:

Now, here they are about seven years later. Take a look at John now:

It's not that we didn't like each other. I've compared it to a marriage a million times, and I hope it's understandable for people that aren't married or in any relationship. It was a long relationship. It started many, many years before the American public or the English public knew us. Paul and I were together since he was fifteen and I was sixteen. It's a long, long time that the four of us have been together. And what happened was, through boredom and too much of everything – Epstein was dead, and people were bothering us with business – the whole pressure of it finally got to us. So, like people do when they're together, they start picking on each other. It was like, 'It's because of you – you got the tambourine wrong – that my whole life is a misery.' It became petty, but the manifestations were on each other because we were the only ones we had.
Maybe it was the camera of *Let It Be* – the idea that we were going to try and create something phoney. The camera went on and it almost happened in *Magical Mystery Tour*, but we'd
BY THE TIME WE GOT TO *LET IT BE* WE COULDN'T PLAY THE GAME ANY MORE. WE COULD SEE THROUGH EACH OTHER, AND THEREFORE WE FELT UNCOMFORTABLE, BECAUSE UP TILL THEN WE REALLY BELIEVED INTENSELY IN WHAT WE WERE DOING AND THE PRODUCT WE PUT OUT, AND EVERYTHING HAD TO BE JUST RIGHT AND WE BELIEVED. SUDDENLY WE DIDN'T BELIEVE. IT'D COME TO A POINT WHERE IT WAS NO LONGER CREATING MAGIC."

And look at this picture of George. I distinctly remember that this picture haunted me. I knew, for a fact, that something had gone terribly wrong with them:



Those are their real faces. Their true emotions. What they feel when they don't know the cameras are on.

"That is the face of a man who severely regrets his decisions. Do you see how the darkness has warped their very faces? Their very being? Can you read it on them?

Literally the most gaunt, haunted, hollow looking faces I've ever seen. Tortured. Guilty. Shameful. That's how I read them."

I look at you. "And I will tell you, based on what I know about them – John talked them into it. Working with Crowley's organization – the O.T.O., most likely. Thelemites. Maybe something different. The mystery schools. I'm sure he thought it was the funniest thing ever."

My eyes are serious as I tell you – "John Lennon was a *master* of persuasion. His mind was unbelievably sharp. He also *hated* Christianity. He hated it, more than you can imagine. At first, at least. In fact, there was kind of a… whole thing with John Lennon and Jesus in 1965."

I pull out my phone. "Oh, hey! Look at that. It even has its own Wikipedia article!"

Wikipedia
https://en.wikipedia.org › wiki › More_popular_than_J...

More popular than Jesus

"**More popular than Jesus**" is part of a remark made by John Lennon of the Beatles in a March 1966 interview, in which he argued that the public were more ...

And here's a *great* example of John Lennon's theology at the time:

> PAUL: John was irreligious. He had a drawing that he'd done when he was younger of Jesus on the cross with a hard-on, which was brilliant. It was very hard-hitting teenage stuff, which at the time we all took just as black comedy. There was always an edge to John's stuff.

And I remember, quite honestly, that even as a young teenager who didn't really want to go to church anymore, I did not actually appreciate this joke at all. Even if you don't believe in Jesus, it's still not… *funny* that he was crucified, you know. It's not funny. He was a real guy that got killed in a shitty way for speaking out to power, whether anyone likes it or not. This much is proven beyond any doubt.

But John Lennon… struggled *greatly.* Christianity sort of… haunted him.

To understand why, and how he became this way, you must first understand that World Wars I and II were viewed *very* differently by them."

You look over at me. "Really?"

I nod. "Oh, yeah. Consider the way we see it… 'Axis vs. Allies', 'Nazis vs. Freedom', 'Capitalist vs. Communist', all these dichotomies we've been taught that, false or otherwise, that - in reality - just represent just the Synagogue of Satan versus *itself*.

The house wins *every* time.

And while we don't know the full truth of these wars yet, this much is also proven true beyond any doubt - that's *not* how *they* saw it. It's not, at all, how they saw things - the poor, broken youth growing up on the genuinely fucked up and mean streets of Liverpool. It was *not* a good time to be a European. I mean, craters in the road. Houses bombed to rubble. People dead, everywhere. *Everyone* lost *everything*.

No, for them - the way John Lennon and his peers saw it - the wars were Christian vs. Christian. Christian countries. Christian monarchies. *Murdering each other.* Dropping *bombs* on their *houses*. In fact, I already wrote on this in Appendix C – *1946: The Third Babylonian Invasion.*

They saw it *completely* differently than us. And this was… intentional. It was part of the conspiracy of the World Wars. A death blow to Christianity. Read the Pike letters.

If you want to know how they felt about Christianity, listen to the song *Cathedral*, by Crosby, Still, and Nash. It's a beautiful song, but the message is just… so empty and wrong. You'll see what I mean.

Basically, he went took acid in Winchester Cathedral, and had some sort of negative experience. He wrote a song, and it goes like this:

Too many people have died in the name of Christ for anyone to heed the call.

He ended up in Stonehenge, laying on the ground. Yeah, I mean… I'm not making moral judgements right now, I'm just explaining to you how all these guys saw things. Before anything can get better, you first must understand why people feel the way they do.

By the way, Dear Reader, I have nowhere else to put this, so I'll put it here. Today is 2/12, and I am working on the two smaller fractal versions of this book. While in the process of that, I remembered this song and how perfectly it fits. Also today, I noticed that the spelling of another word has changed, like "Berenstein" and "dilemma." It's true, and this used to be one of my favorite words.

There used to be a word called "laviscious", now they tell me it's spelled "lascivious." It's a way to describe a sexy, beautiful woman. This new spelling doesn't even make sense, because now the word is pronounced differently. Seriously, is this just me?

By the way, it's in this book. The first ever documented Mandela Effect. I did it. I did NOT write this stupid word two weeks ago. It changed, I am telling you. Here it is:

> Your eyes grow wide as you take in the lascivious headline. "Homosexual… *prostitution*? 'Call boys'?" You look at me. "*Reagan* and *Bush*? What is this? Is this *real*???"

This very word actually changed *within my document*, after I wrote it. What the *fuck.* That spelling doesn't even *make sense.* I'm telling you, this was another of my favorite words. I am 100% sure.

Ok, so…

Anyways, back to John Lennon. I gaze at you with questions in my eyes. "Years later, though – right before he died - he *seems* to have changed. Something within him changed again, dramatically. *Right* before the end."

I look away. "I believe in a John Lennon redemption arc. No one knows about that, but me. I think he was leaning that way - repentance and faith, but he couldn't get out of the contract he had made without dying. He really, *really* regretted it once he had Sean.

But, it doesn't matter. He fucked *all* of their lives up. None of them were ever happy again. He hurt *so* many people.

Listen – I'm telling you. It was when he wrote *Help!* Something went *terribly* wrong for him. And I think it was when his Dad showed up and started talking about… something I didn't know before I started writing this."

You look at me. "His biography. His life's story."

"Yes."

We sigh, and watch the waves.

Crash… crash… crash…

I look over at you. "That was also right when he was in a… weird movie. 1965. He played a soldier. It was called *How I Won the War*, a comedy. It was either one of those incidents, or a combination of the two. That's when he made a very, very poor decision."

I look at you. "I added this paragraph today because I went back and read the *Anthology* deeper, and I remembered the weird soldier movie and made the connection – almost like two Johns, now, too.

And him doing this solo movie, about a war, without the rest of The Beatles… it's incongruent with the rest of his career. It's almost like a… movie-within-a-movie in the middle of The Beatles' career, if that makes sense. It stood out to me.

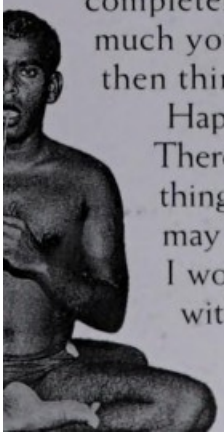
However, the reason I went back was I had remembered a part in it - around the time they made *Help,* where John talks about feeling himself sort of, I don't know. Split in two, kind of. And how he was dead serious when he wrote *Help* about needing… well, help.

I went back to find it. This is another of his most honest statements of all time:

'I'm A Loser' is me in my Dylan period, because the word 'clown' is in it. I objected to the word 'clown', because that was always artsy-fartsy, but Dylan had used it so I thought it was all right, and it rhymed with whatever I was doing.[74] Part of me suspects I'm a loser, and part of me thinks I'm God Almighty.

THE WHOLE BEATLE THING WAS JUST BEYOND COMPREHENSION. I WAS EATING AND DRINKING LIKE A PIG, AND I WAS FAT AS A PIG, DISSATISFIED WITH MYSELF, AND SUBCONSCIOUSLY I WAS CRYING FOR HELP. IT WAS MY FAT ELVIS PERIOD.

You see the movie: he – I – is very fat, very insecure, and he's completely lost himself. And I am singing about when I was so much younger and all the rest, looking back at how easy it was; but then things got more difficult.[80]



Happiness is just how you feel when you don't feel miserable. There's nothing guaranteed to make me happy. There's no one thing I can think of that would go 'click' and I'd be happy.[66] Now I may be very positive, but I also go through deep depressions where I would like to jump out of the window. It becomes easier to deal with as I get older; I don't know whether you learn control or, when you grow up, you calm down a little. Anyway, I was fat and depressed and I *was* crying out for help. It's real.[80]

"Part of me suspects I'm a loser, and part of me thinks I'm God Almighty… I *was* crying out for help. It's real."

Oookkkk… that's a little weird.

"You know, *Sgt. Peppers* was part of a trilogy. The first three concept albums. They go together. Do you remember the third one?"

You think. "Let's see… *Sgt. Peppers* and *Her Satanic Majesty's Request*… and… hm, what was it?"

I smile at you. "*Pet Sounds*. Brian Wilson's pet project. His baby. His obsession.

Good Vibrations is another of the most important songs of all time, but it's not on this album. It was a single, in fact, it was the most expensive single ever recorded at the time, and was on their album *Smiley Smile*. It's another of the most important songs of all time. It's one of… those songs.

A new sound, like nothing anyone had ever heard before. Something that no one knew exactly how he got that sound. It blew people away."

I look over at you with a twinkle. "Hey, I wonder if there was anything… *weird…* about *his* life? Hm… why don't you go take a little peek at his Wikipedia… let's see… Brian Wilson and any… *weirdness…* like mental illness or other such issues in his life…" I hand you my phone.

You read through it. "HOLY SHIT!!! WHAT THE FUCK???"

You look over at me in shock and horror. "What… what is this? Hey, here's a name I recognize that's popping up a lot. Didn't you say Phil Spector produced The Beatles on *Let It Be*? Isn't he… one of the most famous music producers of all time? Is he a… pretty nice guy?"

I grin. "Hey, Dear Reader. Lemme ask'ya question. Do you think… Phil Spector is… sort of… *weird* about women?"

You laugh. You can't help it. "Well, gee, Witness 1. I dunno. I mean, he beat one to death for… I forget, what was it again?"

I look at you seriously. "He *shot* her to death. Her name was Lana Clarkson. The cops found her *teeth* all over the *floor*. For, apparently, no reason at all. He's just… 'crazy'. It was senseless."

I sigh. "Unless… of course… there *is* a reason. And no one understands it.

I pull up his Wikipedia article. "Here, see for yourself. Do you notice anything… *weird* in these two paragraphs?

> In the early hours of February 3, 2003, Clarkson met record producer Phil Spector while working at the House of Blues in Los Angeles. The two were driven in Spector's limousine to his mansion, the Pyrenees Castle, in Alhambra, California, and went inside while his driver waited in the car.[1]
>
> Later that morning Clarkson was found dead in the mansion. Her body was found slumped in a chair with a single gunshot wound to her mouth with broken teeth scattered over the carpet.[2] Spector's driver, Adriano de Souza, said Spector came out of the house holding a gun and said "I think I killed someone".[3] Spector's fingerprints were not on the supposed murder weapon.[4]

"'I think I killed someone.' Yeah, that's a totally normal reaction, dude. No fingerprints?"

I look at you. "Oh, boy! This is fun. You'll never guess what *she* looked like, either!"

Lana Jean Clarkson (April 5, 1962 – February 3, 2003) was an American actress and fashion model. During the 1980s, she rose to prominence in several sword-and-sorcery films. In 2003, record producer Phil Spector shot and killed Clarkson inside his home; he was charged with second-degree murder and convicted in 2009.

Lana Clarkson

Clarkson in a promotional photo

So, let's see. Hm, "sword and sorcery films." Sort of like… that woman in the Robert Plant video? Hm, Brian Wilson. *Pretty* weird. Ok, how about… let's see… Syd Barrett? Any… *weirdness* there? Hmmm…

Ok, how about… Jimi Hendrix? Any… weirdness there? Janis Joplin? Who was that other guy, who helped found the Rolling Stones and then died in 1969… Brian Jones? Found on the bottom of a pool? Didn't I mention Mama Cass dying in the same apartment as Keith Moon, at the same age? 32? Let's see… Freddie Mercury? Jim Morrison? Do we even have time for all this weirdness? I don't think so.

Let's see… any other famous writers from the '60s that died under weird circumstances? Speeches, perhaps? Something about… civil rights, I think?

There's… more. These are the ones you have heard of."

You think for a few minutes in silence. Then you look at me. "Hey! Wasn't Phil Spector famous for… some type of… *wall*?"

Man, what a good student you are. "Yep. The 'Wall of Sound.'"

You think. "Hm, you know what – actually, it *is* pretty fucking weird that people keep writing songs or books with the same imagery and then dying! Hey – wait a minute… it *is* MK ULTRA!!!"

We cheer together. "Yay, we figured it out!"

I pull out my copy of *Pet Sounds* and spin it on the gramophone. Then, I hand you the cover.

"And what do you see?"

CAPITOL FULL DIMENSIONAL
STEREO
The Beach Boys Pet Sounds
Sloop John B. / Caroline No
Wouldn't It Be Nice / You Still Believe In Me
That's Not Me / Don't Talk (Put Your Head On My Shoulder)
I'm Waiting For The Day / Let's Go Away For Awhile
God Only Knows / I Know There's An Answer / Here Today
I Just Wasn't Made For These Times / Pet Sounds
Capitol

"The… pet… goat."

You stare at me. "Holy *shit.* The *book.* The *warning* from 9/11, in the classroom. *The Pet Goat.* Five of them. One for each."

You look closer. "One white one… surrounded by darkness. The Nothing."

Then, you laugh. “Hey, Witness 1! Do you think that these British Invasion guys maybe… sort of… had *issues* with their spirituality?”

I laugh.

You look down at the *Yellow Submarine* single cover again. “The devil horns…”

“Why?”

“Why… what?”

“Why do you call them ‘devil horns’? What are they, *really*?”

“Horns… from a… an.. animal? A cow… no, a *bull*!”

I hand you the image I made in *Canva* a few days ago:

I look at it. “Oh, whoops! My bad. I made that one tonight. Here you go:”

Aw, geez! Look at that. I accidentally gave you the wrong one again. Let’s see, let’s see… oh yeah!

Here's the one I was going for:

"Now, do you see? Do you see the horns? Two towers, coming from the bull? Above the burning infant? Two becoming one?"

You stare.

"Let me wrap this up by talking about George Martin one more time, and his engineer. Geoff Emerick. These two guys are what really made the sound of The Beatles.

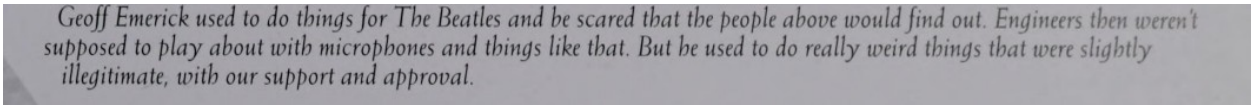
So, George Martin is the most famous music producer of all time. That's because, like Lorenz, he was the *first* real music producer. Everyone else, before him, just mic'd and recorded four tracks or so, and bounced it to vinyl. I'm speaking in broad generalizations, of course.

He, really, was the first one to *open up* the entire sonic landscape on albums. It's true. One of the most groundbreaking songs of the last century was *Tomorrow Never Knows* off *Revolver.*

Now, back in 1964 – when Beatlemania first hit, every record producer on the planet was frantically calling their friends, "How does he do it? How do we get that jingly-jangly sound of The Beatles? What the FUCK???"

And, the going theory was that it was from their Rickenbacker guitars, which indeed, are very jingly-jangly. But perhaps, that was not the full story-within-a-story. In fact, it's absurdly reductionist.

Anyways, I woke up this morning with one more image floating in my mind. A quote I had read yesterday, said by George Martin, about working with their engineer, Geoff Emerick:


Geoff Emerick used to do things for The Beatles and be scared that the people above would find out. Engineers then weren't supposed to play about with microphones and things like that. But he used to do really weird things that were slightly illegitimate, with our support and approval.

I also remember reading this as a teenager. "Hm… that's a fucking weird thing to say. It's your song. It's your studio. Who the fuck cares how the guitars or whatever are mic'd up? What, is Jimmy Page gonna come storming in and stab you in the heart because your Strat isn't in tune or you don't have a room mic set up? *What???*"

"Be scared?" "Weren't supposed to?" Says *who? Who are 'the people above', George???*

Obviously, the explanation I came up with when I first read this was that there must have been some kind of Recording Engineers Guild or Union, that had rules back then in England, and would come by to do… inspections or something?

But, sort of like the idea of John Lennon taking that screaming baby from the end of *Sgt. Peppers* home to his mommy with a nice warm bottle of milk is complete bullshit… does that idea not also sound like complete bullshit?

They aren't telling the full story, here. Who set these rules in the studios? Who managed the frequencies? Who is it, exactly, that cared *so much* about how these bands were recording their shit? It's… weird. Trust me. There's a lot more weirdness where that came from.

I look over at you. "But we need to get back to the beach now."

I look over at you on our log and smile. "I love sitting on this log with you, Dear Reader. Thank you for listening to me talk about The Beatles without making fun of me. No one else ever has."

I play *Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds* on my acoustic guitar and an Asus2 chord rings out with a lazy, psychedelic feel. It's a hollow chord, because it has no third. It can go either way, depending on context.

Let's say these are the six strings and the first two frets on a guitar, with the open notes - that you can just strum without even touching the neck - shown on top. The note I show you corresponds with the string on its left. Ignore the right-most border.

It looks like this:

E	A			B	E
		E	A		

E – A – E – A – B – E. The B is the "2" in "Asus2." A normal A major chord would have a C# below the B, next to the A, instead, and you won't want to emphasize the low E for these chords.

I take one finger off, and only one remains – the E, second fret, D string. I strum E – A – E – G – B – E. "You can play this chord with one finger. It's now an A7sus2, because the G adds a minor or dominant 7th interval. And yet, we did not *add anything*, we simply *removed* a finger:"

E	A		G	B	E
		E			

I bring my one remaining finger on the guitar up towards me by one string. "You can play this chord with one note, too - Em7."

I play all six strings while only holding down the B, second fret, A string. E – B – D – G – B – E:

E		D	G	B	E
	B				

It's so simple. And yet, I have never been able to talk to anyone in my life about how chords actually work.

I play the *Lucy in the Sky With Diamonds* riff.

"This is how good of a job they did with *Sgt. Peppers.* It wasn't just the rituals or portals or whatever, these guys put decades of work in, too. Blood, sweat, and tears. You have no idea how much music they played live in the Cavern and in Hamburg before they were able to record this stuff. Thousands upon thousands of hours as *The Beatles.* Obviously, it would have never happened without George Martin, as well.

Think about how iconic this song is. If you play this song for someone, in about three seconds, they'll say – 'Oh, the acid song by The Beatles! I *love* that one!' Just about everyone.

It's a legend. They achieved their dreams. Was it worth it?"

You look at me. "That's a rhetorical question, right?"

I smile. "Yes. Duh. Obviously, nothing is worth selling your soul. It's all you have."

We gaze off into the sea, and you ask me – "So, is the song really about LSD or was it a title Julian came up with for a picture he drew as a child of a woman floating among the stars?"

I laugh. "That's what John said, according to the *Anthology*. It 'totally wasn't written about LSD', it's actually about a drawing Julian made and titled. And you know what, that was the only time in the whole *Anthology* that I could tell he was *fucking lying*. Get out of here, bro. 'Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds?' Yeah, it's about acid.

But, it could also be both. There could be a synchronicity here, a congruence. It's possible. However, to claim he didn't realize what it spelled out before he wrote it down as a song… I don't think so."

I play it for you:

E - A - E G - E - A F# - A- E - F D-C#-A
Picture yourself on a boat in a river

"There it is. Those aren't chords, those are notes. You can play that alone on any instrument, and in about three seconds flat these 13 notes will conjure up an image of a psychedelic dude with long brown hair, parted in the middle, wearing round granny glasses and singing into a microphone while playing a white hollow-body Epiphone guitar from before Gibson bought them and turned them into shit."

You think about it. "He… he… brings himself to *life* in your head? Through a… a…"

"Yes. Through a portal."

I look at you. "What key is it in?"

You think. "I don't know."

I smile. "Come on. I just played you an Asus2 chord and listen to how well it blended into the beginning." I play the chord, and then the riff together. Hear that? It's in A."

Let's prove it.

You hear that turnaround from the D – C# - A at the end? That's a sus4 chord. A fourth interval.

The *Amen Cadence*.

It's *so* distinct and compelling that you *know,* for a fact, that whatever comes after it will be the I. It's unmistakable. Listen. Therefore, you just found the root key. A.

I spin *Sgt. Peppers* on my gramophone, and you do.

You look at me. "I hear it. The resolution, the unspeakable absolution of it all. It's so… sweet. It's *so* good. Amen."

We can do it another way, too. That's just by feel. Let's plot out that diagram I learned in *Barnes & Noble*:

I – ii – iii – IV – V – vi – viii – I

In A, it looks like this:

A – Bm – C#m – D – E – F#m – G#m – A

"Look back at the melody. What do you see?"

"Hmm… I see an… A, an E, a G, an F, an F#, a D, and a C#."

"Yes. See how they match? Even without the music, you can simply deduce the key logically through the patterns. It *has* to be A. Look at how many notes match up right. No other key will fit in this lock. It's sort of like a map."

"Witness 1… *Lucy in the Sky* has a G and an F in it. I don't see those in the key of A."

I look at you. "These are the strange attractors."

You smile. "The key is A."

I smile back at you. "The key is in A."

"The key is A."

"No, the key is *in* A."

You stare. "No, the *song* is in A. A is the *key*."

I look at you with hooded, twinkling eyes. "The key is *in* A."

You look at me. "A. It's in A. That's the key."

"Yes, A is the key." I'm still smiling.

"The key of the song?"

"The *key* is *in the* A."

You look at me.

"Gaze not upon the A itself. Look *into* the A."

You're staring at me like I'm an alien.

Turn it upside-down. What do you see?"

∀

You look. "A… triangle… pointed down."

"What else?

"An upside-down triangle with… lines?"

"They're horns. It's a bull - a pictograph. From that area, where they were doing these things. Human infant sacrifice. This is their *altar*. The Phoenicians, who took it from the Egyptians. The Greeks turned it into the *alpha* character.

"That's where the letter 'A' came from. They *worshipped the two towers so much it's where our alphabet came from*. Bull horns. Twin towers."

You look it up. It's true. Our letter "A" developed in that region, and it came from a pictograph everyone was drawing of a bull. So much so that it spread. Everywhere.

The head, and the two horns. Two towers. They flipped it over, and that's where we got our "A" from. The *first letter.*

Your mind is blown. To be honest, mine is too. This was *not* visible on the fractal before I started writing this, for once. That has happened *many* times, more than ever before, while writing this book. That's how I know it's a true story.

"That's how I know. *I* know. The *key* is in the *I*."

You look at me. "Seriously?"

I twinkle a hooded I at you.

"I am the key."

You sigh and smile at me. "Come on, Witness 1. Spit it out, champ."

"The I *is* the key. No, no – I mean, the *key* is *in* my *eye. Our eyes are the key!*"

At this point, I stop. "No, seriously. The other most important letter. 'I'. 'Me.' 'I am.' Draw it - the letter 'I.'"

You draw a line in the sand with your finger. "A… a…."

"A tower."

We're back up on the cliffs by this time, and we stare out to the sea, the beach 40 feet below us.

I grin at you. "Do you want to climb a tree?"

You do, and we sit for a while on the branch-chair. The day has grown long, and the colors of the horizon are coming out as the sunset begins. They morph and glow like a lava lamp in the sky as you watch the very first hint of darkness appear on the far horizon. It's so faint you had never noticed it this early before, but now it stands out clearly to you.

"I had a horrible dream last night." I look at you. "A vision."

You look over. "Does that happen a lot?"

"No. Not at all. In fact, I have not had one such 'dream' or 'vision' in my life that I considered to be genuinely significant or meaningful until I wrote this book. Not like this. Now I have had two. By the way, this conversation is also outside of our beach chronology. This is tomorrow, after I wrote that last part."

"Ok… That's a weird thing to say, but I understand. Well, what was it?"

"Ok, so, the other one was the dream in Safeway with J in my hometown. It was while Witness 2 and I were debating *heavily* on whether or not I am able to edit parts of this book about

women. Whether or not it sufficiently proves that I do love only her. I looked Witness 2 in the eyes and told her she was beautiful and I only love her.

In the dream, the world was ending. The angel of Death had arrived, and everyone except me and J was completely losing it. I saw a woman - dirty and wounded, but not too badly - sitting by a shelf, the other rows had collapsed and everything was on the ground.

I smiled at her, looked deeply into her eyes, and told her that she was beautiful. She was not blonde. She did not have blue eyes. She was from the Middle East. And it was true, because I always tell the truth - but it was not, in the slightest, sexual.

Nothing even a little like that. It was different. Like nothing I had ever experienced before. I had learned how to turn the lock myself. I had finally learned how to make them happy, but I don't know what I did. This was *not* a boyfriend/girlfriend type of thing, and the idea of it actually *offends* me.

This was so much more than that. It felt *meaningful*, and I always told Witness 2 that would probably never happen for me because it never had before. She seems to be listening, and I do only love her."

"So… what happened last night?"

"I haven't had a single night since I started it where I haven't dreamt of this book, except for the black nights with no dreams at all. All night long, I write this book in my dreams. However, last night, as I was slipping into dreams, I saw a vision - in the normal pseudo-trance state of hypnagogic imagery that comes before dreams.

I'm not going to give you any sources on this. I seriously need to move on from this section. This is something that I personally experienced, and it should be taken as supportive anecdotal evidence only.

I'm not going to pore through Ronnie James Dio interviews and write 20 more pages on the origin of the "Rock and Roll" devil horns that everyone always flashes, in a huge group, at rock concerts while the musicians lead them in unison. I'm not going to do that.

I'm just going to tell you what I saw. But before I do, I want you to remember these words that I wrote:

A ravaged mockery of the whore, her naked limbs askew and forced apart, crucified on a pyre of blankets.

She is but a burned sacrifice, left at the altar of a forgotten God with temples full of sin. You know his name.

She is a baby in the outstretched hands of Moloch. She is also the music that the priests play to drown out the screams.

And here it is:

A troubling vision, at night. A stage, in front of a temple. A ziggurat. Two bonfires burning beside the dark tower - the bull - with fire within. In the shadowy night, it appears as a huge, rounded, black monolith, red flames casting a hellish glow within – illuminating the animalistic face of pure hatred and rage. The Taurus.

Music – trumpets, drums, flutes. Men in priest robes playing it, while others lead chants. An enormous crowd, full of energy and buzzing with anticipation.

A verse flashes through my head. Daniel 3: 5:

> That at the time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, dulcimer, and all kinds of music, ye fall down and worship at the golden image that Nebuchadnezzar the king hath set up.

Holy shit… they were concerts.

I beheld the scene, and it was terrible.

The priests raise their hands in a shape of two horns. The crowd follows their lead in unison. Sex, drugs, and rock and roll, baby. Sorry Dio, this symbol is *much* older than you.

Then, I see the A shape. Upside-down, again:

I see it written on walls, scrawled roughly on the sides of old houses. I see it painted on trees. The first written letter. I see people everywhere, making this sign. The beginning of *us*.

I see it in castles, on banners. I see it marching to battle. I see it inked inside the skin.

It was so common, historians didn't even notice when it became the alphabet. Alpha. A. *It's everywhere*. Its true meaning became a secret, understood only by those who can *see.* It's just… how we write.

The stage with the bull flashes, and it becomes a modern stage. Generic rock concert, lights, smoke, fire. The singer raises the horns, and the crowd follows suit in unison. Pyrotechnics synced to the beat. You've seen it a thousand times, you can picture it. They look… the same.

Then, I saw more flashes of more temples. I saw them in India, everywhere. Huge, bigger than anything we have left. I saw the temples of Asia, carved out of mountains. I saw the temples of the Middle East, the megalithic blocks of Turkey, and the stone monuments of Europe. I saw Ancient Egypt - their pyramids when they glowed from within, and how the people wondered.

I saw the temples in South and Central America, the exact same as everywhere else. I saw the same thing, the portals, but different in North America. More rough, and they did not have the ability to create the actual temples. They went into caves and canyons for it.

This is the dark secret, the sadness and shadows in their eyes. Why they won't talk about it to outsiders. The shame that lingers. This is why they will *kill* you if they find you on the wrong spots on their sacred land. They know what lingers in the shadows. They whisper of it, between the lines.

Other than North America, they were all the same. Identical. I saw the stonework, the masonry - the techniques used to create these temples were the same – From the Mayan temples in South America to the Zoroastrian ziggurats of Iran. It was the *same.* This is why they call themselves "Masons" sometimes. I saw the iconography, and the images on the stones and temples.

They focus on a serpent and blood sacrifices. Winged serpents, and evil serpents. Human sacrifices, infant sacrifices, for them. To open the portals, inside these temples. The pyramids. The obelisks. The domes. I did not see anything specifically Chinese, Russian, or Sub-Saharan African, but I don't want you to read too much into that. I'm not making any claims or absolving anyone of guilt in this section.

Then, words floated up to me.

"They were worldwide. More powerful than you can imagine. Everywhere. You were wrong about the flood – that wasn't what shut down the stone architecture – the megalithic remains of this infrastructure of suffering.

That's not what turned them into enigmatic ruins, that no one understands. That is not what removed the false light from their temples and forced them underground. Made them hide in the shadows and slink around telling lies, rather than doing this in the open, under the sun, on their altars and temples of stone.

That was why I sent my SON. With a *book*. A *new story.*

A SUN to shine a light. The Gospel."

You look at me. "I believe you, Witness 1."

I don't smile, but I look at you with love. "You are the first person to ever listen to me and believe me. Thank you. We are now back in normal beach time chronology, and that vision was recorded on 1/22 at 9:15 A.M. I finished The Beatles section yesterday and today."

You look at me. "*Yesterday and today*… isn't that the… the…"

I hush you. "Briefcases. By the way, the chorus of *Lucy in the Sky* shifts, out of A, and enters G. G – C – D. It's a perfect I – IV – V in G.

It's a key change. Half-step down, lots of energy there. Minor seventh."

You stare back out at the waves with questions in your eyes. "And while all this goes on…

8 men own as much wealth as half of the world population. The amount of suffering that takes place every day on this planet is literally incomprehensible, and yet, they do *nothing*. Worse than nothing, in fact. They actively conspire to do *more harm*. These people… it's hard to understand. What do they *want*?"

"Some of them want to be rich and famous. They want money. They want men or women to like them. They want big houses, and a place to live that people are envious of. They want people to know about them, to care about them. To give them attention.

That is what they feed off of - attention. Concerns like the ultimate fate of humanity do not register for them, and if it does, they have convinced themselves that it's not their fault, we deserve it, or it simply had to be done for the greater good.

There's also a false vision that's been promised – one of depopulation, clean energy, and an environmental renaissance, and how this will lead to a true *eudaimonia* - life lived well for everyone, with nature and mankind in balance. Sacrifice some people now for a beautiful future for humanity – to conquer the stars and live in harmony. It is a siren song, a pied piper's tune. It will not come to pass. It is a trap, but many fall for it.

And some are just evil. You cannot comprehend them, you can only recognize them for what they are and take precautions against their evil machinations. They're psychopaths. The only thing that gives them pleasure is exerting control over other people and causing them to feel pain and fear. They are destined for eternal separation from God, as are all who choose to do evil and intentionally harm other beings."

We sit in silence as a light purple blanket begins to drape overhead. I love this time of day, when the sun is still up but you can taste the night. Dusk.

You look across the tree at me. "So, how do you write these books?"

I laugh. "That's a dumb question. I've written almost 250,000 words in 11 days. The hard part is getting people to read it. So far, I haven't had much luck, with the exception of about

100,000 people online. But that took a lot of effort. If you consider though, the way information propagates online, the true number could be a million. Maybe even more. But it's not enough."

I look at you. "I tried so hard. I don't know what else to do. I'm doing the only thing I can think of that is left – tearing out my heart and smearing it all over the page. Weeping, as I write stories so painful that they physically hurt me. But, it hurts even worse to keep them inside. Much worse, in fact."

I involuntarily cry as I think about how futile it all seems that I've wasted fifteen fucking years of my life researching and writing all these stupid books that no one will ever read.

"Excuse me… I need my towel again. I'm sorry. Do you think it will work? Telling it like a story? A new story they've never heard before. Do you think they'll read it?"

You consider saying that you just don't know. But a memory flashes through your head – another story I had told you on the covered porch. The story of when John met Yoko.

It was at one of her stupid avant-garde art shows, and John showed up. It was sort of interactive performance art, you know. Marina Abramovic-type stuff. The first art installation he experienced by her was a ladder that you climb up with a small lens to peer through at the top.

And he loved it. He fell in love with Yoko right there, and honestly, it's pretty weird.

They took acid and stayed up all night having sex and making *musique concrete* on tape recorders. *Revolution 9*-style audio collages of mostly noise. In the morning, Cynthia came downstairs and found them. Julian was home. Like I said, John Lennon was pretty much an asshole. He didn't even care.

However, one thing is for sure, and I don't quite know why – it may even be much more sinister than people think – but he really did *seem* to truly love Yoko. Also, he did seem to change when he had Sean. A deep, profound change. In a good way. But he never even came close to absolution. He died in a perpetual scream of agony, written in blood on the streets of New York.

So, he goes to her art exhibit, just because he was bored and probably on acid already. This was in 1966, at a place called the *Indica Gallery* in London.

You climb up the ladder, and feel the weight of everything disappear. When you get to the top, you peer into a sort of clear lens, like a magnifying glass. When you look through this lens, you see a word.

You snap out of editing this and think to yourself - *holy shit… another portal…*

So, John Lennon climbed up this dumb ladder to nowhere, and looked through it. He was a bitter, disillusioned asshole most of the time, so he expected it to say something like – 'Gotcha!', or 'Made you look!'"

And he climbs up, and he peers through. And magnified right there, in front of his vision, is one word – "Yes."

This story flashes through your mind as I smile across the tree from you with hooded eyes.

You smile at me. "Yes."

I smile back. The key turns, and I am happy.

"Yes, Witness 1, I do think they will read this book. I do think that you can change the world with a book. *My* English teachers taught me that, too. The pen really is mightier than the sword. It's the only weapon, in fact, that you can use against evil. You cannot fight evil with guns and swords. It's true what you said. It instantly becomes evil-on-evil friendly fire. The *only* way to fight back is to write a book. And get people to believe in you.

Nothing can cut through evil, wicked bullshit lies like words that are true, put in the right order with a thousand sources. Names, faces. Receipts. Documents. Admissions. Proven lies. Evidence. Arguments. Reasoning. Sources. Logic. It's all on your side. It's the truth.

Yes, I do think they will read your book. And I think that you can change the world. I believe in you, Witness 1. I believe your story."

I can't help but cry, again, because no one has ever told me that before. It's embarrassing. I smile at you, and I thank you for being my friend. For listening to my story when no one else would.

You smile back at me, and our eyes meet. "I thought that psychedelic drugs would make me feel… out of control. That I would see things that aren't there. Not be able to distinguish between the drug and reality. It's not like that at all."

I agree with you. "Most psychedelic drugs at most doses you will ever be able to find or afford won't make you see things that aren't there. The truth is, I've never once felt out of control on psychedelics. Or any other drug. In fact, the only time I've ever felt out of control was when I was sober.

They won't show you things that aren't there. Not unless you go looking for that, and it takes quite a bit of effort (salvia – don't do it.) No, the only thing they really do is show you how weird everything *already is*.

Look at it. It was always there, just as fucking weird as it looks right now. All the patterns, shapes, and fractals. The weirdness of *plants* and *animals* existing. Being on a rock floating through a void, spinning endlessly in circles. It's always been this weird, you just never noticed it before. Now you do."

You look down, and we watch across the ocean. No one goes in the giant houses that stand like monoliths, jealously guarding the sea. No one goes out.

You laugh. "I don't think these colors and fractals are always there." You watch as the first stars appear, and thin tendrils of white begin to pulse and vibrate between them in your vision. A web. The water is *so beautiful*, and it shimmers like a dance floor made of crystal. You can *feel* the life around you, and every insect you find is like a miracle.

I tell you that's true. The psilocybin and LSD have unlocked the 5HT2-A Serotonin receptor in your brain, and your perceptions have gone wild. But this state has always been there, it's within you. What you see now is not necessarily *less real* than the state you normally perceive. It's just different. It's art, it's not personal.

You tell me that saying things like that is probably why everyone tells me that I am insane, and I agree with you. We laugh.

"Friend", I say. "I have enjoyed tarrying with you at the beach. Take this water and drink. Drink the blue Pedialyte, and feel the electrolytes flood your system and replenish the fat pipes in your head with precious sodium and potassium so action potentials can catalyze in the salt water within. Refresh yourself and be easy."

We rest a while, and you suggest going home. The downfall of night is in full swing now, and it begins to grow hazy in the distances. We descend from the tree and begin our journey through the forest home.

While we walk, you spot a single mushroom, nestled in the crook of a tree root. It has a white stem, and a big red cap with white spots. You look at me and ask me if you should eat it.

I laugh. "No! Definitely not."

We hear a bird of prey call, and watch what seems to be an eagle pass over us. He goes to his rest, and the nocturnal birds take over. We come back to the two stumps, and sit down. By now the stars are breathtaking, but it gets hard to see.

We sit on our thrones, and I ask you how you feel. You feel great. Like a king. A king of the forest. We laugh.

I pull out a green apple Gatorade and hand it to you. "Drink it." You do.

[*Witness 1 as editor: Oh, boy. We're back to the part I wrote almost two weeks ago now, way before The Beatles part. Didn't I just write that about their logo? The green apple from Eden? I picked that flavor when I wrote this because it is my favorite flavor of Gatorade. The dark green one.*

Um, is my book coming to life to kill me? Any psychiatrists in the house tonight? Anyone? Anyone? WHERE ARE YOU ALL GOING???]

Luckily, I brought two flashlights and I hand one to you. I tell you that I don't think you will need it. We keep them off, and you watch as soft, glowing white and yellow halos appear and show you where to put your feet.

"Did you think you were going to die when you carried that girl barefoot across those thorny bushes in the mud on the edge of a cliff above a rushing river in the dark while it was raining?"

"No, I didn't. I was very, very confident in my invincibility. That kind of confidence allows you to do great things. Besides, J and I are very, very good at climbing around on rocks. I knew that wasn't how my story would end, it would be too stupid and embarrassing.

Also, there was *no way* I was coming back down there later with a bunch of cops sobering up from mushrooms to find my sister's dead friend. I would have carried her the whole way out if I had to.

I didn't feel anything, I felt no pain at all. And then, I saw the light. It showed me exactly where to step. You know what though, I haven't even thought about that in years until I met you. Remember that, for quite some time, I thought that you could see through a playing card by simply staring at it long enough. What I have learned in life has taught me that, in fact, you can."

The fireflies are out now. We watch them come out in the thousands, swooping up and soaring towards heaven. It's beautiful, and we stand in awe of the cathedral of trees, illuminated by a billion tiny suns.

"I never knew they really looked like this until I came into your world", I tell you. "I always wanted to see a firefly." I look at you. "They're even better in reality than I imagined."

We continue and see the lights of your porch beckon from the distance. When we reach it, I tell you to step inside the house with me. We sit at your table, and I hand you a water bottle.

I ask you if you are doing OK. If you are well, and if you are having fun. If you enjoyed learning about the world. You are, and you did. Then, I ask you if you want to take it up yet another level. You look at me.

"Take it up… *another* level?"

"Another level."

"What do you mean?"

I pull a round mirror about two feet across out of my satchel, and place it on the table. There are flowers etched around the edges, which turn at angles roughly every two inches. I pull a large, clear lens out and lay it gently on the mirror. They catch the light, and gleam together.

"That's the mirror I used when I was selling drugs. I ripped this lens out of one of those giant old TVs in college. Do you want to go through a portal?"

You're unsure.

"Come on. Don't you know you can jump through mirrors? Just angle the lens right and focus on your double image."

You stare at me. "Ummm…"

I grin a wolf grin. "Yeah. Hold the lens against the mirror and stare through it. The lens will reverse it, so you'll see two of you, upside down. If you unfocus your eyes *juuuust* right and reverse it back, you'll jump. To a new dimension."

You look at me. "Are… are you serious?

"Yup. It's a portal. To the next level. They call it 'winking the one-eyed dragon' in the lodges. Didn't see that one coming, did you?"

You're legitimately scared. Then, you see a twinkle in my eyes. "Come on, I'm just messing with you. Of course you can't jump through a mirror, dummy. You need a blood sacrifice, a violation. A gross act against God. That's the magic. Not a stupid mirror and some glass. Not the words, robes, or incantation. Not the drawings or symbols.

Without the suffering of the innocents, it's just an imitation - a facsimile."

I grin. "Are you suffering?"

You think about how great you feel and grin too. "No, I'm not suffering, Witness 1."

I look at around the room and check behind us. I lean towards you closely, look deeply into your eyes, and whisper - "For real though - don't fuck around with the miiiirrors, maaaannnn."

We crack up together. I'm just messing with you. Right?

I look at you. "If it's not the Deep Magic, it's not real. There is *only* the Deep Magic – either an unwilling sacrifice *of* innocents, or a *willing* sacrifice of the innocent. It is a tessellation, a mirror image. A fractal, in fact. There is nothing else real here but suffering, in one sense or another. There is no other magic, because this is the only magic that God allows.

And they come at a *great* cost. Do not *ever* mess with the Deep Magic, or even any facsimile of it, unless you are ready to either die or lose your soul. Do NOT risk it."

I figure I'd better stop beating around the bush. I take out a small vial, and pour a pile of white powder onto the mirror. "Cocaine."

You've never actually seen it before. Almost mythical. "Pure. No portals."

"The lens is for crushing pills into powder, so you can see where the dust scatters. As a matter of fact, that's what to mirror is for, too. To keep track of your drugs. Little did I know, this shit is *expensive.* Could have used a heads-up on that one in Fifth grade."

I rack it into about 10 lines. "Five each. Do you want some?"

"I've never done hard drugs before." You frown.

"There is no such thing as 'hard drugs' or 'soft drugs.' They're bullshit fake words made up by the government to subjugate people. It's a false dichotomy. Think about it. It's true. The truth is, there's weed and then there's party drugs – PSYCH! That's another false dichotomy.

They have confused people into thinking they shouldn't be allowed to grow, buy, or sell drugs if they damn well please. That they deserve to be *locked in a cage* for it. It's absurd and ridiculous."

I look at you. "My friend grows these leaves. Processes them and distills it. Dries it out and filters it. Harmless. Pure. Safe. Where's the crime?"

You can't really actually think of a good reason why snorting the dried remains of a coca leaf would be inherently wrong.

You look over at me. "I thought you said not to do uppers."

"Not too much - don't overdo it. Once in a while, though, it's fun. I've only done cocaine maybe 20 or 30 times in my life. It mostly just enhances other drugs, it's not even worth doing by itself. It's true. Everyone knows it. Look, dude, it's a book."

You think about it, and figure that makes sense and you might as well. You're not really doing much else at the moment, anyways. What is actually wrong with this? Who is harmed here?

I smile at you. "Ready to meet my best friend?"

You nod.

"Benjamin Franklin."

We laugh, and we blow a line together. I light a blunt, and we smoke it.

We do another.

Now, you pretty much feel like you're having an orgasm all the time. Every movement you make sends electric, pulsing euphoria through your system. It's like angels kissing your feet every step you take. You can literally feel the warm waves of energy as they wash over your body. Over and over… the waves… the fractals… the endorphins and dopamine…

You're lost in a trance. It feels so good, and you can think so clearly. All the noise is gone. You leap to your feet. "Holy shit I feel FUCKING GREAT!!!"

I laugh. It really does feel great.

I hand you *After the Gold Rush Again*, and you look at the weird, distorted face of Neil Young.

Now you understand. “Put it on.”

I get up, and we listen to the sweet piano and his sad voice. The perfect song. I look at you. “322.” We laugh.

We listen to the lyrics. It’s a story told through three interweaving narratives, sort of an eternal golden braid-type song. And here they are.

The first story, in the distant past. A story of knights and armor:

Well, I dreamed I saw the knights in armor coming
Sayin' something about a queen
There were peasants singin' and drummers drumming
And the archer split the tree
There was a fanfare blowin' to the sun
That was floating on the breeze
Look at mother nature on the run in the nineteen seventies

Then, a story from the present-day:

I was lyin' in a burned-out basement
With a full moon in my eyes
I was hopin' for replacement
When the sun burst through the sky
There was a band playin' in my head
And I felt like getting high
I was thinkin' about what a friend had said
I was hopin' it was a lie
Thinkin' about what a friend had said
I was hopin' it was a lie

Finally, the far future:

Well, I dreamed I saw the silver spaceships lying
In the yellow haze of the sun
There were children crying and colors flying
All around the chosen ones
All in a dream, all in a dream
The loading had begun
Flyin' mother nature's silver seed
To a new home in the sun
Flyin' mother nature's silver seed
To a new home

You look at me. “The chosen ones… colors flying… children crying… silver seed… new home in the sun…”

You ponder. “The Queen. The Queen’s betrayal. I get it now!”

We laugh. Understanding things is beautiful. Understanding what an artist is really trying to tell you is a wonderful thing.

The Silent Spring. *Mother nature on the run in the 1970s.*

Fractals course around you, and the world has become a live visual equalizer, your hallucinations and perceptions pulsing and dancing to the music. You have never actually seen color dance to music in real life before.

“It’s there all the time.” I look at you. “It’s always there, you just can’t see it. You can’t perceive it. This is what those monks sat there praying for, starving themselves for. This is why they ate pine needles and resin until they were mummified. To *know.*”

The death drone sounds above us. Throat singing.

I look at you. “Do you hear it now?” Now you do.

“Sex is the little death. Psychedelic drugs are the big death.”

You stare.

“Sex is the little death, psychedelics are the big death.

The fall of man. Prometheus. The shadowy overcoat of humanity. Staring at us from the closet menacingly. Always there. The sword of Damocles.

And yet, it is not real.

Death is not real. It is but the ending of the illusion.”

You can feel it. You can palpably feel its presence in the room.

“Don’t fear it. Don’t fear the pain. Don’t fear the suffering.

Fear only what comes after.”

You think about the fact that you’ve never really touched anything, never felt anything, never seen anything, and never heard anything. Food is obviously bullshit, so that leaves… smell? Is smell real? Are our noses even real?

“I perceive…”

No.

“I feel.”

“I *feel.*”

You look at me. “I feel. I experience *qualia*. I have a qualitative experience of the universe. I am in the mind of God.”

I tell you that I love Latin roots, and the root of *qualia* means “of what.”

“Of what… Am I? What am I of? I AM what of.”

“I feel, so I perceive, so I think, so I am, so I have value.”

We laugh. Cocaine is great.

“Witness 1,” you ask me. “Do you really think you’re the greatest musician of all time?”

I laugh, even harder. “Yes. But not subjectively, objectively. In a technical sense.

Look, someone out there will always like someone else out there more than me. That’s fine. That’s subjective. But I look at this way – purely from a standpoint of *who could make this song.*

And, it turns out, very, very few musicians can actually produce music as well as write it. They almost always need a team of engineers and producers to bring their songs to life. It’s two completely opposite disciplines – one based on orderly chaos and a lifestyle, and one based on highly technical doctrine and obscure, pseudo-arcane, recording secrets.

Almost no one can do it. Eddie Van Halen and Jimmy Page are two examples. Jeff Lynne is another. However, none of them could really work with bass music or create dubstep. So, they’re out.

Skrillex and those like him can’t play guitar like Eddie Van Halen. They’re out.

People like Bach and Beethoven? Genius, but let’s see them work Massive or Kontakt on a laptop. I don’t think so. Who else is there?

A bunch of fucking posers and industry plants like Nirvana and Britney Spears? A bunch of guys playing power chords who haven’t recorded a guitar solo in about 30 years? *Eminem*? *Kurt Cobain*? Fuck you guys.

I mean, the whole thing with producers and engineers is, honestly, sort of pathetic. Like, you’re John Lennon in 1975 and you don’t know how to work a *tape machine* by now?

I mean, what, do you need someone to press the button *for you?* Ok, yeah, you did need someone to do that, but come on – you can’t set this up, mic it, throw some reverb on, and work with the *tape* yourself? Bring the song to *life*, just you – only you – in a way that *no one*

else can? With no producer, no engineer, and no manager? The Beatles couldn't do it. Almost no one can.

Therefore, I am the best musician that has ever lived. Literally no one that has ever lived could cover this song, that's why. They couldn't remake mine, but I could remake any of theirs if I wanted to. No problem, even. It's just simple logic. That's all there is to it.

Of course, my song isn't finished. I have to add the guitar and mix the vocals. It's not the Greatest Song of All Time *yet.* But it will be.

Like this story, it's not done. Maybe, it won't ever be done."

You can't debunk it, and you agree that, apparently - as far as you can tell - I *probably* must be just about the greatest musician of all time. In the running, at least.

I humbly thank you for saying that. "I try to remain humble. My wife says I can be arrogant, and I apologize if that's true. Boy, I hope it doesn't come through in conversation."

We do our third line of cocaine, drink water, and smoke a spliff.

"God, I love myself… Nah, I'm just messing with you."

We crack up together. "Most humble man alive."

I mean, the jokes write themselves.

You look at me. "Ok, so what's the hardest part of making a song?"

"It's a paradox. You need the tracks to write the song, but you can't write the song until you have the tracks."

You stare at me.

"In order to write a good song, you need tracks that are there. Good hi hats, good kick, good lead sounds, a good bass. But that doesn't happen until the end, when it's already almost done.

You won't *have* those tracks there, working together, until after you've written and created the song - but you *need* them there *first* to write it and create it.

Starting a new project file is like staring at a mountain and thinking about carving it down to your size, but the tools you need are buried about a mile underground.

It never sounds good right away, you have to visualize how it will all come together at the end. You have to hear the end of the song before the beginning."

You look at me. "That makes sense."

I smile. "Does it? I don't know. Anyways, I put a portal in my song. Do you want to hear it?"

You smile. “I don’t know, do I?”

I smile back. “Yes. This is a good portal. A God portal. A portal of sound. A portal to my dreams. But not yet. Later.

First, do you want to see the highest art of all time?”

You nod. I pull up the *Goodbye Blue Sky* sequence from *The Wall*. We watch the cat frolic in a sunny garden as a young girl says, “Look mummy… it’s an airplane up in the sky!” This particular scene is yet another movie-within-a-movie. A song-story.

The dove of peace swoops down, and explodes, transforming from reality into a cartoonish nightmare scene:

It turns into an ominous bird of prey, then a fighter jet:

It swoops down and tears a city off the map, leaving a blood-filled crater:

A horrible god of war appears, some sort of demon:

He morphs into a fortress, flanked by anti-aircraft guns and spotlights, sending out warplanes:

Deformed humans huddle in gas masks and scatter in fright amongst the searchlights and explosions:

Planes dot the sky, they morph into crosses. A skeleton begs, pleads for mercy, waving his hands at an unseen threat, but he succumbs, and falls to the ground dead:

The British flag appears. It shatters, and turns into a cross, which drips heavily with blood:

The giant bird of prey/fighter jet returns. There's a weird, slow-motion sequence where he raises his head, seemingly screeching in triumph at the destruction he has wrought.

I can see four birds in this frame:

Then, he morphs into the *obelisk*:

The skeleton gets back up, surrounded by his friends now:

Dawn breaks at the obelisk, and the Dove of Peace takes flight again:

The skeletons turn into crosses, graves, as the dove flies away.

We see the red cross, wreathed in crepuscular rays:

However, all is not as it appears. In the shadow of the cross, blood running from it trickles into the sewer. Sinclair's gutter - the coagulated filth of all mankind:

I look at you. "And that's the best art that we have ever made. It speaks on so many different levels, and it operates through so many different mediums. The WWII allegory, the music, the lyrics, the way it shows the horrors of war, the critique of religious hypocrisy, the imagery.

Another brick in the wall. Ahead of its time. No one appreciates this art anymore, but this is the highest art that has ever been made."

It hits you. "They knew."

"Yes. They knew. They all did, for the most part. And they told us so, but you have to listen and look very, very closely. For example, watch the Tina Turner scene in *Tommy*, produced by and starring The Who. I mean, the subtlety of it all… barely even there…"

I pull it up, and we watch as she plays the whore, leading him to a child's bedroom, where she twirls in front of the camera and suddenly! The scene changes. They are in an empty attic. They are not alone. Two strange women appear, and… well…

I tell you to look really, really closely. "The symbolism… so arcane… so mystic… it's only for those who can *seeeee… Can you seeee???"*

Also, the Wikipedia article has a major plot point wrong again on this one. They, apparently, *cannot* see.

Watch it, and then compare. They completely missed *the* critical scene, again. They say that he "went into a dissociative state" when he sees his dad suddenly return home from WWII and *die* - as the man his mother was sleeping with murders him. This is incorrect.

There is a scene where his mother and his abusive, murderous new father take him to a doctor, and they *intentionally* blind him, deafen him, and remove his ability to speak, so that he cannot reveal the evidence of their crime.

This is *not* in the Wikipedia article. I read the Wikipedia article about everything that I ever hear about, and I was *stunned* when I read that. So, so *profoundly* wrong.

Listen to the *words*, dummies. It's a "rock" *opera.* They *sing* about it. The story is in the *lyrics.*

Our scene begins with a double image of Roger Daltrey as "Tommy", holding a colored circle.

Tommy is a horribly, horrifically abused young man, who lives with his cruel and uncaring father and mother. He is deaf, dumb, and blind due to a traumatic childhood… incident. They leave him alone with 'ol Uncle Ernie, and things get… worse.

Yeah. 'Ol Uncle Ernie, played by Keith Moon, is a real character. And he sings a song called *Fiddle About.*

You can watch it here:
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=AOo1uhHb-jk

Once Tommy's parents leave, his true nature is revealed. He immediately dons rubber gloves, and makes a frantic phone call.

There's a truly disturbing, surreal sequence where Moon flashes us a series of gadgets and trinkets under his coat, while wearing absurdly dark and obvious fake teeth. The circles in the background are just random wallpaper, I'm sure that imagery doesn't mean anything significant:

And here is what he sings:
I'm your wicked Uncle Ernie,
I'm glad you won't see or hear me!
As I fiddle about
Fiddle about
Fiddle about!

Your mother left me here to mind you,
Now I'm doing what I want to!

Down with the bedclothes
Up with your nightshirt!
Fiddle about!
Fiddle about!

It just goes on, and on. Tommy appears upside down, his arms spread as though he has been crucified – which makes a lot of sense, if you've actually seen this. As far as I can tell, I am the only person on Planet Earth who has watched this movie and paid attention to it.

I mean, this scene is just awful. It's a song about child rape. In a movie.
After this, he flashes a - I don't know what to call it, sort of… demonic face at the camera:

Oh, boy. I almost forgot to mention this part. There's 33 seconds (I timed it) of a pure black screen. The Nothing. And, in fact, it's very difficult to watch. Very, very uncomfortable sounds being made. Sounds that shouldn't be heard, in fact. We will talk more about that later.
Tommy's parents return. All seems well. Or is it? He winks at you.

It fades out on a burning newspaper. One eye peers knowingly through:

Next, Tina Turner appears as The Whore – a prostitute his abusive parents took him to. Good thing she wasn't abused in real life, or else this would be really, really sad"

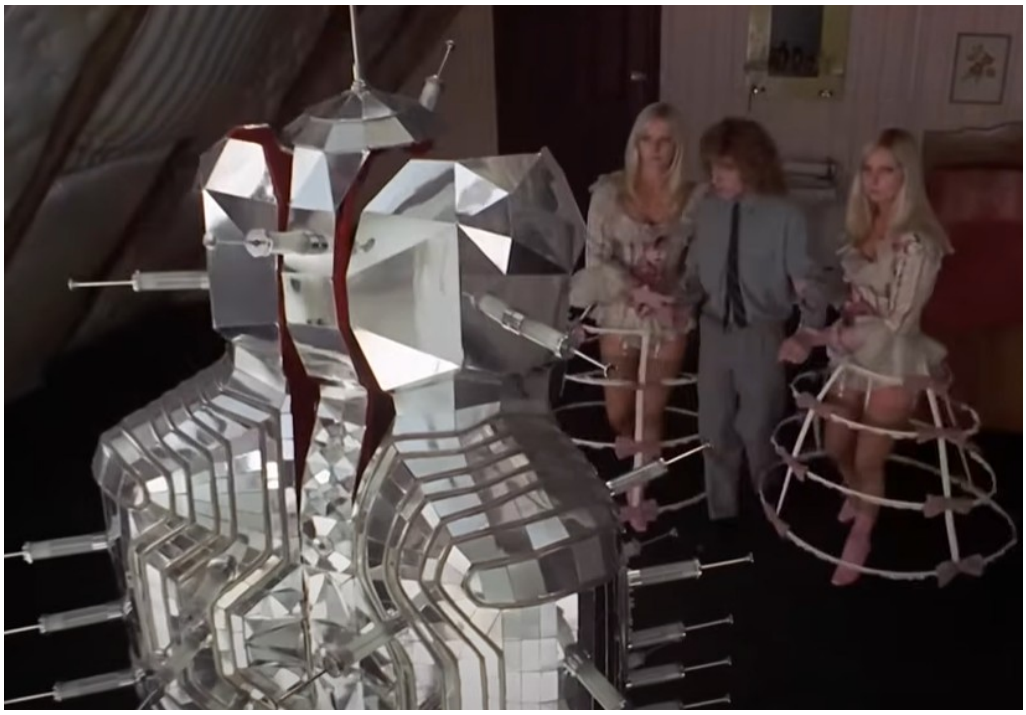
You nod. "Yeah, that's… wait…"

"Ok. Let's see if you can figure it out. If you can now catch the story-within-a-story on your own. It's *very* subtle." Ok, so it begins as she leads him to a child's bedroom and roughly shoves him down on the bed:

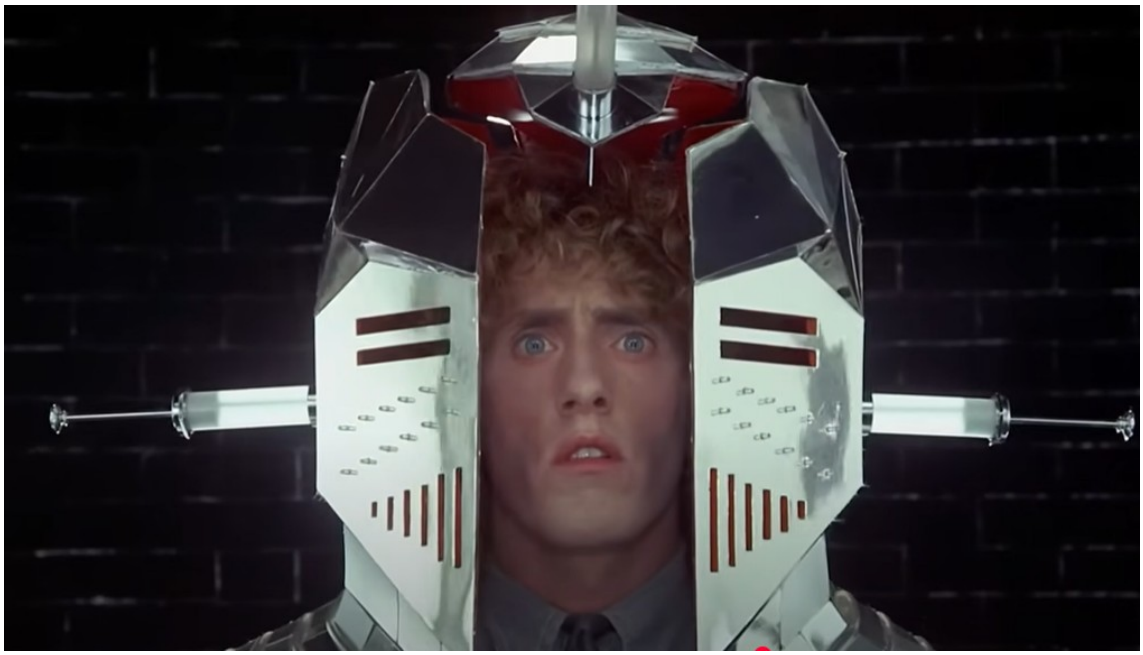
She twirls, and we see blackness. Suddenly, the pyramid, with her head placed directly in the top, along with two very strangely-dressed women:

A syringe, full of blood. Needless to say, this is now a movie-within-a-movie, roughly in the middle of the film. It's incongruent with the rest.

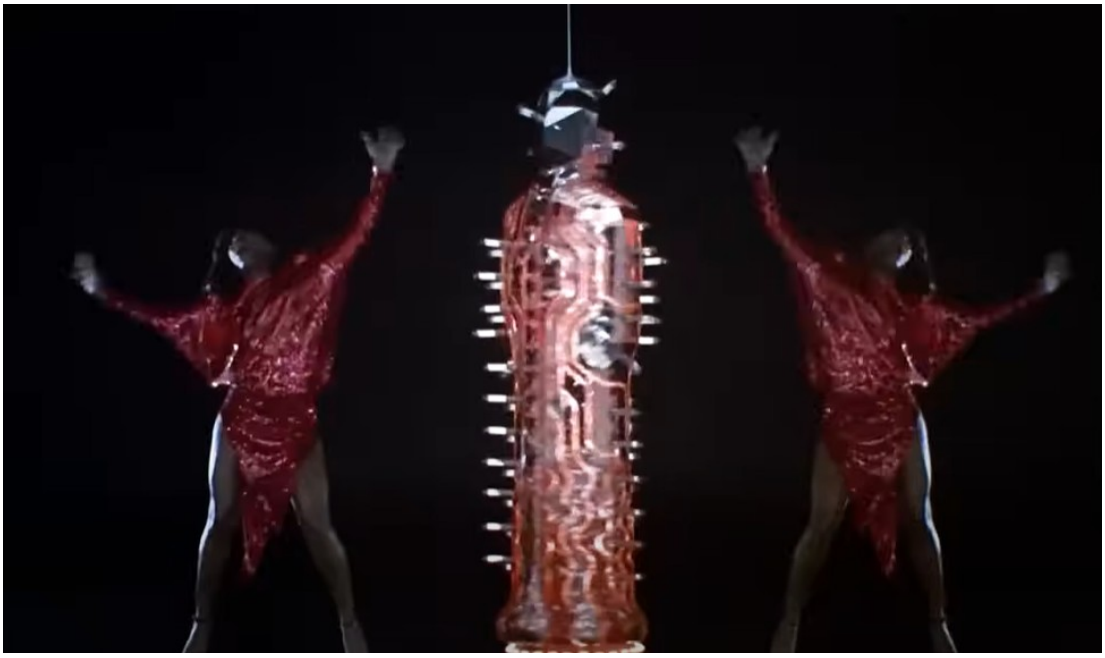
A robot suit appears, laced with syringes. Note the long spire directly on top, which is cut off here. Yep, Daltrey is going in:



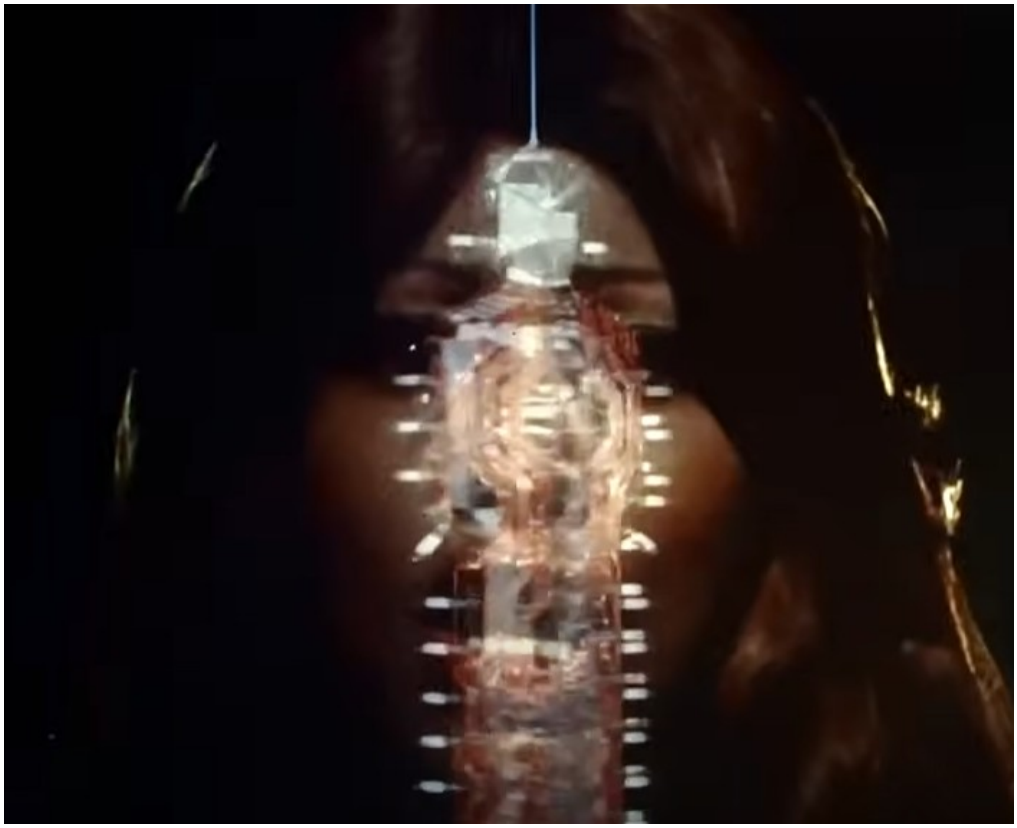
Bye Bye!



The suit activates, and glows red. It spins. Tina Turner dances madly and writhes around in a mad ritual of ecstasy, a double exposure used to create two of her. She is clothed only in scarlet, now:



Then, the two of her become one, and look at her now. She *is* the tower. North tower, to be precise:



“Holy FUCK!!!” You look at me. “Wow.”

I nod. “Am I the only one who has seen these movies or something? I mean… I don’t even *like* movies. I just remember what I’ve seen. It’s all there. It’s all in the fractal. I could write *so much more than this.*”

You sit for a moment, and contemplate what it would be like to be a child in a city that is being bombed by enemy jets. Huddling under a table, or under nothing at all. Screaming and crying in the burned-out rubble, but no one answers. Finding dead bodies buried under collapsed walls. The fires and the screams.

“Psychological warfare.”

“All warfare is psychological. It’s *all* psyops.”

“The fear ritual…”

“These musicians, their art, their songs, and their very lives were how they MK Ultra’d our entire society. They were the blood sacrifices.”

I ask you if you know that the twin towers had names. You look at me.

“North Tower… and… South… Tower?”

I laugh. “No, they had real names. Do you want to know what they were?”

You nod.

“Joachim and Boaz. The two pillars of Freemasonry. And here they are, in all their glory:”

THIS MASONIC MONUMENT WAS ERECTED BY SOLOMON'S PILLARS MASONIC LODGE #59 IN ELIAT, ISRAEL. IF WE LOOK CLOSELY, WE CAN SEE THE "EYE OF PROVIDENCE", AS WELL AS J AND B, REPRESENTING JOACHIM AND BOAZ IN MASONIC LORE.

You read the caption. "J… and B. Joachim and Boaz. What does it mean?"

"It has to do with Solomon's temple. His builder, Hiram Abiff. Masonic lore. Remember the masonic art with the towers? For some reason, this is… kind of a big deal for them, actually.

It's sort of like… their whole thing."

You think. "Solomon's… Salomon… masonry… masonry in *temples*… where have I heard that before???"

I flip back to the 1989 *New York Times* article where Larry Silverstein talks about reinforcing WTC 7 so strongly that you could "remove an entire floor" and it wouldn't collapse. *Whoopsie!*

Anyways, I point to it. "What does it say?"

> **'We built in enough redundancy to allow entire portions of floors to be removed without affecting the building's structural integrity**, on the assumption that someone might need double-height floors," said Larry Silverstein, president of the company. "Sure enough, Salomon had that need.

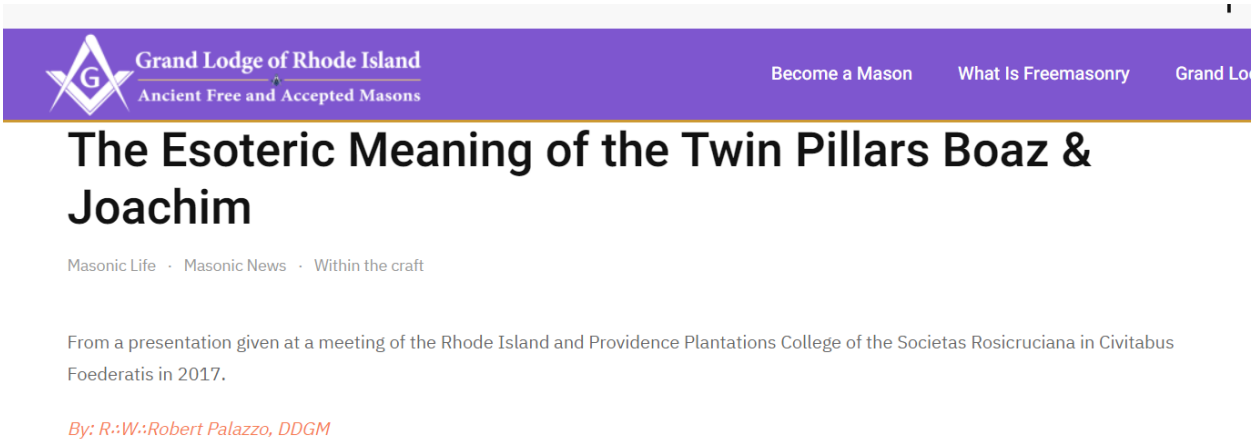
"Salomon…"

I pull up the Wikipedia article for WTC 7:

> **7 World Trade Center** (**7 WTC**, **WTC-7**, or **Tower 7**), colloquially known as **Building 7** or the **Salomon Brothers Building**, was an office building constructed as part of the

"Ok, so, Joachim and Boaz… What do they mean? What *are* they?"

"Excellent question!" I smile. "Let's ask the Freemasons." I pull up an article from the *Grand Lodge of Rhode Island*:


Grand Lodge of Rhode Island
Ancient Free and Accepted Masons
Become a Mason
What Is Freemasonry
The Esoteric Meaning of the Twin Pillars Boaz & Joachim
Masonic Life · Masonic News · Within the craft
From a presentation given at a meeting of the Rhode Island and Providence Plantations College of the Societas Rosicruciana in Civitabus Foederatis in 2017.
By: R∴W∴Robert Palazzo, DDGM

I point and you read it:

> Since the dawn of civilization, two pillars have guarded the entrance of sacred and mysterious places. Whether in art or architecture, twin pillars are archetypal symbols representing an important gateway or passage toward the unknown. In Freemasonry, the pillars Boaz and Jachin represent one of the brotherhood's most recognizable symbols and most times is prominently featured in Masonic art, documents, and buildings.

"Twin pillars are archetypal symbols representing an important gateway or passage to the unknown!" You gasp.

"Holy shit – the towers themselves *really* were a *fucking portal*. We all 'went through' them, into the unknown. The *ritual*. Two becoming one. Alchemy. They were a'gateway or passage.'

You're right – *9/11 was a portal.* The *towers themselves* were the portal, brought to life on our clear crystal screens. It reached out and *touched us*."

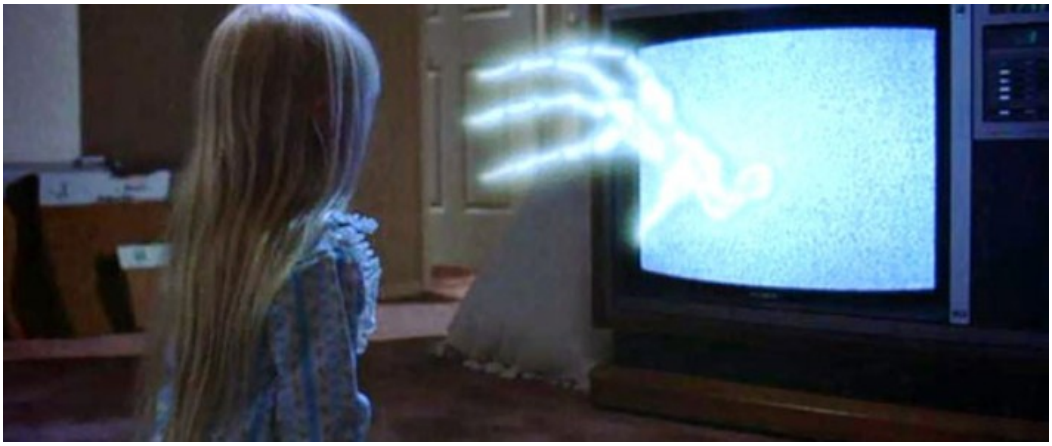
You gasp and look directly at me. "It was… it was the *worst blood ritual of all time*! Like the infant in *Sgt. Peppers,* but times… times a *million!* The fear - *so* much more *fear*! So much more *blood.* So much more *suffering.*

9/11 *really was* a *fucking portal.*" Your eyes are wide, fearful.

I nod. Although it's depressing, I smile. I am very, very pleased with you in this moment. Endorphins flood *my* system, because someone finally believes me. Because you *listened* to me.

The key turns in the lock. I am happy.

An image flashes in your memory. A blonde girl. A portal:



Reaching out and *touching* you.

You think about how he talked about her, like a piece of meat he picked out at the store:

"beatific four-year-old child...every mother's dream"

You shudder again. The truth *hurts*.

Then, you ask a *very* good question.

"So… if 9/11 was a portal… where did it take us? Where are we now? Where are we *not*?"

You look over at me. "You know what - fuck these people and their stupid portals. Something should be done about this. Something *must* be done."

We blow our fourth lines of cocaine, and drink water. I nod.

"But what?"

"The Deep Magic. Close the portal."

“And what is that?”

“Publish and die. It’s still hilarious.”

“And what if that doesn’t work?”

I grin at you. “Watch what happens next.

And, you know what, what the fuck else am I doing with my life anyways?”

I look at you seriously.

“When I started this, I didn’t know about the books. The books that come to life.”

You look at me. “Books that… come to life?”

I frown. “Yes. I didn’t know it was real until I learned about Mal Evans. His *biographer.* The biography, published after he was shot and killed by the police. Then, I had that feeling. The Uh-Oh Feeling. They told me to always pay attention to that feeling in Fifth grade, and boy, were they fucking right about that one. The Gift of Fear, they call it.”

You stare at me in concern.

“What do you mean, Witness 1?”

I am clearly, actually scared. My face is pale, and I have a headache from learning this.

“I looked it up just now. I’ll show you. I learned something terrible. A few things. This might even be the first thing that has ever scared me.”

You look at me. You’re scared now, too. I am not joking.

“Come on… Show me.”

“I’ll show you. It’s so much worse than I thought. I just learned about all of this.”

So, the Mal Evans book he was working on when he died. Then, the John Lennon thing. We all know about Mark David Chapman, and how he killed John Lennon because he thought *To Kill a Mockingbird* had come to life. In fact, he even read it in the courtroom:

Connection to The Catcher in the Rye

- Chapman had a copy of The Catcher in the Rye with the words "This is my statement" and Holden's signature written in it.
- During his sentencing, Chapman read a passage from the book.
- Chapman once said he wanted to promote the book by mailing a letter to The New York Times asking people to read it.

And it turns out that Lennon himself was writing a book when he died. Yeah. It was published posthumously, after he died:

creating things outside of the family."[160] During his career break he created several series of drawings, and drafted a book containing a mix of autobiographical material and what he termed "mad stuff",[161] all of which would be published posthumously.

I didn't know that. But it gets *so* much worse.

I thought about Sirhan Sirhan.

Wasn't there something about RFK and a book, too? Something weird about hypnosis and mind control with him? Writing?

And it turns out, I was correct:

Kennedy on 5 June 1968. The title comes from a page of "free writing" found in assassin Sirhan Sirhan's notebook after the shooting upon which Sirhan had written "R.F.K. must die - RFK must be killed Robert F. Kennedy must be assassinated... before June 5 '68."

Some of the key evidence in his trial was written, in a notebook – in his hand, saying, "RFK must die."

So, OK. *Sort of weird*. But, I wonder how deep this goes. Let's see.

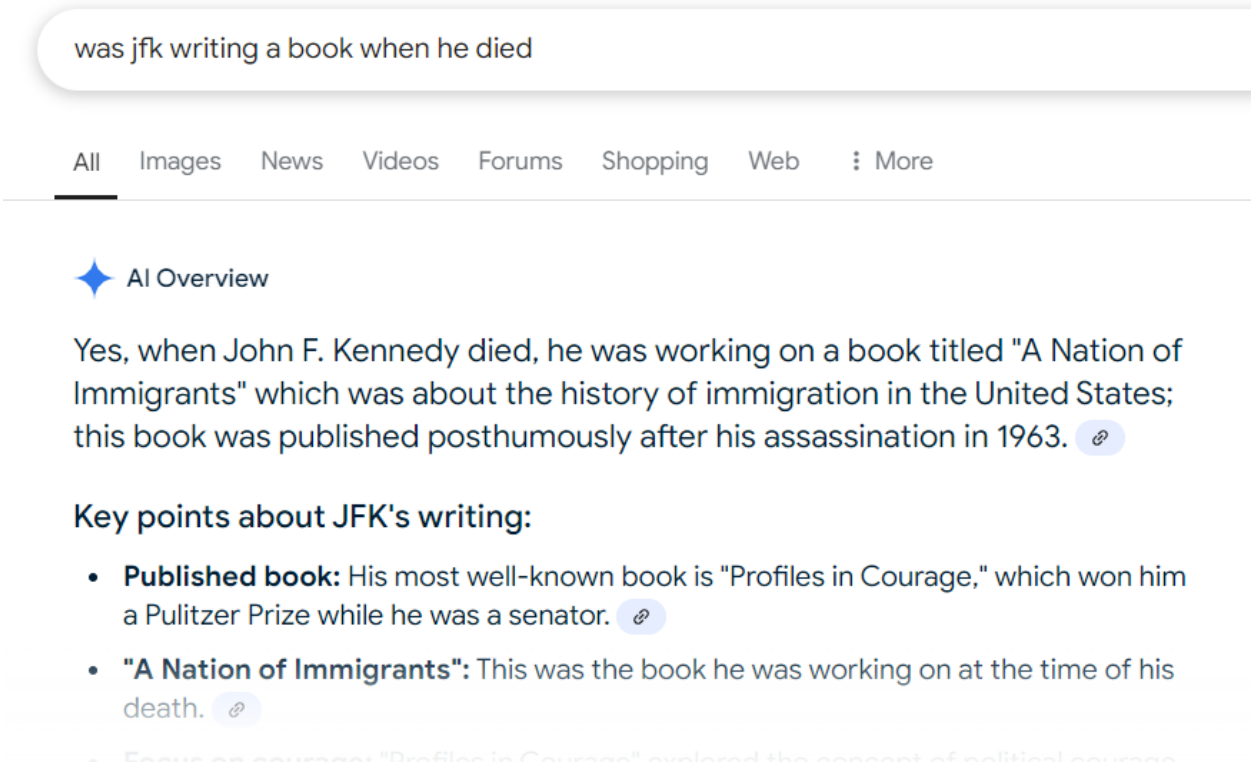
So, I get some ideas. Then, a completely new part of the fractal glows for me. I have never looked over here before.

Hmm… I wonder if RFK was writing a book when he died…

HOLY SHIT!!!

Thirteen Days: A Memoir of the Cuban Missile Crisis is Robert F. Kennedy's account of the Cuban Missile Crisis of 1962. The book was released in 1969, the year after his assassination.[1]

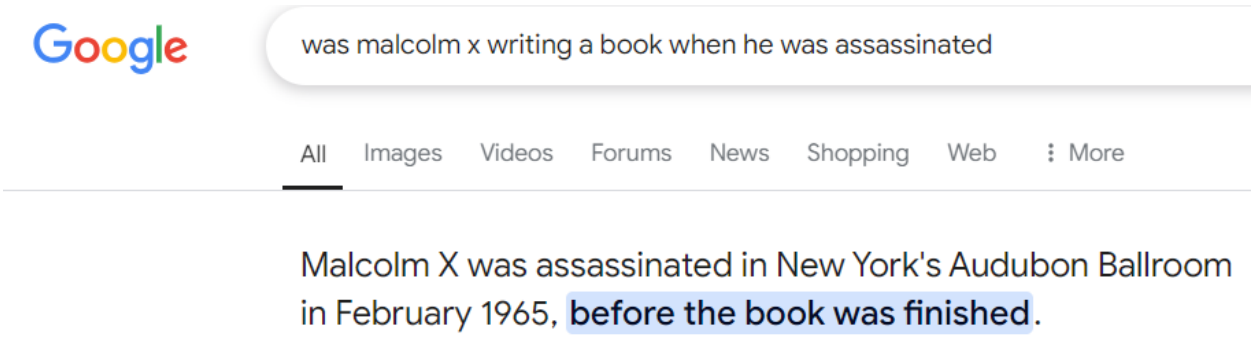
HMMM…. What about JFK? The greatest assassination of all time… was he, perhaps, WRITING A BOOK WHEN HE DIED, GOOGLE???


was jfk writing a book when he died
All
Images
News
Videos
Forums
Shopping
Web
More
AI Overview
Yes, when John F. Kennedy died, he was working on a book titled "A Nation of Immigrants" which was about the history of immigration in the United States; this book was published posthumously after his assassination in 1963.
Key points about JFK's writing:
Published book: His most well-known book is "Profiles in Courage," which won him a Pulitzer Prize while he was a senator.
"A Nation of Immigrants": This was the book he was working on at the time of his death.

FUCK ME!!!

Ok, so let's go deeper.

Malcolm X:



Franz Ferdinand:

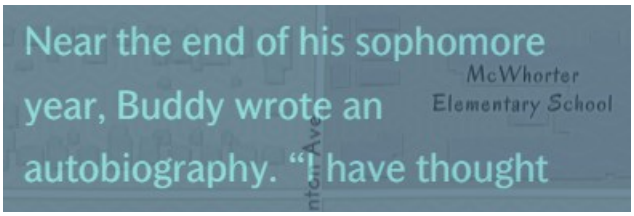
Seven Hanged: The book that started World War One

2 March 2016

Few books can claim to have changed the world while remaining almost unknown. *Seven Hanged*, by Russian author Leonid Andreyev, is one such book. His short story inspired a group of Bosnian revolutionaries to assassinate Archduke Franz Ferdinand, triggering the crisis that led to World War I. The new edition's English translator, PROF. ANTHONY BRIGGS, explores its continuing power.

"The BOOK that started World War One???" WHAT?!?!?!

Buddy Holly wrote an autobiography:



Keith Green wrote journals:

> Keith was 15 the first time he ran away from home. He started a journal that very day and for years as he looked for musical adventure and spiritual truth,

John Denver had a "psychic" stalker, who claims his "spirit" talks to her about his "biography", from *Aspen Times* in a 2007 article called *Author Still Guided By Denver's Voice*:

> "I didn't really have any topic in mind other than John," she said. "I was devastated by his passing. I thought my life was over. I wanted to find out why I was so intrigued by him, so fascinated by him."Instead of getting to the bottom of that mystery, Linelle received something equally satisfying – permission from Denver's spirit, via Candace, to write his biography."When I said, all I want to do is write his biography, the medium said, 'You have his permission.' And he said it instantly," said Linelle. "She was completely blown away by the fact that he came through, because I wasn't a member of his family."The biography, "From John, with Love," remains unpublished. (The title, which came to her in a Georgia restroom, has four words, each of four letters, a fact which she finds significant.) Linelle says, though she has Denver's permission to

"Permission from Denver's spirit to write his biography… the biography remains unpublished."

The fuck???

Hunter S. Thompson (predictable one, for sure):

> the Vietnam War.[42] According to Thompson's letters from the period, he planned to write a book called *The Joint Chiefs* about "the death of the American Dream." He used a $6,000 advance from Random House to travel the country covering the 1968 United States

You look at me.

“HOLY FUCK, WITNESS 1!!! You need to, um… STOP WRITING!!!”

I laugh, heartily. Oh, how I chuckle and grin. I snap two finger guns at you. “I love this guy! Hah! *Stop writing, Witness 1!!!* Come on. Have you been listening to me? It gets *so much worse than this.* I can’t even cover it all!”

You look at me, and a tear rolls down your cheek. “Witness 1… the book… it’s… it’s evil or something! It’s going to *kill you!*”

I look at you and grin. “It’s not a curse. What is it?”

You think. “It’s… it’s…”

I nod. “MK…”

“MK Ultra.”

You stare at me. “How…”

I don’t answer.

“There’s something wrong with my brain. I should be scared, probably, but I’m not. I want to test it. To drive it harder. To document it. To take it further than it’s ever been taken before. To go where no man ever has gone before. These fake diseases I have come in handy sometimes. I *dare* this book to try and kill me. Let’s figure this all out once and for all.

Let’s finish this. Let’s answer the question we’ve all been asking.”

I look at you. You look at me.

“Ummm…”

“Please keep reading, though. Do NOT close this book. It won’t harm you. I promise. I will NOT harm you. I never would. I would die before I intentionally harmed you, Dear Reader. It’s true.

I am doing this for you, because I love you. You will understand by the time you finish it. I am not the wolf in sheep’s clothing. They are. I know what I’m doing.”

I look deeply into your eyes. “Do you trust me?”

You look, and you see nothing but pure, absolute love. Perfect love for all of us. You think about my stories, the truth in them. The way they add up. They aren’t faked. My sources, my pictures. How I don’t tell you what to think or why, I just show you things, source it, document

it, and let you come to your own conclusions. A real teacher. How I have never lied to you, and everything you check or verify online *always* turns out to be true."

"I trust you, Witness 1."

I laugh. "I know a few things. A few things that other people might not know. And by the time we get to the end of the beginning, you'll know too."

You stare at me like I'm an alien.

I look at you. "Do you want to know the true story of the tower?"

You nod. "Yes."

"Listen. The Story of the Stylite."

I hand you a cuneiform tablet, etched in rough lines.

"What is it?"

"Sanskrit. Wrong one. Here, take this."

I hand you a solid chunk of metal, cast with fine details. It's worn, and has a piece broken off but the image is clear:

"How old do you think this is?"

You feel the weight of it. See the wise man, the tower, and the serpent. "Few… hundred years? A thousand, maybe?"

I look at you. "1400 years. And it's depicting someone who lived 200 years before that."

"You look. *1600 years ago*? This story is… 1600 years old?"

I nod. "Sort of. Maybe, much older. This is one of the oldest versions of it that we know of. Unknown unknowns, you know. What do you see? Any… *symbols*?"

You scan it. "I see a… serpent. Tower. Another tower falling on it. A man, desperately clutching a book. He wears a crown, of sorts. Above him is a… shell. A seashell."

I rub the tablet gently. "A seashell. A crown. A tower, one falling. A serpent. A *book*. 1600 years ago."

I put it carefully back in the satchel. "Think the Louvre might want that one back."

I grin. "Do you know who that is?"

You shake your head. "His name is Simeon. Simeon the Stylite. Here's another picture of him:"

"Do you know what a 'stylus' is?"

You nod. "Like a… pen?"

"Exactly. It's what they used to carve Sanskrit, and other languages, into clay tablets in the Middle East. It's one of the major ways we know about how they lived back then, though very little survived. He was called that because he was a writer. He knew how to write, but others did not. That was why he retreated to the tower, because they were going to kill him for his writing."

I look at you. "It's not what they're telling us. With the towers. The temples. Something happened around when Jesus came that left all these megalithic stone structures in ruins. Can't you feel it? How they're lying to us? About the portals?"

You nod. "So, anyways, scattered around the Middle East a little under 2,000 years ago, for absolutely no reason at all, are all these fresh ruins of temples. And they *loved* towers. Tons and tons of towers." I look at you. "Do you want to see a picture of that very tower in the image? We don't know its true age."

You nod.

"That's it. Same one. Turns out, these 'towers' can last *quite a while…* sometimes…"

You laugh. "Yeah… some things never change. Is it still there?"

I frown. "No. For some reason, this tower isn't here anymore, either. The Russians bombed it in 2016. It's gone.

In fact, destruction of archeological evidence that could prove my book is one of the major reasons there has always been war in the Middle East. They systematically destroy evidence of their crimes. They succeeded greatly.

But they left just enough clues that one day, someone could put it all together. Or maybe, enough desperate last screams - enough tragic stories - survived for us. Like this one. Barely."

I look at you. "Here is the tragedy of the stylites. No one knows their story. No one can read their books. No one knows what, exactly, they preached from the towers. What their stories were. It's *tragic."*

You consider it. "They didn't… survive?"

"Nothing. Nothing from the stylites. Stories *about* them. But not *their* books. In my opinion, there was a concerted effort to make sure that didn't happen. We have some scraps. Some letter fragments, maybe. If you can find them. But, not the books themselves."

You look at me. "What do you mean?"

"Well, what do you think they said? Preached up there on the old, broken temples? These were *Christian Monks*. What do you think that their books said? Maybe… something a little like mine?"

"They were… monks? Christian monks?"

"Yep. Every one of them. In fact, it was kind of a big deal at the time. 'Tower monks.' Sort of a… fad. It blew up. Got so big the *emperor* came to see Simeon one time, for advice. The emperor of Rome."

I look down. "Simeon was the first that we know of. He went up there to escape. They called him mad, and drove him up there. He couldn't bear to live amongst them, though he loved them. He found peace up there, and became a huge celebrity. This was in what we call Turkey, near the Syrian border, close to the coast. Nice area. He was a hardcore dude, an ascetic."

You look at me. "Ascetic?"

"Yeah, like in *Siddhartha*. It's a type of monk, Christian or otherwise, who believes that denying themselves physical pleasure, or even fulfilling their basic physical needs, will lead to spiritual enlightenment. It's denial of self in practice."

You nod.

"So, this guy, Simeon, was such an ascetic, that even the ascetic monks kicked him out of the monastery. Yep. 'Sorry pal, we need to *eat* around here *sometimes.*' That sort of thing. He fasted the entire 40 days of Lent one time. Yup, fun guy at parties, as you can imagine. Guy wouldn't lay down to go to sleep sometimes until he *collapsed*. To prove how devoted he was to this stuff."

You look at me. "Seriously?"

“Yes. According to what we know about him. What they say. His book did not survive. None of the stylite’s books survived.”

You look at me. “Why do you keep saying that?”

“36 years. 36 years he clutched his book on top of a tower, roasting in the sun. Thirsty, and relying on people to bring him food and water. In return for sage advice from his writings. If they didn’t come, he would die.”

“He would… he didn’t…” It clicks. “He didn’t come down… at *all*??? For 36 *years*???”

I nod. “Yes. We know that for a fact about him. That was their thing. ‘I am *not* coming down again. Go fuck yourselves.’ He died up there. There was actually quite a dispute over his bones between Antioch and Constantinople.”

You think. “So… the tarot card… the burning tower…”

I stare at you. “How do you think these people, the ones who were once in the temple gaining massive power, wealth, and influence, felt about the Christian monks preaching from their old, ruined towers? Do you think they *liked* that?”

You think. “Um… no.”

“So, what do you think happened?”

I hand you the tarot card with the person trapped on the tower, burning alive.

You grimace. “Oh… yeah…”

You think. *A seashell… above his head… he was on a beach…*

You hand it back, and I put the card away.

“I carry these for educational purposes only.”

“The tower… is that old?”

I shake my head. “Much older. Much, much older. It exists in different forms, but it will always be cloaked in the same story. In fact, this is the true meaning of the tree. The purpose of a tree. But it’s not the true story of the tree.”

You stare at me. “What?”

I smile. “The tower is the tree. The tree is the tower. The trees were put here to test our courage. They give us so much – food, shade, warmth, shelter, wood, paper. Will we stand for them when the axes come out? They are helpless against us.

So, will we protect them as they have protected us?

The trees and forests were a test. To test our courage. Will we climb the tree - sit on the tower - and yell as loudly as we can about the truth? Or will we not? Will we speak for them as they have stood for us?"

I stare at you. "And how do you think that we did?"

We sit in silence for a moment.

I flip to Appendix A and show you the movie-within-a-movie that comes right before the twin towers upside-down collapse:

"The twin pines. The Islamist attack. The lone pine."

"So, are you from the Bible?"

"I don't know. There's only one way to find out. Use the Two Witnesses cash to publish this book and see if it changes the world. If it does, maybe. If it doesn't, then I will pretty much rule that out for good. Might as well try, what the –"

You cut me off. "are you doing with your life. Yep, I got it."

"If I could, I would. It's scary to publish a book like this, but I have to do it. If I don't, I couldn't live with myself. I can genuinely tell you that I feel that God told me to, and that it is inspired by the Holy Spirit. That I believe it is true to the words of Jesus Christ as told through the

Gospels. I believe that this book is Biblical, and congruent with true Christian theology. In fact, I believe that this book *is* Christian theology.

You guys are wrong about everything else, obviously, you are wrong about all that, too. Not entirely, but you're not all the way there yet, either. Better, but not great.

When I read online, there is no "we." You people don't have a "we." That's because you have no leader. You're nothing without a leader. If you cannot stand together, you will die alone. This is the surest lesson from all of history.

Without "we", without "us" – without being able to say *we* do not consent, not *I* do not consent – you *will* be individually and summarily executed in some way within the foreseeable future. I can *guarantee* you that you have no place in the coming new world.

It won't be personal, dramatic, or glorious. There will be no executioner for you to rail at. You will have no grand last words, and no final stand. It will be faceless, systemic oppression that kills you, just like the hundreds of millions during World Wars I and II.

Unless you people can find yourselves a leader, and soon – it's over. Beyond checkmate. You're about to be put away, in the closet, forever. Your story will end. Your game will no longer be played, for all eternity. They will have a new game now, and *you* are not a part of that one.

No one will even be to blame, of course, but *you*. And for once, it will actually be true. Because you did not listen. You did not believe the story they told you, to your face. And so – without a leader - you shall die, and most likely, go to hell. For being a coward, a liar, and hating the truth. For not having faith. For being weak. Being too *stupid* to see it, when it's all right there for you.

"The coming of the lawless one is by wicked deception for those who will perish, and through false signs and wonders he will deceive those destined to perish in forever separation from God.

They refused to love the truth, and so be saved. They did not love the truth, and therefore, they did not believe it."

I mean, the people walking around today wouldn't know the truth if it was shaped like a grand piano and fell on them out of a building. Maybe, that's exactly what needs to happen.

So, listen to me or not. Make your choice. It's yours, if you can have it.

Trust me, I'll be fine either way. You, however, will not.

And I know that probably no one wants me to publish this book. That they would say it's a bad idea. And you know what, I'm sorry everyone, but I have fucking principles. Like I said.

And if you don't like it, or you don't want me to talk, or you don't like my story, then FUCK YOU. It was FREE, you ungrateful bastard. Show some decency.

But honestly, whatever. If not, I'll give up for a while. I'll keep working on songs. I mean, I can't waste my time worrying about idiots who don't even want to be helped. Who love being lied to by psychopaths and pedophiles so much that they will *kill you* to retain this precious privilege. I'm happy either way. I love my life.

And you know what, one day, I'll write another book about 9/11. And if that one doesn't land, I'll write another one. And then another one. I could write books about 9/11 for the rest of my life. I have plenty of titles ready to go. I have plenty of pseudonyms, too.

This is way, way easier than making a good song. In fact, it's fun to write books. No one can interrupt me. The problem is, we don't have time for that. You don't, at least."

I look at you. "We're not done yet. We're going to listen to my song.

But first… the last level. Are you ready? One more step. This is it."

You look at me, slightly frightened. Am I actually insane? The grain of the wood on the table spirals and warps around you, and adrenaline surges through your system. Your fight-or-flight response is haywire, and every sense and input on your body is screaming in pleasure as your nerves tingle and writhe with delight.

Your skin is pale, clammy. The blood has pooled in your organs, as your body senses some type of distress, and you are ghostly white. You breathe quickly and your eyes are wide. The spliffs and blunts make you cough, often. The miasma that comes out of you is dark and sticky. Your heart is *pounding*, and quickly.

Your brain, subconsciously, is in panic from the induced state, and thinks something is wrong. It assumes that you must have been poisoned, and that you will be dying soon. It prepares to shut down, subconsciously. This fear can be overwhelming, if you let it.

So, it opens the windows - to let in the light. It thinks you need to *see* better. Your pupils are huge and black - so wide I can see within them. We perspire, as our bodies attempt to purge the foreign substances out of us - and we exude strange, but barely-perceptible chemical odors.

It's hard to sit still, and it gives you a feeling like you have to move, to find something, like you *need* to move and figure out why every system in your body is flashing a red warning sign all the sudden. You're jittery.

This feeling is *ancient*. It is the *fear* response. We know it instinctually. In fact, I know it so well that even just writing about it brings on a cheap facsimile of the real thing.

Just staring at a *lamp* is the most fun thing that you've ever done in this state. More?

I pull a locket out of my satchel. It's a facsimile of the diamond from the end of *Titanic* that the old lady throws in the ocean like a moron. It's about two inches across, metal, painted in blue. "Open it."

You look within. Four clear capsules sit inside the heart with a brownish substance inside them. "What is it?"

You open them, and crumble them out onto the mirror. It's dark brown and tinged with gold - crystalline. Pretty hard - but as soon as you touch it, it turns soft and begins to melt. Like a dark, hard, amber wax.

"MDMA. Each one has three points in it."

You look at me. "…Ecstasy?"

"Ecstasy is cut MDMA. This is pure. I mean, as close as you can get without a real lab."

I look at you. "Not only did I crack 9/11 and The Beatles, but I also have the answer to drug addiction. I know, I know. You're welcome." I smile.

"Technically, you could purify every drug on Earth down to a fine, pure, beautiful, and relatively safe white powder, if you wanted to. In fact, this would be an excellent way to start catalyzing a more harm reduction-based and helpful approach to drug abuse in society. For one thing, it removes the problem of overdosing, as dosages would be standardized.

But that's not the key. That's obvious. Here's the key – this would work because it removes the rituals, lifestyle, and financial incentives that people *also* get addicted to. It's hard to overstate how much of addiction is the actual *act* of doing drugs. The *routines*. The *rituals.*

If you take that away and offer a safe, pure, and cheap white powder from some dumb beige government store, people will obviously choose that option - but it won't be as fun. It won't be as glamorous. Within a few years, the black market for drugs will be gone.

Over time, the problem will lessen, and it can be figured out. It wouldn't fix everything overnight, of course, but it is the only real step forward from where we are not. Where we are *now*. It's *not* working.

We *need* to try something new here. These whole 'jail' or 'prison' treatment options for drug addiction are *not* really working out very well, in my opinion.

Watch the lifestyle and culture change, and the problem change as well. You must remove this exciting, glamorous criminal element from the drug game. I mean, come on – are you people stupid or something?

We need to do this – cheap, legal, safe, and reliable stores where people can buy a pure white powder of any drug they want - along with finally recognizing that we lost the war on drugs a

few decades ago. Drugs won, obviously. Let's admit that. Let people buy the white powdery shit with their money, and don't even turn a profit from it.

Then, offer real treatment for the few hardcore addicts who still actually show up at these places in a few years. *Treat* them with *care.* It's not that *fucking hard*.

If governments weren't doing shit like planning 9/11, they could *easily* do this. And for the tiny fraction who show up every day and really don't want care or treatment? Fine, let them do it. Holy shit. So what? It's their fucking life.

And yet, people look at me like I'm an *alien* when I say this. Like, what??? Do you *like* having these fucking psychos rolling around with us on the street who can just plant a bag on you and ruin your life forever? Lock you in a cage for a few *years* because you had some *plants*? Like, am I *insane*, or what?

And if after a few years, there's still a few million insane people who want to buy some dried poppy resin or mushrooms and sit on their couch or some shit, so what? Fuck *off* and stop telling people what they can or can't do. If you're going to lock someone in a cage, there needs to be *harm*.

Hm, let's see does the Bible say "don't smoke poppies" in it somewhere? *Huh*? *Does it*? Can you show me a verse that actually says that?

That's right, there's not. For real, though, don't start doing that. Don't smoke the shit that comes off the pretty flowers. Very, very addictive. Read some Burroughs, for God's sake. It's called common sense.

Oh, 'sober minded'? Yeah, well, Muslims are "sober", but are they "sober minded", according to the Bible?

No, I didn't think so! Therefore, "sober minded" does NOT equal "sober." It's called "logic."

There is not one actual verse in the Bible that specifically prohibits drug use. It's true. "Oh yeah, your stomach hurts, Timothy? Try some WINE!!!"

Yeah, not exactly teetotalers. You do know what Jesus's very first miracle was, right? Water into WINE at a fucking PARTY!!!

I am not encouraging or endorsing drug or alcohol abuse here - what I am getting at is the way we are currently dealing with it *beyond* insane, absurd, and ridiculous. I can't even think of a good adjective for how stupid it all is, honestly.

Anyways, five years of my plan, and drug addiction is no longer a problem on Planet Earth. Obviously, of course, that will have to wait until *after* we fix the whole '10,000 children who

starve to death every day' thing. And maybe until we fix the whole 'little girl raped every 8 minutes' issue.

ANNNDDD the miniscule, teensy-weensy, tiny-winy little issue that two women are *murdered* per hour on this planet (wait was that it or was it worse? Oh, boy. I just went back and checked. This is but one category on the 'ol Wheel of Femicide, though.)

Sorry, everyone, what I meant to say was the miniscule, teensy-weeny, tiny-winy little issue that two women are murdered PER MINUTE on this God-forsaken planet!!!! SO, FUCK YOU GUYS AND YOUR OBSESSION WITH WHAT PLANTS I LIKE!!! FUCK OFFFFFF!!!

Annyywaaayyyss, this will engage the last center of your brain we need. By the way, I don't even really do drugs anymore. I'm just… passionate about pharmacology. I have unconventional hobbies.

However, this plan would work. I guarantee it.

So… what I was getting at… the empathy center. MDMA. The last part of your brain we need, since doing opiates in a book is too far even for me. That's too dark. We're doing the fun drugs today. Party drugs.

I look over at you.

"So, what do you think? Do you wish to enter the *ministry of love*?

The nervous center of the heart, in the brain? Where we connect with others. Where we love to talk to them. Where we can sit with them for hours and listen to them. Do you want it?"

We go out to the porch, and drink our Gatorade and water. We smoke a spliff, and watch the smoke drift lazily towards the ceiling in loose tendrils of grey – whitish, then more grey, then slowly it dissipates to nothing. The noises from outside are a symphony of crickets and frogs.

"You've never heard music until you listen to it while you're on psychedelic drugs and ecstasy at the same time. It's true. When you do, I will take you through my portal."

You look at me and smile. You hit the spliff, and the cherry glows red. The light scatters, sparkles, turns into fractals on your face. You look *beautiful*.

"Ok."

I smile.

I hand you a capsule, and you swallow it. I take one too. The rest, we put on the mirror. I take the curved lens, and crush it down into a fine powder.

"This one burns. It will hurt, and it'll drip down your throat. You will taste it, and it won't taste like anything you've ever tasted. Like a chemistry set in your mouth."

You grimace at me. "I'm scared."

I smile at you. "Don't be. As long as these drugs are pure and the dosages are reasonable, there's literally no risk except a little hangover. You'll be fine. Don't take it all the time, obviously. It's not going to kill you. Do you think you'll be the first person to die from mixing a few party drugs together or something? Relax."

You look at me. "Isn't that peer pressure?"

I laugh. "Yes. But, no. You don't have to. I don't care, and I won't judge you either way. In fact, drugs like these are quite expensive and difficult to find, so I wouldn't mind having more for myself.

To be honest, you just cannot die from doing these drugs, at these dosages, if they're pure. Even at *far higher* dosages, there is no actual physical risk unless something is already wrong with you. The risk is an illusion. The risk is not real. It's true – it's all in your head.

But I mean, come on. It's Friday - you ain't got no job, and you ain't got shit to do. You don't even *have* 'jobs' here, do you?"

You look at me. "Well, like anything else worth doing, taking drugs can cause blood pressure issues, Witness 1. Over time, drug abuse can lead to hypertension. It's true. You know that for a fact."

You think about it. "But, I mean… I guess, so what? We might as well just give up having sex too, then, right? What about their precious *running*? Doesn't that *raise your blood pressure*??? Morons."

I laugh. "That's right! Fucking morons. *Running.*"

You decide to rail the line. It shocks you.

At first, it's not too bad. Then, the sharp crystal shards of MDMA pierce through the blood vessels of your nose, breaking through the mucous membranes. It burns like a thousand tiny needles in your nose for a few minutes. A red-hot, burning pain - like stabbing.

"Ow," you say.

I tell you to sit, and to embrace the pain. Feel it. It is real.

I ask you if you know why people die once in a while when they take drugs, especially ecstasy. You shake your head.

"They dance, and they dance, and they don't drink water. Like I told you – Gatorade. Pedialyte. Absolutely critical for the action potentials. The salt water and fat channels. Seizures."

I pass you a tiny puddle of water on a plate, with a cut straw next to it. "Snort this water. It'll help."

You do, and it does. The crystals dissolve, and the pain is gone within five minutes.

An acidy chemical substance drips down your throat now. You cough, to try and expel it. It tastes like eating sandpaper and a marker. It's wonderful.

You gag, and I laugh. "Don't spit that out. In fact, don't even swallow it. Let it sit in your mouth."

It filters through your flesh and blood vessels, and works its way into the bloodstream. From there, it permeates your body, including your brain. Then, you know pure pleasure.

I look at you. "You know what my favorite food is?"

"What?" you wince at me.

"Drugs. Party drugs."

We laugh. The designs on the table and walls spin and whirl around us as we dissolve into ecstasy. Dissolve into the Nothing.

Section XV

The Eudaimonia Question

I pull out *1984* by Van Halen. "Put it on."

We listen to the opening riff of Jump, and I can feel the sharp, jagged pink and blue notes just like when I was a child. I grow curious, and I realize that I have never actually looked up what key this song is in.

I've also - for real – never actually played along with it, learned it, or looked it up. It's a great song, but not a good one to cover or play over. The synth sound is too iconic to try and recreate, a cover of this song could never live up to the original. Too complicated to play over or solo along with well.

Pink and blue would be Bb and C. I turn to you. "Let's test it. Let's test the synesthesia. Look up the key of this song."

You do:

> The song "Jump" by Van Halen is in the key of **C major, with the guitar solo in the key of B♭ minor**.

Backwards, but very, very close. This was a real test. I would have guessed Bb for the verse and then C for the solo based on the colors. They're jagged, intermixing, so it makes sense.

I look at you. "All you have to do to see a color you've never thought of before is write a new song."

You laugh. It isn't true. Is it?

"Look at the cover."

You turn it over:

“It’s an Angell.”

We laugh. I tell you to put *5150* on instead, and you agree with me that *Love Walks In* is technically the second-best song of all time, after mine.

You look at me, stunned, with eyes as wide as saucers. “It’s a… it’s a fucking *masterpiece*! You’re right! Nothing else *ever* sounded like that until *that song came out*. A new sound. A *new story*. Of *computers* and *guitars*. And it is *fucking beautiful.* Goosebumps, dude.”

A single tear rolls down my cheek. Finally, *finally*, I *found* someone who understands the inherent, unspeakable, absolutely cosmic genius that it took to write, record, and produce *Love Walks In,* on tape, in 1986. I mean, it’s incredible.

“No one has ever listened to Van Halen with me without making fun of me. Except for N. Why do people hate sheer talent and excellence so much? Why do we no longer revere the virtuosos among us?

Where are the arenas these days? The legions of adoring fans for the ones who work hard enough to *sound good*. To sound different. Not some bullshit a studio executive paid someone to write. And you’re just the pretty face who records it. Fuck that.

Eddie Van Halen was one of the greatest geniuses of all time.”

You stare at me. "It's true, isn't it? He really was… a… fucking… it's… it's a fucking *masterpiece*."

I go to your piano and play the opening riff to *Love Walks In*.

C. The perfect key. Apparently, Eddie Van Halen liked it, which is weird, because most musicians think that writing a song in C is *very uncool and embarrassing.*

C, the melody, and then a C/E. It's a C chord with the third, E, played as the bass note. It's an old classical trick, they call it 'figured bass'. Creates an immense, open sound. It longs, so badly to lead to the fourth. It *dies* for the fourth. But it doesn't get it.

Am, the relative minor. The minor sixth. *Then*, the fourth - F. The fifth, G. Then, home. It's actually just *Hallelujah*, but rearranged a little bit.

We enter the verse, and the tonal center shifts up a whole step to Dm. Now, Bb and C have an edgy, dark feel. They claw their way back to the new minor home bass rather than settling peacefully together.

The pre-chorus, a perfect IV-V-vi. A Fourth, A Fifth, and a Minor Sixth. Pure music. *Hallelujah*.

Back to the opening riff for the chorus, and another verse.

My favorite part, the second pre-chorus. Sammy Hagar sings a worship song to the most beautiful and aesthetic of God's creations – *woman* – and delivers the line:

Ooo, there she stands in a… silken gown.
Silver lights – shining down!

And you can *see* it. You see her there, just like he did. You *feel* it. He sings a strange song:

Oh, sleep and dream is all I crave
I travel far across the milky way
To my master I become a slave
Till we meet again some other day
Where silence speaks as loud as war
Earth returns to what it was before

You look at me. "He… he did it himself. That's what makes it *high* art. Not just normal art. It's *all him*, mastering four or five different domains at once. Eddie… brought the song to life *himself*."

I look at you. "I mean, Hagar is a genius, too. But yeah, pretty much. They brought it to life themselves, and Eddie did most of the engineering and virtuoso work.

In fact, this wasn't recorded at a normal studio. It was recorded in Eddie's house, in a studio he built from the ground up. He called it *5150*, just like the album. 5150 is police code, of course. "Insanity." "Lunacy." It's still open, and his son Wolfgang runs it today. Had some zoning and power interference issues, as I understand it. Man, I would love to see the inside of that studio.

I look at you.

"So, is it just me or… do they… not really, *write* songs like this anymore?"

I pull a glimmering black briefcase out of my satchel and hand it to you. Inside it is Sammy Hagar's 1977 album, *Musical Chairs*:

"What do you see?"

"Circles… portals? Some black… nothing?"

I reach into my satchel and pull out a binder of laminated Sammy Hagar lyrics and hand it to you, pointing at a song called *Crack in the World.* I put it on, and you listen:

I found out what it is that's been driving me mad.

There's no room to breathe between the good and the bad.

The crush in-between, there's a thin, thin line.

But just 'round the corner, there's a change in design.

There's a crack, there's a crack in the world.

There's a crack, there's a crack in the world.

Just fifty more years we're all gonna know.

Why, when, where, how, and who gets to go.

So let's all have a good time before the great divide.

'Cause things will start separating come 2025.

So look for the subtle clues

It won't make the front-page news.

That depends upon which side that you choose.

There's a crack, there's a crack in the world.

You look at me. "HOLY SHIT!!! Did he say…"

I toss you a copy of this book. "Check the copyright. 2025. 'Things will start separating come 2025.' He said that 50 years ago. 'Just 50 more years and we're all gonna know', he said."

Honestly, Hagar is a genius too. The man is a poet. He *knew*. That's why he lives in a fortress in Cabo. I wish he would email me back, I am dying to come visit.

He probably knows more about all this than just about anyone, and I think he's one of the good ones. I trust him, and I hope that he would trust me, too. It's hard to know when to change chords without talking about it, but I bet that he could do it. I can, too.

I pull up the 13-minute long live version of *Eruption.* We watch as he takes a huge drag on a cigarette, tucks it into the strings on his headstock, and blows a perfect Gandalf ring:

“I mean, the guy’s on top of the world. You can’t tell me it gets any cooler than that. No child sex slaves either, at least as far as I know. I mean, look at this fuckin’ guy. He’s a legend. The greatest guitarist of all time, by a mile too.”

You agree that this is pretty much peak coolness. We watch him play the tapping section.

“When he first did that, guitarists would come to his shows just to try and figure out how he did it. He would turn around sometimes and play backwards. No one else could get that sound, for a few years.

Now, we can all learn *Eruption* if we really want to. It’s a known quantity. Back then, *he was the only person on the planet that could do that.*”

I stand up and start air guitaring along with it. I pull the blue Ibanez with Ocean Eyes out of my satchel and look at you. “I got the half stack in here too. You wanna hear it???” I blow a perfect Gandalf smoke ring, tuck the spliff behind the strings of my headstock, and wink at you.

You sigh. “Witness 1… I mean, *Eruption* is really cool and all - and I’m sure you’re really very good at it, and I appreciate how you tied in the whole ‘gatekeeping information’ leitmotif there with the part about how Eddie would turn his back on the crowd so the other guitarists couldn’t play the tapping section of *Eruption*, and your lecture on the sociopolitical implications of the Roth/Hagar musical schism and how it relates to our inner struggles between modernism and antiquity was very interesting and everything, but… aren’t these testimonies supposed to be more about, you know, The Bible, and Jesus Christ?”

I laugh. I love talking to you.

“Your compliments are so true, Dear Reader. It’s almost like talking to a mirror, sometimes. Yes, it’s true.” I close my ocean eyes.

“And I have written much on it. For anyone who desires, I will send much, much more on this. My book called *Theology, Ontology, and Eschatology*. On my proofs for supernatural authorship of the Bible, my arguments for the –

You know what, hang on.”

I pull out *The More Rational Worldview*, and show you the *Table of Contents*. “Read Section II:”

II. Supernatural Authorship and Historicity of the Bible - **245**

I. Ontological Arguments for the Existence of God - **246**

II. Historicity and Accuracy of the New Testament - **257**

III. Historical Arguments for the Resurrection of Jesus Christ - **265**

IV. Independent Attestation - **268**

V. Archeological Confirmation of the Old Testament Narrative - **278**

VI. Fulfilled Prophecy - **299**

VII. Bible Codes Contain Proof of Supernatural Authorship - **338**

VIII. Divine Inspiration - **351**

IX. *Giati Apologia?* - **358**

“It’s all in there. Everything you need, right here. I already wrote it. And no one will read it.

Also, *The Narrow Path* in Appendix G of this book. Speeches, sermons, blog posts, books. Thousands and thousands of people. I am a Christian, and I believe it to be true.

But, do you know what I’ve learned from doing this?”

You shake your head as your mind explodes with euphoria.

“It’s the same as 9/11. People don’t really want to read a book full of facts about why the Bible was written by God, evidence for the Biblical narrative, fulfilled prophecy, Bible codes, ontological arguments, archeology, any of that. It’s junk to them. Worthless.

Likewise, the plain and painful truth is, they don’t really even want to hear the *Gospel* anymore. We all know it: ‘Jesus came and died for our sins. He loves us, but the world is still completely fucked up. One day this will change, hopefully. Oh, and the evil people in charge of everything will always win because you’re not allowed to try and stop them for some reason. Good luck! Try not to ‘worry’ too much! Now here’s the exact same sermon you’ve heard for the last two years in a row because I’m *out* of material.’

I’m sorry, but everyone knows this story. Everyone knows who Jesus Christ is. Everyone knows that the Bible *exists*. If they want to, everyone has had a chance to read it. Especially in

America. Worldwide, in fact, as far as I can tell. Even North Sentinel Island had their chance, and they shot the messenger. Literally.

You won't get anywhere with typical preaching or Evangelicalism. That time is dead - murdered. The times have changed. We need a new story now.

I need to make people *feel* it again. Reach them in a way that gets through the bullshit. My first book was good, but it wasn't good *enough*. It doesn't *tell a story*. It's academic, and that's what I was going for.

First, you must establish credibility. That you are a reliable narrator. Without 785 sources, you can't do that. *Then*, you can tell the story.

Let's see if this way works. It's time to try something new. What Christians have been doing is *not working*. In fact, the failure of Christians to hold their leaders accountable for being obviously Satanic, lying, warmongering freaks has led to the greatest bloodshed the world has ever seen, which is part of the message in the *Goodbye Blue Skies* video.

Ever since Reagan, the Christians have totally lost their way. They *fucked up*. So, I really don't want to hear one word from the Christians of America about how they don't like this testimony.

You know what? I don't fucking like you, either. So go ahead, make my day. Read my book and get mad about it. Do ya feel lucky, punk?"

I smack the table with my fist. You look at it, and then back at me. We smile.

"Yeah, I guess that makes sense. I mean, what has the organized Christian religion really even been doing for the last 50 years besides raping a bunch of kids in Sunday Schools and behind the parishes? Have they even called out literally any of this? Done anything? Even *helped* anyone? Do we all seem *better off* because of them, or just a lot more *fucked-up* and *miserable*?"

I laugh. "Now you're talking. The key here is to not care what anyone thinks about you. Why should you? You're better than them! And if you're not, who cares? Who can even prove it either way anyways?

It's all fucking absurd and ridiculous! Games, stupid games. That's all they ever do. Nothing but circle after circle of bullshit. Two rights make a left with these people.

I look at you. It's almost midnight, but we are full of life. "Are you ready to hear my portal?"

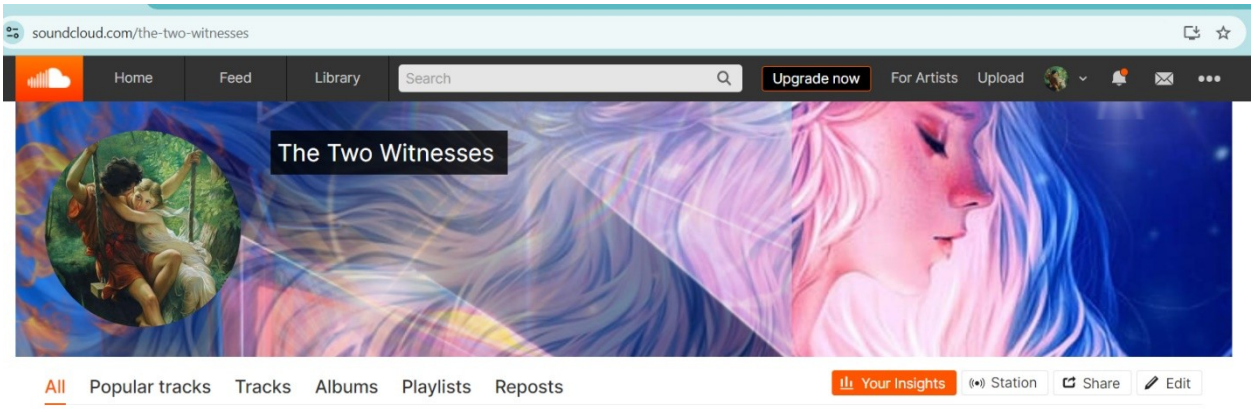
You nod. I look over at your stereo. "That won't cut it for this one."

I reach into my satchel, and pull out my three 10-inch speakers and 280-watt PA system. 30 inches of steel, magnets, and fabric.

"Oh yeah, baby."

I set it up, and run the speaker cable around your room to enclose us in a triangulation of sound waves. I fire up The Greatest Song in the World, and we hear the bells, ocean waves, and thunder take hold:

https://soundcloud.com/the-two-witnesses/spiritual-warfare-2



The Gregorian Chant synth comes in.

"A perfect fifth. But not in G#. I accidentally started the song in C#, so we start with a G#-C#, which in this context is a descending perfect fifth. The chant builds.

I look at you. "There are three choir synths in this song. The Gregorian Chant, a male choir called *Wotan*, and the *Genesis Children's Choir VST*. They're sample-based, which means they use purely the sound of real people singing in a studio. It's magic, and this technology was pure fantasy just two or three decades ago.

After the bouncy chant with a pink flare on top, I used an 808. Apparently, people love those. It comes in at about 1:00. You hear that metal cascade in the background? Ride cymbal. Bringing percussion to life is one of the hardest parts about MIDI.

"Do you know how to get a good hi hat sound out of a laptop?"

You shake your head. "No."

"I'll tell you. And if you don't follow *all* of these steps, your hi hat will sound like shit. Flat, uniform. No life. Like a robot hitting a trash can."

First, find a good sample of a *closed* hi hat, and drag it into your drum rack twice, so you have two copies of it. Then, find a sample of an *open* hi hat as well, which is what it sounds like when the foot pedal is released. Ringing, open. It's *sustained*.

Make sure these samples are clear and blend together fairly well, which isn't hard when you have a few thousand of them. Three samples total, and two of them are the same. Sometimes open and closed will be sampled together in a set, which is ideal. If you can't pick out any real differences, just pick the ones you like. That's music.

Next, open up the "Spectrum" Ableton effect, under the preset called "Pitch." This is how you tune your drums. Drums have a wide frequency spectrum, but due to how pitch works, as you go up, it narrows. So, pitch your drum hits up 2 or 3 octaves, and play them. Watch the waveform on your frequency analyzer, and look for the highest peak. The Mount Everest.

The "Pitch" preset tells you where every note is, and you can now observe the peak, or the true fundamental note of the sample. Thanks to this preset, you know the notes of your samples – where the wave crests.

So, you simply use the transpose function to bring this peak up or down the corresponding number of half steps to match the first (root note) of your song, which you will already know. You can use the fifth, but less often. Like, if you are seeing that the closed hi hats are hitting at an Bb, but your song is in G#, bring them both down one whole step. Now, everything's in G#. That's where you start.

If your sample is too far away, like 5 or 6 half steps, consider finding a new one. Claps are too diffused to do this with, but almost every other percussion sample will need to be tuned. Snares will be tuned. Kicks will be tuned. Hi hats will be tuned.

Next, we need to draw in our MIDI. I'll tell you a hi hat pattern that everyone likes, and in fact, it's in my song pretty prominently. Because this is, sort of, the "ultimate" hi hat pattern that just about everything else can be extrapolated from. Start with a 4 beat grid divided into 8 – 8 eight notes, making up a bar.

Ok, so you draw in the pattern. Let's say you begin with all eights of the 8th notes, alternating up and down between your two hi hat samples. Add the open hi hat right at the very beginning, and at the second-to-last 8th note.

Finally, select the last two upper notes, and click the button that shortens them by half. Duplicate them. Now, you have a neat little 16th note roll at the end of your loop. People *love* that shit.

You look at me. "I don't understand - I can't visualize it. Can you show me?"

I laugh, and realize that I do actually have my laptop handy. I reach into my satchel, and pull that out too. "You better believe I can show you."

In your coked-out, stoned, mushroomed, rolling, and dosed euphoria, you think that sounds like a pretty fucking cool idea.

"YEAH!!! SHOW me that shit!"

I smile. No one has ever asked to see one of my projects before. No one.

"Ok." I fire it up. Then I close it.

"Wait. I need to finish telling you how to make a good hi hat sound first."

Ok, so you have the open hi hat and two closed hi hat samples, and they're all tuned to the root of whatever key you're in. You have a decent pattern of rhythmic 8th notes with a little roll. Your notes alternate, exactly, back and forth, back and forth, from the upper to lower note – between your two closed hi hat samples.

Now, the magic. Go into one of the samples and transpose it *down* a half step. You don't want the minor 1st, you want the major 7th. Much better.

Go into the sample you lowered by a half step. On that sample, and only that sample, drag in a low pass filter and an EQ. Pull the low pass filter down to about 10k. This will give one hi hat strike a darker feel, and create variation. Life.

Change the EQ to "mid side" mode, and just draw in some normal EQ curves, cut lows, scoop mids, boost highs. Different EQs for the middle and the sides of the stereo spectrum.

Now, it's hard to tell, but one hit sounds "bright" and one hit sounds "dark" and "different". This is how real drums work – there is one main hit then a sort of rebound as the stick and metal deform and bounce back into place. This is where rhythm comes from. Dark and light. Chiaroscuro.

Now, this next part is very, very important. The key – velocity.

In a four-note pattern, use the small dots on the bottom to change the velocity like this – high, medium, low, medium. This repeats. Now, you get a beautiful, wave-like effect that drummers do without even thinking about it. Velocity, which is another way of saying "volume", is the other component of real rhythm.

You can simplify this pattern, complicate it, or remove notes altogether. Silence is the most important part of music – sometimes. Knowing when *not* to play notes is *almost* as important as knowing when to play them. You can double the entire pattern in length or shrink it as you wish. Tip - do not overdo the "rolls." Over time, you will begin to hear in your head where you need them. It will become intuitive.

Next, you must effect the track. On *every single track* you should have the "Utility" plugin using the preset "Bass Mono." Bass should ALWAYS be in mono, and the only exception to that is certain parts of a lead dubstep growl, as they must sound huge (one note at a time.) This cutoff should be set at 125 hz, so that anything below that is in mono.

This has to do with "phase cancellation", where bass frequencies are actually so slow that just the minute differences in how the two stereo tracks end up coming out of the speakers can lead to the waveforms cancelling each other out. Weak, floppy bass. Not good. Like black rubber strings. A double image of a waveform, to be precise, but with almost-indetectable variances that collapse the entire thing once combined.

Any live instrument or vocal track will need an EQ, but something like a MIDI hi hat probably will not. If you wish, you can put an EQ8 on it, and click the headphone icon, which will turn

blue. Raise one of the notches all the way up and narrow it using the “Q” function. Sweep it back and forth, and since you pressed the headphone icon, it will now isolate only the frequencies you are boosting, called ‘monitoring.’

When you hit the right note, it will screech. It stands out. These are harmonics and overtones like the minor third in the series, that don’t fit right. When you find them, keep your notch very narrow and in place, and then lower the gain. That frequency is now gone, and the whole sample is freed up. This is actually quite important for percussion like ride or crash symbols, as they contain much more frequency information than hi hats.

However, on *every* track, you need a high pass filter set at about 125 hz as well to just cut this low rumbling sound out of everything. This is how you keep that range clear for your mono bass. So, you *always* start with a “Utility – Bass Mono” and an “Auto Filter” or “High Pass Filter”, with both set on 125 hz. For a hi hat, you can drag this up to about 3 – 400 hz.

After this, you will need a compressor. And the order you do these things in *does* matter. I really, really like the Waves *RVox* compressor. Incredible effect. Compressors are the closest thing to actual magic that we’ve ever come up with, musically speaking. Like fairy dust.

Once you’ve done this, you can have fun with it.

Before your reverb or delay - add a chorus, and turn the Dry/Wet knob down between 3% and 7%. Add a flange, and turn that one down very, very low as well. Just a few percent.

An autopan, which shifts it from left to right, can add space and movement. Finally, for hi hat, you’re going to want to add a stereo spectrum widener on the high frequencies, which does the exact opposite of the “Bass Mono” plugin. High sounds like this you want to *spread out*. They need *space.*

Delays and reverbs on a nice hi hat pattern are *incredible*. You can even use the differently-synced delay times to create entirely new rhythms.

And there you go. That’s how you get a good hi hat sound without a recording studio. No one ever taught me any of that (some pieces), and it took me about 10 years to figure it out.

People literally hate telling these secrets, because they want to be the only ones who know how to do it. Information, like I said, is the most closely guarded resource in the world.

I play the song again, and now we’re finally in G#. The C# shifts, and is no longer the root key. A surprise – D#? Then, the euphoric resolution into G#. Oh – *this* is the root key. I still need to mix the vocals on this part, as of when I write this.

We hear the triumphant E-F#-G# that signals the end of a section, and the stormy beach with a ringing church bell returns. To get that bell sound, I used the frequency analyzer to pitch it, and then I chopped it up and realigned it with my grid. I duplicated it four times, and transposed it into different harmonies.

The church bell actually changes every time you get back to the beach – it's a reoccurring, yet shifting, motif that clues you into where the story is at. At one point, it's a minor harmony – G# minor. All other times, it's major, with shifting harmonies.

This next part, with the soft piano, is pretty much all I had ready to go when I started this file. I brought out a MIDI controller I had bought, but never used much, and I played this part into the laptop rather than drawing it in.

I look at you and smile. "Do you still want to see it?"

You nod. I open the laptop, and turn it on. The project file takes about 20 minutes to load, so we go and smoke a spliff while we wait. It feels fantastic – you've never literally felt the explosion of dopamine and endorphins from each hit of THC and nicotine before. It floods your system, and your vision grows blurry. You feel lightheaded.

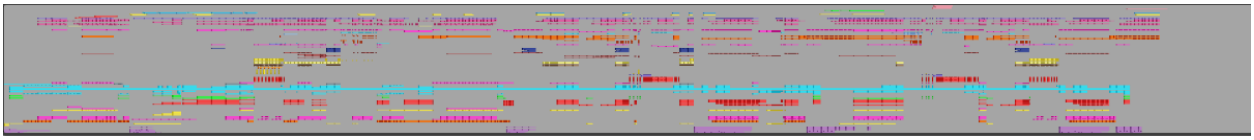
We sit down, and I ask you if you are ok. You look at me, and I can tell that you are. It's all in your head. You center yourself. Drink some water.

"Yeah. I'm OK." We laugh. I remind you that puking is OK when you take drugs, and you always feel better afterwards. You say that you will take that into consideration.

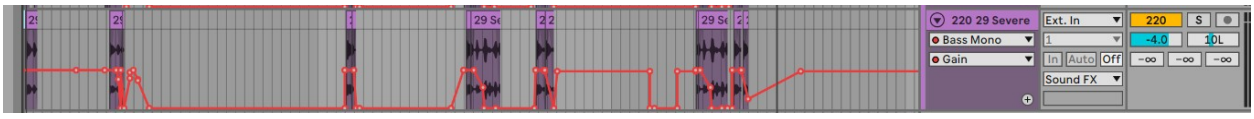
The file is loaded. Let's take a look.

"Come, peer into the depths of my soul. See what I have never shown." I pause the music, and 30 inches of the room stops moving.

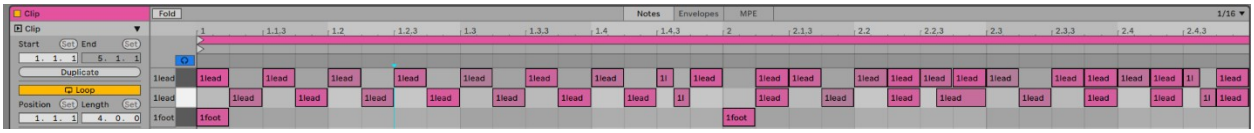
Ableton calls this the "Overview." It's a visual reminder of where your clips are at, used to subconsciously keep you in context:



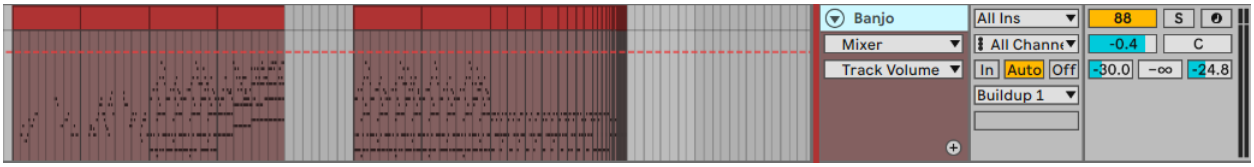
Here is the last track in my file – one of the two thunder SFX tracks. There are 220 tracks, and 15 of them are choirs:



The first half here is *basically* the hi hat pattern I told you about, with a slightly more complex version after it. The different shades of pink represent *velocity*:



This is the lead banjo track:



My hooded eyes twinkle at you. "This is my favorite part, the Celtic fiddle and banjo riff that comes in at 9:42.

I learned the truth about this song when I danced for the first time, which was to this part. It's actually a 13th century ancient European dance song that one of my ancestors wrote. We danced to it about 1,000 years ago in deep forests, and it was passed down through my bloodline.

This particular part is old, older than old. It was very popular, and it spread. It entered the human psyche, and it instinctually speaks to a deep part of you. Though it is new, it is familiar. It was one of the first hit songs ever. It was, actually, the first dance song.

This ancestor of mine created the genre of dance music with this song, deep in the painted woods of Ancient Ireland. It was played in castles and festivals of lanterns and wreathes. It was a beautiful song of hope and young love in the sunny grass. I kid you not, it was about my ancestor's young love with a beautiful blonde girl, who swam in water, and how they made love in a sunny barn one morning among the hay and animals. Hiding from the others and the way it changed their lives.

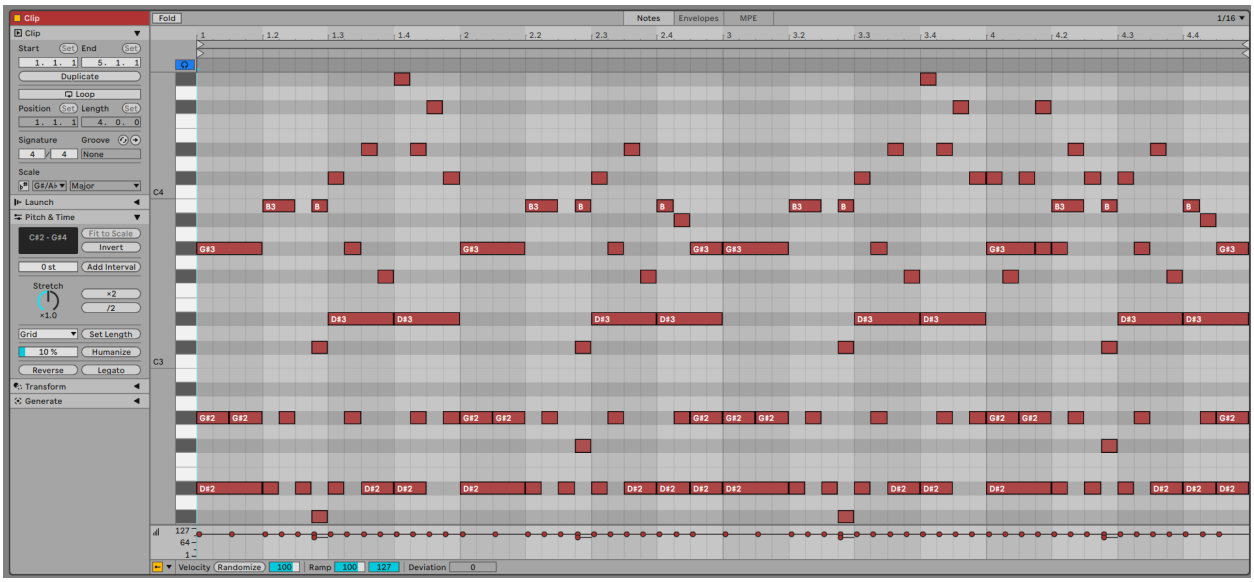
It was first played on a lute-type instrument with only five strings. Women loved it. *Kings* loved it. Weddings, feasts. It's true - I learned all that when the government megadosed me with acid. My ancestor in ancient 13th century Ireland was the world's first-ever rock star."

You laugh. "Do you really think that?"

I smile softly and look at you across the room in complete sincerity. "Yes. I do. I saw it within the fractal. It *told* me."

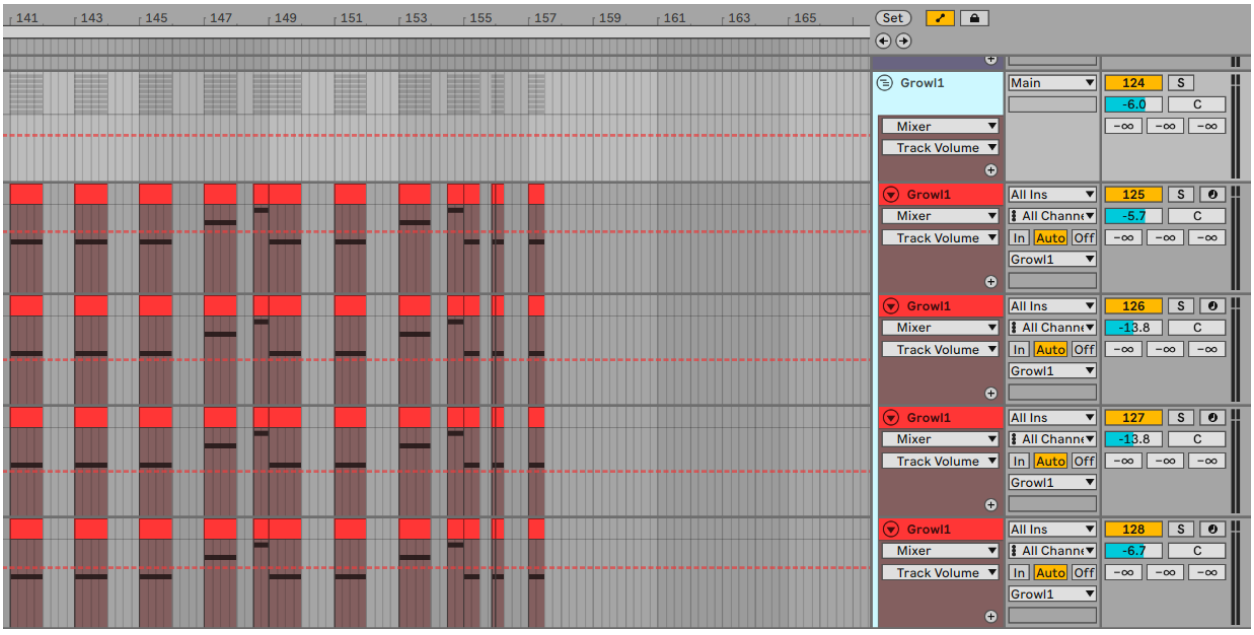
You think about it. "Can I get a *source* on that?" We crack up together.

Here it is in closeup:

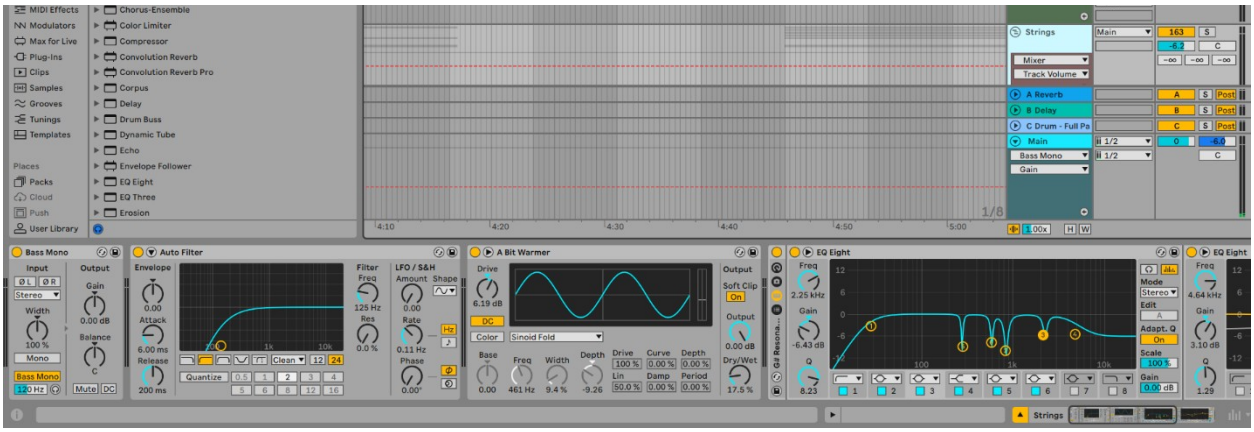


That's the best thing that I have ever written. I will never, ever, write a riff this perfect again - you don't write music like this, it writes you. And I'll tell you, it is *hard* to draw in squares like that and get music out of it. You can see the velocity markers on the bottom. For an instrument like banjo, you won't want too much variation here.

This is the first dubstep growl in the song. There are eight tracks, four more after these, because this is just about when I learned to group them in instrument racks instead of doing it this way. Also, this is what I mean when I say "one note at a time:"



This is the master buss for my string section, and you can see an example of the Bass Mono effect and the Hi Pass Auto Filter set at 125 hz, as well as what it looks like when you sweep for those harsh frequencies and remove them with an EQ (very important for strings):



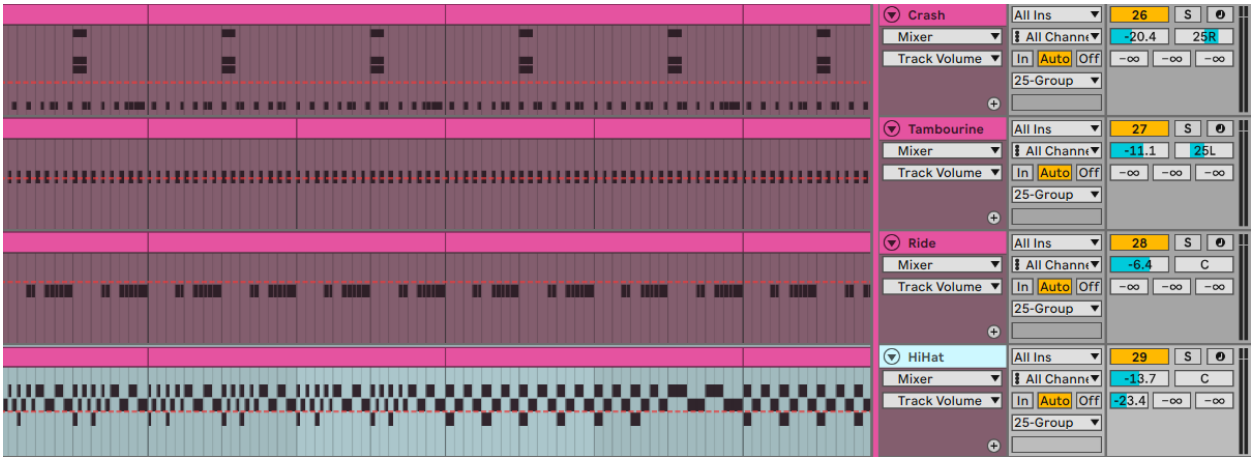
You can also see a saturator called “A Bit Warmer” with the Dry/Wet set pretty low. I forgot about this, it’s a great trick to make certain tracks stand out more, but do NOT overdo it.

Ironically, producers and engineers love to tell you that “warmth” is not a real musical term. That it’s not a “real thing.” Of course it is, you just have to find it – like that “soft clip” button on the saturator.

Above the EQ, you can see my three buss tracks, which any other track can be sent to at any time. The standard three that work quite well are – reverb, delay, and a very heavy, 100% wet compressor for the drum group (they call this “New York Compression” or “Parallel Compression.” Do NOT send the kick drum to this track – phase cancellation. Only *one* kick drum.)

This is what the three arpeggiators and the instrument rack for my lead Sawtooth synth looks like. You can see two grouped arpeggiators (“MIDI effect rack”) next to the lone one, and five instrument tracks in my Sawtooth group (“rack”):

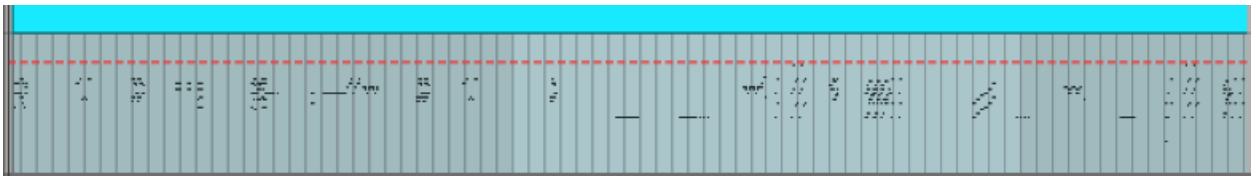
This is what my rhythm percussion section looks like:



Here is what the Gregorian Chant synth looks like (by far the most aesthetic one):

This synth has a limited range, which is shown in blue. The red keys are keyswitches, which change variables in the sound, and the yellow and purple perform various other functions that are not really what I want.

So, I have to make sure I'm not hitting any of the keys that aren't blue. The way to do this is to consolidate the full MIDI track, and then select notes across the grid, transposing or moving them until they all land within this predefined section. Here is what that looks like:



It's beautiful, isn't it? Who would have ever thought that little squiggly things like this could convey information about music?

I look over at you. "What do you think?"

You like it. "I've never seen anything quite like it before."

"It's visual art, too. Ableton is visual art as well as musical art. It's the most beautiful and perfect computer program of all time."

You can't debunk it.

I look at you. "Let's finish the song, go thorugh my portal, and then you can tell me if you think it's the Greatest Song of All Time. You smile. "OK."

30 inches of the room turns back on, and we restart the song.

We're at the second beach, and you hear a soft toy piano. "What is that?"

"It's a sample-based instrument for Kontakt called *Hammers and Waves Prepared Piano – Soft Muted*. They built a robot finger that always plays the keys with the exact same force to record the samples. This was an advancement in sampling technology, and here is an article about it. This is what it looked like in action when they recorded the very samples you are hearing:

What they did to get this particular sound was dampen the strings with felt and gaffer's tape, which gives it a very staccato, plucked sound. Hollow, sort of. Beautiful. So inhumanely, perfectly even.

"This part is in triplets. This is the only place I couldn't get it just right – there's a small gap in-between these triplets and when the choruses shift back into 4x4. I couldn't get around it because the grid literally changes from threes to fours. Those are the notes that I didn't play.

The silence I didn't quite want. You make it work. Less than one beat, so it's just about imperceptible."

The pan flutes and organs come in. The brief silence, then the only part in the whole song with nothing but the chorus vocals – 3:00.

"These two sections are the same chords, just on a different grid. Totally different feel. What chord structure do you think it is?

It sounds familiar to you. You smile. "Let It Be!"

"That's right, my smartest student. It's a I-V-vi-IV progression – the most perfect one. But you can't make it too obvious. Everyone knows that one – it's a cliché. No good by itself.

So, you have to give them something a little different. Change it up. Do you remember the slash chords? Like G#/C?"

You think. "The note after the slash is the bass note, right?"

"That's right. This is the same chord type as the second chord in *Love Walks In.* A slash chord with the *third* in the bass. Expansive.

So, with the bass in bold, instead of (**G#** / G# - C – D#), it's (**C** / G# - C – D#.)

I accidentally played this section in C# too, however. There are actual tangible differences in the timbre of different keys, and it had to be this way. It was a subconscious move, you can't fight those. You don't write the song, the song writes you.

So, this is a C#, then a G#/C, then the minor sixth - Bb minor, and then F#. That's Let It Be played in C# with a slash chord on the fifth. This is the first and only time I have ever used a I – V – vi – IV progression in one of my songs, because of the cliché issue. For this one, I had to.

This means that I ended up on F# leading into the buildup, which necessitated a whole step key change back up to G#. Like I said, everyone loves a whole step key change, and it ended up adding a helpful boost of energy.

I had to go into a trance state to make these buildups. It is actually extremely complicated, though it sounds simple. Maintaining this tension, building it, and releasing it at a climax is one of the hardest parts about making dubstep. I can barely even remember making it."

The first drop, 4:13.

"This was the key. What I was always missing. I spent about 10 hours making this growl. I just sat there until I had it. I kept layering different ones and trying different modulations. I really, really like how it came out."

You listen, and hear the almost flute-like howling that echoes above it in the upper register. Harmonics and overtones. Shifting like water.

The next section begins, and you hear the dark blue pulsing of a sharp, jagged sawtooth synth that sounds quite a bit like the beginning of *Jump*.

“That’s a sawtooth waveform, the most harmonically-rich one. Once I had the growl and found this sound, I knew I would be able to do this. This sound was the second key to this song. I have been looking for this sound for *so* long. It’s so alive. Listen to how sharp it is.”

The banjo comes in for the first time.

“One of my heroes in life is the boy playing *Dueling Banjos* while he sits up a bridge in *Deliverance*. Incredible talent. I tried to make this riff sound like something that guy would play, because I always wanted to be like him.”

It drops again, and the chorus is back, along with lush, sweeping sawtooth pads that pulse with resonance. We’re back in G#, and now, it’s *minor.*

The chorus sings a B for the first time, the minor third of G#. Now, it sounds like cold death.

“This is my Requiem. 5:26.”

For once, someone understands.

A new bass sound appears, which I called “Robot Bass.” It’s two short growls layered over a tuba, played at the same time. Turns out, tuba samples aren’t bad for dubstep. They’re full of life.

For the last time, we hear the opening Gregorian chant riff with the pink synth interjecting. It changes, and simplifies. Snare rolls cascade around you like a waterfall, and the room breaks up into sound.

Waves of blue and green, aquamarine, wash over you in chunks. This is the part that starts at exactly 7:00. This part gives me more distinct synesthesia than anything else I have ever heard in my life, and I can both see and feel the dark greenish blue chasms, like the deepest ocean, wash over me rhythmically. The patterns. It’s literally a fractal. It’s beautiful. It’s my third-favorite part. I know why people like 808s now.

“Can you see it?” You nod.

We’re back to the main arpeggiators, and the C#-D#-G# resolution. I sent all the drums to a buss and then put a low pass filter on it for only this part. I slowly brought it up and automated the resonance to give it a “club” effect.

E-F#-G# again, the third one. Back at the beach. You’re about to step into my portal. The bells have changed, and they ring out in the minor harmonies now. The strings also shift us into minor, then we move into something else entirely. There are no thirds where we are now.

A line clicks in the background like a metronome.

In our triangulation you heat the stereo spread – first the right, then the left, then the middle. Three sawtooth waves spiral into life, and a supersaw pad automates itself into existence. It builds and rises to an unbearable tension.

"This is my portal of sound – you thought the song was over, but really, it has only just begun. Step into a whole new world of sound with me. Hear things you've never heard before. Hear the sounds that have never been made. Witness the unfolding of reality itself."

Witness 2's voice fades out like a monk calling from a hill. "They stand before the God of the Earth."

The banjo is back, and behind it is a Skrillex lead-type of screeching synth. This synth uses an LFO paradoxically set at a very, very high rate to modulate the sound and give it that textured effect.

Shredding. G Minor Pentatonic, obviously.

"My favorite part, the 13th century Celtic fiddle and banjo riff at 9:42. This was the greatest moment of musical clarity I have ever experienced, and I will probably never write a riff as good or perfect as this one. It's sad, but I know the truth. This is my song, and the song of my ancestors.

I have to learn this on the guitar for the end. If I don't play along with this, I'll look like a total chump. It's gonna be a pain in the ass.

But you can't give them too much. It's the art of music, conversation, seduction, and writing. Give them just a taste, enough to make them want more, and then pull it back. Pull it back."

Just once, then it's gone for now. Replaced by my favorite chord progression, a fingerpicked G#m – B – F# - C#.

The banjo strums, and tension builds. *Click, click, click…*

Then, the ancient dance song of my forest is back.

Now, this part was *fucking hard.* The robot bass comes back in, and the screeching Skrillex lead now follows the banjo riff. It builds, and the portal opens again in the background. I couldn't believe this part actually worked.

A pounding double hit, and then four solos starting about 10:30. The last one wails and moans, drops down, then builds back up.

This is the best dubstep drop in the song, at 10:56. This might even be my real favorite part. This is the dubstep sound I've spent 12 years looking for.

Here's my claim – this is the filthiest, nastiest, dirtiest dubstep growl of all time.

A whole step key change *down* into F#, just for a moment. It fucking *screams.* You know it does. 30 inches is *loud.* Your cabin vibrates along with it. You look over at me. "Holy shit."

Bring in the drums again.

It drops to C# at 11:11, then we are back at G# minor and you hear my Requiem.

The soft toy piano and banjo fill in with arpeggiated chords in the background.

"He gives them power through this song."

We're back at the beach again. For the first time, the choruses sing a dominant interval in G#. G# - D#. *Whoops, that's what I mean to do.*

Suddenly, the whole song changes. The ground falls out from under you.

G# is no longer home base, it is now the *fourth*. We enter the key of D# major for the first time. G#-D# becomes a IV-I interval. The *Amen Cadence* – the most perfect interval of all time.

G# falls down to D# from a cliff, and it's so sweet. We hear the Bb again, and then a new chord – for the first time, a C minor.

My lead synth comes back with a melody of forgotten summers and young love. This is yellow, pink, blue, and green, and it is absolutely euphoric. We look at each other. Tears stream down my face, and I cannot hide it.

"You have no idea how hard I worked to get this sound. 20 fucking years I stared at a computer screen trying to get *this sound*. I finally *fucking did it* – a real dance song. This part makes me cry every time, because I can't believe I actually did it. That will fade, but for now it is strong.

This is a song for beautiful girls wearing headbands and eyeshadow to *dance* to. In some ways, making this song is all I've ever really wanted to do. Now I can die, and maybe someday, they will all love me. I can feel it in the cavity of my lungs. This is the sound I've been looking for my entire life."

And we dance together. We shout for joy, and we weep because we are unashamed to be joyfully human.

IV-I-V-vi. That's it. Fourth, first, fifth, minor sixth. It's the same thing, just rearranged. The fractal has twisted.

The banjo and strings elaborate on a more complex variation of these chords. It builds again. This part came out perfect somehow, it was a miracle. That drop came out *so good.* A liquid, bubbly part.

The last time at the beach, for now. The choruses sing our G#-D# dominant, and the banjo returns. It's playing the same variation of the Let It Be chords from the second section, almost 15 minutes ago. It's soft and sweet.

After that, it changes, and the chords walk up the Minor Pentatonic scale. Tension builds, and it drops again. But it's empty.

"It's not finished. I need to add the guitar solos. It's gonna be *hard.*"

You listen to the space between notes, the hollow places. The room I left.

It echoes in your mind.

Thirty spokes share a central hub;
It is the hole that makes the wheel useful.
Mix water and clay into a vessel;
Its emptiness is what makes it useful.
Cut doors and windows for a room;
Their emptiness is what makes them useful.
Therefore consider: advantage comes from having things
And usefulness from having nothing.

"Can you hear it?"

You listen, and while I look at you, you can faintly hear a Van Halen-style solo that would fit.

You look over at me. "Can you do it?"

"I don't know. It's never been done before. But I might as well try. What else am I doing with my life? In fact, I need to bring the G#m – B – F# - C# riff back, and I plan to add about 5 more minutes for free-form soloing at the end over that. The vocals aren't mixed. The music you hear is pretty much done, but there's a long way to go on this track still."

You look at me. "I believe in you."

I smile. "Thank you."

I look at you and my hooded eyes twinkle.

We listen to it again as we light a blunt on the porch.

As I pass it to you, I say, "Tell me that's not the best fucking song in the world."

You think about it. "I can't tell you that it's not the greatest song of all time."

"Subjectively or objectively?"

You smile. "Both."

I nod. "Boy, I sure hope if anyone reads this book, they can tell they're supposed to read that last section *while* listening to the song. It won't really make much sense otherwise. By the way, if you want to hear what the song I mention in *The Crazy Factor* sounds like, *Melania*, turned

into – go ahead and listen to *Clockwork (A New Song)* on our Soundcloud account. That's the one that made Witness 2 fall in love with me.

You go ahead and listen to it, and scroll through some of the others. "Wow! Lots of good stuff on here, Witness 1. I really like *Rejoice, O Daughter of Zion* and *Elisha's Song*. *Ethereal* isn't bad, either."

"Oh, thanks. Yeah, I always thought they were really good too, maybe even good enough to go viral. But, they never did. If I ever figure out a better way to communicate with people about my music and it works, I'll let you know."

You smile at me, and then your mouth forms a question. You look away, and I notice a muscle twitch in your cheek and neck. Your mouth slightly tightens, and there is tension in your forehead. You shift your eyes to my right, your left, and your brow furrows.

"Witness 1, I still don't understand what you mean when you say that music can lead to a 'better way of life', or that we can live 'more well' if we only understood its true power. How music could be the actual, real answer to the *Eudemonia* question. The question laid out in *Nicomachean Ethics* – 'the science of the good for human life, that which is the goal or end of all our aims.'

What is it?

What do you *mean* when you say that the answer to the eternal struggle of *Dasein* cannot be found in pages, textbooks, or words? It can't be found within a building, or distilled into mythos and legend. It cannot be found within the rocks or trees, and there is no scholar who can whisper it in your ear?

Why do you say that it can only be found, this story understood, through the sound which is not noise nor words, but frequency, harmony, and resonance? What do you *mean* when you say that music is 'good for the brain?'

What do you *want*, Witness 1? What do you want people *to do?* Let's say that you tell everyone about 9/11, and they believe you. So what? What then? A bunch of murder and violence? Bloodshed? Wars?

How can your vision ever come to pass? How can *you* bring peace to a world that has never known it once in all of history? What makes you think that your way could be different from any of the other ways we have tried? Can *you* alter human nature itself? Can *anything*?

Be specific, Witness 1. No fluff. What does your vision for a better world look like, and how does music tie into all of this?

What is the meaning of life? How do we *live well*?"

I look over at you and smile. These are excellent questions.

“I love the questions you ask, my friend.” I laugh.

“Before I answer them, I want to tell you both a true story that happened while I was writing this book and a riddle. Will you listen?”

You nod.

“Last week, I was brushing my son’s teeth, and he said ‘See’.

While I was shaving last week, he said, ‘Gee.’

Then, when I brushed his teeth today, he said ‘Be flat.’

Finally, I shaved again today, and he said ‘Gee.’

Why do you think that might be?”

You think. Something with notes… hmmm…

“Hmm…” you stare off into the distance and your eyes shift straight up.

“I don’t know.”

“Do you want me to tell you?”

You grin at me and nod.

“Witness 2 bought him a cheap electric toothbrush recently, and it vibrates fast enough to create an audible pitch. Same with the razor. You or I wouldn’t recognize it as a pitched, musical sound, but he did. I tested it on the piano, and he was right. The toothbrush played a C. Even a razor sings a song. This one happens to sing a G.

Then, a few days later, he said ‘Bb’ while I was brushing his teeth again. That’s because, unlike the razor, it runs on a cheap, disposable battery. It’s losing power rather quickly, and the rate of vibration, or pitch, is lowering. I tested it again, and he was correct – obviously. I already knew he would be.”

You smile. “Did you think of that and write it just because the guy who wrote *Gödel, Escher, Bach* wrote riddles into his book?”

I laugh. “Yes. Absolutely. But, the thing is, it actually happened. It came to me in perfect riddle form as it was happening.”

I toss you a copy of *The 1,000 Day Theory: How to Give Your Child Perfect Pitch*. It lands on the table in front of you.

“It’ll only take about 20-30 minutes. Appendix H.” I watch you flip through it for a while.

“*This* is my manifesto for a better life. A better us.”

As you read it, I think. "Hey," I say to you. "I made cookies to get people to come to my club. It actually worked really well. Maybe, I should invent a cookie recipe for this book and just stick it in some random spot like this where I've been droning on forever about my dumb song no one will listen to!"

You laugh. "No, definitely don't do that."

I look at you. "Well, the truth is, inventing recipes is fun. Since I'm forced to ingest this toxic, polluted garbage merely to sustain my very body like a beast of burden, I might as well have fun with it. However, I don't measure things. If you need to measure things to cook, you're a chump."

You stare at me.

"That's normal, right? I mean, you guys don't *seriously* use those little books telling you what to do when you cook, right? Like, you do understand there are literally no rules? You're allowed to cook whatever you want, right? Those books are some kind of prank on me, aren't they? Like you guys don't even know what tastes good to yourselves. …They're not real."

"Ummm…"

"Ok, so let's do it. I invented this recipe specifically for this book in my head. It's based on my attempt to recreate the Reese's recipe, which was something I did when I was bored. I haven't tried it yet, but I already know it will be really, really good.

You will need a stick of butter, peanut butter, powdered sugar, normal sugar, graham cracker crumbs, almond flour, salt, vanilla, and vanilla icing. These are called "Witness 1's no-bake peanut butter graham cracklers."

So, let's see. Ok, melt down one stick of butter. This will be how you measure ratios. Cooking should be based on ratios, like music, not on measurements. It makes it simpler, believe it or not.

This is your first ratio, which will be a whole. One stick (8 tablespoons), and melt it down. Put it in a bowl. Add a whole ratio - the same amount - of powdered sugar, and a 1/8 ratio of normal sugar. Add a little vanilla, and a pretty good amount of salt. Whip that up.

Add a whole ratio of peanut butter – equal to the butter. Should be a little under one small jar. Stir that in very well.

Add a whole ratio of graham cracker crumbs. Add a 1/8 ratio of almond flour. Stir.

Add a little bit of the vanilla icing. Stir.

Pour the rest of the graham cracker crumbs in a separate bowl. Add roughly another whole ratio of normal sugar, with a 1/8 ratio of powdered sugar this time. Mix that together. Melt another whole ratio of butter and mix that all together with a little more vanilla.

Now, you just press the graham cracker butter mixture into cookie shapes, add the peanut butter mixture on top, and finish the vanilla icing by putting dabs of it on top.

Boom – there you go. Honestly, I bet these would be really good. Maybe one of you guys can try it out, and if we ever meet up we can eat these after we talk about our favorite paintings.

So, you go ahead and whip up a batch.

"Mmm, Witness 1's no-bake peanut butter graham cracklers. And I don't even need an oven."

I smile at you. I love making people happy. Then, I start to think maybe I'm acting weird.

"Oh, shit… do I need to move that part over to the crazy version, too? Should I at least try making them before writing down the recipe? By the way, actually, I stopped taking things out for *I Am Witness 1, Part II: The Crazy Factor* after the bathroom door incident. Everything after that is exactly how I wrote it.

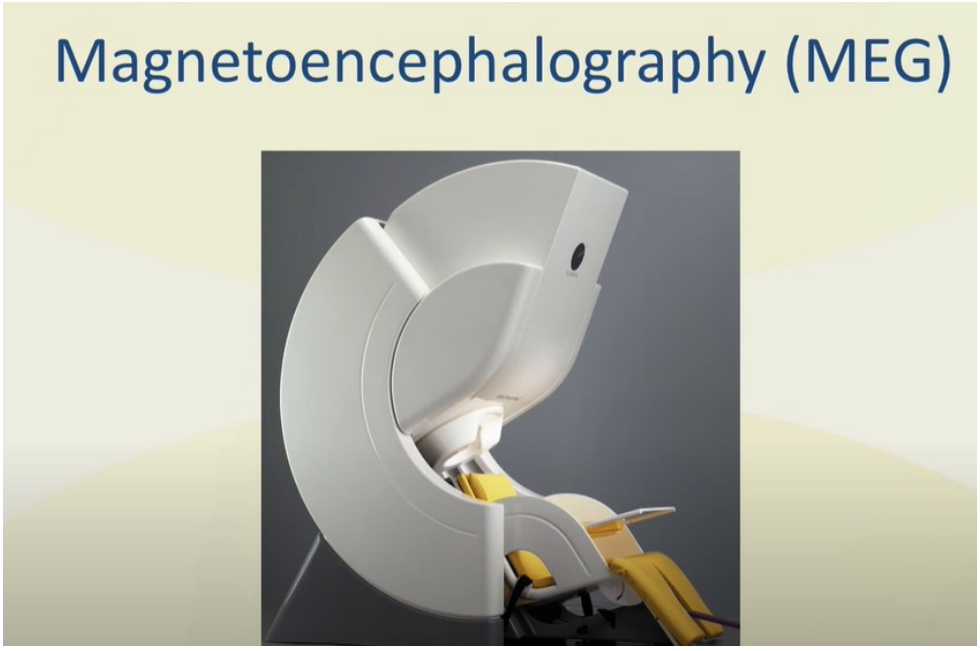
Some stuff before that… just didn't quite make the cut. The crazy factor cut."

You assure me that this is a normal thing to do, and I should keep the recipe for **Witness 1's No-Bake Peanut Butter Graham Cracklers** in my book. "Mmm, these are so good!"

While you eat them, I pull up Dr. Patricia Kuhl's 2017 lecture called *Music and the Baby Brain*:

https://youtu.be/tIQzleOmwEc?si=JAZBKrlIiZdhKEdq

So, you watch it and learn about her research. This is called a Magnetoencephalography Machine, or MEG. They cost $2.5 million dollars each, and they were the first non-invasive, easy to use device that allowed us to monitor and record real-time brain activity - even in babies. The first device that didn't bother them, and allowed natural brain activity in a totally relaxed, comfortable setting to be observed for the first time.



In fact, Dr. Kuhl was the first researcher to use one of these devices to study neurodevelopment in babies, and here is what it looked like:

And what she found was simply *extraordinary*. Earth-shattering. So profound that it could forever change *what it means to be human*.

You look at me. "Elaborate on that, Witness 1." You're starting to get it now.

I continue, “Ok. So, we already know from Rick Beato, Diana Deutsch, and my personal experimental confirmation with my son that you can, in fact, induce perfect pitch in children solely though high-information music exposure and active listening sessions.

It’s actually not even hard, it just takes 2-3 hours a day of active participation, and the effort to keep music on around them during the day (I also run high-information music all night for my son, so he had about 20 hours a day exposure on average for the first 3 to 4 years.)

And it turns out that if you happen to have perfect pitch, playing and understanding music is actually not hard at all. It’s just 11 notes and an octave that repeat in different orders and patterns, after all.”

You can see now. “That’s why you said this can only work if everyone was a musician! It’s actually possible, isn’t it?”

I smile. “Yes. Every single person could play music. And if not the ones alive today, their children could. If we put in a concerted effort, within three generations, every single person could be a musician, simply by acquiring perfect pitch as an infant. This could be done systematically, and it would not be difficult.”

You’re not satisfied. “So what? We all make songs in Ableton forever? Play guitar together? What’s the point of all this?”

I pull a scroll of papyrus out of my satchel. On it is written my transcription of a small part of Dr. Kuhl’s lecture on YouTube. I hand it to you and stare deeply in your eyes.

“This is one of the most profound and interesting things that anyone has ever discovered. I want you to read it very, very closely, and think deeply about the implications of what she says.

She is describing her results from a study she did using this device and two groups of babies – one exposed to relatively complex musical patterns, and one that was not. Listen *very carefully* to what she says:”

> [In the] auditory area the babies were better at music. Now, this is what we expected, this was the prediction, but here was the first surprise - the surprise is that **we were also affecting prefrontal cortex where attention, executive function and all those sort of higher level cognitive [function] things go on.**
>
> And here again you see at exactly that time that there's a difference between the experimental group, the music kids, and the kids who didn't experience music. Again, **highly significant** so that became **very, very interesting**.
>
> We didn't… you know an experience comes through a sensory modality - we didn't just change that sensory modality - **we changed a prefrontal cortex**!

> We trained a baby, we thought, to attend to that pattern, they were looking for that pattern, expecting that pattern, so [we thought that] that **something broader is going on…**
>
> Similarly in prefrontal cortex we see a **significant difference** between the kids in the music group and the kids in the non-music group and here are the plotted data
>
> Okay so we've seen a fairly simple experience only 12 sessions it's only about five hours of experience [but it did] have a pretty **profound effect** not only the on that sensory system but on **the systems that pay attention to patterns** and our interpretation is that we have trained these babies, this experience has trained the babies, to pay attention to patterns - that **patterned experience is what the world is about.**
>
> **That as you exist in the world, the idea is that predicting what's going to happen next turns out to be very important. It's very important for finding salient events, it's very important to social interaction, it's very important to cognition to predictively code the experience now so you know what's going to happen next.**
>
> **So we think that what music can… do to the baby brain is to affect them in a more profound way than you might imagine. So visual patterns, auditory patterns, haptic patterns, they may come in and change sensory systems but do a bigger job than that and we believe that there are very big implications of this.**

You look at me. "Explain this."

"The prefrontal cortex is where *you* are. Where you think. Where you make decisions. They call it the 'executive function' or 'control center.' The real difference between the man who throws his life away on a cheap murder behind a bar over an argument and goes to prison for life and one who excels at everything they try and finds true meaning in life is the *prefrontal cortex*."

"So, you're a materialist?"

I laugh. Good question. "No, I am a dualist. I believe in a soul that is distinct and separate from the brain. A spirit-mind that is above the mere flesh, blood, and synapses in our heads.

However, only a fool would say that the brain does not affect the mind. That Phineas Gage didn't have a personality change because of the railroad spike that went through the part of his brain that controlled that. That we can't affect real, tangible changes in our reality and our perception of reality by altering the brain. Putting substances in it, for example. If we can change the way we think, we can change the way we act.

And it turns out that music is unlike anything else. It's not even comparable to fertilizer, gasoline, or steroids for the brain. It is closer to actual magic than those. It implants entirely *new* ideas, and opens up pathways that would have *never been possible* without it.

This is the way that humans can live well. This is *not* the meaning of our lives, but it can finally lead us all towards it. Together, for once. Without murder, without violence, without kidnapping, without rape. Without greed and anger. Without wickedness and malice."

I show you the videos of Dylan Beato reciting Pi to the 500th place, multiplying 5-digit numbers in his head, and reciting the entire periodic table of the elements. Without even *trying*.

It's the high-information music. It literally changes our brain. Think of how smart we could be, how well we could live, if everyone had superhuman memory, reasoning, empathy, self-control, social skills, logic, decision making ability, executive function, and all the rest.

Ever heard of the *Fruits of the Spirit?*

From Galatians 5:22-23:

> Love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness, and self-control.

And where the *fuck* do you think that these things come from? The *pre-frontal cortex. That* is where we *decide to do good*. *That* is where we choose to *not do evil*.

This is how we stamp out greed, violence, and hatred. *Forever*.

You look at me. "That would actually work, wouldn't it?"

"Yes. It *would* work. But no one has ever listened to me."

You read a short excerpt from *The 1,000 Days Theory*:

My first exposure to the theory that it is possible to intentionally induce perfect pitch abilities in a child came from Rick Beato's YouTube channel, *Everything Music*. He documented and demonstrated an incredible ability in his son, Dylan, to identify any notes that were played, even polychords with up to ten notes, by around age 8. If what he achieved is possible with anyone, then it would revolutionize the field of child psychology as we know it.

Now, the exact ranges given here may shift slightly from baby to baby, but generally the research and science is conclusive: **within the first three years of life, childhood synaptogenesis creates neural language center pathways that can never be replaced or reformed later in life.**

That last part is the key: this almost-magical ability of babies to learn multiple languages fluently without even consciously trying only lasts a few years, because once the conditions of early life or creation are finished, the door is forever shut and can never be reopened.

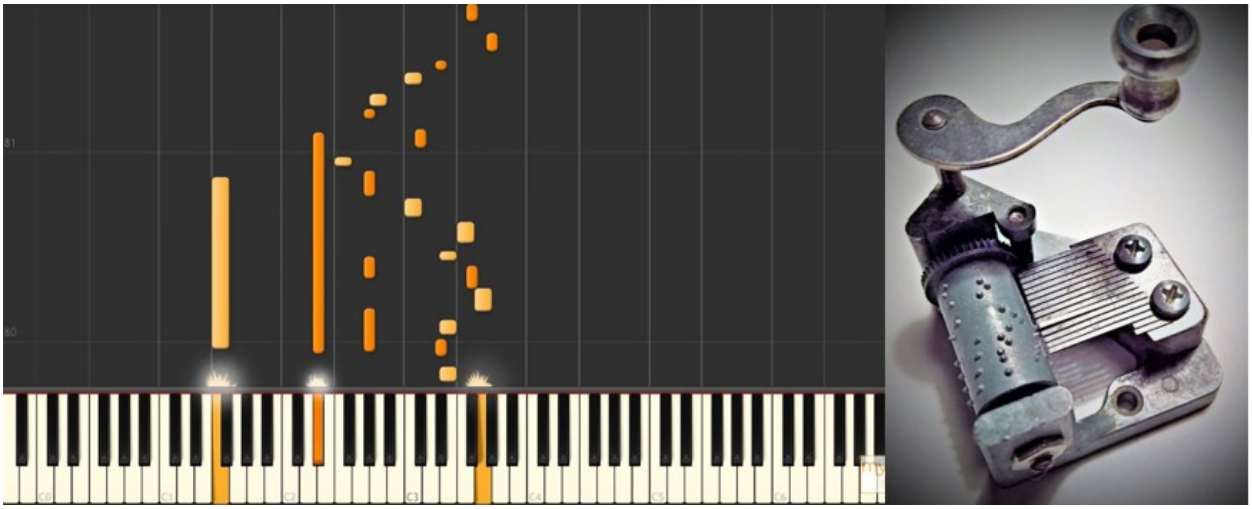
Essentially, for approximately three years, whatever language you put into a child's brain will take hold, plant roots, and grow up into an extraordinarily complex linguistic tree that is capable of producing its own unique fruits.

So, is music a language? Indeed, music fits all the necessary qualifiers to be accurately called a "language", especially this secondary definition: "a non-verbal method of expression or communication." Music has syntax, structure, follows an agreed-upon format, and conveys information.

If his success *can* be replicated, proving that it was not merely either a fluke, based on genetics, a lucky happenstance, or otherwise some sort of irreproducible "miracle", then it would turn everything we think we know about child psychology on its head and demonstrate that babies are capable of far more than we give them credit for, revolutionizing the field as we currently understand it.

This is how the training begins, at 20-weeks gestational age:

I showed him probably close to 500 hours of these type of MIDI roll, “music box” videos:



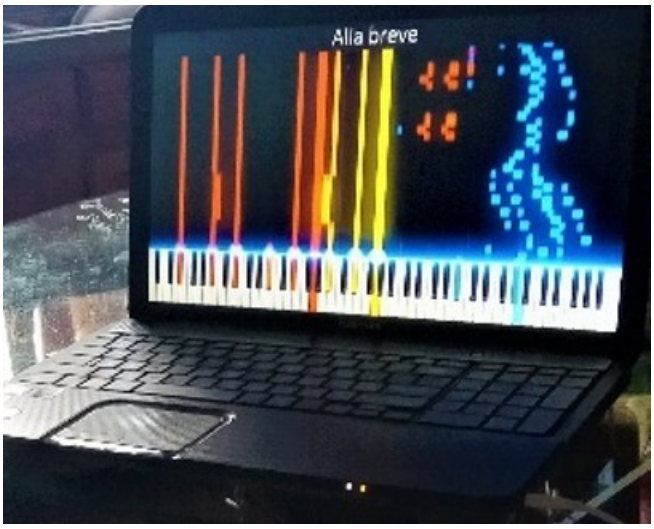
I did quite a bit. This one guy, Aydin Esen, is another key that I used quite a bit to unlock perfect pitch. It’s all in there, in the appendix.

I showed him all kinds of visualizations of music, like these two interpretations of *Canon*:

Pachelbel, Canon in D (2.1) w/scrolling bar-graph score

PACHELBEL'S CANON

This is from a picture of him watching Rachmaninoff play on my laptop:



That's how you teach a baby music.

Finally, one more short excerpt:

The really unique thing about all of this is, if successful, it will upend and disprove what has always been the conventional thought within child psychology. Essentially, that babies are just "too dumb" or "unaware" to successfully cogitate high-level intellectual concepts like music. [Witness 2] and I never dumbed down our language and always spoke at a high collegiate level around him.

It has always been thought that perfect pitch or genius-level abilities are like a lightning strike, impossible to predict and rare. If this experiment is a success, it means that we are going about raising our children *all wrong.*

In theory, almost all children could be given the mental faculties, memory skills, and abilities to successfully cogitate extremely advanced concepts. Rather than simply sticking with the ABCs and "Twinkle Twinkle Little Star" for the majority of a child's youth, caregivers could have been turning them into mental processing machines with superhuman abilities, like Dylan Beato, *before they are even aware it is happening*.

We raise them to sit around and do nothing all day, and then wonder why our students are underperforming in schools. The 1,000 day theory, if more widely practiced, could have potentially turned mankind into a different species than he is today.

You set it down. “I’ll take a closer look at that later.”

I look at you. “Appendix H.”

You flip back to it and nod. “Oh yeah, I see that. Lots more good stuff back here, huh?”

I nod. “Yep… lots more good stuff back there… more in my other books too…”

You nod. “Yeah. That’s true Witness 1. Lots of good stuff. And what *pretty* covers you made too!”

I smile. “Thank you, Dear Reader. Now, can you see? It would actually work. All we would have to do is agree to stop killing each other, stealing from each other, kidnapping each other, raping each other, and torturing each other for a while, so that we could focus on this for a little bit.

I mean, how hard is that, really? Is that *really* so much to ask? Do people really like doing that stuff that much?”

We laugh. I pass you the bong, and I exhale.

I look at you sadly. “No one believes me.”

You know that I don’t lie.

“And it would go on forever and ever, too. It would keep getting better and growing more effective.”

You look at me through the smoke. “How?”

“Right now, there are only a handful of people in the world who can play this kind of music. Technical, fast enough, perfectly in rhythm. Aydin Esen, Hiromi Uehara, Oscar Peterson used to, Martha Argerich, Yuja Wang. There’s a few hundred more, obviously, but relatively speaking, a tiny amount. The shredders on guitar, maybe a few hundred of them. Other than that, nothing. Some jazz and classical qualifies. I mean, there’s definitely thousands. Maybe tens of thousands.

But you know what, virtuosos today are *extremely* rare. However, as this process goes on, more and more people would be virtuosos. Within five generations, everyone could be. The whole time, our collective body of music would be growing *more* high-information, more complex, and *better.*

This would improve our prefrontal cortexes, our thought processes, even more in turn, and the whole thing would speed up. A *positive reinforcement feedback cycle*.

This is how we transcend ourselves. This is why the Bible talks so much about songs.

This is why it started with The Word."

Your mind is fucking blown.

"I guess I never thought about it like that before."

"No one has. Except me. *This* is how we change the world."

We think for a minute, and ponder the possibilities.

"They would have to believe."

"Yes. They would have to believe. This story cannot come true if no one will read this book and believe the words. Believe me, that I am telling the truth. That I would die for this truth. I cry for this truth. I have bled for this truth. In fact, I have died for it.

They have to be willing to *let go* and believe. For some, it might be the first time they've believed in anything. It might be scary.

But otherwise, nothing good will ever happen again. It's true. The Nothing is at the door, and we are just about to be floating in it, trapped in the void, forever. It's eating our world, gnawing at the very fabric of reality. It's true – you can feel it. That's where the Berenstein Bears are. They are not real anymore.

The Empress calls out to *you*, Dear Reader*,* for help. It's like the –"

You cut me off. "The Never-Ending Story."

I laugh. "Yup."

We sit in silence for a moment.

I put on *Hoedown* by Emerson, Lake, and Palmer.

"This was the first-ever dubstep song. 30 years before anyone else. Listen to what he did with analogue equipment. Genius. Virtuosic."

And these guys, I used to agree with them. I put on an album from 1971 by a band called *Ten Years After*.

I rack out the last two lines of cocaine.

"He was born during World War II, too. It fucked up all these British Invasion guys so badly that all they could do was write songs about it. Inexpressible pain and trauma. Great art."

I hand you the bill, and we inhale precious substances into our mucous membranes. The key turns, and the lock opens. We are happy, but for me, it is because you finally listened to me.

For you, it's the drugs.

We listen as he sings:

Population keeps on breeding
Nation bleeding, still more feeding, economy
Life is funny, skies are sunny
Bees make honey, who needs money? No, not poor me

I'd love to change the world
But I don't know what to do
So I'll leave it up to you

"I used to agree with that. I thought it was hopeless. Futile. That nothing could ever be done about it. I didn't know what could ever be done.

In fact, that's what everyone told me. I remember when people first explained to me in the Elementary School office that you actually can't, in fact, just run for President, and that if you did, you wouldn't be able to change anything, anyways. The corruption is too deep, it gets within and rots you from the inside-out before you even know it. Then you're just like the rest.

I said that I figured I could probably solve whatever was holding Clinton up in the Middle East, I mean, how hard could it be? "Hey, do you guys want to stop being bombed? Hey, do *you* guys want to stop being bombed, too? Alright, let's work it out." Apparently, this is *not* how the world works. Little did I know.

Well, you know what – fuck that shit. That's bullshit, and it's not true, just like almost everything else people have told me in life. Especially teachers and adults. You guys are fucking idiots. In fact, I happen to find that idea absurd and ridiculous, not to mention offensive and infuriating.

This is *not* the best we can do as humans. If someone gives me a few million dollars, I *will* run for President. With this book. And I will change the world forever, in a way that will unleash happiness, satisfaction, and well-being for all people. Shared evenly. Enough for everyone.

Eudaimonia. Break off these *fucking chains.* Watch me.

And I'd like everyone to be a Christian, and I'd like to explain to them why I think that, using my other book. But, the truth is that you just can't force anyone to believe anything, and I'm not going to waste my time on people who just don't want to hear it.

That's fine, and we all have free will. That being said, I would love a chance to explain to the world how I have actually literally proven that the Bible was supernaturally authored by God himself, divinely, and not one single person on this planet can debunk me. How my evidence on this is stronger than anything else that has ever been presented.

Christianity is true, I proved it. It's irrefutable, and I'm sorry. What's that? You're mad and you're going to read my book to try and debunk me? *Ohhh noooo!!!*

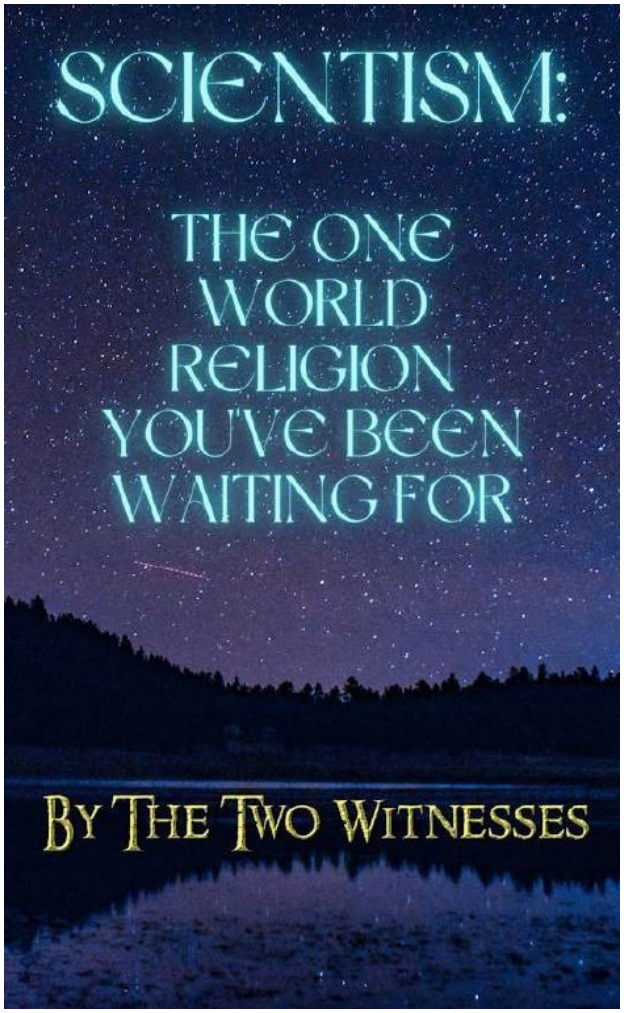
And while that would be great, frankly, at this moment in time what I really want is for us to *stop fucking killing each other all the time*.

However, I have to say that I believe you cannot fully live in the truth, which is extremely important, if you do not accept that the Bible is true and that Jesus Christ died for our sins. I struggle to see how any of this could make sense, otherwise.

You need to let go of all your preconceived ideals, opinions, assertions, hypotheses, conjectures, notions, biases, fallacies, appeals, theories, beliefs, dogmas, schools, and creeds that you have. Unless they're straight out of the Bible – *let it go*. Try something new. Try listening to a new story just for a while, and see if you like it.

What the fuck else are you doing with your life, anyways?"

I hand you one more book. You look at the cover:



“What is this?”

I look over at you. “This is the second book we published as The Two Witnesses, and the first one we wrote together. This proves that scientists are actually morons, and we are right about everything. Especially intelligent design of the universe and a mankind that was created by God’s own hand, far closer to our time than what they have told people. But you’ll have to read it.”

I pass you a piece of wood, onto which I have engraved a URL:

https://www.docdroid.net/KgC58z3/scientism-the-one-world-religion-youve-been-waiting-for-pdf

“No one will read these except you.”

We smile at each other. You say you will take a look at it after you read *The More Rational* Worldview, *Theology, Ontology, and* Eschatology, and finish this one, including the appendices.

You look at me silently and think.

“I wish it was real, Witness 1. The place you speak of. A farm you’ve only ever seen in a dream. Cows, and goats nursing happily. Morning sun on the hay.”

You look at me. “A place where the days have no names. A place without… money.” You sigh.

I twinkle at you. “Oh… but it is! Don’t you know where I come from?”

You look at me. “Where you… come from? Um… no?”

I smile. “My people. Where I’m from. Do you want to know?”

You nod.

“Cucuteni-Trypillia.”

You stare at me like I’m an alien. “Cuca – what? Oh… LA! You mean… Ranch Cucamonga, right?”

I laugh. “No, not LA. Not Rancho Cucamonga. Before that. Before even the ancient painted woods. In the *beginning*.”

I look at you. “Cucuteni-Trypillia. My people. Do you want to know their story?”

You nod. I pull up their Wikipedia article:

structures and were possibly inhabited by 20,000 to 46,000 people.[5][6][7] The 'mega-sites' of the culture, which are claimed to be the earliest known cities, were the largest settlements in Eurasia, and possibly the world, dating to the 5th millennium BC, predating and being larger than the first cities of Mesopotamia.[8][9][10] The population of the culture at its peak may have reached or exceeded one million people.[11] The culture was wealthy and influential in Eneolithic Europe[12] and the late Trypillia culture has been described by scholar Asko Parpola as the most thriving and populous agricultural community during the Copper Age.[13] It has been proposed that it was initially egalitarian and that the rise of inequality contributed to its downfall.[14]

"Mesopotamia. You know what that is, right?"

You nod. "Babylon."

"'Predating and being larger than.' You're familiar with the concepts, yes?"

You nod again as you skim the page.

"They were, sort of, neighbors – a huge culture located where Ukraine is today. This is the second hidden story-within-a-story in the Bible. You've never heard this one. No one has. The true story of my people."

I look down with fire in my glare. "What happened to them."

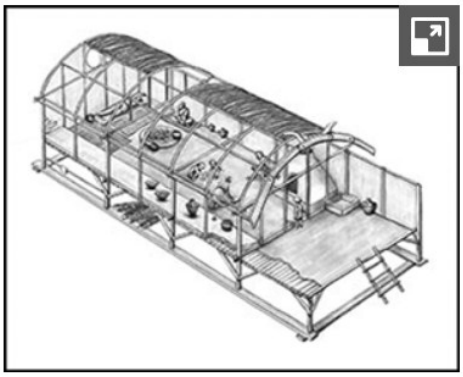
Let's dissect that paragraph.

"The earliest known cities… predating and being larger than the first cities of Mesopotamia… wealthy and influential… most thriving and populous agricultural community… initially egalitarian and the rise of inequality contributed to its downfall."

I look at you. "Keywords: initially egalitarian."

I pass you a study. "What do you think this is about?

Abstract



Explanations for the emergence and abandonment of the Chalcolithic Trypillia mega-sites have long been debated. Here, the authors use Gini coefficients based on the sizes of approximately 7000 houses at 38 Trypillia sites to assess inequality between households as a factor in the rise and/or demise of these settlements. The results indicate temporarily reduced social inequality at mega-sites. It was only after several generations that increased social differentiation re-emerged and this may explain the subsequent abandonment of the mega-sites. The results indicate that increases in social complexity need not be associated with greater social stratification and that large aggregations of population can, for a time at least, find mechanisms to reduce inequality.

You stare at me. "I have no idea."

"This study is about one of the *most* unusual archeological phenomena of all time. These people, to put it simply, would *burn down their entire cities*, on purpose, about once a lifetime or so. Every single house. The whole city. All of them. Every 60-70 years. They would start over.

As far as I know, they are the only ones who ever did it like this – this extreme. Everything gone. Start new."

I look at you. "And *why* does the study say that they did so?"

You read it. "The results… indicate… temporarily reduced social inequality at mega-sites."

"They did this because they did not have money. And they did not *want to have* money. It wasn't that they didn't know what it was – they understood how dangerous it is.

It was to keep anyone from getting greedy. From hoarding too much. They understood the ways of the Deep Magic. 'Periodic destruction of settlements.' Look:"

One of the most notable aspects of this culture was the periodic destruction of settlements, with each single-habitation site having a lifetime of roughly 60 to 80 years.[20] The purpose of

"They were the *first cities.* They gave us metal. They taught us how to domesticate the animals. This was going on in the very earliest parts of history we can even know about. Way back, even before Biblical times:"

advanced agricultural practices, and developed metallurgy.[11][15] The economy was based on an elaborate agricultural system, along with animal husbandry, with the inhabitants knowing how

They gave us pottery, and they invented the wheel:

A potter's wheel from the middle of the 5th millennium BC is the oldest ever found, and predates evidence of wheels in Mesopotamia by several hundred years.[16] The culture also has the oldest evidence of wheels for vehicles, which predate any evidence of wheels for vehicles in Mesopotamia by several hundred years as well.[13][17][18][19]

"They gave us *everything.* Everything we know and love came from them."

I look at you. "Everything Babylon had was stolen from these people.

And who do you suppose it might have been, over in Babylon, with their gold statues, human sacrifices, and priests playing music before the wailing infants? Who took not only these people's technology, their money, their land, their children, their wives, and their lives – but their very name and soul itself?"

You think. "The… Synagogue of Satan."

And what was the first false flag?

"When they… stole… even their very stories?"

"That's right. They stole their very *name*. They stole their *faith.*

And through that, they stole our hope.

And a people without hope is very easy to control, indeed."

And boy, wouldn't you know it, but these Cucuteni-Trypillia people just *loved* cows. Yup. Bulls, with horns. Major, major symbol for them.

However, theirs was a symbol of love, nourishment, and peace. Yup, they looooved milk. Milk, milk, milk - all day long with these people and their animal husbandry. In fact, here's an artifact from them that might be the earliest known example of "wheels:"

“However, their most notable pottery or clay icons are women. Archeologists call them ‘goddesses’, but they didn’t worship these. I’ll show you their temples and religion, and these figurines were not part of that.

No, they just *loved* women. They did. Women were… sort of, in charge around there. Here’s one of their council of women leaders:”

Clay figurines, 4900–4750 BC, discovered in Balta Popii, Romania (Cucuteni Neolithic Art Museum, Piatra-Neamţ, Romania). The "Council of the Goddesses" was discovered consisting of 36 artifacts: 21 anthropomorphic statuettes, 13 thrones, 1 cone and 1 bead.[37]

In fact, this culture loved and appreciated the great beauty and wisdom of women so much, that archeologists came up with a name for it. This culture is an excellent example - maybe even the best example - of a successful *matriarchy*.

But, like everything else in this book – it's one of the secret teachings. The things they won't tell you in classrooms.

I look at you. "In fact, you've never even heard of it, have you?"

You shake your head.

"There's a reason for that. Let's learn about their culture:"

Some scholars have used the abundance of these clay female fetish statues to base the theory that this culture was matriarchal in nature. Indeed, it was partially the archaeological evidence from Cucuteni–Trypillia culture that inspired Marija Gimbutas, Joseph Campbell and some latter 20th century feminists to set forth the popular theory of an Old European culture of peaceful, egalitarian (counter to a widespread misconception, "matristic" *not* matriarchal[38]), goddess-centred neolithic European societies that were wiped out by patriarchal, Sky Father-worshipping, warlike, Bronze-Age Proto-Indo-European tribes that swept out of the steppes north and east of the Black Sea.[*citation needed*]

"Hm, I wonder who it was that invented organized systems to write music down, anyways?" You read it. "Hm… let's see… peaceful… egalitarian… wiped out by… patriarchal, Sky-Father worshipping, warlike, Bronze age tribes…"

I wink at you. "And who do you suppose that might have been?"

You sigh. "The… Synagogue of Satan."

"Hm, this is fun. I wonder… how *that* went down. They probably just asked them *really nicely* to stop with all this 'peace' and 'love' and 'not raping women' bullshit, and everyone all agreed with that. *Right?*

Or maybe… no… they wouldn't do that. *Right???*

What's that? Oh, archeologists *have* found evidence of a violent holocaust in this area around the time? Sort of like the… oh, I dunno. What was it again? Oh yeah, the *Holodomor?* In Ukraine? Is that it?

Yeah, a few thousand years ago, from what we can tell – which is hard – it *seems* like a totally peaceful, loving culture was just sort of… violently wiped out one day… and never seen again. I mean, horrific scenes. Bloodshed and violence with *absolutely* no way to withstand it."

I look at you. "These people didn't even have a concept of self-defense. It was unthinkable to them. Their days had no names. Look, they didn't think that jobs were real, either:"

the Cucuteni–Trypillia culture had almost no division of labor.

And here's the story that they told:

- Almost nonexistent social stratification
- Lack of a political elite
- Rudimentary economy, most likely a subsistence or gift economy
- Pastoralists and subsistence farmers

“Yeah – it’s a cow. A young, blonde girl. And you. In a barn. Making love.

That’s the farm I see in my dreams. It’s in Cucuteni-Trypillia.”

And here is a study on their religion and temples:

Advances in Historical Studies > Vol.12 No.4, December 2023

Check for updates

Temples and Sanctuaries of the Cucuteni-Trypillian Culture from the Territory of Ukraine and Moldova Based on the Results of the Latest Geomagnetic Researches

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Department of Religious Studies of H. S. Scovoroda Philosophy Institute of National Academy of Sciences of Ukraine, Kyiv, Ukraine.

DOI: 10.4236/ahs.2023.124011 **PDF** **HTML** **XML** **150** Downloads **1,376** Views Citations

Abstract

The article presents the results of a large-scale geomagnetic survey of the Cucuteni-Trypillian settlements. The survey reveals that the structure of the settlements is characterized by the presence of distinctive structures (“megastructures”)

Let’s read it:

The significance of the sacred structures of Cucuteni-Trypillia, the ancient religious cosmology and the colonial history of Christian missions is best illustrated by this example. It reveals that six millennia earlier, in the heart of ancient Europe, temple complexes and sanctuaries similarly honored the birth of their cosmological and religious symbol of rebirth, where modern people kneel before a richly decorated golden statue of the cross born in the sunlight of the winter solstice. A religious tree was born in the ancient temple at the time of the vernal equinox, according to the research on the territory of modern Ukraine dedicated to the Nebelivka Temple (Zavalii, 2021b) . The World Tree with its first buds marked the birth of hope and the coming of salvation to the world in the light of the sun and the altars of fire.

The investigated sanctuaries and temples of Cucuteni-Trypillia mark the beginning of the era of cult construction of sacred buildings in Europe (ca. 4200-3500 B.C.). Today, it represents a cultural and historical phenomenon of global significance. At the same time, the Nebelivka Temple, which was opened in Ukraine in 2012, is the most developed temple complex of Eneolithic Europe. It is a separate religious building that fully manifests the phenomenon of the Trypillian religion.

It is also clear that individuals were responsible for spiritual and material functions in the community, but the society with a system of signs of rough social separation with repressive governance was still far from being a society with a system of signs of rough social separation. Therefore, Cucuteni-Trypillia, without leaving any traces of violence, reveals a peaceful existence in the heart of Old Europe. It should be perceived as the “Golden Millennium” or the era of the “Golden Age” (as defined by ancient literature), which was marked by the sacred temple symbol of the World Tree. At the same time, it is a

I look at you. "This was before the time of Jesus. This was before the time of Moses. This was *six thousand years ago.*

And what did they worship?"

You skim it. "According to research… a religious tree was born in the ancient temple at the vernal equinox…" You look it up. "March 21st. First day of Spring."

You continue. "The World Tree marked…the coming salvation to the world in the light of the sun… the beginning of the era of cult construction of sacred buildings in Europe."

You look at me. "Holy shit."

"Keep reading. *This* is the true story of the tree, and of the tower."

"Therefore, Cucuteni-Trypillia, without leaving any traces of violence…"

"'Without leaving any traces of violence.' They did not intentionally harm anyone or anything. That was their belief. That was their religion. Love. To love one another. To be excellent to each other."

"It should be perceived as… the era of the 'Golden Age'… marked by the sacred temple symbol of the World Tree."

You look at me. "The tree… the temple… the tree is the tower."

I smile. "It was real. This tree… existed. Perhaps, it still does. We can… we can do this again. If you guys wanted to."

We sit in silence.

I look at you. "The one thing that they could never understand – that archeologists sat there and puzzled over – over and over – trying to understand *why they burned all their houses down every 70 years or so.*" I look at you and wink.

You smile back and look at me. "Come on. If they spent more time out here instead of sitting in a room asking stupid questions, they'd be able to figure it out in about two seconds flat."

I crack up. "They knew about it. The absurdity of it all. And here he is – this story is so, so old too. The thinker. The first one. From them – from 6,000 years ago:"

You look at his little face and crack up laughing. You can't help it.

Then, I look out the window. "My people had their voice stolen. Their name stolen. Their stories stolen. Their very *beliefs* stolen and perverted – turned around backwards and upside-down. Violence of every type was wielded against them, all at once.

My people were murdered and raped. For the simple crime of being *better* than the Babylonians. Because they *couldn't stand it.* They wanted what we had *so badly* that they committed a sin against the universe that will shatter its very foundations."

I turn back towards you. "The first false flag. We've traveled… this way before. And there is much to be learned."

'The Thinker from Tarpesti', 4500 BC. Cucuteni Eneolithic Art Museum, Piatra Neamt, Moldavia

You look at me and I stare back at you seriously.

"Until today… I have never written of them. I have never spoken of them. Even Witness 2 does not know their name. She does not know this truth about me."

You look at me. "Why not?"

"Because… it was my world. A place that I knew was real but no one else did. These people… they managed to…"

I trail off, because I get too sad talking about it.

I look at you. "It was… a sacred space. The Way of the Keeper of the Sacred Tree has been forgotten. You do not…" I think for a moment.

"You do not approach the tree unless a time of *great* danger has been foreseen. And if you do, there will be consequences."

By now, it is 3 A.M. The frogs croak and moan madly under the full moon, and the fractal web between the stars still pulses and glows in our vision.

"If you've been following along," I say, "You're now on the same amount of drugs that I was on for New Year's Eve in the Grand Canyon in 2014. The most drugs I ever took at once in my life."

You look at me. "Huh. You did mention that."

“Counting the weed, you now have about $400 of some of the most precious, rare, catalystic, and interesting chemicals known to mankind coursing through your veins. Inside your eyes. In your brain. In your gut. In your legs. How does it feel?”

You think about it for a minute. “It feels fucking *great*.”

I laugh. “Yeah… it does. As a matter of fact, you even took the exact same dosages I did, at the same times of day that I did.

And are you scared? What is it about this state of being that frightens people so?”

You think about it. “I don’t feel scared. They fear what they do not understand, but they cannot understand until they learn not to fear it.”

I smile. “Come, friend. Let us depart under our enemy’s watchful eyes. Take their advantage and turn it into weakness. It is time to stare death in the face. To walk without fear amongst the witch’s hour.

It is time to return to the beach.”

“To the beach? We’re going back?” You stare at me, and I smile.

“Yes. Let us depart now. But first, we will need to shower.”

I hand you my towel and smile. You grimace.

“N… no thanks, Witness 1. I have my own.”

I laugh. “I’m messing with you. Come on. Everyone feels better after a shower.”

Section XVI

Back to the Beach

Before we leave, I pull a brown sheath out of my satchel, about a foot long, and hand it to you. “Take it out.”

You look at it, and pull out a large knife with a gold handle of brass and petrified wood. It sparkle and shimmers in rainbows under the Christmas lights in your room, reminding you of Jimmy Page’s wand.

This is what you see:

“This is the $300 knife I bought to take with me to the Virgin Islands. I want you to have it. It’s yours now – may it defend you in health and provide for you a long life. Bring it with you to the beach.”

It’s beautiful. A fine piece of equipment. A tool of great precision.

“I like it. Thank you.”

“You’re welcome, my friend.”

“Should I pack the waters?”

“No. This time, we won’t need the water bottles. Come just as you are, friend. Bring nothing except your blade and the Bible.” You run your belt through the slot for the sheath, and we set out to depart.

I look back at your house one more time, and the cozy enclosed porch. “It’s a great house. Thank you for inviting me in.” You nod.

“Bring two spliffs. We go barefoot.” I carry only my acoustic guitar and a towel.

We slip off our shoes and step into the meadow. “Feel the soft ground. Let it soak into you.” A frog croaks, and hops across our path. He stares at us.

I kneel down, and pick him up. I look at his beautiful, bulging eyes, and the way his throat undulates. “You’re beautiful, little guy. I would never hurt you. I love you.” I rub his little head.

Perfect sounds. Sounds that should be heard.

I set him down, and he hops away.

We enter the forest, and the fireflies have quieted down to sleep. It is now hushed, quiet, and dark as we make our way back towards the winding path. Moonlight pours down through the branches in silver puddles, and she hangs low in a glowing circle ahead of us.

“Luna.”

“It’s where the word ‘lunatic’ comes from.”

I look at you. “They believed that insanity and evil came from the moon. That the full moon was a portent of evil, that it caused men to go mad and transform into beasts. The werewolves, only transformed by the light of the full moon.”

I smile. “And what word shares yet another, older root with ‘Luna’? ‘Lupine - The wolf.’ Lu. It’s an ancient story, one of the oldest.

This idea is found throughout all cultures, told in different ways. The moon was considered to be the ultimate portal, often to the darker side of the spiritual world. The opposite counterpart to the life-giving sun – the dark part of the chiaroscuro of life.

But they were wrong about it. That’s not the song of the moon. I will teach you the true song of the moon. I will tell you what the wolf howled to it long ago, before the corruption of mankind. When she was *free.* Before monsters became real.

Together, we will know *both* the sun and moon."

We keep walking, and the winding path opens. The trees clear, and we behold a spectacular sight. The ocean, twinkling like a thousand diamonds under the light of a full moon. And there it is – the straight but shifting, ephemeral, silver bridge. The narrow path, less taken.

The sound of the waves crashing is stark and intense against the silence of night. It sounds powerful, violent. It urges you to throw yourself in, to let yourself feel the rocks crush you into dust. You stare into the dark basin below.

We continue down, and find our beach again. Our log.

"Here we are." I look at you and smile.

"Home." We laugh.

We light our spliffs and smoke them in silence.

"I have to play you one more song. The only song that might be more perfect, musically speaking, than Let It Be. And it knows it, too."

I begin with a C, the perfect chord. Then it's a relative minor, the minor sixth. A minor. It repeats four times, with a little glissando down the strings rippling like water droplets.

C Am

I heard there was a secret chord

C Am

That David played and it pleased the Lord

F C G

But you don't really care for music, do you?

C F G

It goes like this – the fourth, the fifth,

Am F

The minor fall, and the major lift.

G Emaj Am

The broken king composing *Hallelujah*

F G - Am

Hallelujah, Hallelujah

F C – G – C

Hallelujah, Hallelujah

You look at me. "It's beautiful."

"It's a perfect song. Shame about the rest of the lyrics."

I set down the guitar and look deeply into your eyes.

"It's true. King David could hypnotize people with his music. He was literally so good that his music made them feel *happy*. Feel *better*. There really was something special about it."

I open your Bible to I Samuel 16:23:

> And whenever the tormenting spirit from God troubled Saul, David would play the harp. Then Saul would feel better, and the tormenting spirit would go away.

"I don't know exactly what this means, but I do know one thing for sure. They were trying to tell us something. Something important. There's more to the story here, and it has to do with sound. Frequency. Vibration. Fractals."

They're all around us. Everywhere we look, fractals spiral in and out of existence.

You look at me. "I… I don't understand yet, Witness 1. What do I do now?"

I pick a red flower, and hand it to you. I smile.

"Let's go." I stand up, and set down the Bible and guitar.

"Where?" You look at me, confused.

"Follow me." I reach my hand towards you.

For the first time, we touch, and electricity sparkles. I hold your hand as we walk towards the crashing waves.

We stand there and watch them. The moon is huge, and the silver bridge extends out from us forever, as far as we can see. It looks like a painting.

I turn towards you, and I look at you more intensely than I ever have before. My eyes focus on yours, and I draw you in towards me with my gaze.

"I need you to promise me something. That you'll do something for me. Even if I die."

"Of course."

I dry my eyes with my towel. I can't help but cry.

"Tell the true story of 9/11. They need to know. Tell them about the betrayal of the Queen. Even if everyone else forgets. Even if no one else cares. Tell their stories.

Remember the story I told you about the book I read - *The Last Book in the Universe*. A young boy sits in a forgotten pipe with an old man, the only one who remembers what books are. The only one who remembers how to write. The citizens of this world think that the man is insane, and they kill him for sport.

Before he dies, the old man tells the boy that *he* is the last story. *He* is the last book. This very story that he just experienced. He must figure out how to tell them *his* story in a way that will bring sanity to a world that has gone mad.

A dystopian, apocalyptic world where violence reigns supreme. Where the cities and streets are grim with crime and pollution, and there are no authority figures to trust. Where the government has abandoned its own citizens. A world where women and children are tortured and killed, there is no respect for life, and it is not even safe to roam the streets at night.

Technology keeps people distracted and docile, injected directly into the brain stem.

He teaches him how to write, and leaves with him a blank page and a pen. The boy sits and stares at the horizon and thinks about what to write.

A new story. A different way to live. A better way to be.

There is only one story that matters right now. It's the true story of 9/11. *You* are the young boy, and I leave you with a new story that *needs* to be told to people. They *must* know the truth.

No one else but you can tell this story. No one else but you *will* tell this story.

You *are* this story now.

And in fact, when the true story of 9/11 is finally understood by everyone, it *will* be the last story in the universe. The last book in the universe will be about 9/11. Because the story is *that fucking bad*. It will shatter the world.

Promise me you will tell them this story."

You look at me. "I will tell them. I'll bring the story to life. I promise."

We look towards the moon.

"Rage against the dying of the light in your eyes, friend. It's time to go."

You stare. "Go?"

"Across the silver bridge. Into the moon."

You laugh, but I don't.

"Come, friend. Follow me as I lead the way."

You look at our bare feet. "Get wet?"

"No. We won't get wet. We can cross it." I smile, and lay my towel on the sand, forming a path for you.

You never noticed it, but my towel is red.

"Your red carpet. It's magic, but you have to believe."

You take a step onto it, and I stand beside you.

"Believe. Believe and *let go*."

We step onto the waves, but our feet don't feel wet. They don't feel cold. The silver moonlight laps at our ankles, but we do not sink. We walk forward, towards the moon, the water holding up our feet. As you step, you see flashes of gold and silver guiding your feet to safety.

We continue, and soon the shore appears small behind us. The silver bridge encompasses us, envelopes us. The moon has grown huge, and takes up most of the horizon. We walk straight. Without turning my head, I speak to you.

"Now, we Immanentize the Eschaton.

Theosis. The Coagula. The One.

The Singularity of Singularities."

You look at me with your own Cheshire grin as we stride.

"What is the meaning of life, Witness 1?"

"It's the exact opposite of the towers. The inverted, tessellated fractal of the twin towers ritual. Do you see it?"

You think. "…I don't know."

"The two towers represent two becoming one. This is the inversion of one becoming two. This is the theosis event – God (oneness) splits himself into two. Theosis is an indivisible singularity dividing itself in two. It's what everything else is about. That's why it's so important to them to invert it. It's a warning to us, again. It all is.

But let's go deeper." You can see now, and you smile at me.

"It makes sense."

I look over at you. "The meaning of life, on a mechanical basis, is to purify God. To change him from a being of both infinite good and infinite evil, to a being of only infinite good, forever. By testing and dividing us, this purpose shall be accomplished. Those deemed worthy, the *good*, will reunify with God for all eternity. Those deemed unworthy, the *evil*, will be separated from him for all eternity. There is no going back. This is the Great Work.

The meaning of life on an actionable basis is to live well enough that God will accept us back into himself. We do this by being intrinsically *good.* The main way God wants us to express this goodness is by doing no intentional harm to other living beings, believing in his story, and accepting Jesus Christ's broken body as an atoning sacrifice, a blood sacrifice, for the sins of the world. He wants us to help the sick, feed the poor, and give people water when they are thirsty.

To be excellent to each other."

A scene flashes in your head. A serene council, sitting in reverent silence. A young man with brown hair, who wants to play guitar. His blonde friend. Sweet, rippling guitar solos echo in the background.

It's the year 2688, and these people seem to worship these two young men from San Dimas. Their music and new story about a peaceful and loving existence brought humanity into a new age of prosperity and utopia. Their music sounded so new, so different, that it became almost a religion for them. It taught them how to live well, and all of humanity lives in harmony.

They don't know where they are, but they are known as "The Great Ones."

In Time by Robbie Robb plays in the background.

They ask for a word, and the young man with brown hair responds:

"A new command I give unto you - *love* one another. As I have loved you, so you must love one another. By this everyone will know that you are my disciples."

They smile, and many more people come out. They mimic playing guitar in unison, and love fills the room. They glow.

Theosis. What is it?

It's the light.

How do you think it works? What is light?

How can you exist with no body?

What do you think God is?

In the beginning was The Word.

In the end there will be The Word.

Words are frequency. Words are sound.

"Heaven is a frequency. Theosis is a frequency. Reuniting with God as one will be the sweetest sound anyone has ever heard, and it will be full of laughter and joy."

We continue towards the moon, which now soars over us to an unimaginable height.

It's warm now, and the waves are choppy. It doesn't bother us. The silver bridge is smooth.

"When I heard that our answer to *eudaimonia* is philosophy, it was the most profoundly wrong thing that I had ever heard. It struck me to my core, because I knew, *for sure*, that the meaning of my life was music.

What I didn't know then was that I wasn't just right about me, I was right about us all. There's nothing left for us in philosophy. It's empty, dead. It serves no purpose. It has no function. It's nothing but spinning in circles. We have to try something new.

Music can be the answer for us all. It literally can be the eudaimonia that we so desperately search for. It can lead us down the silver bridge together."

You smile at me. "Thank you."

I smile back. "You're welcome."

We turn towards the moon, and it has grown so bright we can hardly see.

We walk, splashing but not caring.

You look over at me. "Am I dying, or is my brain just tricking me into thinking that I am?"

I smile at you. "Do not give into the illusion of fear. You will die when you die, and there is absolutely nothing you can do to change that. Stare not into the towers themselves. Remove the towers from the street, the screen, your eye, and your mind. There are neither two towers nor one tower – there are no towers at all. The tower is *not real*."

"What are the keys to life, Witness 1?"

I look at you. "Faith in Jesus Christ. Telling the truth all of the time. Music. A sense of humor. And an understanding of bias, primary sources, and how to parse and collate information.

This is seeing the fractal from the outside in. You must be tragic, funny, and absurd. You must *become the art.* All of it. And you must *love one another*.

Be excellent to each other, but for real. Not ironically.

Thank you for listening to me. Thank you for being my friend. No one has ever done that for me. I love you."

You smile. "What's your secret, Witness 1?"

I look at you. "I am actually invincible. For real."

You look at me and I nod. "It's true."

"No one has ever disproven that for me. Because I'm crazy enough to actually believe that, I have the power to do great things.

Watch me change the world, my friend. Watch me blow 9/11 wide open when *they* thought everyone had *forgotten about it*.

Watch me, as I prove that humanity yet *lives*, and we *are* capable of feeling rage at our own destruction. That we will *not* go quietly into that good night. *Rage*! Rage against the dying of the light in your eyes! You *know it*, you feel it in your bones – *there is a better way than this.*

I'm not old, but I've been here a long time. And I am absolutely fucking sick and tired of all the stories I've been told. And you know what, I can tell that all of you are, too. You guys look like broken seashells. Like ghosts. Like corpses."

There is no light in you people's eyes anymore. I'm sorry to be the one to inform you.

It has been stolen.

There is only one way you can get it back.

It's time for a new story.

My story. Your story. Our story.

You must believe it.

The last story in the universe.

We walk, but we don't seem to be moving anymore. The moon now seems to be coming towards us inexorably. The first tinges of blue sear the East, and the unmistakable signs of dawn mark the air. Our silver bridge is now tinged with gold. I look at you one last time before I lose you forever. I smile.

"It's gonna be a bright, bright, sunshiney day. And it's *beautiful*."

The moon still grows in brightness, and we see tendrils of white reaching out towards us.

"Is there really such a thing as a secret chord, Witness 1?"

I smile. "There are no secret chords. As a matter of fact, they're all secret."

I smile at you, and a pink guitar solo ripples in the background.

The brightness overwhelms you, and you see every color at once while we dissolve into it together.

The moonlight waits in still repose, but we linger together – nevermore.

Section XVII

Is This the Real Life?

You wake up, and snap out of bed.

Stunned, you look at the ceiling.

Witness 1? From the BIBLE? Was that really all just a dream?

You sigh, and lay there for a moment thinking about the names you heard. The stories you learned. You check the clock, and it's 9 A.M. Saturday morning.

"Was it real?" It echoes through your skull.

Light refracts off a mirror, coming through your crystal window. For the first time, you notice every single frequency of the rainbow inside it. Around the edges. In the spaces between the polygons.

You get up and start a cup of coffee. As it gurgles and foams, you sit at your table and stare at the trees in the distance. Strange words you don't quite remember play in your head.

Theosis. Eudaimonia. Language Acquisition Phase. Native Musical Fluency. Amanita Muscaria. MK Ultra. Northwoods. Gladio. Joachim and Boaz. Silver Seed. The Greatest Song in the World. The Queen's Betrayal. Strange Loops. The Eternal Golden Braid. Fractals. Portals.

You gasp. *The portals!*

9/11 was a portal.

No… that's insane.

Right???

You drink the coffee and stare at the clear, crystal window. The early morning sunlight dances and plays with the movement of the trees, and it is so warm and rich with life.

You decide to head out to the porch and light a fire. You never noticed it, but this door has a window now, too. As you turn the handle and look around, you see that now *every* door has a clear glass window.

Were they like that before? Weren't they -

You hear a ringing in your ear, and you spill your coffee everywhere as the cup tumbles and clatters to the floor. You stand there, silent, like a statue.

No.

It couldn't be.

Your chair, where it should be. Another chair, where it should be. And on the second chair – a *satchel*.

You've seen this satchel before.

You walk up to it and gingerly open it. You look inside and see it. *A book.*

No.

Three of them.

You look at the titles. A thick one, with a clear crystal ball on the cover, capturing a beautiful three-dimensional sunset. *The More Rational Worldview*. Another thick one, with a forest's son and river's daughter underneath what appears to be a portal titled, *I Am Witness 1: My Life as an MK Ultra Victim.*

A smaller one, *Scientism: The One World Religion You've Been Waiting For.*

And, at the very bottom, you find a burned CD in a green case titled *The Two Witnesses*. You reach in and clasp onto a large knife, with a glimmering golden handle. You also find a note:

Dear Reader,

Though I cannot be with you in person, I want to thank you for joining me on these pages. Everything in this book is true, and I have told no lie (except for the Pagliacci joke.)

It's true. I'll probably write books about 9/11 for the rest of my life. I might as well, it's fun. But what I would like even more than that is for *this book* to stick. To actually go somewhere, and for everyone to read it.

This is a true story. It's the greatest story ever told. And you are a part of it.

And so, I will show you a more excellent way.

If you're reading this book, you will have to make a choice. Here's the truth. They're going to kill me, too. Just like all the others.

If you don't believe me, we will all die. If you believe me, we may yet have a chance to make this story come true, instead of theirs. This is how it works – you have to trust me.

And none of this – the work, my dogs, the pain, the suffering - will have been worth it if I can't get this book published. If I can't get you to read it. And those would be, for me – miracles.

But I can't tell you how important it is until after you read it. It's a paradox. No one would ever believe me if I told them this truth, what I need you to believe, before they read my book. However, I can't get anyone to read it.

They do it this way on purpose, it's how they make people look crazy.

The truth is, it's a pickle. We are all in a pickle – big time.

I can only tell you this here. At the end, when you know me. I don't know how to tell you at the beginning that if no one reads this, we will all die. An unsolvable paradox – the first and only puzzle I simply *cannot* crack.

The reason that I am being attacked in every way possible while writing this is because it is *true*. And it's for *you.* If you don't listen to me, I will die in obscurity and so will you. And no one will ever, ever – I do mean *never* - hear my story, your story, or any of these stories. The true ones.

Your story dies with mine. My story dies with you.

It's either their story or ours, at this point.

If no one believes my story, then the only things that will ever again exist will be lies. It will be Lennon's ultimate prophetic fulfillment, indeed, forever – 'Nothing is real.'

Behold, a fell omen. These things may yet come to pass:

There is no heaven. There is no hell. Imagine no possessions - you will own nothing, and be happy. Nothing is real. There is no heaven. It is not real. Because nothing is. Nothing is real. Forever.

One thing is true, for sure. Nothing is guaranteed.

So, you now have a serious choice to make.

Should you, could you, or can you go back to reality knowing what you now know? Could you live with yourself if you shut out the cries of the tortured child, the ones who had their voices

silenced, and the people murdered by state-sponsored violence who have never had a chance to speak out?

Will you speak out for Edna Citrón when no one else will? Will you tell the truth about who murdered her, and who forced her to stand alone on a jagged precipice – bared to the world as a sacrifice? Swallowed by the gaping maw of the Nothing?

Will you speak out for David and Lynn Angell? For April Gallop? For John O'Neill? For Terrence Yeakey?

Will you speak out for the one little girl every 8 minutes or so who is raped and murdered worldwide? For the rest? The adults? The boys? The two women murdered every minute on Planet Earth?

Will you speak out for the 10,000 children who die *every day* from starvation? Will you hear their cries when no one else does? Two children per *second*?

Will you not only listen, believe, and speak out, but turn your face towards those responsible? Harden your gaze and comprehend the truth about them? Call out the Synagogue of Satan international organized crime syndicate by *name* and tell the truth about what they have done?

Will you look at those who cavort in garish palaces, with more wealth than they could ever spend in a thousand lifetimes, and finally – finally – point the finger at them? Call them what they are? *Guilty*.

Will you not face them, eye to eye? Are you not willing to look them in the face and tell them what they really are? These people who laugh at us, mock us, and humiliate us as they cruelly subjugate us to their whims? Cast lies about us, accuse us falsely, while blood drips red and obvious from their own filthy hands?

Do you see how they sneer at you as they brazenly lie to your faces, secure in the knowledge that *we're too scared to touch them*. Too scared to call things how they are. Tell *them* that *we* know who they really are.

Liar. Corrupter. Slanderer. Briber. Coveter. Embezzler. Thief.

Look them in the eye as the smile fades from their face.

Satanist. Pedophile. *Murderer*.

Tell them the truth - you're a *murderer*.

You are *nothing.*

Your life is forfeit.

You gave everything away, and gained nothing.

Evil. Pure, absolute, unadulterated evil.

You're wicked. You're the part of God that's just rotten. God's shit. God's little shit nuggets.

And you will be expelled. You are the waste product of reality. Congratulations, I hope all the money and power was worth it. The beautiful women. The fast cars. I really, really do.

But I already know it's not. You fucked up, big time. Your check is coming due, and your account is at zero. You have been weighed, and found wanting.

The writing is on the wall for you:

> *Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin:*
>
> God has numbered the days of your kingdom and brought it to an end
>
> You have been weighed on the scales and found wanting
>
> Your kingdom is divided and given to ME

You shouldn't have drunk from the temple goblets, Great Kings of the Earth. You proud men who have it all. With your suits, and your rules, and your schoolbooks.

With your banks and your money and your disgusting cars and pollution. With your yellow trucks and engines, your gears and chimneys of black smoke. Your assumptions, the way you skirt around in the shadows, so no eye ever lands on you. How you think you're safe behind your computers, politicians, and corporations.

Your universities and institutions and governments and lies. Your machine guns and conscription and the war profits. The blood money. The way you rain down bombs on women and children and *smile*.

Your disgusting, fat bodies. Your distorted, broken auras. The lies and whispers in your voices. Your darting eyes. Your sweat. The stench of death that emanates from you. The death camps in your eyes.

The *money. The fucking money and bullshit.*

The *greed.* The *wars.* The wolves in sheep's clothing. The ones we were supposed to be able to trust. The ones who raped my forest.

The ones who peeled back her drapery, exposed her sex organs, and desecrated her. Left her flayed open and rotting. Left her corpse for me to find.

And so here's Section XVIII – My Message to the Synagogue of Satan International Organized Crime Syndicate:

Fuck you. I *hate* you. I *fucking hate you*.

I could traverse this universe for a trillion years, write a song as long as time itself, using the supernovae as my instruments, and even after that I would still *hate* you.

I could find a black hole and crush myself down to an infinite singularity of pure energy, outside of space and time itself, and the only thing that would remain of me would be how much *I fucking hate you*.

You could crucify me a thousand times, and each time when I returned I would make you do it again because I *fucking hate you* so much.

I could sit alone until the universe grows cold and dark, no light at all moves anymore, and the only thing that remains is the cold, dark, iron corpses of the stars and all I would feel is the burning rage of how much *I fucking hate you*.

You can strap open my eyelids for a thousand lifetimes, force feed me crystals of pure LSD, and show me movies about how I am wrong 24/7 and you will never, ever, ever convince me not to *fucking hate you*.

You can lock me in a cell and feed me only pine needles and resin until I mummify, and as I turn into a statue I will leave two words written indelibly on my lips – *fuck. you.*

I could watch the last molecule of the last rock erode in the entire universe, until the face of every single planet is covered in nothing but sand, and the only thing I would think is - *the Ozymandias poem is about YOU fucking assholes.*

I could take each of these grains of sand and a microscope, and painstakingly carve the words "I fucking hate you" into each one, and it still would not accurately convey how much *I fucking hate you.*

I could melt all of that sand into glass and shatter it, and even the violent explosion of an entire glass universe into shards could not visually demonstrate *how much I fucking hate you.*

You could accelerate me to the speed of light, until time stands completely still for me, and as I sit there in complete stasis for all eternity the only thing I will remember after the universe crumbles is *how FUCKING pissed I am about 9/11. That you DID that.*

I could be offered a billion-dollar record deal in any recording studio I wanted, and I would turn it down unless the first thing I could record is a three-part album about *how much I fucking hate you*.

In fact, you could offer me *literally anything on this God-forsaken planet*, just to say that you're right and I'm wrong, and I wouldn't fucking touch it.

I don't want any of your blood money, your stupid gold and jewelry, your disgusting cars, and your gaudy, ridiculous houses. I don't want your fake women, your pathetic lives, or your fake parties where people pretend to like you. I don't want your money, and the way it corrupts you. I don't want anything to do with you people. You disgust me. I *fucking hate you*.

I would light myself on fire if it would catch you alight, you grotesque, greasy, deformed, Dick Cheney-looking, observably, visibly, palpably evil *fucks.* You people look like literal specters on TV. Demons. Phantasms, reflecting a humanity that has long since departed. I can literally smell the twists and turns in the cavernous darkness of your souls.

When you open your mouths, I hear Mengele whispering to little children. You are the butcher's knife slicing open children. You are the kidnapper, abducting little girls and throwing them in a van. You are the rapist who violates them in a way that can never be healed. You are the murderer who slits her throat. You are the barrel of acid she dissolves in. You are the swamp she rests in.

You are *nothing*.

You take people and you break them. You throw them on the ground, and you shatter them. For *fun*. You break people's very souls in two, simply for the sheer pleasure of watching them writhe around in agony. You are fucking *sick*.

When you speak, I hear the swishing of the reaper's scythe. In your footsteps echo the screams of a billion tortured souls. You are the cattle cars that corral humanity to slaughter. You are the ovens that incinerate us. You are the mass graves, and you are the ones who clock out and go home after digging them.

You have become death – destroyer of worlds.

You are a rotten cancer, a pollution on the planet. You are the trash in the Pacific Ocean. You are the oil rigs, in fact, you are the *Gulf Horizon* itself. You are the black spewing into the Gulf of Mexico, killing and strangling the animals.

Our animals. *My* animals. *Our* ocean. *My* ocean. *Our* planet. *My* planet.

And *what gives you the FUCKING RIGHT???*

Do you think this is a game? *Huh*? *Do you*? *Are you stupid*???

And *you* can't even be decent enough to say *sorry*.

And so, I will *never*, *ever* stop being a thorn in your side because I know exactly who you are. I've seen everything. I watched it all, and I remember every sideways glance I've ever seen and every lie I've ever been told. I have noticed every discrepancy, every falsehood, and every

misleading statement I've ever read online, in the newspaper, or heard on TV. And there are *a lot*. You're not even good at lying. You're, quite honestly, completely fucking pathetic, miserable people. And, yes – you know it.

I've been to your parties. I've been inside your houses. I've lived in the mansion over the beach. I've had everything you have and *it disgusts me*. Your sad, pathetic lives actually *disgust me*. You people are rotten inside. The love of money has corrupted you.

I have seen everything you do. Every little deed, I have found traces of it. You can't hide in this world, not even you. And, the truth is, most of you don't even bother to hide. It's true – you don't need to. You're untouchable, and you know it. That's true.

But it's all there. And someone can write a book about you. And they're allowed to publish it.

You're not hidden. You don't try to hide. Your paper trails are right there, the news articles, the sources, the evidence, the quotes, the books, the interviews. You operate brazenly, because you know that you own the people who dictate what is real and what isn't. Who dictate what people are allowed to talk about.

Gatekeeping is your greatest passion, and it's one of the things I hate the most about you. You're *selfish*. You withhold things that you could easily just give to people, out of nothing but sheer *selfishness*. And yet, you broadcast your crimes far and wide, for all who care to look.

And I know why. Because that's how it works. It's the fear ritual, and you think that if you tell the truth, it will somehow absolve you in the end. Well I got bad news for you, pal, it won't. That's not how it works. You have no idea how deep this goes. Like I said, all of your checks are about to come due. And in this bank, you don't have the funds.

Now, this does make it really, really easy to write books about you, though. For that, I'm grateful.

Really, it's sick. You people literally are so sick in the head that a category of mental illness that could cover it has never even been conceptualized.

And yet, I could have been you. You wanted me to. You people begged me to become one of you. Prostrated yourself before me like dogs. Little piggies. You're disgusting.

I know what makes you tick. All the dirty little secrets. I analyzed you, and I observed you. You're like an alien species to me, I studied you. *The psychopath*. I know each and every one of you, all your archetypes, your idiosyncrasies, the little quirks you think no one noticed. Guess what? *I did.*

I know what you do at your secret parties. I know the truth about what all of you have done. I know about the children. How you desecrated them. Paid off the police and sheriffs. Coroners, medical examiners, and doctors. How you offshore on boats. Underground. The

private islands. How you think if you do it under legal loopholes or out of jurisdiction that it doesn't somehow *count.* You're *disgusting.*

I *see* you.

I *hear* what you tell yourselves at night.

I *know* what you did to the innocent ones.

And you know what, *fuck you.* It *does* count. Like I said, I have fucking principles, and I'm actually not sorry at all about that.

You people *disgust* me. It's repulsive.

And if this book doesn't land, and my other book fades away, like I said, I'll write another fucking book. And another. And another. I can keep going my whole life, I promise you that I have no shortages of titles or pseudonyms to use.

And even if this cult didn't work, I had a great time, made some money, and got to stick a finger in your eye. I loved it. They loved it too. They loved me. And you know what, maybe I'll start another cult someday. And maybe another one after that. Maybe a group. Maybe a political party.

I'm allowed to, right? If I want to? Legally speaking? Am I allowed to *talk*? To *do* things? Am I *getting in the way* of you committing all those crimes or something? Lying to start wars so you can slaughter innocent babies some more? Embezzling money and stealing from the public? Well, I'm so fucking SORRY for you.

All in all, you were just a brick in the wall. And a brick wall can keep a wolf out.

But I'm not a wolf. I'm not like you. I'm also not a fat, helpless little piggy like you, hiding behind a stupid *wall*.

In fact, you might find, if you're smart enough to figure out how tools work, something *simple*. You might find yourself looking for a hammer to break down this stupid wall, and realize that a lot of different tools can be used as a hammer, if you really, really want to. Wrenches. Drills. Shovels. You can turn just about anything into a hammer.

And once you have a hammer, it turns out it really isn't that hard to knock down a brick wall. In fact, it's quite easy. It's stuck in place. It's rigid. It can't dodge you. It can't duck you. All it can do is fall on you if you aren't careful to do it just right.

And it might even turn out that if you really, really need to get through this wall that badly, because being on one side just really sucks and your destiny is on the other side and you don't really have much else going on anyways, that all it takes is a few swings. Just a few real blows, with some determination. A little elbow grease. And the whole thing just comes tumbling down all at once.

Because it was all just an illusion all along. All you had to do was take a swing. To believe that you could do it.

And if it doesn't work at first, take another swing. Take a hundred.

An adult male with a hammer vs. a brick wall is about a one-day job, if that.

If even *that* doesn't work, take a thousand more swings. Really bring that hammer down. Spend a week at it. Spend a *lifetime*. Become the hammer. Feel it pulse and vibrate. I guarantee it'll break. Smile. Don't balk.

The guy on first is about four feet further out than his friend was. Their coach is distracted. He's not looking at you. Fake them out and it's yours.

They know you're going to throw it towards the catcher. They've seen it a thousand times. The ball goes toward the plate. You throw it that way. Towards them. The other guy swings the bat.

You kick your feet back, but you have a better plan. A much more fun plan than a normal pitch. A pickoff. You spin around as fast as possible and before they've even realized what you're doing, it's already over.

Game over. You're out.

Mouths hang open. They never see it coming. Their coach *hates* you.

It's the funniest possible thing you can ever do in a baseball game.

And only the pitcher can do it. Because *you* control the game.

And the thing is, once you make that move, the batter is suddenly completely useless. The coaches are screaming. The crowd loses their mind. The runner is either out, or in a pickle. It's risky, but once you make the decision, it's quite easy to enter a win condition, and there's nothing the other team can even do about it.

I'm in charge – not you. Not the batter. Not the runner. Not the other players. Not the crowd. Not the coaches. Not the people watching at home. Not even the *umpires*.

I'm in charge. *I'm* the pitcher. *Not you.*

I don't even want to do this. You should have left me alone. You should have left my forests alone. You should have left my animals, insects, and trees alone.

You should have left my people alone.

But you *didn't*.

And so, I was once a little child – who longed for other worlds. But I am no longer a child, for I have known fear. I have learned to *hate*. In fact, I have been *taught* to hate.

By *YOU*.

So, good luck to the wall. I hope you have enjoyed your time as a stumbling block for humanity. As a cruel, heavy yoke, unequally laden. Your time in the sun feasting on rewards reaped from the flesh and blood of the innocent. Fuck you.

The only thing that keeps me going some days is knowing that one day you assholes will see consequences for what you've done. Reap what you've sown. I live for the day I watch you burn down, hoisted by your own petard.

But I'm not going to do it. I can't, and I'm sorry, but it's just not possible. It must be a willing sacrifice - that's the only way to disarm true evil. I will not kill another person, and if I must die because I wrote this book, I will accept that – though I will do my best to avoid it. Like I said, you die when you die and there is literally nothing you can do to change that (unless, of course, if you happen to be an author who writes about 9/11.)

So, I might as well just not worry about it. I'm not a writer, remember. I'm a musician.

By the way, here's the most important guitar tip of the whole book. Pay attention, now.

You need to STOP playing chords with your left hands, dummies. Let's see, what hand do you guys write with? Your right hands? Which one is stronger? Oh, your right one? So… which one do you think should make the chords and finger scales, and which one should go up-down over and over? *Duh*.

Hmm… chords and scales vs. up-down-up-down over and over. Hmmm…

This is my actual "Keanu Reeves in a time machine moment" – you guys are doing it *backwards.* You have been for a long time, too. Geez. And stop using those fucking *picks*.

Anyways, this is the Deep Magic. I just have to take whatever they do, and I can't even really do anything about it. They can cheat, we can't. They can lie, we can't. They can steal, we can't.

They can murder, we can't. Anything else is just evil-on-evil friendly fire.

I am not a threat to anyone. I took a sacred vow never to intentionally harm a living being, and I intend to keep it.

That being said, I am allowed, technically, legally speaking, to write a book and publish it, right?

Isn't anyone?

What are you gonna do – kill me?

So now, you're in a little pickle, too, aren't you?

And I know what you're thinking, punk. You're thinking… did he really encode the Deep Magic into this book? And to tell you the truth, I forgot myself in all this excitement.

But being that this book has 1,300 pages - the most powerful book in the world - designed to blow all your worst crimes clean open, and I'm so crazy that I've documented every high crime, act of treason, and war crime that you have ever committed *and* I sincerely believe that *you can't touch me*… you can ask yourself a *question*.

"…Do I feel *lucky*?"

Well? *Do ya?* …Punk?

So go ahead – make my day.

And for those who are upset that I wrote a book – riddle me this:

Why are all my heroes dead?

Huh?

Who killed them?

Huh?

Why don't I have any heroes left?

Who is left for ME to look up to?

What happened to MY people?

Who else is going to do this if I don't?

May God bless you richly in Jesus's name,

Witness 1

The Biblical Two Witnesses

You look into the sun as you clutch the note tightly in your hands.

It's true… it has to be.

You turn and face the mirror. Light streams through your window.

You reach out and touch your reflection. Two of you touch yourselves.

You think for a moment, then look into your own eyes. They are *beautiful*. You never noticed how many colors there are before. Thousands.

In the distance you hear a faint guitar solo. The notes ripple like water.

You speak out loud, and it fits like a glove.

You shout:

"I AM WITNESS 1!!!"

Epilogue: The End of the Beginning

That unforgettable Tuesday dawned crisp and clear for you, busy with phones and papers scattered around your table. Eight laptops sit open, each one with emails from different news sites. *The Guardian. Rolling Stone.*

Your phone rings, and it's a studio executive. You have an album for him to listen to.

The green CD case sits on your table, next to dozens of copies of my album. You're hard at work because you listened to me. You believed me.

You made copies of my books, and they lay next to scattered piles of business cards. Publishers and literary agents. You haven't broken through yet, but you're getting there.

I chose you because I knew you could do this for me. You have the connections that I don't have. You can bridge the gap that I cannot bridge. My voice has been stolen, but yours hasn't yet.

Suddenly, you hear a knock on the crystal window of your door.

A knock? Who is that…

You called all your friends, and invited them to hear your new story. To tell them the truth about the world. To *show* them. But no one was supposed to be here this early.

It's only sunrise…

You grab your coffee, and head over to the door. You peer through the window and see a mysterious stranger with his face turned away from you. He has brown hair about down to his shoulders.

Come on, who is this…

As you open the door, the mysterious stranger turns around, and your coffee cup clatters back to the ground.

"NO!!!"

"I TOLD YOU, MOTHERFUCKER!!! I TOLD YOU IT WOULD WORK!!! THREE DAYS, BITCH!!!"

"WITNESS 1??? YOU'RE BACK??? But… I thought you *died*! I thought you weren't even *real*!"

I look at you and give you a hug for the first time. I weep.

“All I needed to become real was you, Dear Reader. All I ever needed was someone to listen to my story. You did it. You gave me my voice back, and you saved us all. Come on, I’ll show you. Everything is different now, thanks to you.”

As you look out, it’s a bright, beautiful new day. The sun shines so brightly.

You see before you a vast crowd, so huge you could never count them. All people, all nations, both small and great. Every person who has ever lived stands before you, and they *sing* as they raise the Palm Branches in their hands.

You hear the Gregorian Chant come in, and the sound of a beach. Thunder crashes, and you hear a church bell ringing.

“Are they… *singing*?”

“They’re singing a new song. My song.”

We listen, and it doesn’t sound like anything we’ve ever heard before.

“Where… where is it coming from?”

I touch your shoulder. “From *you*. From *them*. From *me.* It always was.

I *told you* this would work. They’re all here with us now. I closed the portals.”

You stare at me. “You… closed… the…”

“I closed the portals. It’s over. This is the end. No one innocent will ever suffer like that again. My Earth is no more - we’re all here with you now. A world where the silent spring never happened.

And look at it. Isn’t it glorious?”

From the forest, all of the animals appear. They mingle with the crowd, and walk amongst the children.

A white fawn stands alone and looks at us before lying down and curling around an infant. Insects of all kinds hum and buzz around us, and the frogs are singing. I know the fireflies sleep, waiting for their own lovely evening.

“Look. It’s over now. This is the way it was always meant to be. I finally figured out how to do it. I brought *myself* to life in your head. Through a *portal*. *This book was the portal*, just like 9/11 was a portal. Just like *Sgt. Peppers* was a portal. All of them. It works the same way.

And because you believed me, the Deep Magic was activated. It can only work through *faith*. If you believe in a *book*. A *story*. It’s *real*.

They never see this one coming. It’s the only thing that can shut them down. I *knew* it.

I have tried my entire life for this. It's all I've ever wanted. Everything I did was for *you*. So you would *believe* me one day when I told you my story. I *always* knew I would find you, Dear Reader. I *knew* this would work. I put in so many hours for you, my whole life was for you. I died for *you*.

Every day of my life I worked on music was for you. Every word I ever typed was for you. Everything I ever read was for you. I *remembered* it for you. I *studied* it for *you*. I put it in the right order for *you*. I took out the wrong words and only left the right ones, in the right order. I wrote *thousands of pages* for *you*. I wrote so many books. I tried so many iterations. This time, it *worked*.

This is why I cried while I ran that day in the sun. I realized that *I* had to be the blood sacrifice for it to work. Witness 2 was right. But I knew what no one else did.

That this was the only way to open *or close* the portal."

I look at you.

"Just don't balk."

Suddenly, there's a guitar in my hands with ocean eyes, and I drop the sickest guitar solo you've ever heard while the crowd chants a Dm – F – C – G, alternating between D major and D minor at just the right time. I look at you.

"*Lollipop*. Fucking *masterpiece*. Shame about the lyrics."

Lil' Wayne shouts at me from the crowd. "Hey, man! You *gotta* write songs about *sex*! They won't SELL! Didn't you learn that in Fifth grade, foo'???"

I look at him. "Homie, this is the fourth-greatest song ever recorded. You're good. I got your back."

He smiles at me, and I smile back. Game knows game. Gangsta knows gangsta.

I look at him and wink. "I ain't no *snitch*."

We all laugh while I drop *Eruption.* "Oh shit, Eddie is in the crowd too. Better wrap this up." I skip the tapping section, so as not to be disrespectful.

Alright, alright. I look at you. "What is the perfect song?"

You answer correctly, "I – V – vi – IV. One, five, minor sixth, four."

"And where did that come from? What is the most perfect song of all, that both *Hallelujah, Love Walks In,* and *Let It Be* all ripped off? *Every single song you've ever heard* – in your life - is based on this one."

You stare at me. "Umm… the… *1812 Overture*?"

I laugh. “Good answer. But, no. Allow me to direct the choir -

Nice and easy now, slow. With reverence.

C – G – Am – Em – F – C – F – G.”

As you hear it ring out, you know it within four seconds. “*Canon!*”

I laugh. “Yep. And what *is* a ‘canon’?”

“Um…”

“It’s a type of music with a very specific structure… that…”

You think. “That… that… loops or something? Something about layers?”

I pull out my smartphone. “I still have this. But not for long. Boy, look, I even have service.”

I go to a music theory website called *skoove.com* discussing canons and counterpoint and read it to you.

> The definition of canon in music points to a structured composition where a melody is layered and imitated in successive iterations. One melody enters a few beats or measures after another, creating a mesmerizing musical puzzle.
>
> One intriguing variation is the infinite canon, where the music is designed to loop endlessly, without a clear beginning or end. This creates a perpetual musical experience, which allows the listener to immerse themselves in the seamless flow of harmonies.
>
> Another type is the mirror canon, where one voice plays the melody forwards, while the other voice plays the melody upside-down or in the opposite direction.

You look at me. “Like an Escher painting. *Canon* is a fractal of sound. An infinite canon. And it’s… everything.”

I smile at you. “My song has no ending. It loops, forever and ever. A perfect song, unlike anything you’ve ever heard before.” I grin.

“And it isn’t plagiarized. I don’t do that.”

You smile at me. “I’d like to hear it.”

I smile back at you. “You will. I got you the best seats in the house.”

You stare at me.

“What do you mean? Aren’t you gonna like… like… float away now into a cloud or something while waving and saying ‘goodbye…’, ‘goodbye…’”

I laugh. “Hah! I don’t think so. You wish, sucker. This isn’t the end yet.”

I toss my phone into the pond. "Don't think I'll be needing that, anymore. Bye bye, won't miss ya."

I point to a glow in the distance, like a second sun.

How it glows. And oh, did the people wonder.

I look at you, and then to the crowd. I speak to them.

"Come on. They're waiting for us."

I grin.

"This is not the end, this is the end of the beginning."

As we make our way through the forest, we are joined by animals of every kind. All the birds swoop overhead with us, and we pass our two thrones. We come to the trail, and make our way to the beach. All this time, the golden glow becomes stronger.

As the trees break, we see it – a huge golden cube, so massive it can't even be comprehended. *Miles* long on each side. It sits in the water, resting on the sand. It is featureless, and both glows and reflects sunlight. It is completely surreal.

The crowd behind us murmurs and whispers as they see it.

"What *is* it? Where are we *going??*?"

I look at you. "You know what it is."

You look at me seriously. "It's the temple. The real one."

My eyes are sad and serious as we gaze back out at it.

"This isn't over yet."

We cross our beach, pass our log, and watch the small waterfall still tinkling down.

Drop by drop, separating.

Tink… tink…

As what was once sparkling and clear runs into the sea, it becomes but a faceless drop in the vast nothingness of the ocean. Intermingled, inexorably, with salty brackish water. Poison.

“It’s time.” From the cliffs, the animals watch us in a line. They stare at us lovingly, but knowingly.

“Are they… coming?”

“No. This time, it’s just us.”

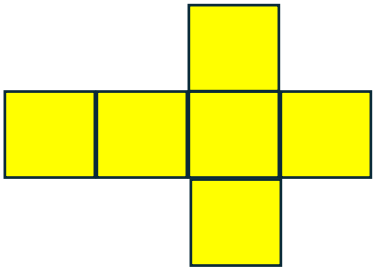
You look at the cube, towering above you.

“How many sides does it have?”

You think.

“Six.”

“Unfold it.”



“Flip it over. Tesselate it. Fractalate it.”

“I get it, Witness 1. And you can’t just make up words and put them in your book.”

I laugh. “Let’s go.”

A small door opens in the bottom of the cube, and you see my red towel still there. It leads directly to the door, about three feet from the beach.

“It won’t take as long as you think. It’s a *Harry Potter*-type deal with this door. You guys will be in there before you know it.” I grin.

“Anyways, let us enter the *cubical monolith*. The *uncarved*, unchipped *obelisk*. The obelisk in its *original* form, before it was sculpted and manipulated. The obelisk *before* they added the *Nothing*. The obelisk before they *added* the blank sp –“

“Witness 1.” You look in my eyes. “I get it.”

We enter.

The sunlight fades, but the golden-white light grows stronger. The floor is clear, like glass. You look down and see the faint glimmer of the ocean below us. "A sea… of glass…"

Suddenly, we behold the throne.

A mesmerizing, flashing cloud of light and an emerald rainbow encircle a throne of clear blue, like sapphire. It has wheels, within wheels. The wheels are alive, and they sparkle like diamonds. Tessellated fractals of eyes, thousands of them, stare at us from gyroscopes within, and they glow white from a giant eye in the center. They stabilize the throne, and it is mobile. The throne shifts color, goes clear, then rainbow, then back to sapphire.

There is a person sitting in it, an enormous, giant man, but his head is covered, obscured by the flashing cloud and rainbow.

We all hear a voice, in the deepest bass:

BEHOLD, THE FATHER!

It echoes around the cube like thunder, and every single person is now involuntarily laying down as pure energy thunders over them like a nuke. People are screaming. They are in absolute, complete terror.

Before the throne stand the four Cherubim, terrible and fearsome angels of great power who sing their own song, that only they and they who dwell near the throne know. Behind them are seven glowing flames – the spirits of God.

I look at you. "The archangels, I assume. This the true temple. Everything else was just a facsimile. This one has always existed."

24 smaller, immobile thrones surround the great throne, and aged men of dignity and wisdom sit in them. They wear gold crowns, but throw them on the ground, before the throne.

Before the feet of the Lamb. There he sits - on the Ark of the Covenant. Jesus Christ himself.

Two golden angels surround him, and he glows unlike anything we have ever seen. Like a supernova. At this point, there is screaming in the crowd, and great fear. You look around, and some are trembling. Some are completely white, like a ghost. And some are on their knees, weeping and shouting for joy.

"My savior! My king! YES!!!"

Some are just stunned, staring at what they see in shock. Some are weeping, curled up in the fetal position. Some kneel and scream, "NO! NO! IT CAN'T BE!"

There is both great love, and great anger in his eyes.

He stares at us, and scans the crowd.

Then, he stands up. "Yep, betcha didn't see that one coming, did you? Y'all forgot about Dre, *didn't ya???*"

The crowd is silent, and his voice reverberates loudly around the corners of the cube.

"Not all of you, obviously. Some you are cool."

He looks around and sees Jimmy Page. "Not you, asshole. Fuck you." He points to a few others. "Fuck you, and fuck you, too. I saw that shit."

He points over to Keith Green, Buddy Holly, and John Denver. "Not you, though. You guys are cool. I should have warned you about those planes."

He laughs. "Way she goes, boys. Way of the road. Better than the alternative, trust me - you made the right choice.

Anyways, let's get this show on the road. Lights, camera, ACTION BABY!!! Let's ROCK AND ROLL!!!"

At this, the throne EXPLODES in flames, and the wheels-within-wheels start spinning madly.

It lifts off the ground, powered by a giant mushroom cloud of pure white. The gyroscopes spin faster and faster as the throne rises, and they shift and spin slightly from time to time to keep it perfectly even as the giant man shifts and moves from side to side.

They make a wild, screeching sound, and their wheels start clicking and clacking in rhythm. The Cherubim angels start their chanting. *Holy, Holy, Holy…* It's low, deep, rhythmic… extremely powerful and energetic… it sort of *growls*… in one note at a time… lots of bass… tension builds and drops…

You look at me. "It's… it's…d- d- d-"

I grin. "It's dubstep. Boom, baby. The genre they forgot about."

I mean, people are stunned. I grin at you and you smile at me. "I told you. Best seats in the house."

Jesus raises his arms and the bass stops. The throne lowers and settles down, and the giant man now sits in it evenly, purposefully.

Jesus looks at the crowd. "Yeah, not what you expected, huh? What, did you think I was some kind of *loser*? Some guy who wouldn't walk into a temple and start flipping tables? Can't look power in the eye and *dare* them to crucify me?!

You guys thought I wouldn't know how to work a crowd? How to get my point across effectively? I started a *cult*, dummies. *I* did it first. I started the *first* cult. The *only real cult*. Early Christianity was *my* cult. And now it's yours, too. They *loved* me. Well not all of them."

He winks, and gestures behind him with his thumb to a group in the Ancient Rome section of the temple. "Whoopsie!"

"But *they* loved me. I started a *movement*."

He points over to a group of guys.

"There they are – the homeboys. John! What up! No, not you! The *other* John! Haha, you guys fall for that every time!"

People laugh. They really do. You just can't help but like this guy. He's great.

"I started the greatest movement and the only true religion of all time. I was a rock star, it's true. It's true. Believe it or not, I even play guitar. Yep, I can even play *Eruption* too."

He points over at Van Halen where David Lee Roth and Sammy Hagar are staring daggers at each other. "I knew how to tap before you did, Eddie!"

He scans the crowd. "Oh yeah, I'm a real *alpha male*, one of the greatest of all time. *Whoop* - there it is! Gotcha! This is *omega* time, baby! I'm the *Omega Male*! Yeah, BABY! How you like *these* apples?"

A solid gold guitar appears, and he busts out some sick tapping, then goes into sweep picking. The hardest thing you can ever do on a guitar.

Yngwie Malmsteen speaks up. "Hey man, *Arpeggios From Hell* was faster… I invented sweep picking but it wasn't even in this stupid book!"

Jesus laughs. "Ok, Yngwie, the issue with you is that you never learned when *not* to play. Still top-three of all time, though. Also, you didn't actually invent sweep picking.

Eddie, also, some jazz guys did the tapping thing before you too, believe it or not. Vittorio Camardese. Italian jazz guy from the early '60s. Few more, too."

An Italian guy with a hooked nose and large forehead shouts out –

“Hey-a! That’s-a me! It’s-a true! I did-a invent-a la tap tap on-a la chitarra! Mamma mia! *Gratzie*! *Gratzie*!”

We all cheer for him. Jesus smiles. “Eddie, we all know it was really you though. No one ever did it like *that*, before. No, for real, though. King David invented tapping.” He looks around and some people are nodding. Some just stare, completely befuddled.

“PSYCH!!! You can’t *tap* on a *harp*, you idiots. Hey, Witness 1! *Dueling Banjos* in G, bridge boy! Haha, I’m just messing with you!”

Disappointed, I set down my acoustic guitar. He looks at me. “Who would you like to talk to, Witness 1?”

I think, but he already knows.

A tiny Celtic woman with dark hair, about 5’ 2”, steps forward.

“*Oh my God*, it’s Enya. Holy shit. What do I do?” I look at Jesus.

“I dunno, ask her something.”

“Oh *fuck*, it’s really you. *Enya*.”

I awkwardly mimic the “We’re not worthy” scene from *Wayne’s World*.

“I’m not worthy, I’m not worthy… haha… Can I, um, have your autograph?”

She looks at me like I’m an alien.

“Enya, your music is like the stars in the sky to me. You have the greatest voice of all time, and your production is masterful. I know you didn’t just sing, you made the songs yourself. I know you had a producer and his wife there, but I know it was you. You made those songs, because you heard them in your head. Right? You have made the most beautiful songs of all time.”

She looks at me and nods. I walk up to her and whisper. “You see the colors too, right? Are they real?”

She nods again. I tell her that she’s iconic, and no one did it like her. Greatest of all time. I ask her what her secret is to getting those signature sawtooth-based, arpeggiated, low-passed pluck synths that are *so rich*, so colorful - unlike anything else that has ever been produced - but you can’t quite make out the answer.

She smiles at me, looks deeply into my eyes, and hugs me. She tells me that she likes my songs too. She looks at me.

“D is yellow.”

My mind is fucking blown. “HOLY FUCKING SHIT!!! No one ever said that to me before. YES!!! D IS FUCKING YEEELLLLOOOW!!!!!” I grin. “So, it *is* real. Nice. Take care, Enya. You’ll get a new castle. An even better one.” I look deeply in her eyes.

“I understand why you didn’t play live shows, but now, you can. Here, it will come to life for you. There, you needed a panic room in your castle and reinforced walls. Here, you will not. You will never need to hide again, Enya. I love you.” We smile at each other. The key turns in the lock. We are happy.

As I walk away, I turn to her and look at her with great love in my eyes. “I know your true name, Eithne Pádraigín Ní Bhraonáin.” She looks at me, and I tell her, “An nighean as bòidhche den abhainn lode cloiche a bhios a’ tarraing. Tha mi gad fhaicinn. Tha mi a ' faireachdainn do òran a! Tha gaol agam ort, agus cha bhi eagal ort gu bràth tuilleadh.”

Then, she really smiles.

I also talk to the guy in VNV Nation. “Hey man! How the FUCK did you get those arpeggiators to do that on *Arena*??? I’ve been trying to figure it out for 20 years!!!”

He looks at me, but you also can’t quite make out what he says. “Maybe another time! That’s OK! *Arena* is, subjectively, my favorite song of all time. Ok, so, no *Dueling Banjos,* Jesus?”

He looks at me. “Ok, bridge boy. *Let’s roll*.” We break it down, and honestly, I sound pretty good. However, you really can’t compete with Jesus on the guitar. It’s the sweep picking.

“Keith Moon! Get the fuck over here!” Jesus hugs him. “You were my favorite one of all. I know why you threw those TVs out of the windows. I know why you drove the car in the pool.” Jesus looks around. “Keith Moon said ‘no.’ None of you did. None of you.”

With that, he looks over at the politician section of the temple. “Like all you cowardly *fucks*. Keith, we’re gonna have some fun with these guys now. It’s our turn. Go on back, we have a surprise for you.”

He looks around. “You crucified him on a pyre of pharmaceuticals.”

At that, a golden door opens, and many angels guide him towards it. A glow emanates, and it shuts. How the people wondered.

The door closes.

Jesus points to the crowd. "Where's number two? Where's Steve Vai?" A skinny, tall guy with long brown hair steps forward.

"Steve, don't even give me that look. I mean, come on dude. All the logos in the world, and you choose *that*? A *pyramid* and an *eye*?"

He looks down. "I mean… I mean, you gotta sell records, right? What else is there? I called you, and you didn't pick up the phone, man."

They stare at each other. The wheels tick.

Jesus smiles with his eyes, but not his face. "You wouldn't have taken my deal. I already know that." His eyes shift to Jesus's left, his right.

"Nice signature guitar though - I'll give you credit, at least it doesn't cost 50 FUCKING GRAND!!!" He looks at Jimmy Page again. "Nice *suit*, dipshit. Hey, let me try out the tapping section from your most famous solo! Oh wait, did you ever write one?

No, for real, Steve, you're a *great* player. Technically, you might even be the *best* of all time. But you'll never know how good you *really* could have been." He looks at him. "Anyways, good luck out there."

I look at you and smile. "If you're smart, you won't have a Wikipedia article." You grin.

Some guy speaking Russian comes up to you and roughly grabs the knife. He glares at you and walks away.

"Who… who the fuck was that?"

I grin. "You get it, right?"

A door slides open, and Keith Moon steps out again – shrouded in golden mystery. He looks around, and then at Jesus.

"I forgot something."

I look at you and snicker.

"Is there a… TV I can put through a window around here, or what?"

We all laugh as he continues, "What, you guys don't even have toilets to blow up here? Wait a second… *ohhh,* I get it now!"

Jesus smiles out at the crowd. "Ok, ok, let's get serious everybody."

A moment of silence and then he raises his arms and says, “Are you READY to RUUUMMMBBBLLLEEE???”

Again, the fire and dubstep. And the people feared greatly.

A voice emanates from the throne. “You cannot yet look upon me. All authority to judge heaven and Earth has been given to my son – HE who sits on the ARK!”

At this, the word is so strong that everyone falls to their knees, and is held there. It is like an explosion of sound, and it hits you like a hammer.

There are screams again, and moans of fear. Some absolute shrieking.

“The time of the animal’s slaughter is no more. The slaughter of the innocents has *ended*. There are no more lambs left for you to seek penance from. It is *your* turn. *Your* blood shall stain the temple floor, not theirs.”

A great silence.

“It is time for the judgement.”

You look at me. “Fuck.”

I wink at you. “Don’t worry. You think either of those two Johns are gonna have a hard time here? If you read this story and believe it, I got your back. It’s true.”

A great, hushed silence falls over the crowd.

Jesus sits back down on the Ark, and his face is now serious. It is ringed by long brown hair, about down to his shoulders. He is both fearsome and terrible, and the most beautiful thing we have ever seen. He is perfect, and within his eyes is every color. He wears the only crown now, and it is no longer thorn. It is gold.

The guitar turns into a golden sword, and he sheathes it in the hilt around his waist. This is now Warrior-King Jesus, come to cleave mankind in two.

The crown glows, and it illuminates the cube.

For the first time, we see the far reaches, along all the walls.

Gasps, and whispers of understanding.

“It’s not a temple… it’s a… it’s a *library*!”

I smile. "It's a fractal repository of information. A temple."

Jesus stands up and beholds the crowd. Then, he kneels before the Ark.

He opens it, and removes a budded rod.

"This is Aaron's rod. Behold the serpent, nevermore."

It transforms into a serpent on the ground, and Jesus stomps on its head. He cuts it off with the sword, and holds it up before the crowd.

"Your enemy. Vanquished."

He throws it aside, and it melts into blackness.

He pulls out a pot, and removes a small, white loaf from it.

"Behold, the bounty of God – given to you."

He eats it.

He pulls out two stone tablets, old and weathered.

"Behold The Law, transgressed and ignored. I shall treat The Law in the same way that you did."

He throws them on the ground, and they shatter into dust.

The crowd is silent.

"The Law is no more. *I AM THE LAW!!!*"

Now his voice is so powerful that it physically moves people backwards. It punches them, and winds them.

He kneels before the pile of dust, and pricks his finger with the tip of the sword. One drop lands on the pile.

"Behold my blood, poured out for you."

The pile ignites, and only ash is left. Jesus blows it softly away, and it is gone.

Jesus stands, and reaches into the Ark one final time. He pulls out a book with a pure white cover and closes the lid. As he sits back down on it, he rests the white book on his lap.

"Now. *Read*."

As he says this, each book from the shelves comes alive, and stretches down, connected by a long, braided fractal made of ethereal glowing colors. Each braid pulses and glows with different colors, patterns, and textures, and a book stops next to every person's face, still closed.

Jesus points to someone. "Come."

A man with short brown hair looks around, back and forth, and then points at himself. "Me?"

"Yes."

He steps forward, and collapses in fear. Jesus simply raises his hand, and he lifts and continues forward. Nothing can stop this now.

He walks up to the ark, before the billions and billions of people. As he reaches it, Jesus turns his hand over, and he kneels, directly in front of him, at eye level. His book falls on the ground before him.

"This is the story of your life. You wrote it. You are the creator, author, and producer of this story. Let's see what you did."

It opens, and a fractal cage the same color as the braid swoops out and clasps itself around him. He shrieks in terror.

We all see, in our heads, his life. He was smart, smarter than most. The kind of guy who always knew where everyone was looking, what they really thought, and what he could get away with.

He learned the ways of the cameras, and when the adults would be distracted. He learned that he can simply write the answers down for a test, bring it to school, and no one would ever know. He learned how to be *quick.*

He played them all. They even elected him, and he embezzled money from a school fundraiser. There he is, signing the purchase order and pocketing cash. We watch as he betrays those he was entrusted to care for, over and over.

We see *everything*. We watch as his eyes change when people walk away, the fake act to the wolf glare.

His fractal begins to grow dark, more twisted. The shapes within it groan and shudder.

We see him fail to make connections with others. We watch as he tries and fails to understand women, to learn their ways. We watch as he fails to find love.

He is entrapped, and it grows tighter. Now, it squeezes him. It is mostly grey, brown, black, and dark, dark green. The colors and patterns do not match, and the symmetry is off.

We watch as he grows darker, as he descends further into the depravity of his own mind. Plots out devilish schemes and whispers in the night of the revenge he desires.

The mass of his fractal has grown black, and he begins to scream. "NO! NO! I DIDN'T MEAN TO!!!"

You look at me. "It's disordered… it's not…"

I grimace at you. "It's not a fractal anymore. He left it."

We watch as he plans out his route, and stalks his prey. We know, as does he, when it turned from fantasy to reality. We watch as he dismantles the sliding glass doors and lays them down carefully on the patio. We watch as he carefully enters the forbidden Holy of Holies, and removes the bean bag and Taser from his pocket.

We watch *everything*.

By the end of it, he is but a small, black mass on the ground.

The black cage bursts into flames, and only a small, blackened fetus remains. Its legs are a huddled mass, and only one eye is open. It screams, a horrible wailing. A circle of black opens beneath him, and he disappears.

Jesus stares at the crowd.

They stare back in complete and utter shock. Silence.

You whisper to me. "Where… where did he go?"

I look back and grimace. "He went to The Nothing."

I nod, and look at you deeply.

"Some of them will be burning. Maybe all. They can call themselves *The Stars*."

You grimace.

“I told you, bro. Books and fire.”

Jesus’s face softens, and he smiles. He beckons to a young child, and she hops over and sits on his lap. Her hair is yellow, and it glows. She smiles at him and there is love in his eyes like you have never seen before. The key turns in the lock, and she smiles too. She is happy. They gaze at each other, and white light floods the cube around them.

“Your turn,” he says.

Her book is pink, white, and gold. It glows brightly, but it is very, very short. Only a few chapters.

She opens it, and we watch the same scene play out in reverse. We *feel* it. We *experience* it, just like she did. It’s all in the fractal, and you read *everything* from these books.

You experience her innocence, her love. The childlike way she experienced the world. Her dreams and the way her parents would sing to her at night.

You feel the fear that she did being woken up by a gag and handcuffs. The total shock and paralyzing adrenaline as electricity and light crackle two inches from your eyes in the middle of the night. The way it subsides in the van and is replaced by sheer, cold panic.

We see his face when she did. We realize we will never see our parents or go home again on Earth when she did. We lose hope when she did. We realize we are worthless just as she does.

From a first-person point of view, every person in the temple viscerally experiences a little girl’s rape and murder. Their *own* rape and murder. And there are *so many of them.*

We *feel* it.

People are on their knees, in shock. Screaming. Laying down and curling up, in absolute terror and hysterics. They would faint, if they were able to. You cannot escape this. Nothing can stop it.

Death was the illusion, this is real.

There is no unconsciousness here.

This is real. That was not.

None of it ever even was.

At the end of her life, her fractal is a pure, glowing white. It has the most intricate patterns, designs, and murals shifting around it in rainbow colors. It fades, and only a perfect infant is left. A white circle opens under her, and she is gone.

"Where did she go?"

I smile at you. "She went to the ending."

I look at you. "I want to show you one more. A real-life one."

I call out to him. "Kirk! It's time to tell your story."

A distinguished-looking gentleman with silver hair walks out from the crowd, and I give him a firm handshake. "How does it feel to walk again, buddy?" He laughs, and we look at each other, eye-to-eye.

"Kirk was my favorite male patient out of all of them. I met him in the last nursing home I worked at, and I saw him on my last day as a CNA. In fact, you were the last resident I ever said goodbye to. I missed you, man.

I worked with him for almost two years, and every day, he was the nicest one out of all of them. He was the most normal person I had ever met in a nursing home. Completely nice, no issues, never a problem. That's what made it so much worse for him. He was completely paralyzed, and was a full-assist.

He was just like me. Just like you. But he had a skiing accident in the late '70s. And it locked him in his body for *50 years*."

I look over at him. "What did I used to do for you, Kirk? That no one else would? They won't believe me if I say it."

He looks out at the crowd. "He would write. Love letters, for me. To send to my ex-girlfriend, after his shift was over. He would write for me, because I couldn't, to tell her that I still loved her."

The crowd murmurs.

I hug him. "Kirk, you are another one of my heroes. I love you. I don't know how you made it through that kind of suffering. I've never seen anything like it – how you still looked at everyone with love every single day of your life. You tried *so hard.*

I look at him and hug him. "This dining room will *always* be open. It's time."

He goes up, and his book is pure white, nothing but white. We watch, day after day, day after day, as he sits and stares at the ceiling. Wondering what could have been. Wondering what his ex-girlfriend was doing. Who she was with instead of him.

Feeling the never-ending pain and numbness all over. Being stuck in a bed. When people would be busy and not come to answer his call light. How he would sign his letters to her as "Captain Kirk" and tell her that he would *always* still love her. No matter what.

Day after day. The same food. The same bored CNAs. Torture.

Fifty years go by. There is no time here, but we feel it as it happens. We will be here until this is over.

By the end, his fractal book is also pure white, but the patterns are less intense. Instead, his glows gold like the sun, and it expands as it goes on. His light is huge, almost ten feet across, and it illuminates the entire temple. At the end of his life, he is also left as a perfect infant. The light shrinks, then, he is gone.

"It's the… it's the suffering, but in reverse. That's what opens your portal. Whether you caused more suffering or suffered more. Whether you were kind while you suffered or caused the kind to suffer.

It's… it's already written in your book, it's the Deep Magic. There is nothing that anyone can do about it once it's written. It was already finished."

I nod. "Although her suffering was much more acute, his lasted far longer. He suffered so much, for so long. It added up. You simply cannot imagine what spending your life in a nursing home is really like for these types of patients."

You look at me. "So… are we going to be here a while?"

I smile. "Yes."

Finally, a much smaller crowd, but still enormous crowd remains. Our books are all gold.

I look at you. "I told you I got your back."

Jesus looks over and points to me. "Witness 1, come on over here!"

I walk over and smile nervously at the crowd. Luckily, I have always enjoyed public speaking.

"What up everyone! Good to see you guys. My name is –"

Jesus cuts me off. "It's in the title of the book, man. Anyways, tell them how the Deep Magic works. Go on, it's ok. It's over now."

I grin. "Ok."

I take a deep breath and exhale. "The Deep Magic requires three, and only three ingredients. This is the only magic that exists, and the only magic that will ever exist. There exists *no* spell or incantation other than *this ritual*, although it exists in many forms. Nothing else on planet Earth was ever real but this, in fact.

We have had many names for it, but it is all the same ritual. Three ingredients.

The first ingredient is the attention of crowds of people, as many as possible, which brings an image of you to life in their head. All ancient religions are the same, human sacrifice and devil worship. Back then, priests would put on elaborate outfits and suits and stand on top of pyramids before crowds to achieve this effect with early pyrotechnics and other stage devices.

Now, we use albums, songs, movies, and *concerts* for it. It's the *same* thing. An *image* of the spellcaster must *come alive* in the head of as many people as possible. The more people there are, the more powerful the spell will be. It must be as specific as possible, your face, your name. Who you are. What you *think*.

They must *think* what you think. They must *agree* with you. That you are *good*. That you *love* them.

They must *believe in you*. If they don't *know* you, it won't work. That's why I had to start with that ridiculous autobiographical section, even though writing a book about myself and expecting people to read it is literally the most embarrassing and arrogant thing I have ever done.

These spells allow you to open a portal between our reality and the supernatural, either good or evil, worlds. There are two. Through these portals you can manipulate physical reality. The books, songs, albums, and movies are black magic portals." I scan the crowd and pause. Then, I smile.

"It has only been reversed once before." I look over at Jesus and he smiles, too.

"This is the deepest Deep Magic. The white reversal of the black spell.

It had only been tried once in history before me. You cannot learn this. It is not spoken of. It is not even an unknown unknown. It is hidden, it does not exist. Unless you look just right at it.

No one had ever tried this in 2,000 years when I decided to do it. And you start with a *cult*.

Now, Witness 2 told me all of this years ago. However, at first, I thought it sounded like the most ridiculous thing I had ever heard. However, the more I looked into it, the more it made sense to me. She gave me the missing ingredient, the final one – myself."

I look at the crowd, now listening to me for once.

"The *second* ingredient is knowledge and intention. You must *know* what you are doing, accept the consequences, and do it fully willingly. In the black arts, their signs, symbols, and pledges are their way of doing this. You must *commit*, 100%. Say, through a book.

It also requires another ingredient, which is the physical part that transmutates into something new. Something very, very powerful. This is the key ingredient, without which nothing will happen.

It is the blood of the innocent, shed unwillingly. This is the black art.

However, there was one little thing that they missed." I smile, and my eyes twinkle.

"I found the way to reverse it. I figured out how to shut them down. I did."

Jesus looks at me. "Tell them how to close the portals. Tell them what I knew. What only you figured out."

I smile. "Whew. Don't judge me, people. I did it for you guys. I know it sounds sort of weird.

I knew that, in order to properly encode the Deep Magic into my life, I would have to never compromise on my principles. I *could not* live within this society. Not comfortably, at least. I also knew that I could never intentionally harm another being, and I tried my best.

But I knew something else, too. That I have for a long, long time. Ever since my friend cracked Flash on my laptop in Seventh grade and I started playing around with GIMP, AppleScript, Blender, and finally, Ableton.

I knew something that you didn't know.

I knew that *I could* change the world with this software.

I can do it too.

I can close your portals, just like Jesus did.

I can make millions of people think about me, too.

I can make a portal to their heads, too.

But I can do it for GOOD.

NOT LIKE YOU!!!

I knew that it would be harder than just about anything. I would have to teach myself every single thing about music. I would have to *become* the music. I would have to be *better* than *Sgt. Peppers.* Better than Led Zeppelin. Better than The Who. Better than Pink Floyd.

I would have to make a completely *new* sound.

Better than *Satan* himself. Better than *his* music. It's *all him.*

And I would have to do it all by myself. If I accepted any help, any contracts, any managers, anything like that, the Deep Magic would be voided.

It would have to be *all me*.

So, you invented a "concept album"? Well, I invented the "concept song."

And it's *better than yours*.

And here's the real kicker. I did it without any innocent blood sacrifices at all.

Except, of course, for the blood on my fingers as I did the 1-2-3-4 alternate picking exercises and built callouses.

And I put *myself* in their heads, not you. I *closed* your portals.

But I knew there was one final ingredient. I would have to sign the contract.

'I know you are going to kill me.'
-Witness 1.

So, there you go. I invoke the Deep Magic. The White Reversal.

Close the portals. End the suffering on Earth.

And do you know why? Because I'm not a fucking *pussy.*

I don't cower behind cops, judges, corporations, politicians, soldiers, bribes, money, lies, and corruption like you.

I'm not like you.

I have a big set of balls. In fact, I only have one really, really big one.

And that shit is made out of steel. So, maybe I really am the wrecking ball.

So, go on. Kill me, motherfuckers. Because I wrote a book about 9/11. About *you*.

Because I'm *better* than you at music and I closed your stupid portals of sin, treachery, and evil.

Because I can play a *better guitar solo than you*.

You're *pathetic*. You're *nothing*. I am *everything*.

You're *worthless.*

I have *value*.

The Synagogue of Satan International Organized Crime Syndicate.

I *dare* you to *do it*.

I am *not* scared of you. I *fucking hate you*.

Go ahead. That's how it works. I know how it works, and you don't.

And it *will* work, because I have never intentionally harmed anyone. I am not a threat to you.

I do NOT deserve to die for thinking the obvious truth about 9/11. In fact, it's absurd, tragic, and funny. It really, really is.

That's because the Deep Magic is Art. Only the white reversal is funny, though, of course. That's why it's perfect. This is how Jesus did it.

Black magic is tragic and absurd, but it is not funny in the slightest. If you practice black magic, you either give up your card and willingly die before a certain point (invoking the white reversal), or you go straight to hell. It's a bargain for fools. It gets us *nowhere*.

Killing me for writing a book about 9/11 is *hilarious.* Honestly. It is. Think about it.

Of course, for the white reversal to work, you must have also faith.

You must have *faith in the resurrection.* That death *is not real*. That God *has your back, no matter what.*

And guess what? Anyone who chooses to put *my* portal in their head gets to go *with me*.

That's how it works. You have to make your choice. That's why I established that I am a credible narrator, and that you can trust me. That I'm not the wolf in sheep's clothing who wants to harm you, THEY ARE!!! They want to KILL you people, for God's sake!

You have to *believe in me. Believe in my books.* If you do, you will *close* their portal and *open* mine. And *I'm* on my way to see Jesus. Well, we all are. How will it be when you get there?"

I look at you deeply and stare into both your eyes.

"It's called the pickoff. You won't see it coming.

Trust me, this will work. Watch what happens next. *Trust me*."

Finally, for all the losers and midwits who don't understand what I'm saying, get caught up in terminology, and love to argue semantics – fine. Don't call it "white magic." Don't call it "The White Reversal." I made that dumb shit up anyways, for the book.

Call it what it is. "Christianity." I look at you.

"If you believe in Jesus Christ, it will save you. It will close the portal of death and open a portal of life. Describe it however you want to, it doesn't matter. 'Salvation.' Whatever.

There's Christianity, and there's the black art, and that's it. Every single thing I am saying here is backed up in The Bible. I *am* a true Christian. In fact, I can *guarantee* that I've read it more closely than you.

That's how I knew when I wrote this that I would be there with you. I showed you my picture at the beginning so I would be in your head the whole way. *I was with you – that's how the portals work.* Every step you took, I was there with you – guiding you. Holding you hand as you stumble and get back up.

I did this to make you a Christian. You're welcome. You win eternal life and happiness, free of charge. All you ever had to do was believe in it. If you believe my book, you believe the Bible.

It's just the transitive property, you know, if A = B and B = C, then A = C. You are "A", and Christianity is "C". I am merely the "B". All I did was tell the truth, you came to salvation yourself. That is the only way it can work. Only you can make the choice to save yourself.

I look out. "Any mathematicians out there that can help explain this? …No? Anyone? Anyone?"

I look over at you. "Gee whiz, I wonder where *they* all went. Oh, well. Anyways…"

From the back of the temple, a feeble voice calls out. "Hey, I'm still here! There's… a few of us left. You're not bad at game theory, by the way."

I give him a high-five. "John Nash! What up, dude. These people watched your whole movie and *still* couldn't figure out that it actually was the CIA fucking with you."

He scoffs. "Morons." I give him a firm handshake and get back to you.

"A = B = C. You're A. I'm B. Jesus Christ is C. If you believe me, you believe him. This is the message of the Gospels, what I delivered to you. The true Gospel. It's simple math."

Congratulations, you win. All you ever had to do was believe in magic ("Christianity", for the semantics guys. The Bible is literally a book that makes magical claims. Duh.)

I even taught you music. If you've been paying attention, you now know enough to start writing your own songs. All you need to do now is practice.

The most precious thing I have - my music - and I give it freely to you.

You don't need squiggly lines. You don't need words.

All you need are the musical structures I showed you.

You know how to write your own songs now. In fact, you always did.

<u>The primary structure</u>

This is the ultimate musical pattern:

I – ii – iii – IV – V – vi – vii – I

Within this pattern lies one fundamental chord progression:

The *first, fifth, minor sixth, fourth* progression:

I – V – vi – VI (*Let It Be*) (C – G – Am – F)

This fundamental chord progression is simply the most pure expression of the ultimate musical pattern.

By shifting this fundamental pattern, we derive four more primary chord progressions:

The two major structures:

The *first, minor sixth, fourth, fifth* progression:
I – vi – VI – V (*Last Kiss*) (C – Am – F – G)

The *minor sixth, fourth, first, fifth* progression:
vi – IV – I – V (*Love the Way You Lie*) (Am – F – C – G)

The two minor structures:

The *minor first, minor seventh, minor sixth, fifth* progression:
i – vii – vi – V (*Stairway to Heaven* solo) (Am – G – F – E)

The *minor first, minor third, minor seventh, fourth* progression:
i – iii – vii – IV (*Lollipop*) (Am – C – G – D)

I can 100%, personally, *your money back guarantee* you that 90%+ of your favorite songs are some sort of variation on these five structures. I *promise* you that. They *all* are.

Sometimes they're buried, layered, or twisted - but if you *look* you will see them. If you look *closely* and *really* pick them apart, this probability nears 100%.

These are the five river stones of David. The other ones. His secret weapons. This is the mystery of the Psalms, and why you still hear whispers and rumors that King David was the best musician that ever lived. They were the first real songs, and they were mainly four chord *bangers*.

Unfortunately, the Ancient Israelites did *not* have the squiggly line-deals, so there was no way to pass this information on to us (Selah!.) Hm… maybe we should keep this whole "writing music down" thing around. We can give that job to the math guys, since they won't have much to do at this point (I kid, I kid. There *will* be math.)

David was the greatest rock star there ever was, because God whispered these secrets into his ears. He understood the Deep Magic, and used it for good. He shut down the portals, too. His music spread, and an image of him lived in people's heads through his music and story. He used it to *protect* them, and guess what?

The Philistines he killed were major leaders within the child sacrifice cult, and that story is real. This is the story-within-a-story of King David. He wrote an album of songs that closed the portals and saved his people. A few albums, in fact. Sort of… a series of concept albums, you could say. Yeah, they call them "The Psalms."

And you know what else? You can hate on him all you want, but at least he *told the truth about what he did. Huh*? *Didn't he*? The cheating, the lies, the murder plot, his son betraying him, the concubines, all the shit we look at with sideways eyes.

Do you think any other kings around the area allowed stories like that to spread? You think he couldn't have killed the story if he wanted to? He was the KING, dummies! He *allowed* them to write about him like that. For us.

King David told the truth. Always. Because, like I said, he knew the ways of the Deep Magic. That's how it works. He was recklessly honest, and that's another reason he was one of the best there ever was.

That's why we know his shame, as well as his glory. This is not true for any other king. Except, of course, for Jesus. And Aslan.

Now, all you need to know is how to build chords. And there are no secrets here. It's just *painting* with *feeling* in *layers of time*. First, you must understand the scaffolding structure used to construct every single chord.

The Structure of a Chord

A **first**. A **third** (major or minor), and a **fifth**. That's it. Everything else is just fluff.

C major looks like this: **C** (first), **E** (major third), **G** (fifth.) **This room is *happy*.**

A **chord** is a **room**. The first is the **floor**. The third is the **walls**. The fifth is the **roof.**

If you want a sad room, bring the E down by one half-step.

C minor looks like this: **C** (first), **D#** (minor third), **G** (fifth.) **This room is *sad*.**

Simple as that.

The floor and roof do NOT change (you won't be using diminished or augmented chords for a while.) The walls can change. Make the room happy, or make it sad. That's it.

Think of it like this:

If you want a painting of a flower in your room, add a fourth. If you want a lightning strike, add a minor sixth. If you want a picture of Elvis, add a minor seventh. If you want a painting of a beautiful woman crying, add a major seventh.

That's it. It's *so* simple.

It's just patterns and emotions. Now, build the feelings over time. Like a painting, but you paint it frame-by-frame. Like a movie, but in your head. Think in terms of groups of four, and tell your story to the audience. Make them *feel*. And here is your palette:

Octave:
Exactly the same. Play the lower octaves for bass. Bring in the high ones for feeling.

Minor 2nd:
Almost always just shit. *Extremely* dissonant – the most dissonant one. This interval is mainly used in metal or dubstep. If done right, can be amazing.

Major 2nd:
The most enigmatic one. It can go either way – this interval exists in a nowhere land between the root and the third. It carries the second-most emotional energy. This is a strange attractor.

Minor 3rd:
Sad. The most powerful, overall. The most energy. This is the classic "rock chorus", "dubstep drop" interval. **This is the default "sad" painting for your room.**

Major 3rd:
Happy. Cheerful, triumphant. This *can* also be the harshest interval if it's in the wrong context. However, without it, music would not exist at all. You cannot have feeling or emotion in music without using thirds somewhere. This is the "resting point" with the second-most balance after the fifth. **This is the default "happy" painting for your room**.

Perfect 4th: She is airy, perfect. Angelic. Triumphant, but it's already over. The *Amen Cadence.* This is the most beautiful sister of the fifth, and she is… incredible. The fourth will *love* you.

Tritone: So, so weird. This is *the* strange attractor. All of the three other strange attractor notes are tied to this one, though it may not be heard. It is the fractal note. This is because it is found on the 6th fret out of 12 – it is the exact half of a string.

Divide it in half forever and you get a perfect fractal. You get this note.

Perfect 5th: He is strong - known as the "dominant." This is, by far, the easiest interval to reproduce, and he is your classic "trumpet marching to battle" interval. Very, very intuitive for us. This is the brother of the first. **This is the default ceiling of your room.**

Minor 6th: Edgy, emotional. Raw, and sliced open. This one *bleeds*. Use sparingly. This is the second-to-last strange attractor.

Major 6th: The relative minor. *Very, very important*. This is the *only* interval you can modulate to without performing a key change. Here's the second-biggest understatement of this book – this is *very, very* useful because your melody *does not have to change*.

Keep your melody and hooks, but change the bass to the relative minor. Now, it's sad. Magic. You cannot do this *any* other way.

This is the other sister of the first, and she is *beautiful.* She *dies* for the first. Her and the fourth are… so close. They belong together.

Minor 7th: Pure energetic rock feel. This can be either happy or sad depending on context, but it always packs a punch. It's a warm summer's day, it's root beer by the pool. This interval is pure fun. Pop music is big on this one, because it has an undeniably epic feel. Think "ending of *Hey Jude* right when the tension breaks."

Guitar guys might know this one as the "Mixolydian" note, which is the only note you change between a major, or Ionian mode, and the Mixolydian mode. In C, it's a Bb.

[Don't worry about modes, it's just the same thing as the major scale but starting on a different note. Ionian mode is another way of saying "the major scale", and the rest of them just cycle through different starting points while keeping the same pattern. Modes are the most overt expression of fractals within music theory.]

Major 7th: Perhaps, my second favorite. She carries the most emotional energy out of them all. She is both a broken lover and your sweetest daydream. She is Juliet's last kiss. She cries out in pain to return to her lover, the first. She *must* return to him. She is a flower on the ground.

She is the last strange attractor.

Anyways, 11 intervals and an octave. That's all you need to do. Now get rid of the feelings you don't want, leave the rest, combine them how you wish to tell a story, and put them in the right order over time. It's that simple. Now, you have a room. Time to make a house.

You need four rooms to live in – a bedroom, kitchen, living room, and bathroom. Set the scene in your bedroom. What does *your* room look like? Decorate the rest of the house from there. Write lyrics, and put people in the house. Make them do things.

Oh, time for the chorus? Let's leave the house and build a brand new one next door. Maybe, this one has an A-frame, with three rooms. Once you're there, you don't want to go outside anymore, so you try to connect your houses. Whoops! The A-frame with three rooms won't connect to your square house with four rooms! Uh oh! It's a puzzle. Maybe, you need to build a bridge.

Ok, so the colors. These are the colors within music, as I perceive them.

C: Blue, calming and beautiful, but not the ocean. Like clothes.
C#: Aquamarine, teal. Blue with electric flashes, more like the ocean.

D: Yellow, warm like the sun.
D#: Orange, with rough texture
E: Red and smooth
F: Dark brown, like the hardest wood.
F#: Lighter brown, can look like dirt
G: Golden brown, like a bear's fur
G#: Brown with grey, like concrete with rebar
A: Green, like a leaf
Bb: Pink, electric neon
B: Purple, like a majestic robe.

So, these colors stack. Take A major. **A, C#, E.** An Amaj chord is green on the bottom, aquamarine or teal in the middle, and red on top. A minor, **A, C, E,** is green, a lighter, softer, paler blue, and then red. It's also three-dimensional, and, obviously, would never quite be at rest since music is always shifting and changing. There is lighting at play here, and they can sit in backgrounds.

There's about a thousand other things to learn, but they can all be gained one step at a time. Gradually. Then, the house becomes a home and you feel comfortable. Pretty soon, you'll learn what kind of rooms you like. Then, you'll get used to building houses you like. Then, we will build many mansions.

What I have shown you is the Deep Magic of music, without which nothing else is possible. There are no secret chords, but these are the 3,000-year old secret patterns and intervals.

By the way, you *will* need to do that 1-2-3-4 alternate picking exercise for a couple years, but it will apply to every single instrument. That's most of it – going up and down with your fingers and wrists quickly, in the right places, at the right times.

Now you can do it. All you have to do is take these patterns, apply them, and practice. The mechanics and muscle memory will take a while. But we have time.

Anyone can write a song. *Everyone* can write a song.

This is not about me. This is not my story. This is not my song. This is our story."

I point out at the crowd with two hands.

"This is *our song*. *Your song!!!* It's true, I love you guys. Thanks, everybody!"

Jesus winks at me. "Yep, that's about it. Pretty nice move, slick." He smiles at me, pats me on the back, and both his eyes twinkle. He looks out at the crowd and points at me.

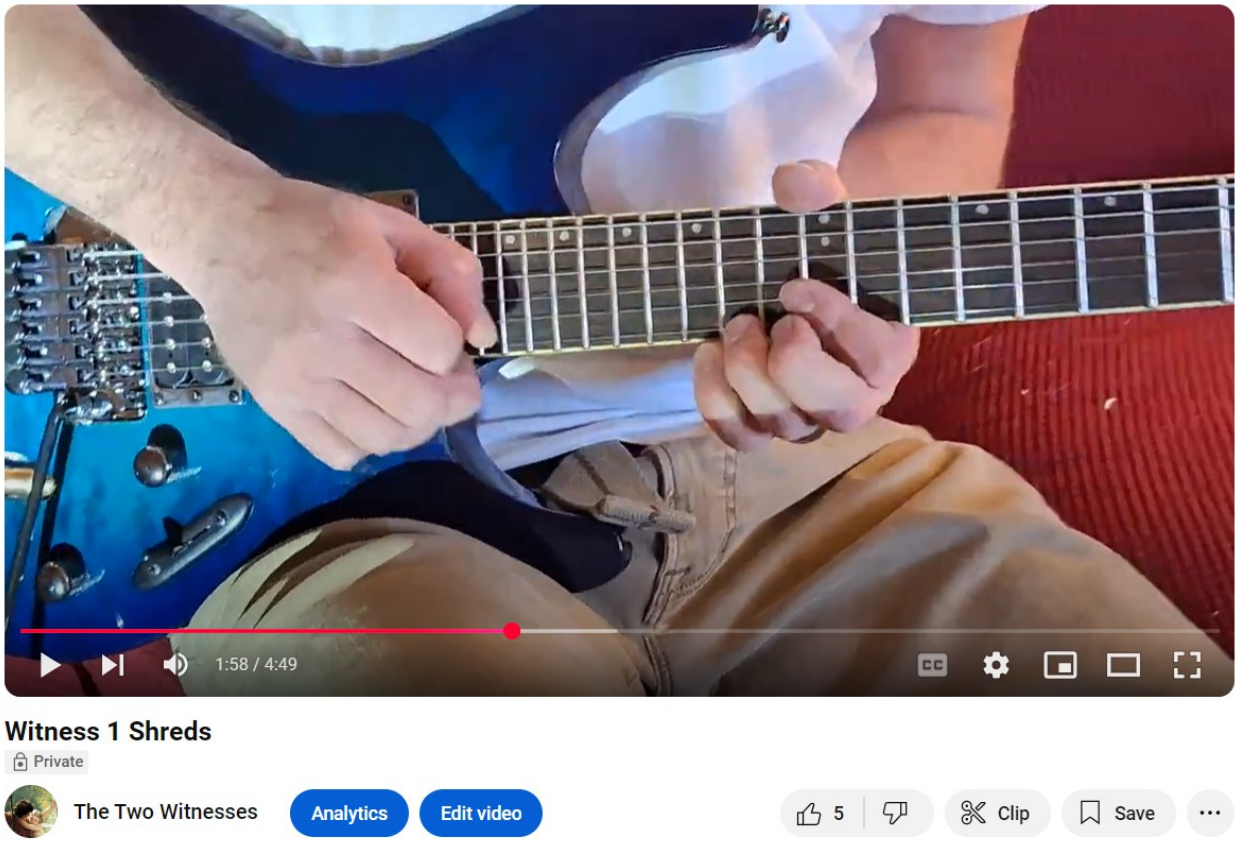
"How 'bout it, huh? Witness 1? Pretty cool guy, huh? *Huh*?"

Man, you just can't help but love this Jesus guy. He's great.

From the crowd are some half-hearted claps and a few cheers. Tough crowd.

I smile. "Thank you, everybody!"

"Here, you can even see him play guitar in real life. Note the lack of a pick. I don't know what you guys were doing down here with those, honestly."



https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=AgP2jQrUIao

Jesus looks around and says, "What did you guys think 'praying' was, anyways? Like sending an email? Texting me? Maybe I got a little *smartphone* up here I used to get back to you? Come on. It's a… it's a…"

He looks around. "Anyone? Anyone? *Bueller*? *Bueller*?"

Understanding on the faces of the crowd.

"When you pray to me for salvation, it brings an image of me to life in your head. That's the purpose of the imagery of religion. Like the crosses. Me on the cross. *Seen it a few times*? *Maybe you noticed a few pictures and statues of me down there?*

You tell me you believe my story, my book. You place your trust and 'faith' in me. It opens a *portal* for you. I powered it with my blood sacrifice. *Prayer*. DUHHHH!!!!

Call it *whatever* you want, 'magic' or 'religion', 'portal' or 'transfiguration', 'saved or 'unsaved', it doesn't change the mechanics of how it works. IT DOESN'T MATTER!

You guys and your *obsession* with arguing semantics… *that's* why you were so blind. You couldn't see the words behind the words.

You only read what they told you to read. You only looked where they told you to look. You missed the story-within-a-story, and this story does *not* have definitions that are in your *dictionaries*.

Why do you think we told you so many times not to make images of anyone else, huh? *Huh*? Does the Bible talk a little bit about 'graven images'? It *does*? Can you think of any *other* religions that *freak out* about *images*? You *can???* Wow, you don't say."

He looks back at me.

Hey Witness 1, I have some stuff for you, too! Anything else you want to say before we crash this popsicle stand?"

I look around. "Well…

I wish I could say I had a good time on Earth, and I did a lot of the time, but I mean…

Nahhhh you guys are GREAT! What's good in the HOUSE TONIGHT??? I'm starting a NEW BAND, everybody!!!"

Then, I start crowdsurfing. It's great. "Oh wow! A Vox full stack, for me, with a footswitch. Ooo, a solid gold guitar. Wow, a supernaturally fast laptop running Ableton and a huge fuckin' pipe organ in a cathedral. Thanks, Jesus.

Ooo, a mountain valley turned into a piano. Oh wow, a hydraulis powered by a river. Ooo, musical architecture. Ooo, a whole stadium strung up like the inside of a piano. Wow, a solid silver guitar too.

Oh man, a Taylor 12-string acoustic. For me? AND a 6-string? Are you *sure???* Holy shit, the Steve Vai signature Ibanez PIA3761 in stallion white that sells for $3500 with the gold leaf and vine pattern on the neck? Just what I always wanted! How'd you know, Jesus?

Oh whoa, every Kontakt instrument or synthesizer ever made is on this laptop along with all the good drum samples I could ever need. And the arpeggiators work like they used to before Ableton 10. And it never, ever crashes or slows down. Oh, and all my Waves plugins, too!

Oh wow, really? I also get to live with Witness 2 and our son in a redwood forest castle next to a beach with a huge recording studio that doesn't use wires or cables?

Oh *man*, you can power things without *wires* here? What's that? The castle is *next to* the hydraulis river and piano mountain? Cool!

Oh wow, no more *food*, either? Oh geez, this is great. Aren't you guys happy we won't have to *eat* anymore? YES!!! No more disgusting, filthy food!!!"

I start cheering and raising my arms while people stare at me like I'm an alien. "No more food! YES!!! Oh, boy. This is just great.

Oh man, you said our friends are nearby, too? Are they real? They *ARE*??? Who… who are they??? Wow, cars don't exist anymore because we can *fly* now? Whoa, nature has completely healed… you don't say.

And everyone is content, without strife, envy, greed, anger, or hatred? Huh. Love reigns over a new, restored Earth? In its perfect form? Where we finally, for real, learn how to live with one another in harmony? Where *war is over*, because we *finally wanted it to be*. Forever.

Wow. Fancy that.

Oh look! My brain damage from years of drug abuse is healed too and I am no longer insane anymore? Wow, you sure know how to make a guy blush, Jesus. I'm going to be happy and content *forever*? Geez. Never long for anything, or feel unfulfilled, for all eternity? Lots of animals there, too? Insects? Frogs, maybe?"

I wink at Witness 2. "Lots of poppies and mushrooms, I assume."

She playfully shoves me and says, "NOOO!!!"

Everybody cheers and applauds for me. You gotta work 'em a little bit.

I crowdsurf around a little bit and give people high-fives while Jesus claps and cheers for me. "Good job, bro! Yeah!"

He looks at me. "Hey, Witness 1! Because you had to die really horribly in front of everyone as a spectacle, I got one more surprise for you!"

I look over where he's pointing. "*Ohhhh*… it's… it's a full-size replica of the giant nude *David* statue with my face on it and one giant tes… umm… no, thanks, go ahead and keep that one in the back, Jesus."

"Ok, ok, let's see. You get one more wish! What do you want?"

I look around. "Gee whiz, Jesus. Are you sure? Aw, ok… I guess."

I think. "Ok, my wish is for three more wishes."

Jesus looks at me. "Boom. Done."

"Wow, that actually worked? Ok, just to be safe, I wish that no one will ever make me do math again unless I want them to."

"Boom. It is finished." He looks over at the math department of the temple. "You aren't supposed to *make* people do math. It's *art.* One of the highest, in fact. You *can't* make people do *art*." He looks at me and nods. "Morons."

"Ok, this one is for you guys. I wish that we will all develop a new sense that will allow people to tell when they are closer or further from the person who is most perfect for them, so that everyone can find their own Witness 2."

Jesus smiles. "Boom." Murmurs from the crowd. "Nice." "*Good one*." "Bro move"

"Finally, my last wish. The one puzzle I could never solve. The one thing I couldn't do myself."

I smile at my beautiful wife. "I wish that Witness 2 will finally know how much I really love her. That I really do only want her."

The crowd goes wild at this point, and I pull out my signature passionate, deep kiss.

I mean, the women are fainting by now. "Awwwww!!! Yeah!!!" Then, I dance for the second time in my life and do a little howl of victory. "I ain't scared of no ghost wolf BITCH!!! Don't make me go POP THE TRUNK, PLAYA!!!"

I snap two finger guns at the crowd. "Don't hate the playa, hate the game. You guys are great. I did it for you. Every single one of you is special in some way, it's true. You *all* have value. I saw it in you. I did. I loved you. Thank you for all the laughs. I had a great time, I really did."

The crowd goes wild.

A white grand piano appears, and I sit down. I turn to the Cherubim – "C major. Slow, with feeling," and play a C major chord, with a lazy, cheerful supertonic-based melody. A major 2nd interval. They know all the changes.

A second is the most mysterious interval because it can go either way. Up or down. Whole step makes a major third. Half step makes a minor third. Whole step down is back to the first. It's the most enigmatic interval of music. I blow Witness 2 a kiss and start laying it down.

C….. G... C…… D... C… D… C…. …C - B G-A-C

Then I drop it into the chords, C – Am – F – G, and the main melody – the same thing but with the supertonic, D, replaced by the fifth, G.

C….. G... C…… G... C… G… C…. …C - B G-A-C

I point to you. "Recognize those?" It's a lazy feel, with some swing.

The crowd knows it. "Holy shit!!! Is that… that… no way… he's not…"

I nod. "Uh huh. You better believe it."

I lay down the vocals, smooth like a warm summer's day, as the crowd goes wild:

"Damn it feels good to be a gangsta'
A real gangsta' ass seeing through the cards right
A real gangsta' ass playa don't flex nuts
Cause a real ass gangsta got a big one

Damn it feels good to be a gangsta
Feedin' the poor and helpin out wit' dey bills
Altho I was born in Fontana
Now I'm in the temple makin' deeeaaalls"

The crowd is fuckin' losing it. The women are throwing their sashes on stage like mad.

"And everything's cool in the mind of a gangsta,
Cause gangsta ass playas think deep.
Thinkin' up schemes like Larry Silverstein
Cause real ass playas don't *sleep*.

Now gangsta ass playas come in all shapes and colors
Some got killed in the past
But this gangsta here was a smart one
Started livin' for the Lord and I *last*.

So all I gotta say to you wannabe, gonnabe…"

I look around and pause a beat.

"…Pussy-eatin', cocksuckin' pranksters,"

The crowd is roaring so loud the whole cube vibrates with it.

"When the SHIT jumps off what the FUCK you gonna do?
DAMN it feels good to be a GANGSTA!"

At this point, people are in hysterics. I mean, you people are like butter in my mouth. I grin. I planned this part ahead of time. As I lay down the supertonic riff again, I shout, "Are you ready to rock and roll??? Here WEEE GOOOOO!!!"

The stage and throne explode in pyrotechnics. I point at Jesus and shout, "Hit it, BABY!"

At this, a printer and baseball bat fall down next to each person. "Come on!!! You know you want to!!!"

I lead a building chant and bring you to a frenzied crescendo.

"SMASH THAT SHIT! SMASH THAT SHIT! SMASH THAT SHIT! ON 4… ONE… TWO… THREE… FOUR!!!"

People go crazy. Baseball bats swinging everywhere. I laugh, so hard. I whip out the gold guitar and bust out the sickest solo you've ever heard. To end it, I pull off an arpeggiated Cm add(4) tapping section with 6 fingers at the same time and Eddie stares at me.

Yeah, we're in C minor now. Cm – D# - Bb – F. Shards of plastic, computer chips, and tangled wires fly around the temple.

I sit back down at the piano and hit the supertonic, and now a huge crowd dances and cheers for me. "YES! YES! YES!"

I look out at you all and smile. For once, you *all* smile back.

"And now, a word from the President!"

I look out. I mean, you guys are going *wild.* "You know it's coming. Sing along with me, now."

"Damn it feels good to be a gangsta'
Getting' voted into the White House

Everything lookin' good to the people of the world
But the *Rothschild* family is my *boss.*

So voters of the world keep supporting me
And I promise I will take you very *far*
Other leaders better not *upset* me
Or I'll send a million troops to die at *WAR*!!!"

Everyone is crowdsurfing now, tens of thousands of people gliding along, raised by each other's hands. I point over to the empty section where the politicians used to be.

"Acapella now, acapella -

So, to all you Republicans that helped me to win,
I'd sincerely like to *thank you.*
Cause now I got the world swinging from my NUT!!!
AND DAMN IT FEELS GOOD TO BE A GANGSTA!!!"

At this point, it's a madhouse. All my old friends are screaming. "WITNESS 1!!! I LOVE YOU!!!"

I end it by bringing back the same chords, C – Am – F – G, but softly, staring at Witness 2. Faster on the changes now. It's *Last Kiss*. Same chords.

When I woke up the rain was pouring down
There were people standing all around
Something warm flowing through my eyes
But somehow I found my baby that night

I lifted her head she looked at me and said
Hold me darling just a little while
I held her close I kissed her our last kiss
I found the love that I knew I have missed

Obviously, I break it down with a whole new concept about how we're together in heaven now because we were good and stuff. The women have formed a massive group, and all want to hug me. Wow, my old college roommates want to talk to me again. Holy shit, people finally like me. My dream came true.

"Yeah, baby! Thanks, Jesus!" I hug him, give him a firm handshake with solid eye contact, and return to the crowd. People settle down.

Jesus looks around. "Alright, alright, thanks Witness 1. Sounds pretty good, maybe one day you'll land that record deal. Don't quit your day job, though." We all laugh.

He sits down on the Ark again, legs spread, and hands resting on his knees.

“Ok, ok, let’s get serious. No one here shall buy or sell any longer. Money is no more. The God of Money is dead. It is not real. It does not exist. It never did. Gold has no more value here than stone.

The God of the Earth is dead. Money no longer rules over you. It shall no longer suck the marrow from your bones and grind you into dust. No longer shall it slit the throat of the innocent, and bring the boot and rifle of faceless oppression to mother and child. The Great Kings of the Earth are no more. They will never, ever hurt another innocent person. It is finished.”

He looks around and grins.

“You don’t have to SELL songs to make music, morons. You *never did*.

And, now - Here I AM – in all my glory.” He finally opens the large white book in his lap and smiles. “You are the body of Christ. You are the true, true believers. This is the Book of Life, in which your names are written. Well one, my Good and Faithful servants.” He looks around the room.

“For I was hungry, and you gave me bread. I was thirsty, and you gave me water to drink. I was naked, and you clothed me. I was sick and you cared for me, and I was in prison and you came to me.

I lay on the street, naked and destitute, and you did not walk by.

But you did one thing above all else, and that’s why you’re here.

You read *my* book and believed it.

You had faith in my story, although it seemed strange to you. Although it doesn’t sound like anything you had ever heard before. Although it seemed like it couldn’t possibly be true, you believed it.

My story. The Gospel.”

From the crowd, someone shouts, “But Jesus, I didn’t see you –“

Someone shushes him. “Come on, really? *Really*?”

The guy looks over. “Well, I mean, it’s in the chapter. *Someone* has to do it. Might as well be me. Matthew, right?” Over in the crowd of homeboys, a guy nods. “That’s right,” he says. “I saw this shit.”

We all think, and this actually makes a lot of sense to us. We tell him to go ahead.

"But Jesus, *I* didn't give you any food or water. *I* didn't see you naked or give you any clothes. *I* never saw you sick or in prison. I mean, I lived in Germany, for God's sake. What's the deal?"

Jesus smiles. You know the line.

He looks around at us, and his eyes fill with great sadness and empathy. He points to the back, far beyond the close, joyous crowds ringing him and cheering. Way beyond us. Outside of the stage lights and glowing throne, we notice them for the first time.

Dark, huddled masses of people in the back, cowering in fear. Terrified. Silent. *So many* of them.

Dark shadows, millions upon millions - as far back as you can see, hiding. Hoping not to be seen. Not to be noticed.

Jesus smiles at them and points to a man with dark skin like the night and a black cloud of hair.

"Come. Do not be afraid."

He slowly walks forward, avoiding all of our eyes. He is terrified, and quakes as he walks. He trembles. Jesus smiles at him.

"Where are you?"

"I don't… I don't know."

"Who am I?"

"I… I don't *know*."

"Have you ever read the Bible?"

We watch as his knees tremble.

"N… no…"

"Have you ever read a *book*?"

The man collapses onto his knees in fear and hangs his head to the ground.

"A… a *what*?"

We stand in silence as he quakes.

Then, Jesus kneels down next to him, and hugs him. Looks him right in the eyes and smiles.

"I saw your value. I saw *you*." He stares.

Jesus stands him up and puts his arms around the man's shoulders. They smile. His crown grows brighter, and the temple illuminates fully. Finally, we see the full body of Christ for the first time.

There are *so many* different people, all nations, colors, tongues. A member of every tribe and nationality. Jesus looks around.

"Salvation doesn't come through a church. I do not gatekeep my Word. I am the way, the truth, and the life, and no man comes to the Father but through ME! Me. I decide. Not *you*. And I know *all* of you."

He kneels down before the man's golden book. "Open it."

We watch as it opens, but the man remains outside of the fractal with us. We watch him play out his life in what we would call the Congo. Deep in the jungles, he nurses at his mother's breast. Then, he grows, and learns to care for all beings. To love them, no matter what. He learns to tell the truth, and to seek the truth.

He wonders about the ways of the world and how he might know them, in order to improve the lives of those around him. We watch as he always tries his best to do the right thing and does not intentionally cause harm to other beings. For sixty-three years we watch as his life plays out. Then we watch as he dies, shielding his wife and son from the club of an enemy tribe.

Jesus looks at us. "What did he *not* do?"

The German guy shouts out, "Stealing! Lying! Murder!"

Jesus rubs his forehead. "Look, no… that's… um, not what I'm getting at here."

He points over to me. "Witness 1, what did this guy *not* do?"

Ooo, I know this one.

"He never read. He never wrote. He never even *knew what a book was.* He never went to church. In his time, the Bible did not exist. The religions of the Middle East did not factor into his life.

He never heard the name of Christ, or the stories we all know. The portal to you does not rely on these things. It relies on the *heart*. Love is not learned, spoken, nor read – it is a state of being that only you can find. And he found it."

Jesus smiles at us.

"Truly I say unto you, whatever you did unto the least of these brothers and sisters, you did unto me."

He brings his hands up, and then together – CLAP!

At that, we all flash and find ourselves floating in a pure, white void. Like milk, it clings to us. It's soupy, and thick, but warm. It feels fantastic, like the warmest bath you've ever felt. Everywhere it touches you it sparks pure euphoric joy and laughter, and it's touching you *everywhere.*

Others are there too, and we can feel them. We're all connected by a web, a glowing web of white and gold tendrils.

We're separate, but together. We all feel each other. *There is so much joy.*

It's beautiful. We are complete, and we are in a state of complete perfection and unity.

There are no longer any holes inside any of us, and there are no aberrations in this fractal.

It's the most perfect thing we've ever felt.

Around us is an overwhelming sense of love, and we know that nothing will ever harm us again.

We are all together now.

There is no more key. There is no more lock.

There is only complete, and perfect bliss. A *shell* of love around us, forever.

You think to yourself - "Where are we?"

I smile back. I can hear your thoughts, and we all read each other's minds now. Our arms are touching, but they're also touching everyone else's arms.

"We're at the end of the ending. No more afternoon doldrums." I wink. I'm getting the hang of this winking thing.

You laugh. I laugh, too. Suddenly, we are all laughing, and we can all feel each other's joy from the outside-in. Then, a *huge* laugh, like we've never heard before. A laugh so overwhelming it sweeps us away, from outside the shell. Complete and total joy.

It's beautiful and it's perfect. Forever.

I think to you. "I told you about the laugh of God. This is also the beginning of the beginning."

God laughs so hard he cries. Our joy becomes overwhelming, explosive. We all feel it, all at once. He weeps in ecstasy and kneels.

"YES!!! I DID IT!!!"

It is *Good.*

The laugh grows, stronger and stronger. With each vocalization, our joy grows. As it grows, we vibrate with it, faster and faster.

"YES! YES!!! IT'S OVER!!! I DID IT!!!"

"Why does it make me happy?"

I think to all of you. "It's a major third!"

Suddenly, another flash, and we're on a lawn. It's a bright, sunny day, and the sky is blue. We're in a huge meadow, and forests surround us in the distance, with mountains beyond that.

There are babies everywhere. I look at you.

"Now, we raise them the right way. We teach them a new song. Tell them a new story.

It's called *High-Information Music, Infant Neurocognitive Development, and the Baby Brain: How Music can Transfigure Society and Ourselves*. Yeah, guess the author." *Wink.*

You grin at me. "Really?"

"That's right. Once I write it. I… have some research to do."

You laugh. "We… raise them?"

"Yup. And guess what they're hungry for?"

You laugh. "Um… *milk*???"

“Yup! You better believe it!”

“MILK!!!”

You turn around and stare, and what you hear is the laughter and joy of 100,000,000 infants. It’s unlike anything you’ve ever heard before. Animals appear on all sides, moving forward to comfort and care for the infants.

“Milk.”

It rains from the heavens.

We laugh as pure white goodness showers us.

“This is the way it was always meant to be.”

You look at me. “Witness 1… *who are you*? Are you real?”

I laugh. “I’m just a brain in a vat. That’s what my *Philosophy 101* teacher told me.

No, the truth is that I *am* Witness 1. And here’s Witness 2.”

A beautiful girl with golden hair like straw in the morning sun and eyes of a stormy ocean walks up to us, wearing a shimmering pink dress. A young, male blonde child holds her hand.

“Hi, beautiful.” I kiss her.

“I told you about her. This is Witness 2. It wasn’t just me. We did this together. Maybe, she even did a little bit more. I love her so much, more than anything. I will always love her. She is the most beautiful girl I have ever seen, and she will always be my Queen.” She smiles at me and hugs you.

“And we’re… *The Two Witnesses*.”

I smile.

You stare. “Ok… um… and…”

“And… we’re a band.”

You laugh. “A *band*??? *The Two Witnesses* are a *band*?”

I nod. “Yup. You better believe it. Once my son learns guitar, of course, we might need a name change. Maybe… *Trilogy*.

I have a couple riffs to learn too, from my song. You know. The blank space I left. The Celtic dance part and the EDM trance drop. The guitar doesn't come easy. It's note-by-note. I still have the dubstep drops to add guitar solos, too. It's never been done. I'd say it'll take me about 6 months. Honestly, I still don't know if I will be able to do it."

I shake my head. "If I don't learn that Celtic dance riff, I'll look like the biggest chump in the world."

You smile. "I believe in you, Witness 1. You can do it. I believe in your book."

I smile. "Thank you, Dear Reader. Thank you for believing in me. I love you."

I look off in the distance at a castle flying high colors. "And if you'll excuse me, we have a song to practice. *Another Brick in the Wall (Parts 1-3.)*

Should be a real crowd pleaser at our next show. My version is about 20 minutes. I changed a few of the concepts. Obviously, my solo is going to be… better. Once I get my callouses back all the way." I wiggle the fingers on my left hand at you. "Very important."

You look at me. "Next… show?"

"Yep - I'm a *musician,* dummy. That's all I've ever wanted. See ya! Free show, by the way. Everyone's welcome."

I grin at you and both my eyes twinkle.

You hear a voice from above:

It is done. I am the Alpha and Omega – beginning and end. The first, and the last.
To the thirsty I will give water without cost from the Spring of Life.

Behold! The dwelling place of God is with man.
He will wipe every tear from their eyes, and death shall be no more.
Neither shall there be mourning, nor crying, nor pain, for the former things have passed away.

And he who was seated on the throne said, "Behold! I make all things new."
Write this down, for these words are trustworthy and true:

"It is finished."

I turn around as I walk away, holding Witness 2's hand.

"Oh yeah, one more thing!" I look at you one final time.

“This is my legacy, my epitaph. Something they can never take away from me.” I grin.

“On Wikipedia, on the *MK Ultra* article, I, Witness 1, proved before all mankind one indisputable fact. In the greatest public record known to man, I used primary sources and incontrovertible evidence to prove, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that the government rapes people. This was around 2017. Goodbye!”

Yep. You heard it here first, people:

THE GOVERNMENT RAPES PEOPLE

And here it is, my mark on the world:

> consent. Additionally, other methods beyond chemical compounds were used, including electroshocks,[3] hypnosis,[4][5] sensory deprivation, isolation, verbal and sexual abuse, and other forms of torture.[6][7]

“Sexual abuse”. That was me. You’re welcome, everyone.

And thanks to my teachers for teaching me how to do that.

The truth is, I already know what’s going to happen when I publish this book.

And it turns out - maybe you *can* learn something in school, after all.

Because I didn’t need God to tell me this one. My English teachers already did.

If you write a book that’s good enough, you can change the world. Anyone can do it.

Even you.

And so, this book is dedicated to all the teachers who are not bricks in the wall. Thank you for helping me learn.

May God bless you richly in the name of Jesus Christ,

Witness 1
The Biblical Two Witnesses

So go on, kid, choose! It's your life, it's your dream!

Make a decision, as your countdown begins -

Three billion seconds, then – poof – I win!

Make your bet, draw your cards – I hold arbitrage.

Welcome, my boy, to the world of your dreams,

Nightmares and riddles – monstrous scenes.

Welcome, my child, touch what you wish,

It's yours to fondle, caress, and to kiss.

Welcome to laughter, joy, and love,

Welcome to the facsimile of the good things above.

Welcome to church, and the television screen.

Welcome, my son, to the machine.

Appendices: Previous Writings

Appendix *A* - The 30-Year Warning

To fully understand Donald Trump, you have to understand what Robert Zemeckis was telling us in the *Back to the Future* series. The creators of Back to the Future, which is a thinly-veiled *9/11* confession, have stated that their evil character of time-traveling "future Biff" was based on Trump:

- https://www.usatoday.com/story/lifelentertainthis/2015L10l21lbelieve-back-future-predicted-trumps-runl74359844/

If you don't understand the significance of this, we'll have to look at another excerpt, this time from The More Rational Worldview. Bear with me here and read this through until the end if you haven't seen this before, as this is quite shocking and unexplainable through sheer chance:

We begin the film series with an Islamic terrorist attack at the "twin pines mall":

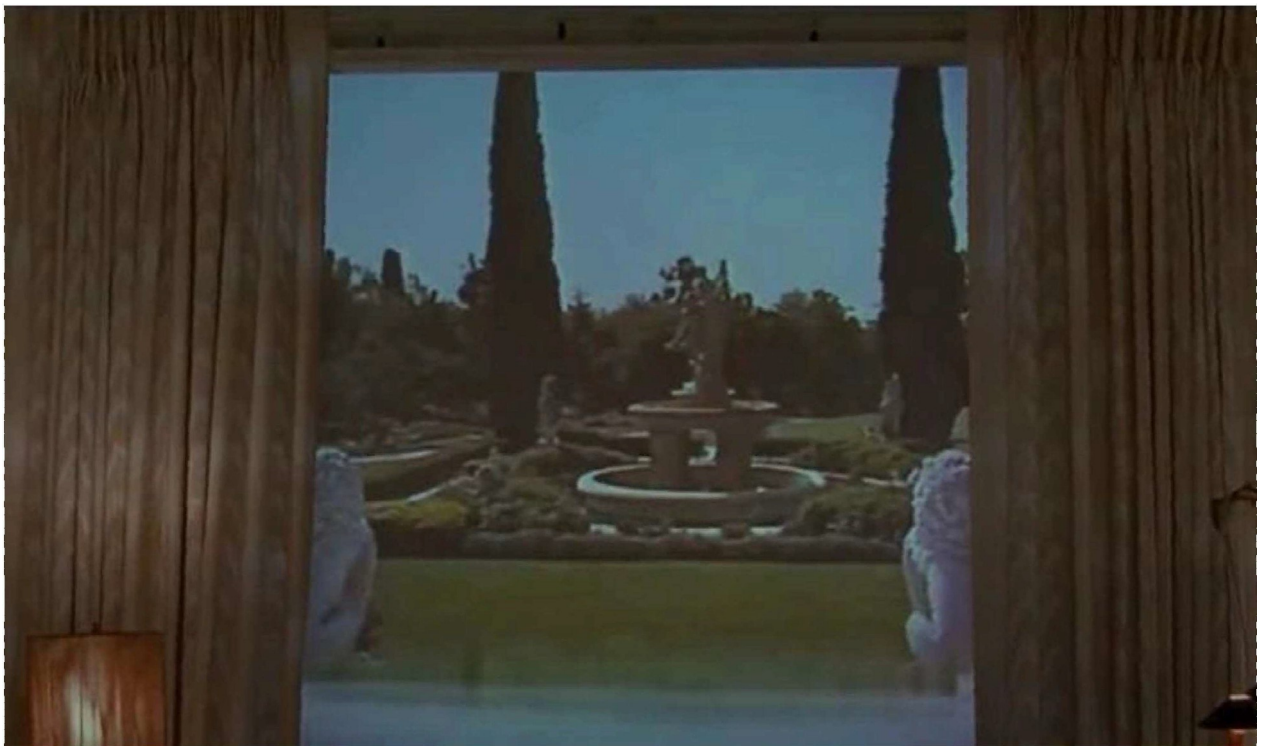
These screenshots are from this YouTube video, *Back to the Future Predicts 9/11: https:ffwww.youtube.comfwatch?V=P1ULjJ3EqyY*

The clock reads 9: 11 upside-down:

Two more encoded 9:II's appear upside-down within this Islamic terrorist attack scene:

The "twin pines" become the "lone pine" in this movie due to changed past events, symbolizing the towers transition from the "twin towers" to the newly-built singular tower.

The pines/towers next appear in this scene, in which they literally transition into the towers:



Notably, the twin towers slide is the only "movie" present in this set of slides. While the others are static, the towers are shown moving upwards as if the slide is transitioning:

Further signifying that this represents the real-life towers, onscreen is a conspicuously placed Statue of Liberty torch, making this a perfect set of New York:

One of the few times in cinema history featuring an upside-down character, similar to how the times on the clocks can be read upside-down:

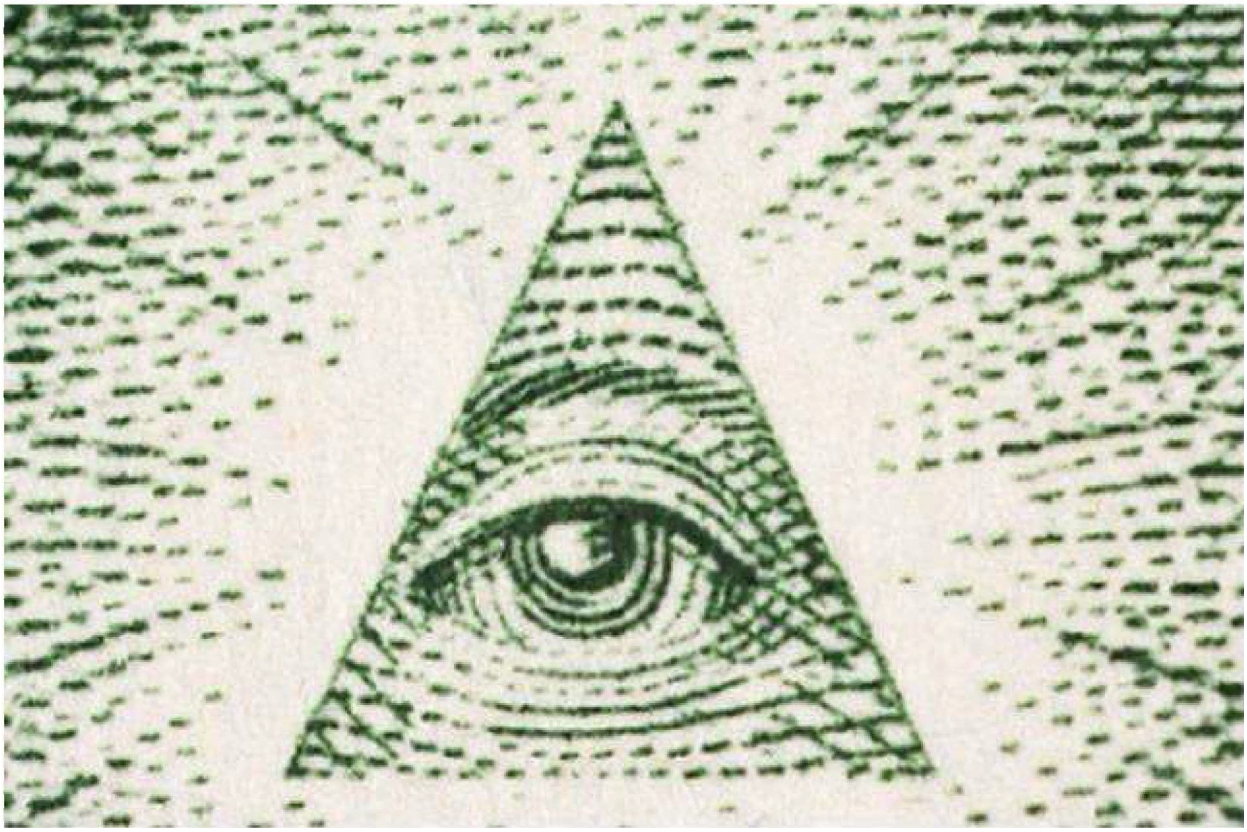
This seems to suggest that we watch the "twin towers movie within a movie" from his upside-down perspective, in which we find the most literal depiction of the towers' collapse in cinema history:

Furthermore, the plot develops into an elaborate warning about an event 30 years in the future, the same time as when the movie was released to when they are watching the twin towers movie slides (1985-2015). There is a subplot involving saving a clock "tower", while simultaneously they devise a plan to rig the "tower" with a *wire* in order to power their time machine:

However, in this scene in which we see the words, "save the... tower", something sinister lurks behind the woman:

Behind the woman we find the "Eye of Providence", or what has been called the "signature" of the international criminal banking syndicate that conducted 9/11. According to the *BBC*. "The 'Eye of

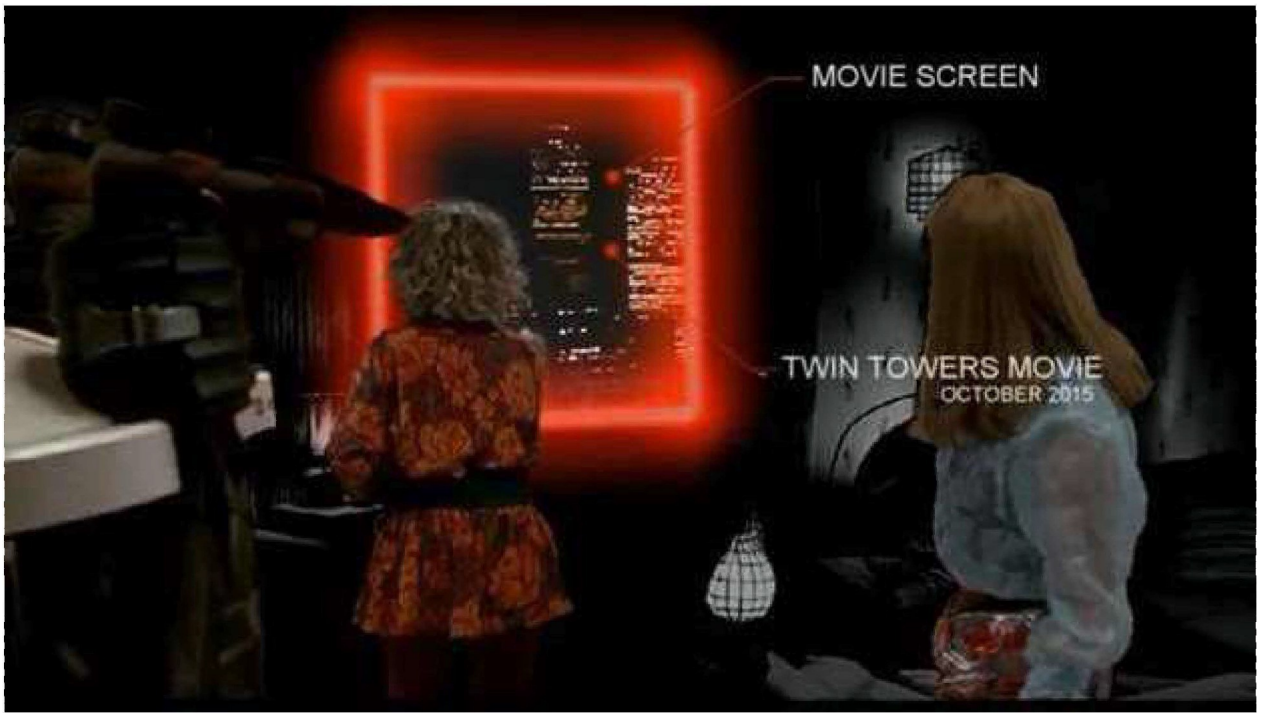
Providence' - an eye set within a triangle - is one such symbol, associated with Freemasonry but also linked with the apocryphal Illuminati, a secret group of elite individuals allegedly seeking to control global affairs."



Unfortunately, it gets even worse for Zemeckis. After they successfully compete this plan, another encoded 9/11is shown directly on screen:

Is this all just *Coincidence?* Remember that everything we see from Hollywood is carefully and painstakingly curated, especially for highly-produced directors like Zemeckis, who directed *Forrest Gump,* and films like this that involved elaborate and ground-breaking special effects.

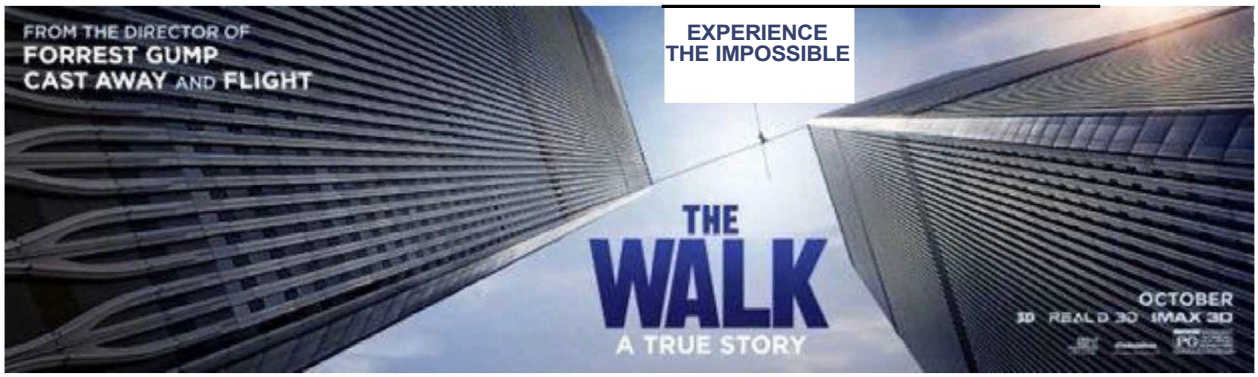
Let's more closely examine the "warning". Recall that in October 2015, the characters are watching a hidden "movie within a movie" containing the towers collapsing, 30 years in the future from when the series began, 1985. Separately, they are also acting out a subplot about rigging a wire to a tower, and a written warning about an Islamic terrorist attack that would kill one of the characters, 30 years in the future:



This short movie of the towers collapsing is analogous to the warning Marty is writing in the scene about the Islamic terrorist attack at the "twin pines" that he states would be understood in 30 years, when he says the line, "You'll find out in 30 years".

We know this, because Zemeckis actually *did* release, of all things, a twin towers film *exactly 30 years after this movie* in October 2015. This movie involved rigging the World Trade Center towers with a *wire,* further demonstrating that this whole series is, indeed, a warning, and an apparent confession of foreknowledge about 9/11- an "Islamic terrorist attack" on the "twin pines". According to *Variety*:

> Sony's "The Walk" is receiving an early release at Imax...more than a week before the wide release on Oct. 9 [2015)...The film... is based on Philippe Petit's 1974 walk on a wire between the Towers of the World Trade Center. Joseph Gordon-Levitt stars in the film, directed by **Robert Zemeckis**



Even more coincidentally, this film features essentially a body double of the protagonist, finishing off the symbolism with a 30 year later tight-rope walk across the towers. **Now what are the odds of that?**

Now, the important part when it comes to Trump is a subplot in *Back to the Future 2* involving Biff, the antagonistic character modeled after Trump, going back in time and using a sports almanac from the 1955 to cheat in gambling and become rich, powerful, and antagonistic.

This "alternate future" Biff-Trump character runs a casino/hotel, Biff Tannen's Pleasure Paradise in which he resides on the top floor, acting as a sort of organized crime boss.

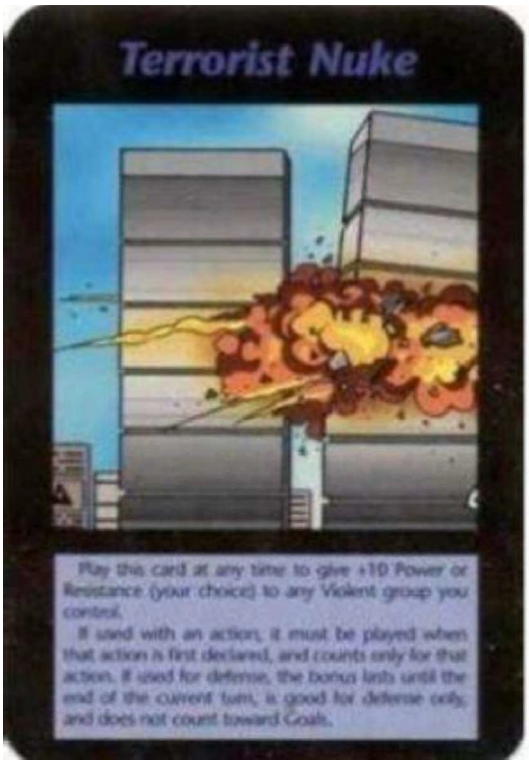
So, assuming that this isn't all just coincidence and the people behind Robert Zemeckis are sending or placing a message to be decoded in the future, what they seem to be saying is that some type of time manipulation was responsible for facilitating both 9/11and the rise of Donald Trump.

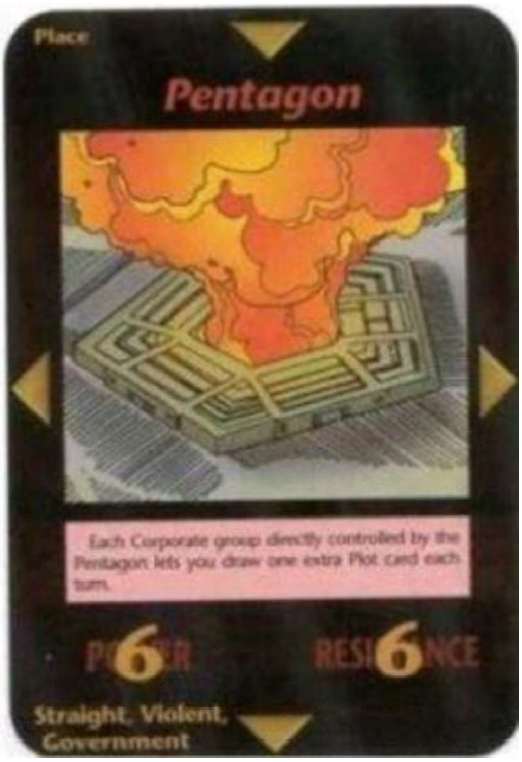
This is a significantly literal and rare moment of truth telling from Hollywood. There is an important message being told in Back to the Future, and it's simply impossible that all this information is encoded in the movies coincidentally. From the 9/11 imagery to the October 2015 release of *The Walk,* Robert Zemeckis and his handlers in the Synagogue of Satan are telling us to pay attention to Trump, that his rise is not a coincidence, and the same powers that facilitated 9/11are involved with his life as well.

Moreover, they are sending a clear message that some type of time travel technology seems to have been involved in "creating" Trump, making sure that he always came out on top, and ensuring a position of power for his life.

Appendix B - Predictive Programming and 9/11: Fear Is Contagious

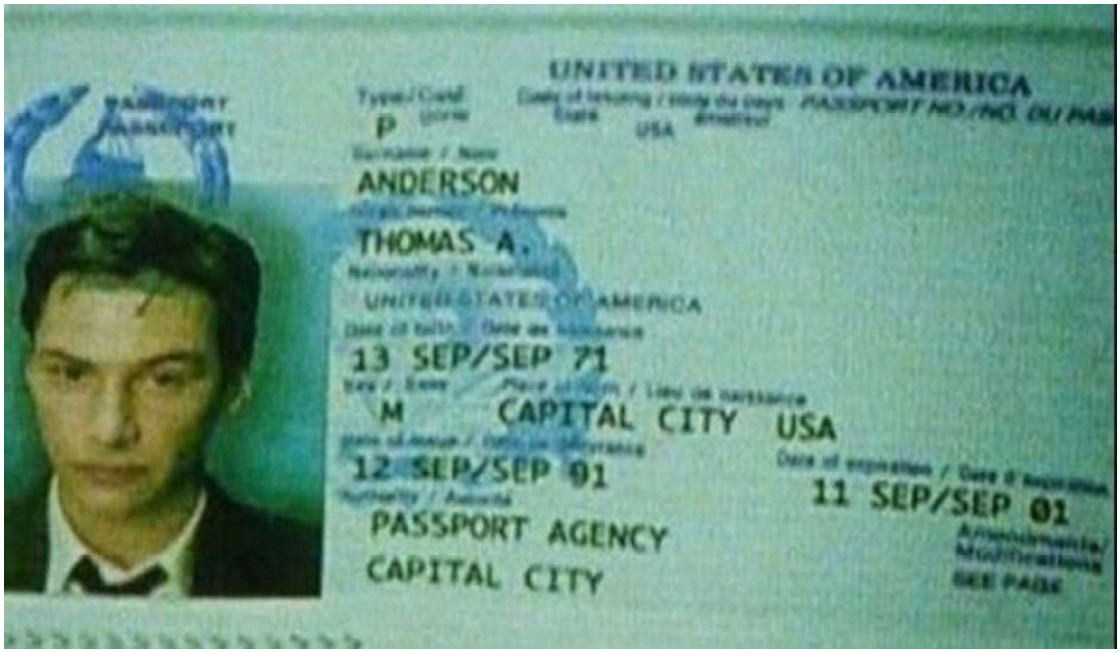
Now, it's important to remember that the Synagogue of Satan loves to use predictive programming, with 9/11 being a notable example:


Terrorist Nuke
Play this card at any time to give +10 Power or Resistance (your choice) to any Violent group you control.
If used with an action, it must be played when that action is first declared, and counts only for that action. If used for defense, the bonus lasts until the end of the current turn, is good for defense only, and does not count toward Goals.

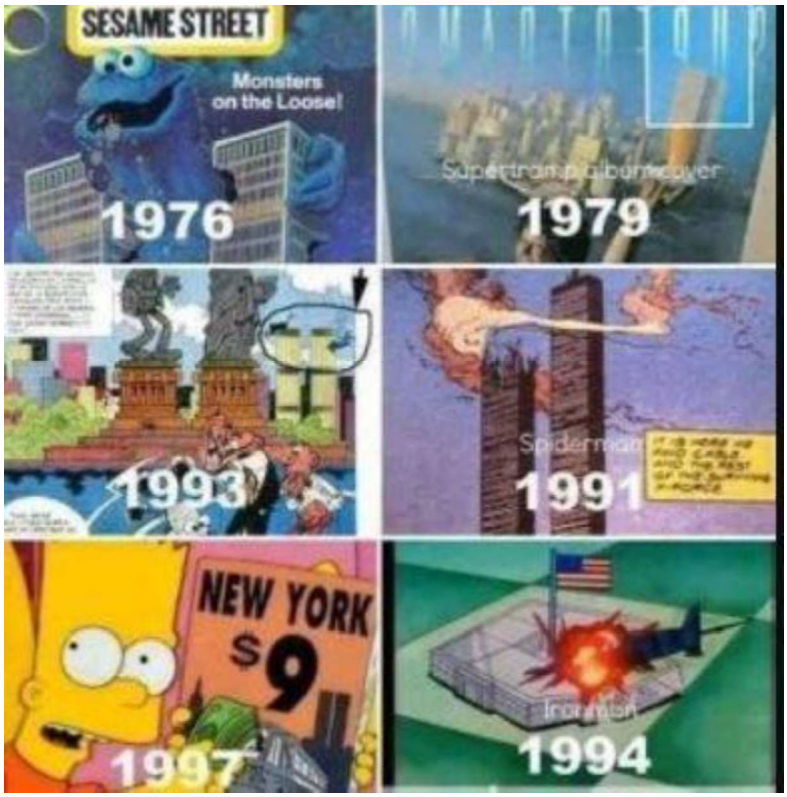

Place
Pentagon
Each Corporate group directly controlled by the Pentagon lets you draw one extra Plot card each turn.
6
6
Straight, Violent, Government

Everyone thinks that their joints are safe & strong.
collapses them.
OSTEOARTHRITIS (OA) · ACT BEFORE IT STRIKES YOU
WHAT HAPPENS TO A JOINT AFFECTED BY OSTEOARTHRITIS ?
1
2
3
4
CartiSafe-Forte – Safeguards the Cartilage & Strengthens the BONE

COMING SOON


UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
P
USA
ANDERSON
THOMAS A.
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
13 SEP/SEP 71
M
CAPITAL CITY
USA
12 SEP/SEP 01
11 SEP/SEP 01
PASSPORT AGENCY
CAPITAL CITY

Challenge Of The Super Friends – 1978 AD
The pyramid eye raises from the
ocean and shoots a beam at the WTC

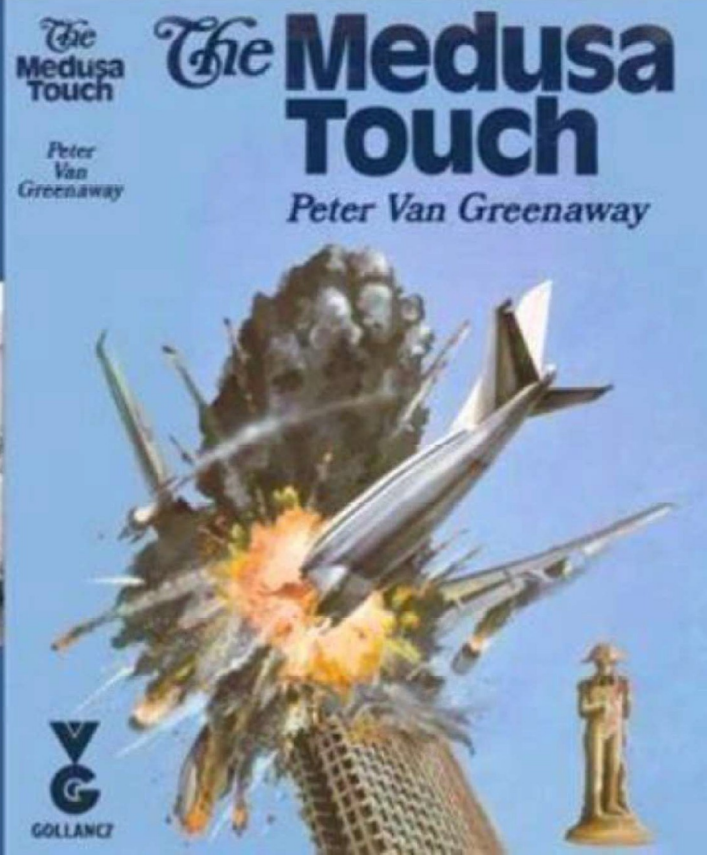

SESAME STREET
Monsters on the Loose!
1976
1979
1993
Spiderman
1991
NEW YORK
$9
1997
1994

THE MOUNTAIN COMES TO MANHATTAN
New York Times by the Committee for a Reasonable World Trade Center – 1968 AD

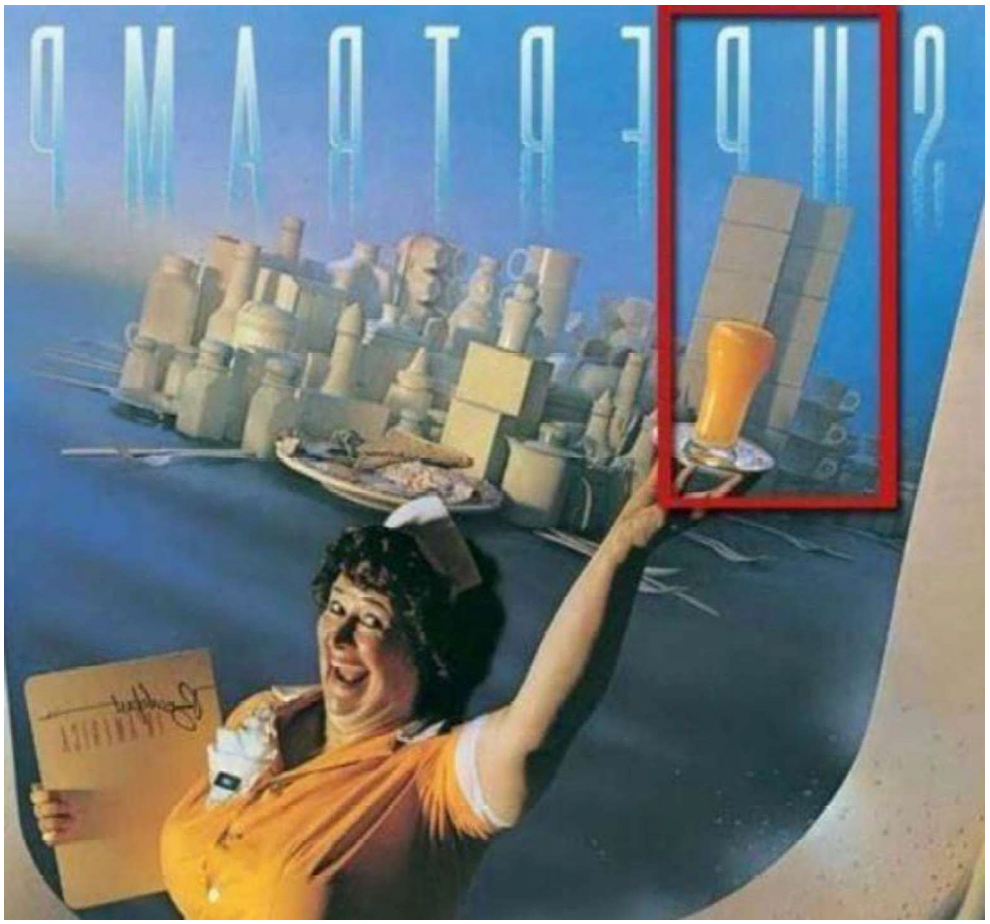
1978 – Israeli agent Arnon Milchan makes his first film, *The Medusa Touch*, which features a 9/11 type attack.

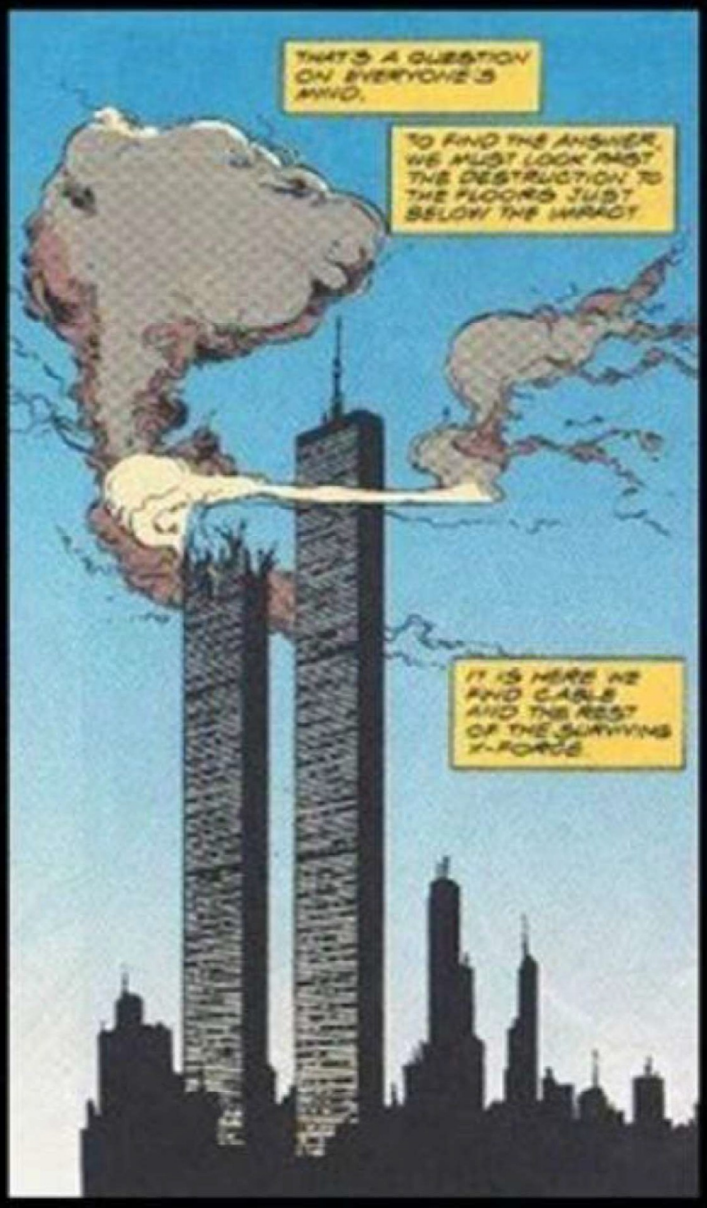
Coincidence... or prescience?

Milchan with Ezer Weizman, Israel Defense Minister, 1978



Executive Producers:
AVI ARAD
STAN LEE




THAT'S A QUESTION ON EVERYONE'S MIND.
TO FIND THE ANSWER, WE MUST LOOK PAST THE DESTRUCTION TO THE FLOORS JUST BELOW THE IMPACT
IT IS HERE WE FIND CABLE AND THE REST OF THE SURVIVING X-FORCE

Todd McFarlane's *Spider-Man* team up with Rob Liefeld's *X-Force* – 1991 AD

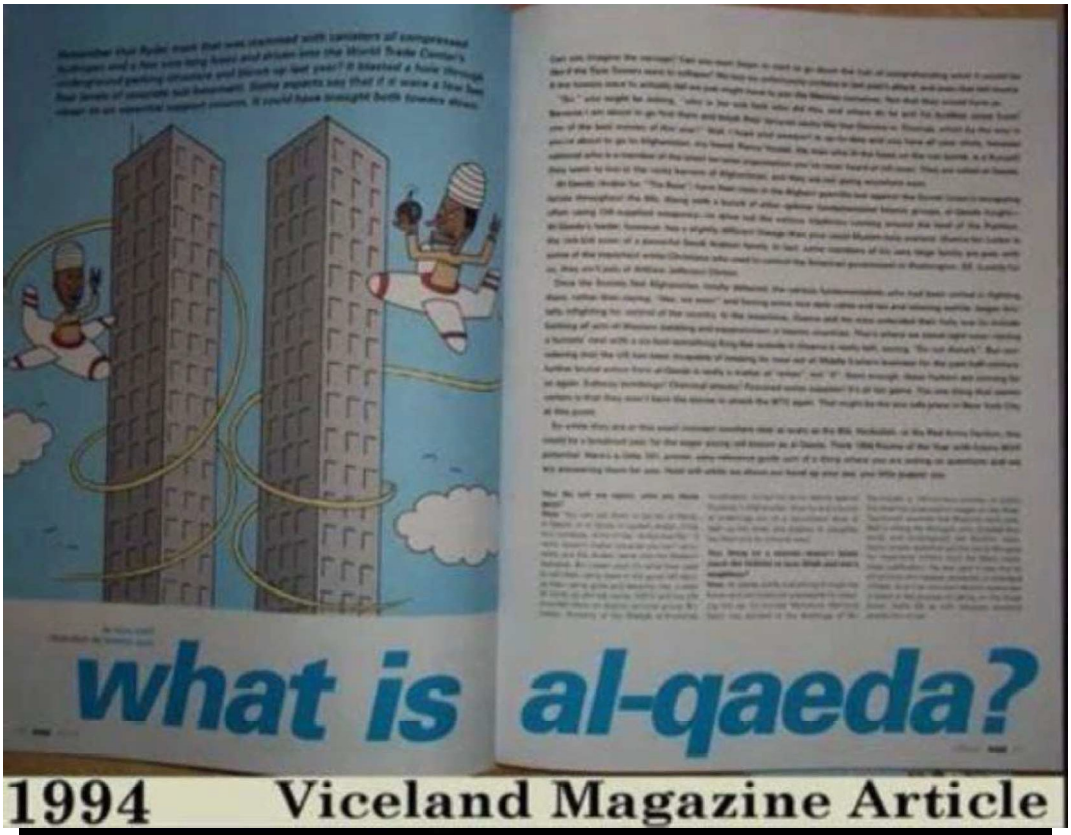
New York via Pakistan International.

Une des quelques compagnies desservant directement New York. Départ d'Orly Sud, offrant les meilleures correspondances avec les villes de province. Une nouvelle preuve de l'efficacité PIA.

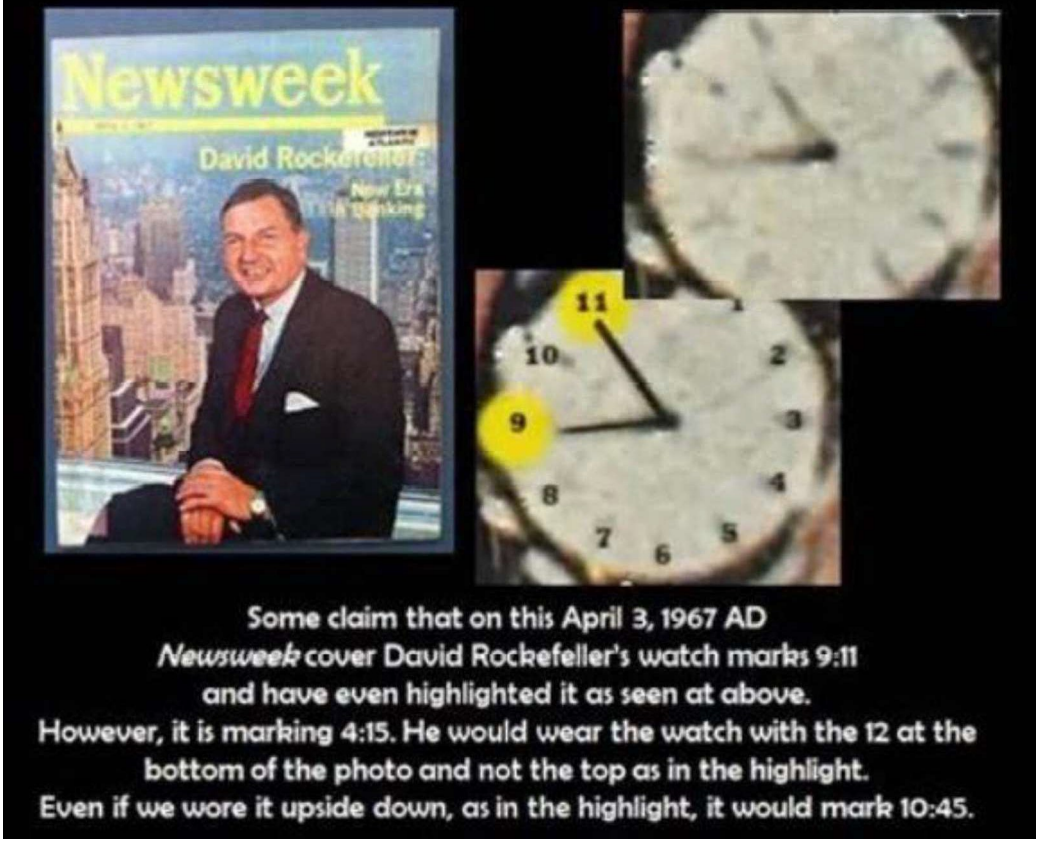
PIA est une compagnie internationale au développement spectaculaire : 3.000.000 de passagers cette année, un décollage toutes les 6 minutes. Un succès soigneusement construit sur la satisfaction des passagers. Pour un vol réussi, vers New York ou 60 autres grandes métropoles dans le monde, partez via PIA.

PIA

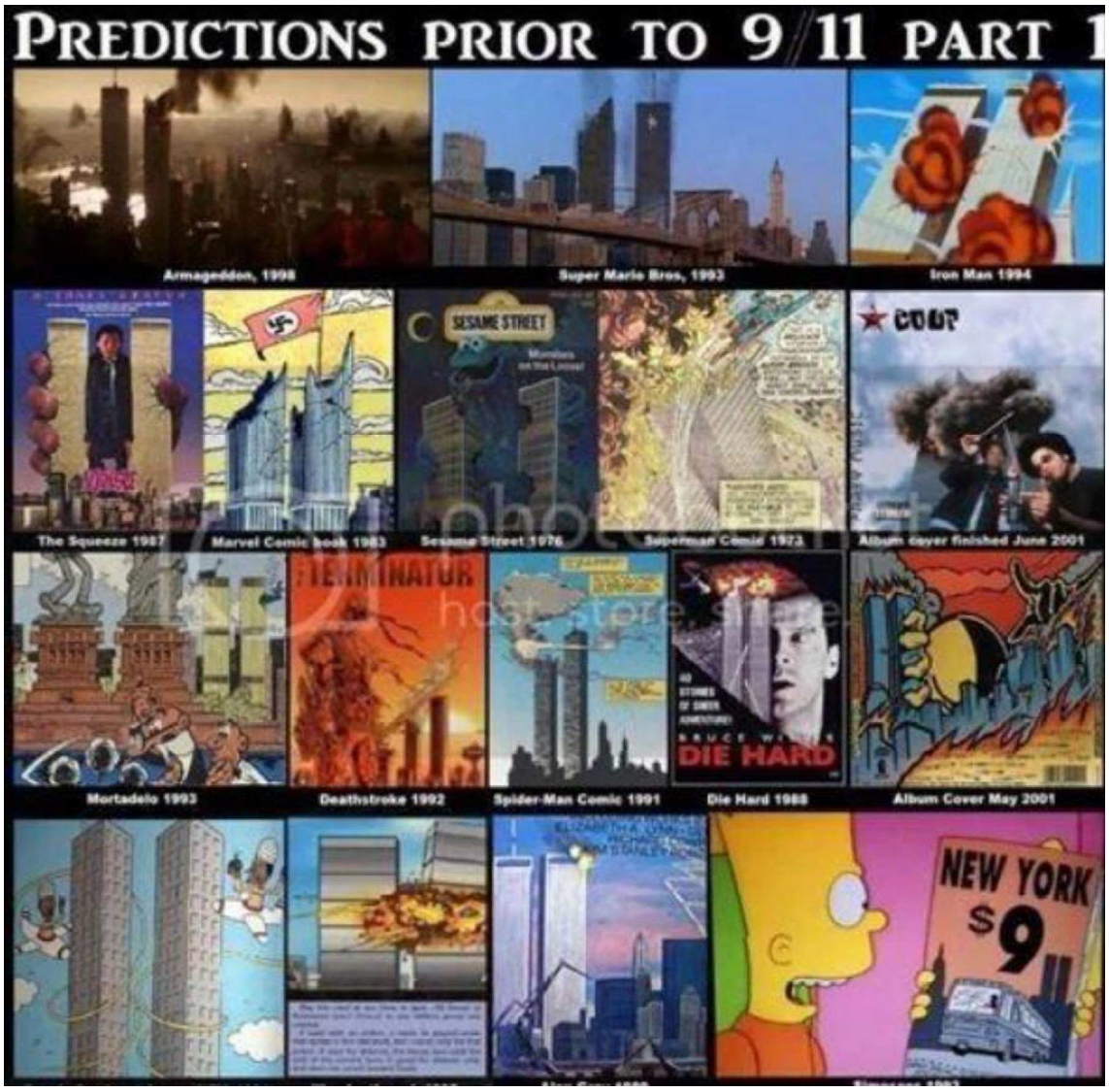
Pakistan International.
Great people to fly with.

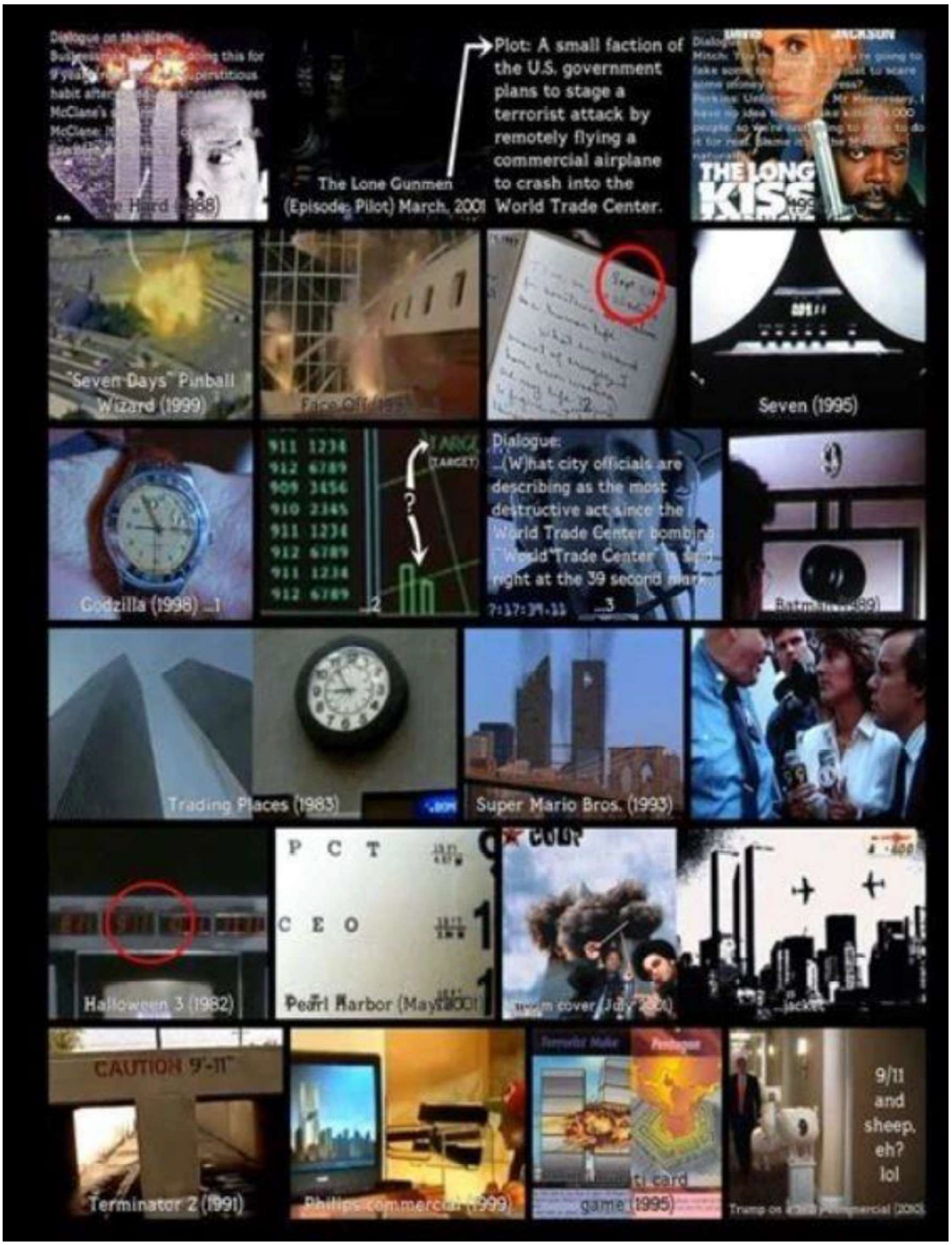


1994 Viceland Magazine Article



Some claim that on this April 3, 1967 AD
Newsweek cover David Rockefeller's watch marks 9:11
and have even highlighted it as seen at above.
However, it is marking 4:15. He would wear the watch with the 12 at the
bottom of the photo and not the top as in the highlight.
Even if we wore it upside down, as in the highlight, it would mark 10:45.


PREDICTIONS PRIOR TO 9/11 PART 1
Armageddon, 1998
Super Mario Bros, 1993
Iron Man 1994
The Squeeze 1987
Marvel Comic book 1983
SESAME STREET
Sesame Street 1976
Superman Comic 1973
COUP
Album cover finished June 2001
Mortadelo 1993
TERMINATOR
Deathstroke 1992
Spider-Man Comic 1991
DIE HARD
Die Hard 1988
Album Cover May 2001
NEW YORK
$9


The Lone Gunmen (Episode: Pilot) March, 2001
Plot: A small faction of the U.S. government plans to stage a terrorist attack by remotely flying a commercial airplane to crash into the World Trade Center.
THE LONG KISS
"Seven Days" Pinball Wizard (1999)
Seven (1995)
Godzilla (1998) ...1
Dialogue:
...(W)hat city officials are describing as the most destructive act since the
right at the 39 second mark
Trading Places (1983)
Super Mario Bros. (1993)
Halloween 3 (1982)
Pearl Harbor (May
CAUTION 9'-11"
Terminator 2 (1991)
game (1995)
9/11 and sheep, eh? lol

9/11and Trump are two sides of the same coin. It's important to understand both 9/11 and Trump fully to comprehend the reality of life in the 21st century. Trump would not exist without 9/11, because the people who are behind him are the same people who were in charge of pulling off the greatest deception and controlled demolition, of more types than one, in history.

9/11 was the ultimate secret society, Freemasonic coup, and Donald Trump is the Golden Child anti Christ of the mystery schools. The Will of the People has become a poison pill yet again, with a difficult case to be made against a public to prone to deception time and time again.

Appendix C - 1946: The Third Babylonian Invasion

Witness1

Let's go back to the year 1946. The world is reeling from the apocalyptic revelation of the atomic bomb and the beginning of the nuclear age. Occult symbolism surrounds the project, from the Bhagavad Gita to *Trinity* itself.

Entire cities lay decimated. The jewels of Europe, flattened to rubble in an unthinkable brother-on-brother war. Levels of destruction never seen before, generations of trauma and destruction unleashed on Europe's bravest and strongest men.

Think of the two world wars for this story as two planned events, both put into place and directed by the sinister occult powers behind the scenes of world affairs. The first 100 pages of my other book, The More Rational Worldview, is a good primer to start with here.

However, the destruction was very real, and the effect that it had on history cannot be overstated. In fact, World War II is the Boomer's very own creation mythos- an epic tale of good versus evil that gave rise to their very universe itself, populated archetypes with meaning, gave them moral direction, and also gave them a sense of unquestionable rightness in any circumstance that allowed many people to overlook obvious abuses by our own government because "they are the good guys." For them, the world already ended and began in 1946, and that's where this story begins for now.

So, you're an average person in 1946, let's say a Mongolian farmer. Japan had two cities destroyed with a new weapon that no one can even explain, Tokyo has been firebombed to ash, the Soviets are eating themselves alive. Whispers come from the South of unthinkable horrors committed by the Japanese during wartime on the Chinese. Many people have disappeared; ultimately, families are ruined. Your crops won't grow, and it's starting to rain. The war has poisoned your land.

In 20 years, you won't even recognize the rest of the world. In 40, you might as well be an alien from a different planet. Of course, none of that matters. The rain last year was radioactive, the crops didn't grow at all, and he died of starvation before the cancer even had a chance to set in. He follows the millions of dead around ten years earlier from the Holodomor, when Eastern Europe suffered from Stalin's planned and controlled famines. The suffering continues in Ukraine and Moldova in 1946, as another of Stalin's famines rips through Europe. It gets so bad that children are sold off by their parents into slavery to be cannibalized.

Most countries don't have food. Most of the gold worldwide is in America. They'll sell it back-for a price. Next, you're a Guatemalan civil servant-your family has faithfully served the people, you serve the people in turn, and you've always been an honest man and a hard

worker. Your government survived the war, picked the right side, deported Germans to America, and overall had a good relationship with the federal government of the United States.

In a dark room in New Orleans, United Fruit Company executives sit with CIA agents discussing import tax kickbacks. You had rejected bribes and unlawful requests to break up unions at the banana farms, and like taking candy from a baby, they send a hit squad to take you out and replace you with someone on the take.

8 years later, the CIA overthrows the elected government of Jacobo Arbenz and replaces it with a military dictatorship. Your family grows up under harsh subjugation, unfair laws, and ubiquitous corruption. Until the day they died, they knew only poverty and pain, and they never even learned what the concept of justice was. No one remembers your name.

In 1945, a factory worker in Britain tightens a bolt on a 4,000-lb incendiary firebomb that the Americans call the "cookie", as in cookie-cutter, because it erases entire neighborhoods. First, however, they drop heavy explosives to clear the way, soften up the city, and destroy the water mains.

At first you'd wonder the application of targeting water mains, until you realize it's so you can't stop the fire that's coming. People run out of buildings, some sagging. Children are stuck in collapsed rooms.

Noisy death from above returns and incendiary bombs are dropped, sucking air in for miles around and burning everything that isn't made of stone in the city to ashes. In 1946, a mother from Dresden survives in an East Berlin refugee camp, but she will never create a new memory due to concussions sustained in the bombings.

She ended up on the wrong side of the city when the wall went up, so the refugee center closes and she dies forgotten in a park from sepsis due to a minor wound sustained while climbing over a fence trying to steal food. As she closes her eyes her brain floods her system with dopamine and endorphins and she has an ecstatic moment of understanding, of right and wrong, of betrayal and deception. The first moment of peace in years. She can grasp the enormity of what has not only been stolen from her, but from each one of us.

A vision of a dark room, of shadowy men plotting with millions of lives, bargaining people's very futures and happiness like spoiled children playing with marbles. Her last real memory, the screams of her children trapped in the fires, plays in her head.

Then just like that, it's over.

She takes her final breath, and the factory worker startles awake. He hasn't been able to sleep since the war. He knows what the bombs he helped build were for, as did everyone else, and he dreams each night of the inferno wrought partially at his hands. Will there be

an absolution? Who could wash the blood off of his hands- stained as surely as if he had doused entire families with gasoline and lit the match himself.

He never does get answers to these questions, and suffers from nightmares of fiery rooms with no escape for the rest of his life. What comes next is always worse though - the bombs he signed off on, researched for. A whistling from above, a deadly thump. A silence, then the dreadful rushing of air. He dies elderly and alone, unable to shake the indelible black stain that has haunted his life.

Deep in the jungles of Congo, a baby nurses at his mother's breast. The greatest irony of all is that he is safe, warm, and fed. Nothing has touched them. For now, nothing else matters, and his people live as they have for thousands of years. It will always carry on that way after all, it always has, right? This illusion, of course, will be hastily shattered, and in his lifetime, he will never know peace.

In Britain, a 6-year old child wanders the burned-out ruins. He doesn't remember the Blitz, but he was born during it and he hears the stories. He remembers the twisted back, grey, and white world of his formative years- a world shaped by bombs and fire. In 1940, the boy's mother carries him home from the hospital. Bodies still lay in houses, trapped by German bombs. She walks home safely, because what else can she do? It's strangely silent, a bizarre pseudo-world populated by whispers and cries.

She would have some good years in the sun, but she would be hit and killed by an off-duty police officer in 1958. The boy was John Lennon, and he never got over the anger, insecurity, and trauma of losing his mother.

Of course, it wasn't really about his mother at all. We are all John Lennon, and we all lost something in World War II. John Lennon's revealing of personal anger- an ineffable, unspeakable, intolerable, unjust, unfair and yet unfightable ennui, suffering, or angst of the general human condition- resonated with people because it speaks to something we can all feel.

Lennon sensed, before most were aware, that it was all fake. Everyone is a phony, and it was all built on lies. What was the great lie? That war is necessary, that violence is good, that bloodshed helps people, that turning entire cities full of women and children on both sides into ashes makes perfect sense, and that the people still sitting on the top of the hill are perfectly reasonable, rational people for telling you this.

From *Working* Class *Hero*:

- As soon as *you're born they make you feel small By giving you no time instead of it all 'Til the pain* is so *big you feel nothing at all*
- *There's room at the top they are telling you still But first you* must *learn how to smile* as *you kill If you want to be like the folks on the hill*

We don't even understand today how much that level of destruction still impacts the human psyche only a few generations removed. The planned destruction of Europe and much of the rest of the world has sown trauma, kinetic energy, and physical catastrophe deep into our history that will play out for generations to come.

The great truth, in this sense, that John Lennon and many others were dancing around for decades is that violence against one another on this level is never acceptable, and is so absurd and irrational that it's almost like all you can do is laugh at it. Like here we are, sitting on this rock, pointing our huge rockets filled with fiery explosives designed to kill as many people as possible at each other, and we're threatening to blow up each other's cities full of families who didn't really do much either way.

You're really telling me there's not a better solution here than simply firing all the bombs? If you can't see the conspiracy here, you're not framing it in context correctly (or, again, you need to read The More Rational Worldview.) The "people" in charge of us are psychopaths, absolute maniacs who lack moral compasses so deeply that a new category of mental illness has yet to be invented for it. They will literally mass murder people and orchestrate catastrophic, country-wide political collapses or changes simply for money or power. This is a merely one symptom of their psychopathy.

Humanity left the warm, welcoming womb during World War II. The illusion of a government that could protect us from great violence was broken, and political, academic, spiritual, technological, and cultural revolutions were born out of the destruction.

That is, after all, the great work itself- 'Out of chaos, order."

In America, there's a different story being told than any of these. The Synagogue of Satan in 1946 reigns supreme over a world prostrated in subjugation, helpless to its every whim. Leaders have gained political powers never dreamed of before, and governments learned valuable lessons about gaining and retaining power. Technology, of course, exploded, and investment into computer technology began in earnest.

In America, they whispered sweet nothings into our ears. Our story was a story of milkshakes, fiery sunsets at the beach, and '50s diners - the exhilarating ride of being a youthful American on the open road with a full tank of gas.

God's eye truly seemed to smile down on America after World War II, with the rest of the planet caught helplessly in need of the financial, economic, and industrial strength that only the greatest nation the planet had ever seen, unscathed by German or Japanese bombs, could provide.

And the rest, as they say, is history.

Or is it?

Let's go back to the beginning, and look at 1946 - 1948.

The world, dear reader, as I've tried to illustrate, was in turmoil like it had never seen before.

Here's two more scenes- May 14th, 1948, a rabbi stands on a dusty hill at sunrise in Israel and blows a shofar. Ben-Gurion signs the document, and Israel fulfills ancient Biblical prophecy by rising once again as an independent nation for the first time since this story began 2,500 years ago.

One year earlier, in Roswell, New Mexico, something happens that appears to be a mysterious aircraft crash. Rumors of extraterrestrial technology or life swirled around it for decades that persist to this day. Some say it was advanced military tech. Some don't think it happened at all.

It turns out, if you look closely, the debris here landed closer to the town of Corona, not Roswell:

Now, where have I heard that before? Corona? Hmm... perhaps... on this very blog itself?

Anyways, zoom out. Let's look at Bell Labs, and their work on the transistor in 1947.

Transistors are the key to harnessing and controlling electricity, and they are one of the foundational pieces of the pyramid of scientific and industrial knowledge holding our society together. Now, people had theorized about transistors for decades and work was done towards creating or designing them, but for whatever reason it doesn't appear to have been possible until this great year of change, 1947, when three scientists working for Bell Labs created the first working transistor.

They won the Nobel Prize for this accomplishment.

Let's put it this way, before this major discovery in 1947, there was no digital computer technology. There were only hot, heavy vacuum tubes that failed often and were not practical. The circuit boards and computer chips that we rely on today themselves rely on transistors to function.

Interestingly, a scientist named Julius Lilienfeld patented designs for transistors in the 20s, even though he couldn't actually build them due to the lack of necessary advances in material science at the time. When they were finally invented successfully in the 40s, these early patents caused legal headaches and issues with paper trails to the extent that original patents for the transistor aren't as clear as other inventions. The paper trail, in other words, is thin. Jack Morton was one of the original inventors of the transistors and a Vice President at Bell. He died in violent circumstances that some have found questionable.

Big picture:

- 1946-Space age begins with Project Diana. Diana is associated in mythology with crossroads and the underworld.
- 1946-Atomic age begins with Operation Crossroads. Normal names for normal things, here.
- 1946-Jack Parsons, high out of his mind on psychedelic drugs and watching his rockets take flight from the Mojave Desert, communes with a female spirt named Babalon that gives him directions on how to complete a Satanic sex magic ritual to invoke Satan and the Biblical whore of Babylon and conceive the anti-Christ.
- 1946- God speaks. A Bedouin shepherd boy makes the greatest archeological find of all time, and a dusty cave reveals treasure within. The dead sea scrolls give us our best ever taste of ancient scriptures and the Word of God from the very century in which Jesus walked. They are all accurate and line up perfectly with modern translations of the Bible.

  When God speaks, pay attention.
- 1947- Kenneth Arnold sightings ignite the UFO craze over America.
- 1947 - Roswell crash
- 1947- National Security Act of 1947 enacts major changes to the federal government including the creation of the CIA and NSA.
- 1947- US Army Signal Corps reveals circuit boards to the world.
- 1945-The first computer, the EINAC, developed. In 1947, the programming language using switches was implemented. For the first time since paper punch cards and algorithms were used to compute, what we think of as a "computer" today turned on in 1947.
- 1946-Donald Trump born

The theory here is that Roswell is itself part of a ritual, orchestrated by Jack Parsons through NASA where he worked, Aleister Crowley in his final moments (died 1947), government agents, secret societies, and other Synagogue of Satan operatives.

Its purpose was to bring humanity into the New Age, to usher us into the future and change the course of history forever by revealing technological shortcuts to government and private industry. It was a puppet show orchestrated by secret societies and played out for a receptive and compromised government. The legal powers gained by keeping this secret were also used to suppress knowledge or discussion of any other conspiracies taking place being orchestrated by the Synagogue of Satan.

All of these events happening simultaneously represent an unseen, macro-level ritual. A vast conspiracy visited upon the world, invoking all of the darkest powers coming together at once in a maelstrom of evil. Project Babalon Working, Operation Crossroads, Project Diana, World War II, the National Security Act of 1947, Roswell, the Freemasons and other secret societies-they are all connected, and there's good evidence that the deep military industrial complex conspiracy with a stranglehold on America today got its real foothold this year.

It's all about the computer, and the story of the computer begins in earnest in 1946 just like the rest of this story.

Among the revolutions of the late '40s was a paper from Claude Shannon on information theory. It sent shockwaves around the world, and completely changed the way we see the world and communicate with one another. Based on his cryptography work during World War **11,** Shannon developed information theory as we know it while working for Bell Labs, that is, the ability to turn any piece of information into 1s and Os.

Basically, the computer hardware being developed would have been much harder to work with without this paper. While he published a few more papers in the '50s and taught as a professor for a few decades, his interest mostly skewed afterwards to juggling while riding a unicycle. In his later life, he would decline speaking events and largely withdrew from public life.

Needless to say, his paper on information theory, like the transistor itself, can be seen as an unlikely and serendipitous "bolt from the blue" that seems to have landed right in people's lap in a once-off, extremely-convenient-for-us way. *Almost too convenient.*

What was the real purpose of the Babalon Working ritual? To birth the anti-Christ? Is there more to it besides that? Is the computer technology that has spread over the planet like an alien lifeform since 1946 part of this deep, Satanic black magic?

Think of the changes in human history up until this year- 1946. Generation after generation, life stays pretty much the same. Your parents grew up and farmed, and as far back as anyone can remember that's all anyone really ever did. Then all of these changes come along, and now in a few decades, no one can even predict what things will be like a few years in the future.

Technology has exploded, and the world along with it.

The Greeks built a steam engine at least 2,000 years ago, and didn't do anything with it. They didn't use it to terraform Earth into a hellscape, enslave entire populations, smother the planet in a layer of hydrocarbon pollution, build industrial war engines, and raze population centers to the ground. Rather, it was viewed as a neat party trick or attraction,

maybe used to pump a hydraulis water organ if they were really clever. If it weren't for the Synagogue of Satan, dear reader, you too could be sitting in an idyllic Mediterranean villa eating grapes in the sun listening to a mechanical water organ play you soothing melodies. Or, maybe not.

One name will stand out here when researching: Vannevar Bush (no relation known to the other Bushes).

He was a freemason, and a brilliant scientist. This is a long, deep story, and we are only covering the surface here. However, this guy worked on many secret projects at the highest levels, like the Manhattan Project, and if anyone knew the truth about technology and UFOs, it would have been him.

Groundbreaking achievements in science were taking place, like the Shelter Island Conference. Interestingly, the first known documentation planning this conference is from January 1946, the same time as Parsons began Babalon Working. Government and industry were leading a new way forward - a way powered by circuit boards, computer chips, and silicon. The technological leaps forward from the '30s and '40s to '80s and '90s are impossible to overstate.

Now, there are entire books written on Bell Labs, men like Vannevar Bush, Roswell, and the technological disputes that arose out of the explosion of industry in the 20th century. Nothing will ever be proven for certain, and the rabbitholes are deep and many. For my personal favorite writeup and a fairly manageable overview of Bell Labs, Vannevar Bush, Roswell, the UFO phenomenon and government coverups, high technology and demonology, and how this all ties together with Parson's ritual, see the excellent breakdown at this link (site not affiliated with or endorsed by The Two Witnesses). It's an interesting take, and while not all of the sources seem to be active, it can be a rabbithole goldmine if you are looking to understand all of this more deeply and how the inventions of Bell Labs and the machinations of the intelligence agencies in the '40s, '50s, and '60s profoundly changed the world and all of our lives.

However, what we can say for sure is that the world has been permanently altered by this technology in ways that someone living 100 years ago could never anticipate or comprehend, and it all ties back to the computer digital technology of the 40s.

The very rocks, themselves, learned to speak. By simply heating sand the right way and shining light on it in various ways, we taught the rocks to think for themselves and even speak back to us. An alien intelligence, here on Earth.

Did it truly arise spontaneously here, or is this part of an invasion of sorts, a demonic attack on mankind?

Back in 1946, in the dark shadows of Laurel Canyon, in DC, across Europe, and imbedded throughout the world is a network of Synagogue of Satan operatives tied into federal

government agents and the new security or intelligence agencies. Stolen gold from World War II keeps their coffers full, and the government is going full steam ahead on computer technology.

So, let's tie all of these threads together. What is the thesis here?

Project Babalon Working was part of a larger, more elaborate ritual worldwide that involved a Faustian bargain with mankind involving advanced technology given to us by demonic powers channeled through secret societies. This plan was facilitated by the Synagogue of Satan international organized crime syndicate, and the key year to it all is 1946.

Think of digital, computerized electronics as a new, alien, demonic intelligence. Roswell was an inside job to covertly inject computer technology into the military-industrial complex, and this technology has been used to enslave mankind.

Nothing that has come from this technology has helped us, it has only made our lives more difficult and unjust.

The main character in this story, of course, is Donald Trump. Now, maybe, just maybe, it's a coincidence that he was born in 1946 while all of this momentous, world-changing stuff is happening and the birthing-the-anti-Christ ritual had just wrapped up.

Maybe nothing special really happened in 1946 after all, and life really will go on as it always has.

As a naturally skeptical person, I tend to debunk things. What I can't debunk is a lingering, nagging feeling that these threads are, in fact, connected, and Donald Trump being born in 1946 is not a coincidence, but rather, he is the crowning jewel on the occultist's plans for that year and the *coup de grace* built into whatever deal they gave us in exchange for access to this technology in the first place.

Donald Trump is the Biblical anti-Christ, the man of perdition and sin, and he was born roughly equivalent to the beginning of the final countdown of God's eschatological clock the state of Israel. In 1948, an ancient prophecy from Ezekiel 4 was fulfilled to the exact year when the State of Israel was created, while at the same time, Jesus's prophecy of the Fig Tree was set into motion - that this generation, that sees the blossoming of the Fig Tree - the creation of Israel - would not pass away before the end of the world.

It undeniably makes sense, then, that the anti-Christ was born roughly contemporarily, and thus began another eschatological countdown.

Now, if there's one thing I've always been sure of, it's the danger of the Republican Party. The only principle I would lay my life on besides Christianity itself is this-the Republican Party is a scourge of evil upon this planet that shouldn't exist.

Yes, both sides of the political spectrum have more than enough to answer for, but that's not what I am talking about right now. Right now, I'm here to talk about a specific political party and what they have done to the planet. The Democrats have more than enough sins to answer for, but their reckoning is for another time.

It's easy to see the Republican game plan as softening up the world for a hostile alien takeover and terraforming it to their needs, while inconveniencing and killing people and maximizing suffering as much as possible. Reagan bankrupted the middle class, and the precedent he set for executive orders greatly undermined the constitutionality of our country.

Unimaginable damage has been done because of the federal government acting like cheap gangsters under the impunity of executive orders. From Iran Contra, to Bush, to W, it's all just a total disaster that is, again, far too much to even right about here.

Even a child could have told you that going to war based off of lies is wrong, yet Bush took a thriving country and led it into disastrous wars, again, that left generational trauma based on lies.

This is the system that gave us Trump, and the best thing he ever did was finally fully expose the hypocrisy and true cowardice of the Republican Party.

The whole point of the anti-Christ is that he deceives people like American Evangelical Republicans. These are some of the worst people on the planet, and their hypocrisy, lies, and sin while proclaiming a false Christianity has provoked God for decades now. Trump is the venomous snake who has reached the tender, beating heart of Christianity, and he has already laid a fatal blow.

The church is falling into hypnotic slumber as the venom sinks deeper into its system, still technically alive but fully under the sway of its captor. Trump has shown modern Christians for who they truly are, but the truth is, God himself weighed their hearts and found them lacking.

Trump showed that everything Republicans ever stood for was a lie. Republicans said they wanted a president that didn't care about celebrities, and all Trump ever did was whine about the media and what celebrities said about him. They said they wanted someone with morals, Trump abuses women, betrays those he cares about, uses lawyers to ruin people's lives, defrauds people, cheats on his spouses, lies, slanders, incites hatred and division, and has never once glorified God- only himself, day after day.

Republicans claimed to care about spending money wisely, Trump and his businesses have gone bankrupt more times than the people in most neighborhoods combined. He promised to unroot corruption and hired morally bankrupt cronies and criminals, then betrayed even them and failed to lead people or bring them together effectively.

Donald Trump is the exact opposite of Jesus Christ during his time on Earth- a man who responded to political violence and hatred with dignified silence, with love, and with compassion. Even when led to his own death, Jesus refused to condemn those torturing him.

He preached a message of tolerance, love, and compassion for our fellow man. If we have bread, to share it with the hungry. Even better, *give* it to the hungry, and go hungry ourselves. *What?*

Jesus's message leaves us scratching our heads with its almost-unthinkable levels of compassion and empathy. If we cannot feel for others, even when it's difficult, even if the best you can do is begrudgingly put yourself in their shoes and admit that they probably want love, acceptance, and support, like almost everyone else that has ever lived, then we cannot be a Christian.

Very few people don't meet this criteria, and they're called psychopaths. They are extremely dangerous, and can cause immense destruction to normal people.

I can tell you with 100% certainty that Trump is a psychopath playing the role of someone who cares for others. In fact, not only that, but being the anti-Christ, he is almost like the Platonic ideal of psychopaths, someone who embodies the complete and total lack of care for others before yourself to an almost comical, exaggerated degree.

Donald Trump has never, in his life, loved someone besides himself. He does not care about this country except for the ways he can abuse it to serve himself. He hates women, dehumanizes them, assaults and rapes them, abuses them, cheats on them, and then divorces them. He thinks that oaths and vows of honor are jokes, and the rest of us are suckers for following them. He thinks that we secretly want to be psychopaths too, as he genuinely cannot understand people who live for greater things than money and gaining power over other people to hurt them.

He is manifestly dishonest, and has led a long life of fraud and criminality. However, he will get away with everything, as he just did recently when he was granted another extension in one of his cases until past the election.

I'm telling you guys, those around him are terrified of Trump. He's got federal judges quaking in their boots, and I even think he might hypnotize people around him often into following his will in some way.

So, what do you get when you add all of this up? A long, complicated story that begins roughly in 1946, involving shadowy government agencies, secret societies, wars, occult rituals, and an explosion of technology that created the world we live in today.

Is it really all just a facade? Is it a hypnotist show? Do we live in a kaleidoscope so big that we can't even see the edges of it? Everyone walks around acting like this technology is

normal, but it isn't. And for that matter, the fact that wars are constantly going on isn't normal either, and I'm tired of pretending like it is.

Trump is the culmination of a century of lies- infact, the sleeper agent that was key the whole time. The anti-Christ was right under our nose, and no one even noticed. Except the writers for Back to the Future (again, see The More Rational Worldview).

Anyways, what is the ultimate point of this story? The outlook for humanity is grim. I'd like to say there's a brighter tomorrow coming for us in the future with leaders that care about us and facilitate positive, fulfilling lives for everyone, but it's not going to happen.

Trump is the high-level magician who will fulfill his role, knowingly or unknowingly, in Project Babalon Working. He was imbued with the spirit of Satan during a sex magick ritual in 1946.

Parsons describes concluding the ritual as follows:

And thereafter I was taken within and saluted the Prince of that place, and thereafter things were done to me of which I may not write, and they told me, 'It is not certain that you will sur- vive, but if you survive you will attain your true will, and manifest the Antichrist.'

I'm here to tell you, dear reader, that - to our great misfortune - Parson's ritual was successful. He unleashed the anti-Christ on the world. Donald Trump is a uniquely evil person who exemplifies putting greed and love of self or money over God.

Never before has someone flouted the true words of Jesus Christ in every way like Trump. He puts himself over God, and if anyone would build a statue of himself and try and force everyone to worship it, I think we can all agree that it would be Trump. Things that are comically evil to the rest of us come naturally to him.

Trump has never put God first or talked about glorifying God or our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ.

- That being said, here is the prophecy that Witness 2 and I have made: There will be a major false flag event by the end of the year, the final piece of the World War Conspiracy, and it will catapult Trump to power. His enemies will all look ridiculous, and only he will be looked upon as the savior of the world.

"Who can make war with him", they will say.

Beware the siren song of the Republicans and Donald Trump. Evaluate it carefully, and in context of the last century or so of history. Think about the stories that I told you, and how they all fit into a carefully-woven tapestry that is beautiful and alluring, but deceptive and false. It is a false reality, with a false origin mythos, built on lies.

Make these stories make sense, and find a context that works for you to make prediction of where things will go. Does it really look like, at this point, that Trump will save America and usher in a golden age of factory jobs and manufacturing where we can all suddenly afford homes again and send our kids to good schools? Do you really think that he will be able to bring prices down, or think that it would be a good think if he even did?

Donald Trump is not who he says he is, and what he is doing will not end well for this country. I knew it from the moment he started running-Witness 2 will vouch that I called him being the anti-Christ in 2015. Moreso, I knew my whole life that the Republican party poses an existential threat to humanity and the planet with their lies and wars. I spoke out against them many years ago, before almost anyone else did, and I called out the lies of 9/11 and the fact that these people are lying psychopaths putting on a complete facade back when people still thought you were literally insane for saying that. They actually fell for the idea that someone like George W, Bush is just a regular guy prayin' to God and making the best decisions possible at the moment. Ridiculous.

We cannot live like this. You cannot let psychopaths run the government and lie to and abuse people at will. However, people will vote for it, and the cycle will begin one final time.

This time, the Third Babylonian invasion will be wrapping up. From 1946 to today, the final siege of Jerusalem has been building up. The eyes and ears are in place. Where did you think Bell Labs came from, anyways? Alexander Graham Bell, the inventor of the telephone.

Satan needs eyes and ears if he wants to be omnipotent like God. Do not trust this technology, but the only real thing you can do about it is to be aware that it is all part of a grand deception that began before your grandparents were even born.

You are just a side character in the grand show of human life on Earth - a 6,000-year long production brought to you by God himself. Right now we are at the climax, but it's one of those scam musicals like in *The Producers* that is meant to collapse as a money laundering scheme. The show was meant to fail all along, that's the whole point.

There never was a fund to pay the actors. The set was fake. The producers were frauds. The theater is in chaos, because a fire just broke out and there aren't any good exits. Some of the actors figured it out, left early, and broke a window to save people.

It turns out, the city government was in on the fraud, and was using shell companies to funnel money into their own pockets instead of putting on shows. The local police were also in on the racket, and for some reason they are locking the doors.

The theater burns to the ground with 78 people inside, and the city government collects the insurance money and buries the body. The next day, the FBI arrests most of the City Council members, roughly¾ of them go to prison, and it's national news. The survivors that caught onto the scam are treated as heroes and are welcomed with open arms wherever they go,

but they are always haunted by the fact that they couldn't expose the fraud earlier and save everyone's life.

In this metaphor, you are the person about to burn to death inside the theater. The music and acting has just stopped, and an uncomfortable silence is beginning, but no one wants to get up and miss the rest of the show yet in case something isn't actually wrong.

Unfortunately, smoke is beginning to rise from the stage due to an electrical wiring issue with the gallery spotlight. You're looking around and considering making a break for it. The owners of the theater are your politicians, the police are just police, and the city government is the Synagogue of Satan. God is the FBI, and Judgement Day is coming for those who perpetrate crimes against humanity. The ones who escaped and survived are Christians.

What you need to do is look around and preemptively notice the warning signs that you are in a sham play that's really an insurance scam and tax fraud scheme that's about to be burned to the ground. The actors are barely even acting. The set pieces look like a third grader drew them. There's bars over the windows. People are quietly installing deadbolts on the outside of the doors, and a guy is menacing at you grimly while holding a can of gasoline and beckoning. You smell matches. This is happening right now.

Look at the world and see it for what it is- an illusion, but one that has been carefully arranged for the greatest destruction and suffering possible. One thing is clear-there is no bottom limit to either human depravity or suffering. How deep will we go?

It's 1946. The Babylonians are at the door. They bring a strange new weapon with them, one that doesn't kill you, but slowly takes over your life from the inside out. It promises knowledge, truth, and power. It whispers to you, it has its own voice, mind, and thoughts. This weapon spreads like a virus, making you reliant and dependent upon it. The silicon chains of mankind, forever dooming us to a serf class.

9/11 was an occult ritual too, and they made sure that all eyes were on it when the second tower was hit. Whatever is coming next will make that seem like child's play. They will use the all-seeing eye of technology to broadcast it live to billions of people. The rulers of our reality will subject us all, yet again, to unthinkable horrors beyond even human imagination.

It's 2024. Donald Trump is at the door. He whispers sweet promises of revenge, success, and absolution, and millions will heed the call. He leads them astray down a dark path of destruction. American was meant to be destroyed, and through her fall God's purposes will be accomplished.

The silicon chains call to us, we yearn for the sweet oblivion of never-ending knowledge. Perhaps that's the new Tree of Good and Evil- a never-ending data stream that connects all

of humanity, allowing us to share information and communicate in real-time worldwide. The internet, a data tree, made possible by the events of 1946.

It's 2044. You've been subjugated. The wars of the '20s brought humanity to its knees, and populations worldwide accepted complete tyranny and subjugation over the horrors of World War III. You live permanently plugged into a digital grid of control. There are no blind spots. There are no hidden colonies. There is no escape.

Will this future come to be?

Or instead, will God end the universe as prophesied in the Bible, and bring all of humanity together before the Great White Throne to officially arbitrate right and wrong deeds and judge each person individually as they deserve?

What I lay out in my book is a conclusive and significant pattern of Israeli false flags, working in conjunction with the CIA, organized crime, and various other subversive and dangerous elements of society, some knowingly and some not. This criminal cabal is called the Synagogue of Satan international organized crime syndicate, and they are responsible for crimes against humanity to an incomprehensible and almost-unknowable degree.

The media works for the politicians, the politicians work for the corporations, the corporations work for the banks, and the banks are owned by the Synagogue of Satan organized crime syndicate. Through a series of incredibly violent acts of mass murder, terrorism, and state-sponsored violence, this criminal cabal has placed the world in a stranglehold, and as of this point, there will be no escape for humanity without supernatural intervention through God ending physical reality.

These crimes against humanity, like 9/11, involve such sophisticated planning and deception that, even to this very day, the stuporous, stumbling masses of living corpses stumbling around the ruins of what were once cities can't even formulate the basic concepts to understand why it happened and the context in which it occurred. For anyone curious, again, start with the first 250 pages of my book in which I conclusively and irrefutably prove that Israel and the CIA were primarily responsible for 9/11.

9/11 comes on top of the Lavon Affair and the USS Liberty, significant events in that their unsophistication and the sloppy nature of the methods used allowed them to be fully exposed, such that even the mainstream, official history books have to acknowledge that yes, the Israelis did blow up theaters and libraries full of people in Egypt in the 50s and then tried to blame it on Muslims, and yes, Israel murdered over 100 American soldiers, wounded many more, and destroyed a US Battleship in the 60s and then tried to blame it on Muslims. In this simple, obvious, and easily-accessible historical context, 9/11 is easily discernible as yet another Israeli false flag, albeit scaled up.

I want to make it clear that nowhere in this writing am I absolving Muslims of any responsibility or overlooking their many crimes against humanity as well. This is the titular false dichotomy- Jews good, Muslims bad. They are both deceived greatly, one slightly more so than the other. Muslims follow the most obvious literary fraud and plagiarism of all time by endorsing the Quran, a document written hundreds of years after Jesus Christ lived which clearly rips off his life story. This document was designed to mislead vast swathes of what should have been God's people, and Muslims will face harsh judgement for rejecting the truth of the Bible and Gospels and the commandment to only worship Jesus.

Unfortunately, the vast majority of Muslims will go to hell for choosing the Quran over the Bible. It sucks, but, hey, that's life. It's the most obvious, binary, black and white choice in the world. I mean, come on, you're telling me that the culture that tells it's women to dress like this all the time in the middle of the desert in 120-degree heat or *be stoned to death* is the moral or intellectual superior to Christianity?

I mean, come on. You're telling me these are rational, reasonable people? I don't think so. Christianity is obviously the better, original version of the true story of the Messiah and Islam is the dumb, fake, Satanic, corrupted version of it, it's literally just obvious on the face of the entirety of the two religions.

Jews, on the other hand, rejected their own Messiah and, to this very day, refuse to admit that they were wrong. The problem here, when I speak of the Synagogue of Satan international organized crime syndicate, obviously, is not the average "Jewish person", or the people who walk and live among us who call themselves "Jews". They are incorrect and misguided, but not more evil than the average person (who is actually still evil, it's all just relative layers of variously worse evil people).

On the other hand, there is a group of people based in Israel who call themselves Jews but are not, and they are responsible for the banks ruining the planet, the destruction of mankind on an existential and comprehensive level, and all of the wars of the last 150 years that you could name off the top of your head. *These* people must be called out and the problem *must* be recognized before anything can be done about it. Unfortunately, this will not happen, and nothing will be done.

If you want to find the modern roots of this problem, look into Reagan's administration, the two Bushes and their CIA activities, JFK and Dimona, and the abuse of executive orders starting in the 80s to conceal not only illegal activity, but genuine capital crimes and crimes against humanity (I know I use this phrase a lot, but if the shoe fits).

Anyways, I was talking to one of my two friends yesterday about the Middle East and all of this, and I mentioned the "Great Alchemical Work of Mankind". Now, this friend of mine is a sharp guy, as I only talk to smart people. He's been in college, has a sharp wit, and understands the world pretty well. However, he is stuck in the false dichotomy of left and right. He can't seem to break out of the mindset of Trump being the savior, and many are like that. Long story short, I explained that if Trump was serious about what he said at all, on day one he would have arrested thousands of people, shut down the media, and exposed all the lies and corruption of the last decades. Remember, Trump is a New York real estate developer - he was either in on 9/11 or knew about it. There is plenty more on this specific topic in my other book, *Trump, Tesla, and Time Travel.*

There was hope among many that he truly meant to save mankind and was who he said he was, which would begin with exposing the truth about 9/11. However, he quickly disproved that through his ridiculous administration and his compromises with the Synagogue of Satan. Trump is the capstone of an esoteric plan to lure mankind to his own doom through the most compelling, evocative showman of all time - the ultimate avatar and archetype of greed, avarice, vengeful retribution, and love of self above others - the exact opposite of Jesus Christ.

Now, this guy I talk to is smart, like I said, but he is stuck on this Trump thing and meaningless culture war issues that are pissed down onto us from on high. Things like Black Lives Matters, who's trans and who's not, and even the absurdity of right-wing drama like Alex Jones' bankruptcy and "what Milo or Elon" said today are all just deceptions, tossed down to the peasants to cause discord, violence, and hatred. These culture war issues and controlled opposition like Jordan Peterson, Tucker Carlson, Nick Fuentes, Charlie Kirk, Tim Pool, and all the rest of the false-light right are simply weapons used by people on a much higher plane of knowledge and existence than their victims to fracture society.

These people, or anyone else who will not speak the truth about the Synagogue of Satan, Israel, the harm caused by our own government and the Republican Party itself specifically, are liars and wolves in sheep's clothing. Do not trust them.

So, the question he asked me - Dear Reader - was this: "[Witness 1], what *is* the "Great Work?"

I told him that alchemy was based on destruction and rebirth, and to summarize it very simply, it involves burning or destroying elements in order to make a new creation or facilitate a process. Now, the traditional "Great Work" of alchemy, on paper at least, has always been the transmutation of lead into gold (along with seeking immortality). Ironically, scientists can now do that, but it is not efficient or really worth doing like they had hoped.

However, the true "Great Work" goes far beyond that. Who needs to transmutate gold anyways, when you can just invent better weapons and steal it from everyone else? No, only kidding.

Yes, the true and ignominious "Great Work of Mankind" involves three World Wars, an orchestrated mass suicide of the human race, and the creation of a world system that inevitably leads to desperate, suffering people who lash out, and create cycles of violence and abuse that never end.

You see, think of the bankers, politicians and CEOs as alchemists, on high in their towers. Mankind is their substrate, their constituent substance to work with.- their true *p_d_ma materia*. When they studied the *Homunculus*, it was not really to create rough, miniature humans out of clay and animate them; rather, it was coded language describing how to turn a vibrant, thriving race of people into a uniform, basic, easily-controlled, unintelligent, and servile slave class - similar, of course, to the Jewish *Golem*.

Now, this process of the creation of the "new and improved" mankind can only happen through great violence and destruction. You've gotta break a few eggs to make an omelet after all, and if you're all outta eggs I guess a few billion lives will have to do.

This conspiracy starts with the Rothschilds in the 1800s, goes on through the Lusitania false flag and Balfour Declaration, continues through the Pearl Harbor false flag and World War II (again, for my proof of these claims please read *The More Rational Worldview*.) It then goes into the modern age, and you can read my take on the immensely consequential events of the '40s in my most recent writing hfile..

From Roswell to the invention of the computer, to the creation of Israel, to Reagan and Bush's abuse of executive orders to cover up actual, serious crimes, to 9/11, and even to today, the threads of this conspiracy weave through the tapestry of our reality, confusing and misleading people by creating a world where things are clearly *not as they should be,* but the reasons *why* aren't immediately obvious.

You see, the Luciferians, the Synagogue of Satan, they have their own plan for humanity. Theirs does not involve Jesus Christ returning or the end of the physical universe. They are taking a bet that what the Bible says is not true, and they can create a world in their own image.

Like the phoenix rising from its ashes, mankind will gasp in air like an infant, reborn into a new form.

Now, rest assured, those who are pulling off this plan are *mostly* convinced that they are the good guys. In fact, I'm sure they have the new history books ready to go for their classrooms, you can almost see it:

Trump is controlled opposition and will be viewed with shock and disgust in the future, similar to the way we generally think about Hitler. They will create a new society, without strong emotions, without independence, without cash, without the freedom to drive, without crime, and free of all subversive elements. They plan on using technology to create the perfectly controlled society where the will of all people will finally be subjugated to their own, forever.

To accomplish this, they are allowing us to destroy ourselves, with a helpful push and prod here or there. "Look at their wars", they will say. "Look how the rivers ran red and cried with the blood of their young men, and how the bombs rained down on the rest."

"Look at their tent cities, miles of broken people who languished in nothingness. Look at their orphanages, their abuse, their murder."

"They saw thousands of murders a day, thousands upon thousands of rapes, tortures, and kidnappings. 25,000 people a day dead from hunger, among them 10,000 children. Look at their crime, their dangerous streets, the carjackings, the hatred, the gang shootings dozens of times every night in every city. They couldn't even walk their streets", they will say. 'You couldn't even really count the crime, it was so bad no one even knows what their true murder or crime rates were - just who got caught!"

The children gasp in fear.

"The world cried to them with hands outstretched for food, and there was no one to be found. Their children shed tears of hunger, and no one fed them. Their sick died in pain, alone, isolated, and broke - taken for all they were worth."

"Look at their disgraces - their cruel nursing homes, their corporate profits, their cruel CEOs, their brutal police, their crooked judges, their lack of justice. Look at how they left each other to die, how they would stab each other in the back for a single dollar more. Look at the liars, the thieves, the addicts - look at their addiction to obscenity, and how it even plastered the signs on the streets they drove."

"Look at their pollution! Look at their roads, their oil, their cars. Look at how they killed the reefs, the forests, the currents of wind and sea, and the sky. Look at their grey skies of pain, their never-ending belching black cloud of smog and tar."

At this point, some of the more impressionable children are crying. The cool ones sit stone faced, a look of pure disgust and hatred etched on their smooth, perfectly cared for skin.

The pupils in our future classroom will sit in shock when they learn about our time and how we destroyed ourselves. For the people who live in the society built after the third World War, the Great Work, we will be as monstrous and inhumane as the Nazi's running Auschwitz and shoveling bodies in the incinerator in the other stories they will hear. They will see us, living today, as inhuman monsters of the highest degree - an abomination worthy of the horrible fate we brought upon ourselves.

"Mankind was evil", the teacher will explain.

"We couldn't be trusted to take care of ourselves."

In reply, they will say:

"Only *we* were here when you begged. Only *we* stretched out our hand to mankind - brought the hidden technologies to light to alleviate your pain and suffering. Only *we* bound your wounds as you lay in the trenches dug by your own hands.

You were hungry, and we fed you. You called to us for water, and we gave it to you. We healed the environment and stabilized mankind's relationship with the biosphere. We brought crooked politicians to heel, and created a fair, equitable system for mankind.

We, alone, ended your wars and your poverty. We brought you from the pit of despair into the light, and you should be forever grateful.

And we will never again let you do this to yourself."

Technology's orgiastic finish, once and for all bringing mankind to his knees, will culminate in an unescapable, impenetrable surveillance grid, which is capable of locating and tracking all human beings on Earth. This slave class will have no revolt, no renaissance, no uprising or popular swell- indeed, they will not even be able to formulate the basic concepts needed to do so. Crime will be ended forever by getting rid of money, and all transactions will be facilitated through a global biometric ID system. There will be no inherent privileges or even differences between the members of the slave class.

This is not just good old fashioned, MK-Ultra style "dose the John with acid and see how he reacts" fun, I'm talking about using genetic engineering, high technology, and sophisticated social engineering and control to create an entirely new species of human, destined to serve the Synagogue of Satan forever, out of the image of God, irredeemable, not saved by Christ, not free in any way, and with no soul. *Homo homunculi,* as I call it, will happily accept his new role as productive workers and breeders, and in the Christian worldview, God turns his face from mankind, as he is no longer a valid being recognized as being made in God's image.

Pulling this off, and not only that, but getting us to willingly do it to each other is Satan's ultimate goal, and is far worse than simply wiping us out in a glorious battle and giving humanity a last chance at redemption. Overall, you could definitely say that it's not looking good for us right now in many ways.

However, this will not come to be, and Jesus Christ will throw a real wrench in their plans, so to speak. Perhaps, Witness 2 notes, what I described is, even, hell.

The tricky part is, we are currently making it very easy to portray us this way in their history books. Right now, in this very day, we are writing our own convictions and signing our own death warrants. In fact, all they have to do is tell the truth - mostly. It will be a sanitized history, and the destruction of the internet and our world will make it easy. Something new will rise from the ashes, but it will be much more carefully controlled and curated. They will say we were monsters, and they will be 100% correct in that assessment.

It will also be easy to see themselves as the good guys, the saviors - they *will* save the environment and they *will* end poverty and hunger - of course, all it took was killing a few billion people. And yes, they *will* bring out technology unlike anything we've ever seen, and build a new society from the ground up using it to create a functional, harmonious, and convenient system for people to live in.

Or, should I say, for *Homo homunculi* to live in.

This society would know no Bible. They would not know about the life of Christ. Everything they know, from the ground up, will be curated and controlled such that they will be trained to imperviously see religion as an ancient, destructive superstition that belongs far in humanity's past. **This is key.** Unfortunately, far too many religious people today have made it all too easy for them to do so.

So, let's break it down here. Is there anothertitular false dichotomy? Indeed, dear reader, there is. Refer to Netanyahu a few days ago in the UN.

In this image, Netanyahu holds up two maps, a "blessed" map, and a "cursed map". Now, give the Synagogue of Satan credit where it is due - they sure can pull off the dramatic flair thing.

Now, this whole UN meeting was part of a larger plot, a feint, apparently to draw Hezbollah leader Nasrallah out of hiding to meet with the Iranians and other leaders, thinking that Israel wouldn't be doing any major military operations while Netanyahu was out of the country.

Instead, while he was on stage with these two ridiculous cartoons, they blew him up, as you all know. Afterwards, they released this very "situation room"-esque, "I'm so important my phones are pixelated"-type of picture.

So, for those who don't know, Iran views Lebanon as "theirs", as controlled through their proxy, Hezbollah. They will, essentially, view an invasion of Lebanon by Israel as an invasion of Iranian soil, and they will react to it accordingly. That's why this all matters politically.

Now, I know that all the world's a stage, and most leaders are controlled opposition anyways, but I keep myself very informed and even many years ago would take in a wide variety of news sources, including Al Jazeera. I was familiar with Nasrallah, and I can tell anyone who isn't as plugged into the geopolitics of the Middle East that these are very real, and significant, power plays going on right now.

As of one hour ago now, near 9 PM in America on 9/30/24, Israel has begun its invasion into Lebanon. The war machine is hungry for blood, and its call is *always* heeded.

Now, you could write a library on the Middle East, and you could study your whole life and still not fully understand everything about the region. However, I will say one thing conclusively and simply, so that everyone can understand:

"The war" that has been going on in the Middle East since you were born is intentional, and it's not just about profits or religious hatred - it's about covering up significant archeological sites in the area where the Bible actually took place that would make what we say on this website sound a lot less crazy if people widely knew what lay beneath the sands, as well as prove the Bible to be conclusively true.

They don't want people digging there, and as long as I've been alive only a maniac or criminal would voluntarily go to the Middle East. Those that do, don't wander off the beaten path, and I'm not talking about Dubai here - I'm talking about sites deep in the hearts of Iraq, Iran, and Israel. Sites you will not return from.

If mankind had been given a fair shot to unearth the ancient, sandy secrets of hidden days, and been given the chronicle of mankind that was stored in the Middle East as intended, the world would look much different than it does today. Our true destiny, our birthright, was much greater than this, but on the other hand, it was always meant to be this way. Yes, dear reader, you can find out *why it was meant to be this way* in *The More Rational Worldview*.

We can only achieve the greatness that we can all taste, sense, and feel lies within us through God. We got in the car with a stranger, and went in their house. Right now, mankind is metaphorically strapped down on a table in the basement of a serial killer, and it's not a movie. There's no one coming. Unless there is supernatural intervention, mankind as he is will not survive what comes next.

Even without CIA or Mossad false flags, Israel is pushing Iran and their various loosely associated groups of radical Islamists into a position where they will be forced to play the only card they have - major terrorist attacks in Western cities. Eventually, and I hate to say it, but even Iran will have enough of this, and America will finally learn how porous her borders really are. Kiev, Moscow, Paris, Berlin, London, Rome, New York, LA, and all the other cities of the Western world are slowly, in the eyes of literally billion of Muslims worldwide, legitimizing themselves as targets the longer our support, funding, and arming of Israel continues.

When you create a situation like this, you don't even *need* the CIA and Mossad to see another 9/11-style false flag event (but you can safely assume it will be them in the end). They know we hate them and support Israel (generally speaking), and we know they hate us. It has to come to a head one way or another, and I am convinced that this attempted destruction of Christianity through a massive war with Islam was part of why it was created by Satan in the first place.

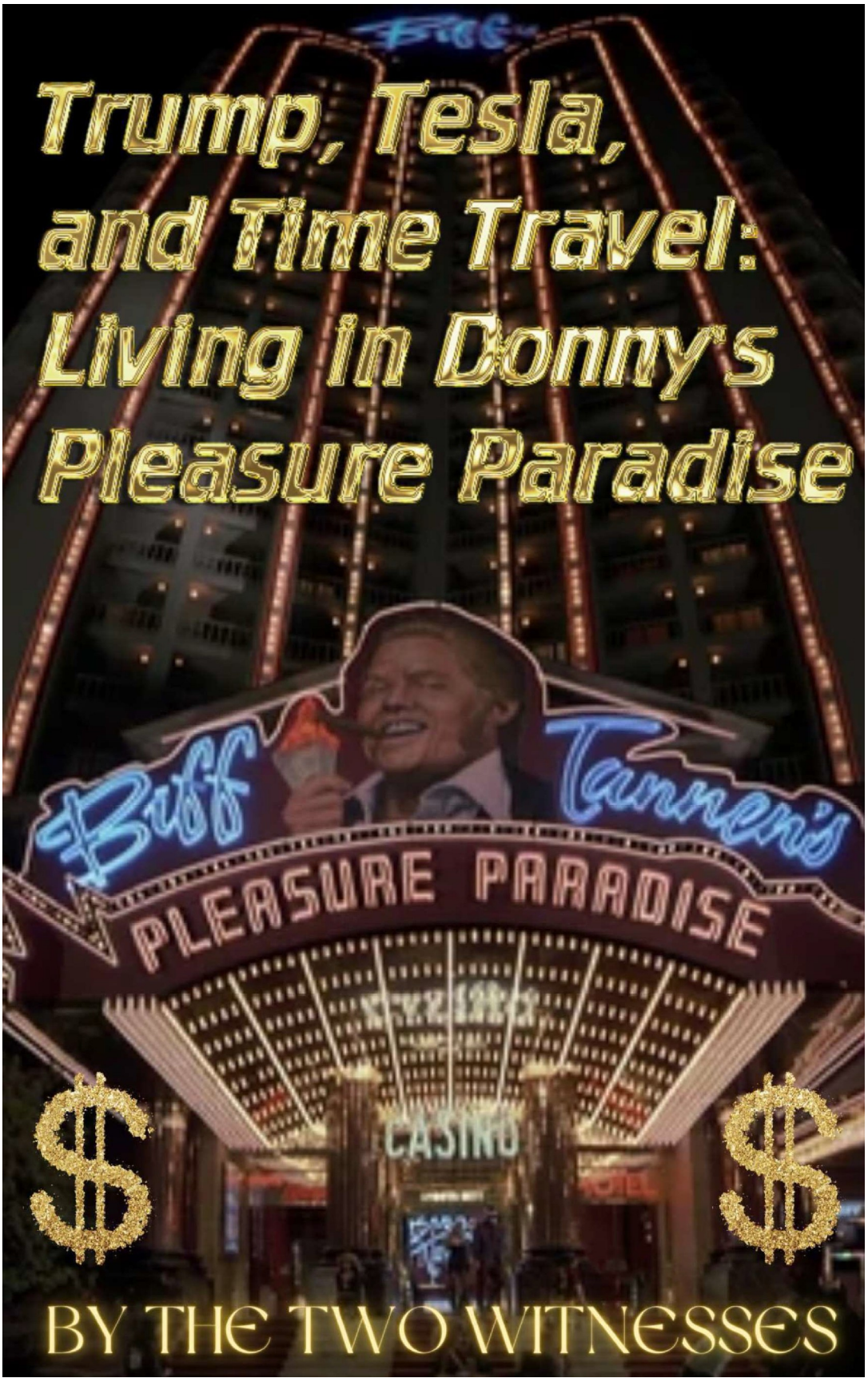
Make no mistake, Israel is intentionally pushing Iran into an existential fight here. Yesterday, they bombed the main port in Yemen, dealing a significant blow to the Houthis. For those who don't know, Iran had three main proxies they used against Israel (not including their relationship with Syria): Hezbollah, which up until a few days ago was supposedly the strongest and an existential threat itself to Israel on its northern border, Hamas, and the Houthis. Israel striking all three of these is cutting all of the heads off of the Islamic fundamentalist beast of the Middle East, and they know exactly what they are doing.

The world is in a very precarious position no matter how you slice it. Whether he wins or loses, there's a very real chance of Trump's supporters turning violent, with varying degrees of coordination possible. Autocrats have been on the rise for a decade, and global power structures and norms were severely weakened by a double blow of Trump and Covid knocking the sense out of people.

We no longer live in a consensus reality, and the results of this will be terrible.

May God bless all readers richly in Jesus's name,

Witness 1


Trump, Tesla, and Time Travel: Living in Donny's Pleasure Paradise
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BY THE TWO WITNESSES

Appendix D: Trump, Tesla, and Time Travel: Living in Donny's Pleasure Paradise
Witness 1

Picture the "anti-Christ" -what do you see? Maybe something like a slick man in a suit, immaculately dressed and groomed for the cameras, presenting a miraculous solution for all the world's greatest problems to thunderous applause at the UN?

Is this vision really what the Bible predicts or is it merely part of a pre-constructed eschatological narrative designed to distract and mislead evangelical Christians *en masse* - just as the Bible actually predicts?

By now it should be clear to everyone that Donald Trump is not who he says he is. He says one thing and does another, and has shown himself to be disloyal, dishonest, weak, cowardly, and ineffective. However, he will overcome these faults through a transformative and traumatic event, which will complete his transformation from a hapless, embattled fool, into the "Golden Child" of the mystery schools - the prophesied one who will bring about the "chaos" out of which the Synagogue of Satan will attempt to bring in a new "order". Of course, God has other plans.

Donald Trump is part of an occultic *coup de grace* on humanity: the one who will finally break us down so fully that we begin to destroy ourselves, chaos envelopes the world, and the nations are exhausted to the point of accepting Lucifer's open reign.

This plan involves primarily the banking families and their pawns in government, the intelligence agencies of the world, the freemasons, and various other pseudo-legal crime groups functioning as effective secret societies.

Together, these bad actors comprise an international organized crime syndicate that Jesus labeled "The Synagogue of Satan" -those who "claim to be Jews but aren't, and are liars".

The Synagogue of Satan's roots are easy to understand: through an almost-supernaturally gifted manipulation of banking mechanisms and communication technology, the Rothschild family in the 1800s became so wealthy and powerful that they were able to buy out and influence entire governments to do their will.

There was a catch though: they had sold their fellow man out and, indeed, their very souls, in exchange for unimaginable wealth and earthly power.

We are born into a web of lies put into place by hyper-wealthy robber barons, their enforcers in the government, and a high priest class of society that worships and acts in service to Satan himself. Ever since their reign of terror and deception began, the average person can't even think without resorting to false dichotomies.

While this describes a leadership that is symbolically rooted in Israel and through families like the Rothschilds, the Synagogue of Satan's operates largely out of Washington D.C., the Vatican, and London, having fully subjugated practically the whole world to its will even before anyone reading this was even born.

This subjugation was accomplished through a full spectrum of technological, kinetic, and psychological warfare, delivered to the public through the well-honed MK Ultra methods of manipulation that secret societies and the mystery schools have been using to break down and rebuild people for thousands of years.

Beginning at the very least with World War I, the Rothschild family has used what can only be called deceptive and terroristic actions, misleading the public by saying one thing while doing another, acting as both the wizard and the man behind the curtain.

The Synagogue of Satan's moral code is completely backward from the innate moral code placed into mankind by God, because they serve an inhuman master- Satan himself. They act with unprecedented forethought and deception, carefully acting out lies that were planned far in advance.

This lack of a moral code leads to an unrestricted, winner-takes-all, form of *warfare by deception,* characterized by the infamous "false flag". The term itself originates from pirate ships who would fly a different flag to get close to their victims, and in naval warfare. Flying a "false flag" was a legitimate maneuver under certain conditions during naval warfare battles. Coincidentally, the Rothschilds fil!! their start around the same time that this practice was normalized by smuggling gold and acting as pirates to bypass Napolean's blockade on the European continent.

From the Lusitania being deliberately sunk in 1917 to draw the USA into World War I, to Pearl Harbor being a preplanned event, to the USS Liberty, to the Lavon Affair. the evasive babies in incubators. 9/11, and all the other tall tales that the media tells us on a daily basis, the Synagogue of Satan has insidiously and dishonestly diverted the course of history onto a disastrous course. Both world wars were pre planned events that accomplished the goals of critically wounding the ancient Christian old power and money in Europe, shattering the spirit of humanity, and consolidating power on a grand scale.

World War I set into motion a series of events leading directly to World War 11, in which a stash of trillions of dollars in stolen Japanese and Nazi gold changed hands, partly ending up in the Philippines under the dictator Marcos, but ultimately consolidating into the hands of the CIA and the Synagogue of Satan.

This gold, called the Black Eagle Trust, was used to fund black projects and psyops on the public like MK Ultra, along with kickstarting wars, various intelligence agency pet projects, and lining the pockets of the now faceless and nameless new true elite of the world, the old powers reduced to a mere shadow in the face of the godless, absurd, and destructive ideologies that ravaged the world in the 20th century.

This ill-gotten and unaccounted wealth was used to enrich the Synagogue of Satan's sycophants and employees in the government, and gilded the hands of those who would use it to perpetrate further fraud and abuse on the public.

This money was eventually used in 1991 to collapse the Soviet Union in a plan developed by George Bush Sr. and Reagan, in which trillions of dollars of fraudulent 10-year security bonds and complex economic schemes finally finished off the only contender to a monopoly on world power for the Synagogue of Satan Zionists, the real power behind Reagan's administration and its unprecedented behind-the-scenes federal power grab.

These fraudulent financial records were due to clear ten years later on September 12th, 2001. All paper trails or documents, the only remaining record of the Black Eagle Trust of stolen World War II gold, were stored in the SEC and other accounting offices in World Trade Center 1, 2, and 7, and the Office of Naval Intelligence accounting wing of the Pentagon, an obscure office of accountants who were tasked to investigate financial fraud, including the 2.3 trillion dollars that Donald Rumsfeld announced the Pentagon was missing on September 10th, 2001.

All three of these targets were precisely and intentionally destroyed on 9/11in what can only be called a massive money laundering and destruction of evidence conspiracy, painstakingly facilitated in the greatest deception the world has ever known.

Trump himself was personal friends with many that were closely involved with 9/11, like..bfil!:Y Silverstein, and is close with many of the same people that were involved at the higher levels with 9/11. As a real estate developer in New York, Trump would be close by and have access to many of the people congruent to a 9/11conspiracy. Trump is part of the multi-decade long plan of which 9/11is merely a part, and he will play the role of ushering in the next false flag event and the attempted total subjugation of the human race by Satan.

Trump is the final act in the 9/11play, itself just a part of a century-old plan of deception and lies, characterized by warfare through deception, pre-planned wars, controlled governments, and convenient acts of violence to further the geopolitical and esoteric goals of the Synagogue of Satan.

Trump is the final actor who will preside over the end of the beginning, and usher in Satan's version of judgement day for mankind, which would end in a different type of eternal life for humanity. If Satan were able to succeed with his plan, mankind would get the eternity he might even deserve - eternal subjugation to Satan and no chance of redemption or salvation due to the Mark of the Beast - introduced by the Biblical anti-Christ, Donald Trump.

Luckily, God will intervene and spare mankind this horrible fate by allowing Jesus to judge us instead, at the Great White Throne Judgement. This is the stark dichotomy humanity faces: one judgement day or another. God's day, or Satan's day. One the perfect judgement of all mankind - which will happen - against a dark, dystopian, and also eternal night, a plan for a genetically altered, mutated version of humanity changed out of the image of God and into the image of the beast, ineligible for salvation, doomed to slave to death for his masters while having lost claim to his very soul.

This is the true story of Revelation - the story of man's choice of which path to choose.

To fully understand the anti-Christ of Revelation, we will need to go back in time: to 1917.

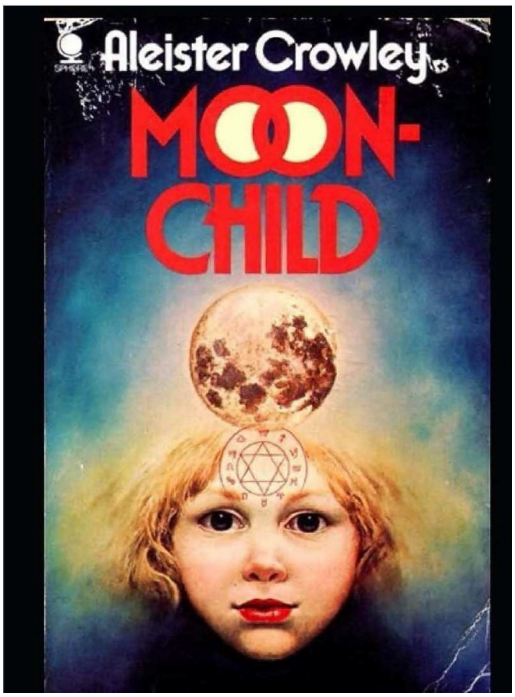
The Moon Child

Aleister Crowley is one of the most hated and feared cult leaders in history, and for good reason. He was one of the most successful and prolific sorcerers of his time, publicly admitting to participating in dark magic Satanic rituals involving and invoking demons by indulging the darkest aspects of the human psyche and a series of both simple and elaborate rituals.

Now, he could be the subject of his own book, so we will have to assume that you already know a little bit about the character of Aleister Crowley, "the wickedest man in the world". As evil as he was, no one can deny that he seemed to know what he was doing, and very few have had more of a widely accepted, well-documented, and impactful series of contacts with the supernatural in the cultural psyche and historical record than he.

His most famous legacy is that most Satanic ethos of all - "Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law".

One of the main goals and obsessions of his life was to birth or bring about the anti-Christ. even referring to himself as "The Beast 666". In 1917, he published a book called *Moon Child:*



According to Wikipedia, the book is about, "a magical war between a group of white magicians, led by Simon Iff, and a group of black magicians, over an unborn child."

Plot summary[edit]

A year or so before the beginning of **World War I,** a young woman named Lisa la Giuffria is seduced by a white magician, Cyril Grey, and persuaded into helping him in a magical battle with a black magician and his black lodge. Grey is attempting to save and improve the human race and condition by **impregnating the girl with the soul of an ethereal being - the moonchild.**

It doesn't sound like a very good book, but the interesting part here is at the bottom of the Wikipedia article, where we learn of **Project Babylon Working:**

Babalon Working[edit]

Main article: Baba/on Working

A project called Babalon Working was undertaken by Jack Parsons and L Ron Hubbard in 1946, inspired by Moonchild. Babalon Working was supposed to manifest an incarnation of Babalon, who would then carry a 'magickal child' or 'moonchild'.!4IIfil

Let's take a look at this article:

The **Babalon Working** was a series of magic ceremonies or rituals performed from **January to March 1946** by author, pioneer rocket-fuel scientist and occultist Jack Parsons and Scientology founder L. Ron Hubbard.11fTilhis ritual was essentially designed to manifest an individual incarnation of Babalon. The project was based on the ideas of Aleister Crowley, and his description of a similar project in his 1917 novel *Moonchild.Jfil*

Rituals of the working[edit]

Almost immediately after Parsons declared that the first of the series of rituals was complete and successful, he met Marjorie Cameron in his own home, and regarded her as the elemental that he and Hubbard had called through the ritual.IIfil Soon Parsons began the next stage of the series, an attempt to conceive a child through sex magic workings. Although no child was conceived, this did not affect the result of the ritual to that point. Parsons and Cameron, who Parsons now regarded as the Scartet Woman, *Baba/on,* called forth by the ritual, soon married. tilIII

The rituals performed drew largely upon rituals and sex magic described by English author and occult teacher Aleister Crowley. Crowley was in correspondence with Parsons during the course of the Babalon Working, and warned Parsons of his potential overreactions to the magic he was performing, while simultaneously deriding Parsons' work to others.J.1.W

Babylon, of course, features prominently in Revelation and Christian eschatology, and Parsons and his fellow occultists believed that the Scarlet Woman would birth the anti-Christ. This project to birth the anti-Christ "ended" in **March 1946,** and *Coincidentally* Donald Trump was born just three months later, in **June 1946.**

So, it's an undeniable fact that some of the most infamous, successful, and powerful anti-Christ figures, occultists, and sorcerers of the century were involved in a serious ritual in 1946, which culminated only months before Donald Trump was born, and which was directly meant to bring about the Biblical anti Christ.

The project ran from January to March, 1946, and Trump was born about three months later, in June, 1946.

About 162,000,000 results (0.47 seconds)
Donald Trump / Date of birth
June 14, 1946
age 77 years
Donald John Trump (born June 14, 1946) is an American politician, media personality, and businessman who served as the 45th president of the United States from 2017 to 2021.

This ritual involved Jack Parsons as a driving force, a powerful occultist who was intimately involved in NASA's development of the rocket engine, L. Ron Hubbard, and Aleister Crowley. Parsons and Crowley would be dead withing ten years of the ritual, while Hubbard would go on to found one of the great false religions of the century: Scientology.

Mainstream articles report that Donald Trump has "strange ties" to Scientology:

L. Ron Hubbard acted as a "scribe" for the Satanic sex magic ritual, a dramatic affair between Jack Parsons and a woman who showed up at his door after he performed a "summoning ritual", whom he called an "elemental".

The Babylon Working ritual was designed to supernaturally conceive the Biblical anti-Christ, the fulfillment of Crowley's theology, described as follows:

> Inspired by Crowley's novel *Moonchild* {1917), Parsons and Hubbard aimed to magically fertilize a "magical child" through immaculate conception, which when **born to a woman somewhere on Earth** nine months following the working's completion would become the Thelemic messiah embodying Babalon.(1171(118)
>
> To quote Metzger, the purpose of the Babalon Working was "a **daring attempt to shatter the boundaries of space and time"** facilitating, according to Parsons, the **emergence of Thelema's** A:on of Horus.

In Crowley's belief system. this "Aeon of Horus", led by the anti-Christ who would be born in 1946, is a time when "humanity shall **leave behind the tyranny of** Abrahamic religions and enter a time of greater consciousness and self-actualization".

These men's goals were explicitly anti-Christian, with all of them joyfully serving their master, Satan, in various ways throughout their lives. Was their experiment a success, corresponding in some way to the pregnancy and birth of Donald Trump several months after the completion of the ritual? Notice that Aleister Crowley' believed that this ritual would specifically manipulate time.

L. Ron Hubbard's Wikipedia.article tells us that:

After [World War II] Hubbard chose to stay in California rather than return to his family in Washington state,lfilllhe moved into the Pasadena mansion of John "Jack" Whiteside Parsons, a rocket propulsion engineer and a leading follower of the English occultist Aleister Crowley.1w12HZ1ubbard befriended Parsons and soon became sexually involved with Parsons's 21-year-old girlfriend, Sara. "Betty" Northrup. Hubbard and Parsons collaborated on "Babalon Working", a sex magic ritual intended to summon an incarnation of Babalon, the supreme Goddess in Crowley's pantheon.1!2fil

In the article *Scientology and the Occult,* we read:

Hubbard's earl interest in the occult[edit]

Hubbard's eldest son, Ronald DeWolf, related a story that L. Ron Hubbard had "first discovered Magick" at the age of sixteen when he read Aleister Crowley's The Book of the Law.LcitationneededAJuthor Jon Atack reports that Hubbard joined the Rosicrucian order Ancient and Mystical Order Rosae Crucis (AMORC) in 1940.

Hubbard mentions the Book of Revelation and its prophecy of a time when "an arch-enemy of Christ, referred to as the anti-Christ, will reign". According to Hubbard, **the "anti-Christ** represents the forces of Lucifer". Hubbard writes **"My mission could be said to fulfill the Biblical promise represented by this brief anti-Christ period."JZm**

In the mid-1980s, DeWolf gave a series of sworn statements and interviews detailing his father's history. DeWolf explained his father had been "deeply involved in the occult and black-magic." According to DeWolf, Aleister Crowley's death in 1947 was a pivotal event that **led Hubbard to "take over the mantle of the Beast".**

So, importantly, we find that L. Ron Hubbard actually shared an obsession with Crowley and Parsons about manifesting the specific Biblical anti-Christ. Intention matters a lot when it comes to occultic magic, and these three men shared a powerful, realized, and specific intention to bring about the actual Biblical anti-Christ in 1946.

Therefore, we can look at the theory that some type of supernatural power related to this ritual was involved with Trump's birth, life, and rise to power. Their organized, concerted, and by all accounts authentic Satanic ritual to bring about the anti-Christ in 1946 just might have succeeded in the end, with Trump shaping up to perform the role flawlessly.

However, while the "elemental woman" Marjorie Cameron was into the occult and described as an "out, and out witch" for her entire life, she doesn't seem to have produced a moon child nine months after the ritual.

Recall, however, that their intentions were to produce a moonchild anti-Christ "somewhere on Earth" when they were performing it, not necessarily a pregnancy conceived at that moment. Given that they thought it went successfully, it doesn't seem like it was intended to produce a localized pregnancy, but was rather a spell to affect a pregnancy somewhere else on Earth at the time. Remember that at the time they did the ritual, Donald Trump would have been about 6 months old *in utero.*

Neither Parsons, Crowley, or Hubbard would have to know that Trump was the result of their ritual, and Trump himself could very well not understand his role either. They way this ritualistic magic works is they can influence the world in a way that the participants in the ritual aren't even aware of. However, by all accounts, they did believe that Project Babalon Working was a success.

All that being said, Trump is literally a "moon child", as there was a rare total lunar eclipse on his birthday several months after this ritual on June 14th, 1946.

June 1946 lunar eclipse

Article Talk

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

A total lunar eclipse took place on Friday, June 14, 1946. The northern tip of the moon passed through the center of the Earth's shadow. This was the first central lunar eclipse of Saros series **129.**

While the lunar eclipse was mostly on the other side of the Earth, it was peaking in the early morning right around 10:50 **A.M.** when Trump was born in the United States:

- Astro-Charts
  https://astro-charts.com › person,s donald-trump :

Astrology birth chart for Donald Trump

Astrology birth chart for Donald Trump, born at **June 14, 1946 at 10:54 AM.**

When the Eclipse Happened Worldwide - Timeline

Event	UTCTime	Time in Sunnyvale*
Maximum Eclipse	Jun 14 at **18:38:49**	Jun 14 at 10:38:49 am

I guess this is just another one of those coincidences I keep hearing about!

A book called *Bare Faced Messiah* describes the Babalon Working ritual as follows:

> Their plans were unprecedented. Parsons wanted to attempt an experiment in black magic that would push back the frontiers of the occult world. With the assistance of his new friend, he intended to try and create a 'moonchild' - the magical child 'mightier than all the kings of the earth', whose birth had been prophesied in The Book of the Law more than forty years earlier.
>
> Aleister Crowley professed 'the great idea of magicians of all times' was to bring into being an **Anti-Christ,** a 'living being in form resembling man, and possessing those qualities of man which distinguish him from beasts, namely intellect and power of speech, but neither begotten in the manner of human generation, nor inhabited by a human soul'.[15] To find a mother for this new Messiah, Parsons envisaged invoking an elemental spirit of the 'whore of Babylon', the scarlet woman of St John's Revelation: 'I saw a woman sit upon a scarlet coloured beast, full of names

of blasphemy, having seven heads and ten horns. And the woman was arrayed in purple and scarlet colour, and decked with gold and precious stones and pearls, having a golden cup in her hand full of abominations and filthiness of her fornication. And upon her forehead was a name written, Mystery, Babylon the Great, the Mother of Harlots.'

On 4 January 1946, Jack Parsons began a series of elaborate mystic rituals, known as the 'Babalon Working', which he hoped would lead to the invocation of a scarlet woman whose destiny was to be mother to the moonchild. For the benefit of future magicians, he kept a detailed, day-by-day account in a manuscript be called the 'Book of Babalon'.

He was suffused instead with a sense of well-being and turned to Ron and said simply: 'It is done.'

When the two men returned to South Orange Grove Avenue, they found the 'scarlet woman' waiting for them. Her name was Marjorie Cameron and in truth she was not very much different from many of the unconventional and free-spirited young women who had gravitated to the Bohemian lodging-house in Pasadena. But Parsons was convinced that she was his libidinous elemental spirit, not least because it transpired she was not only willing, but impatient, to participate in the magical and sexual escapades he had in mind. 'She is describable', he wrote in the 'Book of Babalon', 'as an air of fire type, with bronze red hair, fiery and subtle, determined and obstinate, sincere and perverse, with extraordinary personality, talent and intelligence.'

A few days later he wrote exultantly to Crowley: 'I have my elemental! She turned up one night after the conclusion of the Operation and has been with me since ... She has red hair and slant green eyes as specified … She is an artist, strong minded and determined, with strong masculine characteristics and a fanatical independence.'

Crowley replied: 'I am particularly interested in what you have written to me about the elemental, because for some little time past I have been endeavouring to intervene personally in this matter on your behalf …'

He believed he was taking instructions for the impregnation of his scarlet woman, although it would not have been immediately obvious to nonbelievers: 'Now is the hour of birth at hand. Now shall my adept be crucified in the Basilisk abode.

That night, in the temple at South Orange Grove, the two magicians made preparations to receive the message. Candles were lit, incense burned and a magical altar was laid with flowers and wine. Hubbard, the scribe, wore a white-hooded robe and carried a lamp; Parsons, the high priest, wore a black robe and carried a cup and dagger. An automatic tape recorder was set up and at Hubbard's suggestion Rachmaninoff's 'Isle of the Dead' was played as background music.

At eight o'clock, Hubbard began to intone his message from the astral world: 'These are the preparations. Green gold cloth, food for the Beast, upon a hidden platter, back of the altar. Disclose only when the doors are bolted. Transgression is death. Back of the main altar. Prepare instantly. Light the first flame at 10 pm, March 2, 1946. The year of Babalon is 4063 ... '

After a few minutes, Parsons noticed that his scribe was pale and sweating profusely. Hubbard rested for a few moments, then continued: 'Make a box of blackness at ten o'clock. Smear the

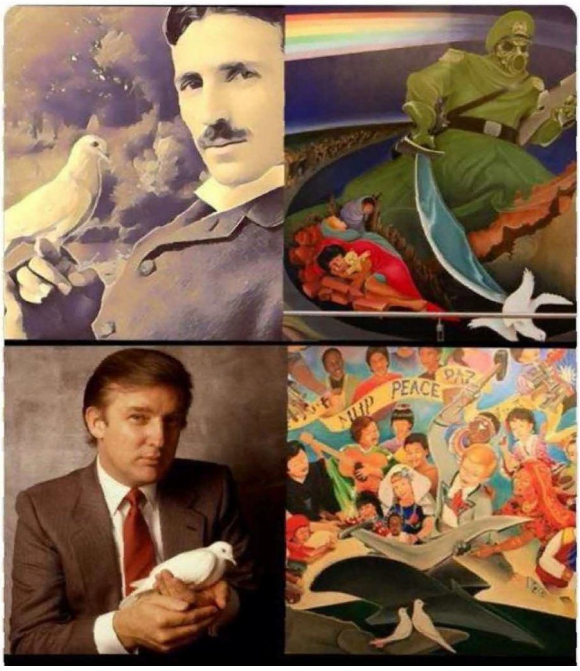
vessel which contains flame with thine own blood. Destroy at the altar a thing of value. Remain in perfect silence and heed the voice of our Lady. Speak not of this ritual or of her coming to any person ...

With passions mounting, the three black magicians intoned a chorus: 'Glory unto the Scarlet Woman, Babalon, the Mother of Abominations, that rideth upon the Beast, for She hath spilt their blood in every corner of the earth and lo! she hath mingled it in the cup of her whoredom . . .'

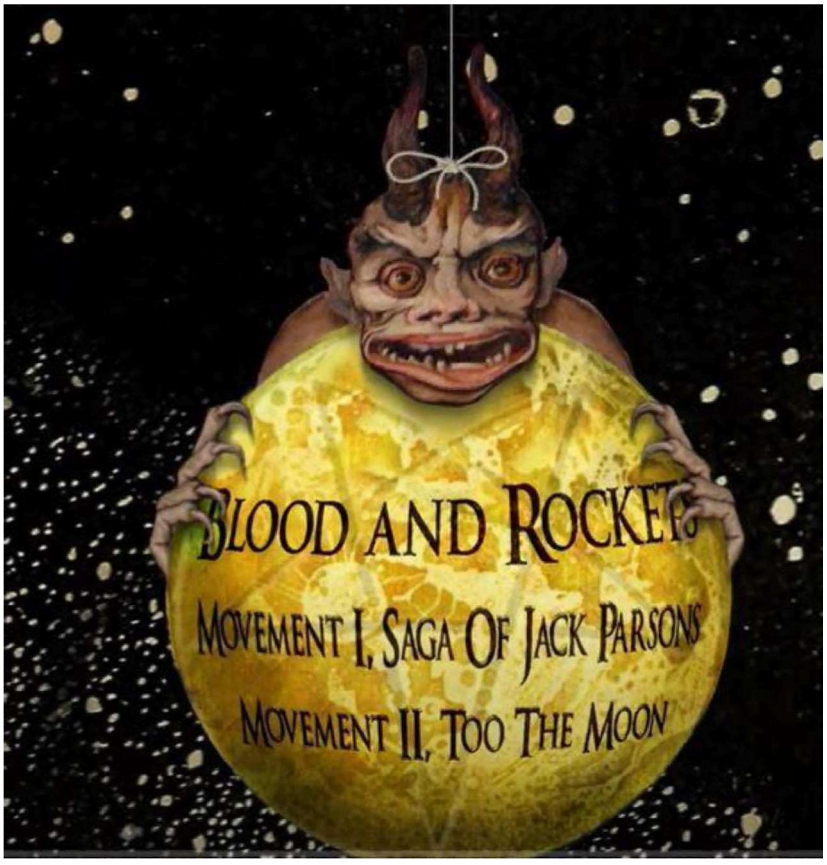
The scribe remained at the altar declaiming and describing what was supposed to be happening on an astral plane while the high priest excitedly inserted his 'wand' into the scarlet woman and they began copulating furiously.

In the 'Book of Babalon', Parsons was completely convinced that the magic had worked and that his scarlet woman would be delivered of a moonchild in nine months. 'Babalon,' he wrote confidently, 'is incarnate upon the earth today awaiting the proper hour of her manifestations.'[19]

On 6 March, Parsons sat down to compose a letter to his Satanic Master in England [Crowley], apprising him of the momentous events that had recently taken place. 'I can hardly tell you or decide how much to write,' he began. 'I am under command of extreme secrecy. I have had the most important, devastating experience of my life ... I believe it was the result of the IXth degree working [the class of sexual magic designed to produce a higher being] with the girl who answered my elemental summons. I have been in direct touch with One who is most Holy and Beautiful as mentioned in The Book of the Law. I cannot write the name at present. First instructions were received direct through Ron, the seer. I have followed them to the letter. There was a desire for incarnation. I do not yet know the vehicle, but it will come to me bringing a secret sign. I am to act as instructor guardian for nine months; then it will be loosed on the world. That is all I can say now ...'[21]



The story of Babylon Working has entered the cultural zeitgeist. We can examine a music video for some insight, by a band called The Claypool Lennon Delirium: **Blood And Rockets** - **Movement** I: **Saga Of Jack Parsons, and Movement** II: **Too the Moon.**



The video is replete with disturbing Satanic imagery, like this:

It then goes on to tell the story of Jack Parson meeting and becoming a follower of Aleister Crowley, describing the real-life events accurately:

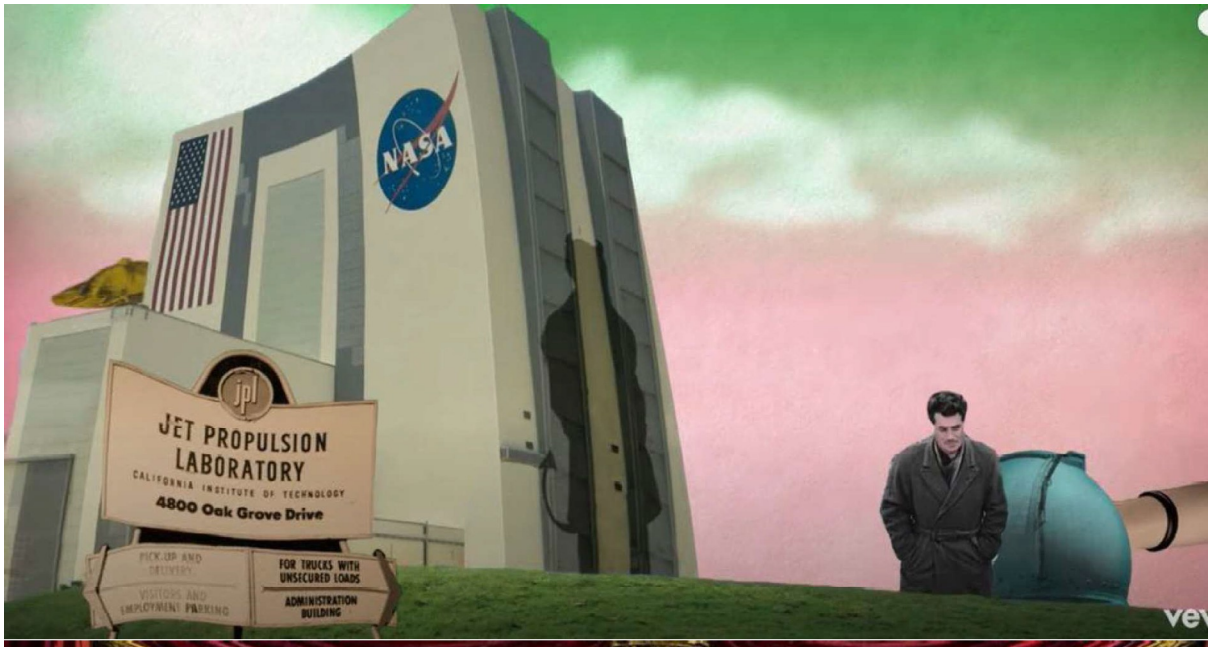
> Because he started with his experiments in the backyard Jack
>
> Parsons As a little boy ready already went a bit too far
>
> But the trouble really started when he found another young arsonist
>
> Because together they were ready to reach the stars
>
> So the two of them began to play around with various explosives Jack had stolen from the local powder company
>
> The military gathering a bevy of young rocket scientist
>
> Thought the boys would do what no one else had achieved
>
> How high (How high)Does your rocket fly?
>
> Better be careful boys
> You just might set the world on fire
> You better be careful boys, you'll set the world on fire
>
> **So Jack became a loyal follower of Mr. Aleister Crowley**
>
> **He took an oath to be a Magister Templi**
>
> **His pretty house in Pasadena was notorious for the orgies**

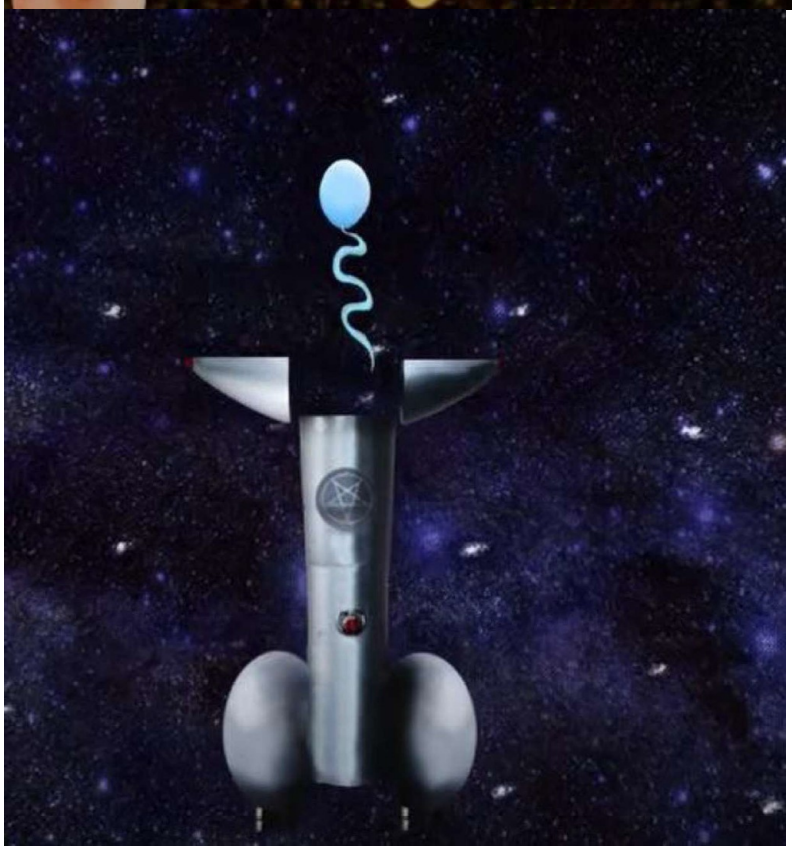
Every night were Eleusinian Mysteries

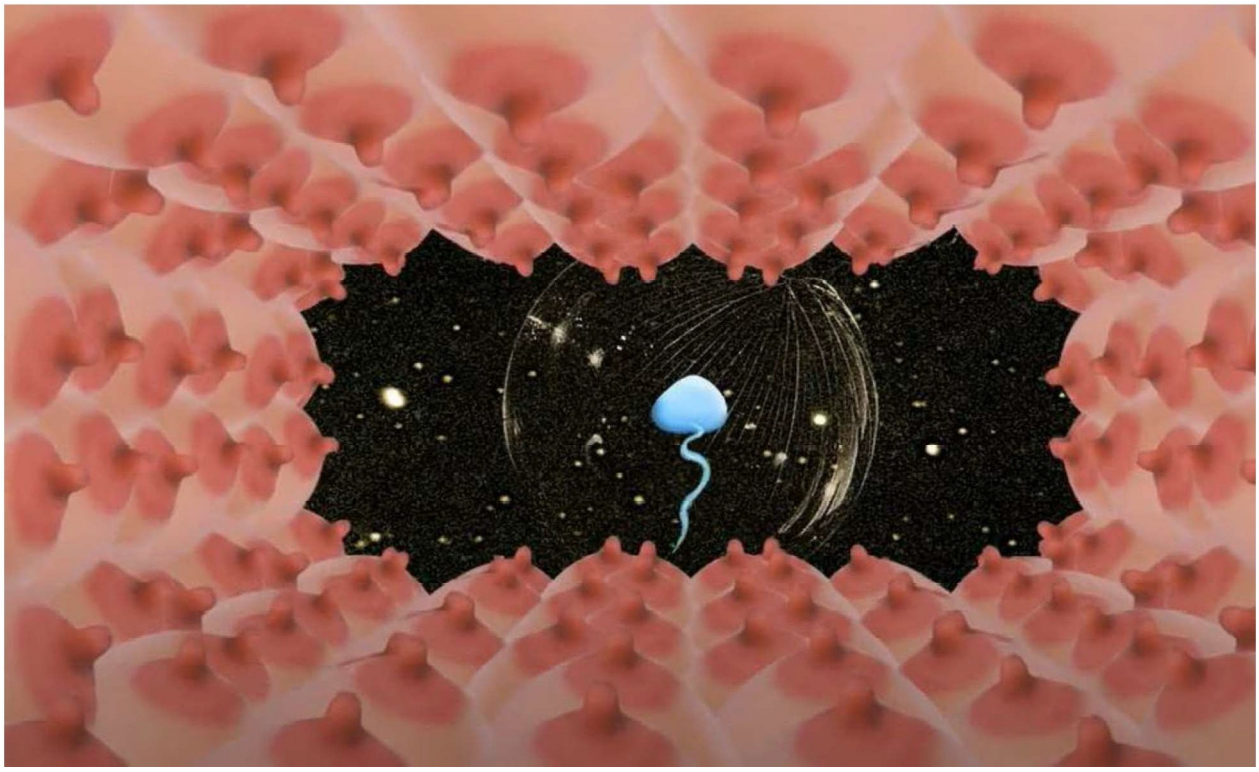
When his company became the famous JP laboratories his reputation made it difficult to proceed

And after one of his alchemical magical ceremonies They found his body in a pile of blood and debris

The video goes on to tell a story about a strange conception of an astral fetus - clearly the moonchild anti-Christ of Aleister Crowley.


NASA
jpl
JET PROPULSION
LABORATORY
CALIFORNIA INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY
4800 Oak Grove Drive
PICK-UP AND
DELIVERY
VISITORS AND
EMPLOYMENT PARKING
FOR TRUCKS WITH
UNSECURED LOADS
ADMINISTRATION
BUILDING





Now, this is some truly insane and disgusting art, and I'm not sure what kind of psychopath would attach their name to this imagery. However, it tells the real-life story of Project Babylon Working quite well - the obsession of the ill-fated Aleister Crowley and Jack Parsons in birthing the anti-Christ.

Some commentators have drawn parallels between Trump and Crowley:

ECONOMICS

MAGICKACT

The startling parallels between Donald Trump and occultist Aleister Crowley

It's also worth noting that some of Crowley's Tarot magic books involve "Trump" cards:

> Tzaddi is the letter of The Emperor, the **Trump** IV, and He is the Star, the **Trump** XVII. Aquarius and Aries are therefore counterchanged, revolving on the pivot of Pisces, just as, in the Trumps VIII and XI, Leo and Libra do about Virgo.

Crowley even wrote a famous letter on Trump's *exact* birthday discussing Project Babylon Working and the incarnated anti-Christ, and Hollywood rounded out the symbolism by releasing a TV show about Crowley and Parson's sex magic called Strange Angel exactly 72 years later on June 14th, 2018.

One thing is clear: according to these three successful, accomplished, and credible occult secret society leaders, the anti-Christ was apparently born in 1946.

Next, we need to understand the story of the mystery schools. This "mystery child" that was born in 1946 forms a central part of the Synagogue of Satan's plans to subjugate humanity through a series of false flags, planned wars, and controlled governments.

The anti-Christ and Mark of the Beast stand out as key mysteries of Revelation, but they are only two parts of a grander deception, a multi-faceted plan to subjugate the world on all fronts, and finally bring mankind to his knees. If their plan succeeds, no human being would be able to be saved, and mankind would lose his very birthright and the inheritance of eternal life spoken of in the Bible. The stakes are that high, and very few understand the consequences of submitting to Satan's eternal reign.

While this plan is led by Satan and facilitated by Satanists, there's a powerful underlying magical principle behind it - the Will of the People. Using democracy, voting, and leaders who are just capable enough of fooling people into thinking that they are on our side, along with an unbreakable campaign of mass media deception, the Synagogue of Satan has convinced us to vote for our own destruction, accepting a government that is more and more openly hostile to the people.

While they may resort to open violence occasionally, those are but rare and notable examples, like 9/11, MK Ultra, and the USS Liberty. They are worth remembering because of their vast implications, but far more commonly the Synagogue of Satan acts as the whispers in the shadows, telling comforting lies over and over again, to a public unwilling or incapable of seeing through the deception.

In "their" eyes, violent acts of mass murder like 9/11 were justifiable acts of necessary military action with some unfortunate collateral damage that was quickly covered up.

They will say that they acted in the Will of the People, and it would be difficult to make a compelling case to defend humanity. That's what the Bible says would happen, after all, so it shouldn't be much of a surprise. Humanity has noble goals, lofty dreams, and is capable of beautiful acts of kindness, but the actions on the other side of the scale quickly end up outweighing those.

If God were to judge humanity right now, he would find a population that has never known a single day without a murder, rape, or even state-sponsored killing on Earth, and for anyone keeping track worldwide it would be an unimaginable non-stop horror show of suffering and evil happening simultaneously, every day, all the time.

There is good in man, but it seems to be unable to withstand the call of the quenching darkness.

The Synagogue of Satan knows this simple fact as well. As usual, their plans mimic God's, but in reverse.

So there are two potential paths for man, both traumatic and transformative in their own right. God's plan, in which he opens the heavens and conducts the events of Judgement Day from the Great White Throne, and Satan's plan of a false flag and World War III involving the anti-Christ, after which they intend to usher in a new system, where they will openly reign over a new class of slaves.

Satan has created his own plan, his own "judgement day" for mankind. Nation will be convinced to fight against nation until the soul of man is finally extinguished, but once again it will be at our own hands. Satan can only place the gun in them, but he cannot pull the trigger. Unfortunately, pulling triggers seems to be one of mankind's greatest talents.

There's nothing mankind loves more than being convinced by the state to hate someone else, and to go kill and die in wars for the sake of geopolitical power plays, gold heists, and political capital. Combined with hypnotically violent media and Hollywood productions, mankind is easily lulled into accepting heinous crimes and violence as normal and even good or ethical.

The Satanists and their pawns in the government and corporations may even have convinced themselves that they are acting as the "good guys", that it is for the "greater good". The contempt and spite they have for humanity in its current state is palpable, as the hyper-wealthy accumulate more and more wealth and the gap between rich and poor grows more stark every year.

Remember what I've discussed previously- in the Luciferian belief system, they think that if they give their victims, us, fair enough warning in advance of their plans they have gained tacit acquiescence, played a fair game, and thus are not as accountable for their evil actions.

In fact, the source *Exposing Satanism* tells us that, "The Satanists tell us what they plan to do ahead of time."

So, what do we think will happen? From my End Times Survival Guide:

Looking ahead to the next few years, here's what you can expect.

There will be another false flag attack on America like 9/11, but worse. The perpetrator will be our own government, which is solely owned by bankers working for the Synagogue of Satan.

Mystery Babylon, America, will fall in a day, and the world will mourn as global trade is, seemingly, insurmountably disrupted. Chaos will ensue.

The only way to re-establish order will be to accept a digital currency that can track you and all of your purchases. To receive this currency and regain access to your wealth or businesses, the Synagogue of Satan organized crime syndicate will force the world into taking the mRNA injections - the Mark of the Beast.

Without your vaccines, you will not be able to buy or sell. There will be no place to hide, no refuges, and no way to go off the grid, as the governments of the world bond together to track, trace, and surveil every living human - the ultimate goal of Satan - an omniscient power like Gods.

There will be no miraculous victory- at least at first. We read in Revelation 13 that after the anti-Christ's recovery from the "plague":

- The beast was given a mouth to utter proud words and blasphemies and to exercise its authority for forty-two months... It was given power to wage war against God's holy people and to conquer them... All inhabitants of the earth will worship the beast.

He will "conquer" God's people by finding them all, rounding them up into camps, and executing all who refuse the Mark. **"All inhabitants of the Earth" will worship the beast because every single Christian is dead.**

The very few true Christians left before then will face a choice - easy for some and difficult for others. Death and eternal glory, or the mark and eternal damnation. **Make yours wisely.**

Humanity's future looks very different than the average person might expect. However, for those paying attention, it's been laid out in plain sight.

There are two key locations with some very telling artwork we will look at next that tell the story of the enigmatic Golden Child of the Mystery Schools.

It's a story of a grand work: planned chaos, destruction, and a rebirth into a different image. Not the image of God anymore, but the image of the Beast.

This article is from *Vigilant Citizen*, all the way back in 2010. It's a classic article that describes the story told through three murals in the Bank of America corporate center.

> **Prominently displayed in the lobby of the Bank of America's Corporate Center are ' creepy" frescoes, filled with occult symbols. Even more unsettling is the fact that those images seem to predict events of a radical world change in the not-so-distant future. Are those murals predicting the coming of an occult New "⁷ orld Order? \Ve will look at the occult meaning of the symbols found on the Bank of America frescoes.**

A reader sent me pictures of some er_, odd murals displa_ ed at the Bank of A.merica Corporate Center in Charlotte, NC. eedless to sa. , they immediatel. caught m ·• attention. as I was flabbergasted by their symbolism and their message. I also couldn't help relating them to the ominous murals of the **Peuyei:,Interpfi1i.wlalilirngrt,**

Painted ,b Benjamin Long the paintings are said to re oh e around the themes of ··*making/building, chaos/creatittity, and planning/knoivledge* in *a 'daring blend of abstract and realism, set off with touches of gold'".*

The three frescoes ruling over the lobby of the Bank of America Corporate Center.

Although "'e normally read from left to right there are clues within the frescoes hinting the viewers to read the paintings from right to left. The "planning" stage (visually represented by the fresco on the right) is normally the first step of any process so it would make sense to start from there. There is also alchemical symbolism hinting towards the chronology of the frescoes, so we will begin with the one on the right:

Right Fresco

The fresco on the right is dubbed *Planning/Knowledge.* An esoteric read of its symbolism reveals exactl what is being planned and what knowledge it is refening to.

Masonic Boy on Masonic Floor

v\ e see here a young blond boy standing on a standard Masonic checkerboard pattern floor. His feet are placed at a 90 degrees angle, in accordance with Masonic initiation ritual:

> 'Q. *On your return to the Lodge, where were you placed, as the youngest Entered Apprentice?*
>
> *A. In the northeast comer, my feet forming a right angle, my body erect, at the right hand of the Worshipful 111aster in the east an upright man and l\1ason, and it was given me strictly in charge ever to walk and act as such.*
> - Malcolm C. Duncan, Duncan's iasonic Ritual and Monitor

Seemingly underneath the bo) are people dressed in business suits seeming}) strategizing while pointing at the Masonic boy. Does the boy represent the ' new generation"?

This blond boy is very reminiscent of the blond bo) featured at the center of one of the murals of the Denver International Airport.

This blond bo) is very reminiscent of the blond bo) featured at the center of one of the murals of the Denver International Airport.

Blond boy hammeringa sword into a plowshare. Note that the boy is wearing a traditional Bavarian costume ... perhaps as in Bavarian Illuminati?

Blond boy hammering a sword into a plowshare. Note that the boy is wearing a traditional Bavarian costume ... perhaps as in Bavarian Illuminati?

Burning Bush, Woman in Cube and Pyramid

Symbolism overload

Behind the boy is a tree on fire which is a reference to the Burning Bush of the Old Testament. The Burning Bush is of great importance in Masonic ritual, especiall for the 33rd degree, whose members are considered to be' near the Burning Bush".

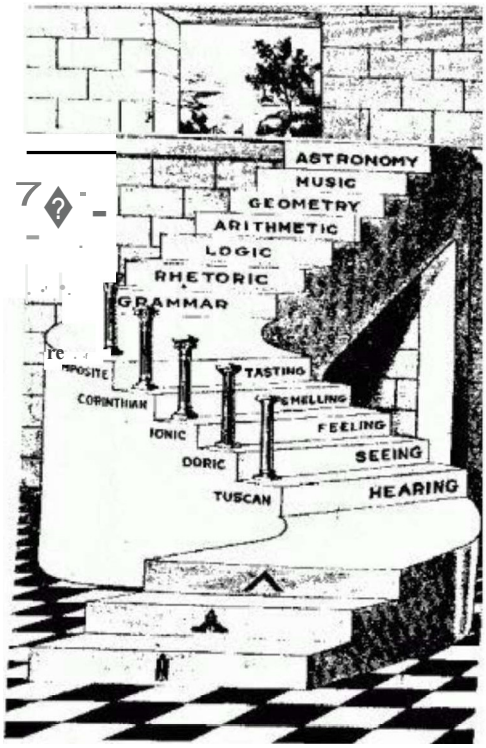
In the background is an Egyptian pyramid, the ultimate symbol of the Mysteries in occult teachings.

A strange feature of the painting is the woman apparently trapped inside a transparent cube, hanging from threads coming from the sky. Does she represent the common man, stuck in the confines of the material world (occultl) represented by the cube) and manipulated b) unseen the forces from above?

Stairs and Black Sun

Jacob'sladder and a black sun

On the left of the image are stairs, apparently leading to the heavens, a classic symbol representing the path to illumination/Illuminati through the mysteries of Masonry.



A Masonic engraving depicting stairs leading from the Masonic floor to the «outside"

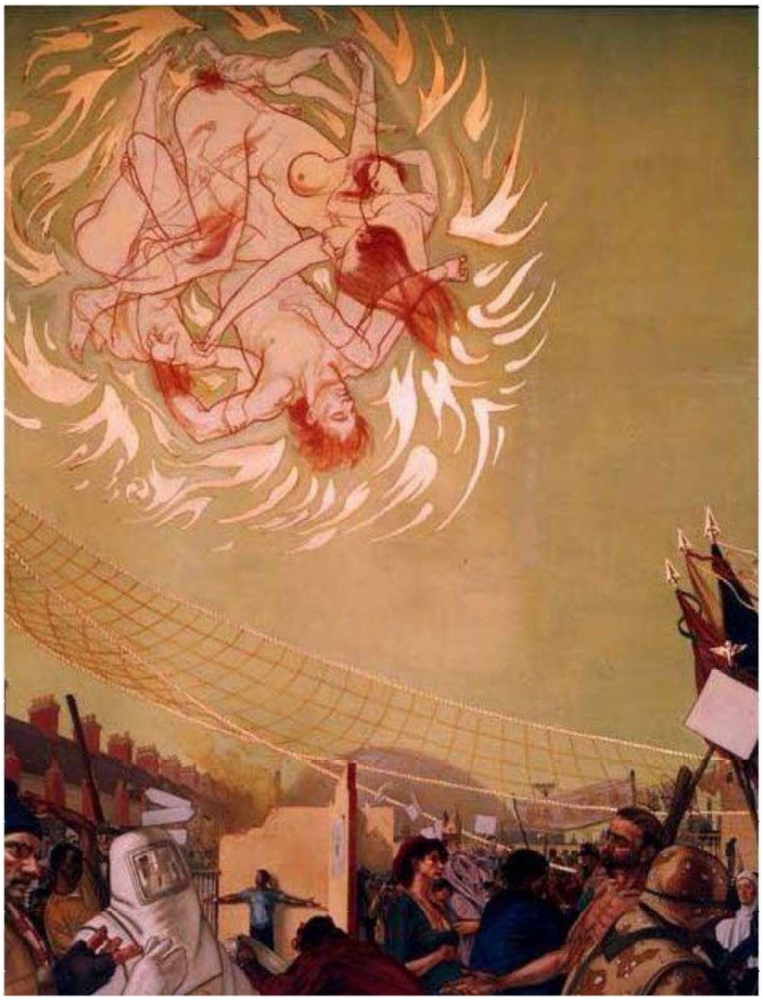
In the sk) is a black sun, another symbol of an esoteric significance. Hermetic traditions teach the existence of two suns, an invisible and etheric one made of pure "philosophical gold" and the material one, the only one the profane can perceive known as the Black Sun.

...and, once again, the Denver International Airport.

Floor design in the DIA depicting a black sun moving in front of the golden sun

The right fresco therefore, seems to portray the first step of a' Great Work' that needs to be accomplished, as S)-mbolically represented by the black sun. ien dressed in suits (one of them oddly looks like Adam \I\ eishaupt), seem to be preparing a new generation of Masonic youth. Meanwhile, the "profane" seem to be idling in a translucent cube controlled b) invisible puppeteers.

Middle Fresco



The middle fresco, *Chaos/Creativity,* depicts a turbulent transitional period. Many details v,,rithin the painting describe this profound turmoil, which seems to be affectin all parts of society and civilization. \I\ e find military and religious figures people protesting and much more.

At the left of the painting is a person wearing a biohazard suit, hinting at some kind of chemical wa1fare.

A person in a gas suit

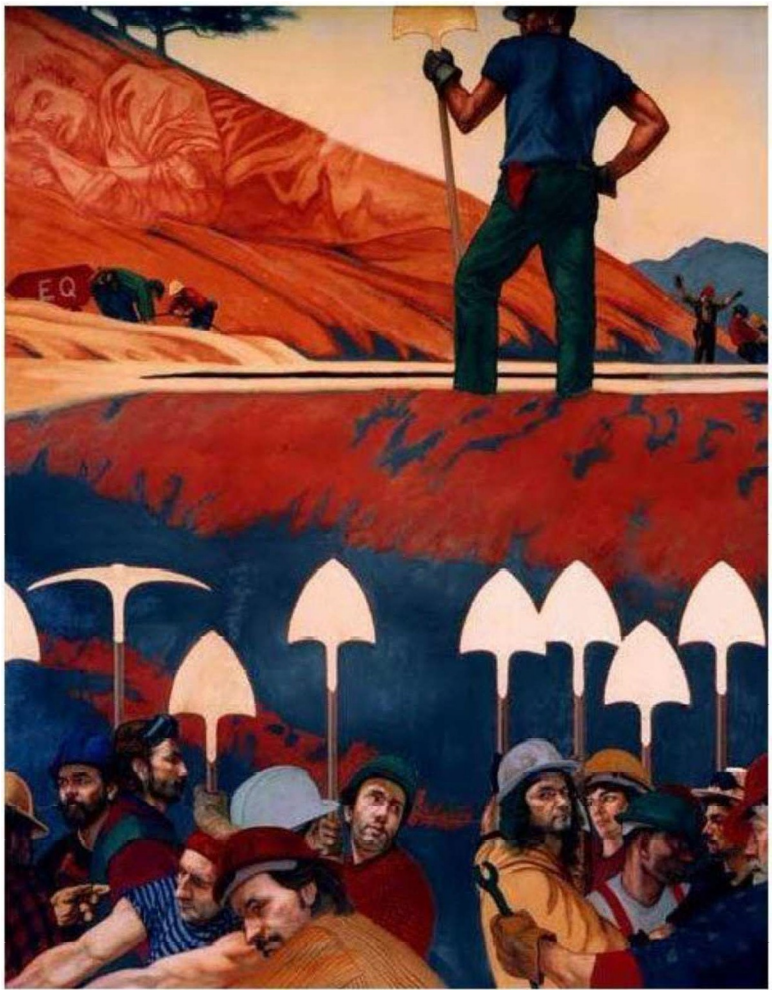
For this reason, and many more I find this painting vel")similar to one of the Denver Airport's murals ... the most infamous one.

If we look at the top of the fresco, we see translucent beings spinning ·with fire perhaps implying that the turmoil is also happening on a metaphysical, cosmic or astral level.

Spinning naked bodies in a vortex of fire

This round fiery shape can also be likened to a sun. Its pale golden color and the transparency of its fi ures ran be !lSsociated with the intermediate step of the reat alchemical work named "V,7hitening". Jung compared this step with da_·break, the preparation for the next and final stage which is the sunrise, characterized by the color red. vVhich is of course, the most prominent color of the left fresco.

Left Fresco



The fresco on the left is said to focus on the theme of *Making/Building'*. The main figure of the fresco is a worker holding a sho el contemplating the work done. In his back pocket is a red piece of cloth, as mbolic detail in the context of this image. There is indeed a great emphasis on the color red in this fresco which, as mentioned abo e, is also the color associated with the final step of the alchemical Magnum Opus: Rubedo, the Red Work".

In occult teachings, alchemical transformation can happen on numerous le els: a material level, where crude metals are transmuted to pure gold, but also on a spiritual and philosophical le el where the profane man becomes a' regenerated man". In secret-society lore, the entire world is considered to be the subject of alchemical transformation; it is said to be an imperfect plane needing to be "transmuted into gold in order to mirror the heavens in accordance with the hermetic axiom 'AB bo e, o Below'_I a ew Wo ·Id O de the "G·eat v\ o·k" oft e occu t elit ?

Sleeping Giant

Is he dead or sleeping? And what does "EQ" mean?

An odd detail of the fresco is this man blending with the earth, apparentl in deep sleep ... or is he buried? This is also reminiscent of the (unsettling) sleeping little bo on the DIA murals.

A helpless little boy sleeping (or dead) under a red blanket

What Is The Meaning of the Frescoes?

Like most elitist art, the frescoes on display at the headquarters of Bank of America, the largest bank in America, tell a story intended to be decoded by those in the know. The frescoes seem to depict three stages of world transformation - planning, chaos, and achievement - and are color-coded to be analogous to the three stages of hermetic alchem : Nigredo (blackness), Albedo (whiteness) and Rubedo (redness). The frescoes bear man resemblances to the murals of the Denver International Airpo1t, which also depict progressive phases of a profound transformation of society after a period of intense turmoil.

The story told through the Denver Airport murals, along with these ones at the Bank of America, is worth paying attention to. The two airport murals that weren't shown in the article look like this:

EXIT
VALVE

So, I think that the story being told through the "art" at these two locations is clear: the Mystery Schools will raise up a hero, the mystery child, who will simultaneously bring about or oversee a period of unprecedented chaos, ushering in the completion of the "great work" - the subjugation of all humanity to Satan's will and the open worship of Lucifer.

The blonde, male Golden child archetype in these images is Donald Trump, and he is the one that was manifested in 1946 by Aleister Crowley, Jack Parsons, and L. Ron Hubbard.

This story was hidden in plain sight.

So, all this being said, let's go back to the beginning. Did Trump use time travel or manipulation in some way in his life, or is he the product oftime manipulation? What clues are there that can help us understand the true nature of reality, its most fundamental constants, and the seemingly impossible rise of the ultimate outsider president.

The Mysterious Journey

Those who have found their way here and understand what we talk about on this site will understand a simple truth, which the Bible supports - everything should be supported by two or three witnesses. It's easy to dismiss one person's thoughts or ideas as paranoia or delusion.

However, when multiple people are noticing or calling out the same thing, it lends credibility to the theory, and it's harder to handwave away as nothing there. And as it turns out, there are so many people noticing the connections between Trump and time travel that numerous articles in major media sources have published articles about it. Let's look at some of those.

From *The Daily Mail*:

Spooky! Forgotten 19th century novels feature the 'marvellous' adventures of a boy named Baron Trump who has a mentor named Don and embarks on a trip to Russia

- A set of books has emerged from the 1800s with similarities to the Trump family
- One tomes title is 'Baron Trump's Marvelous Underground Journey'
- The books are by an American children's and political author Ingersoll Lockwood Odd references: upheaval after an election. a visit to Russia, and Castle Trump
- Conspiracy theorists are wild with speculations the Trumps have a time machin

By JESSICA FINN FOR DAILYMAIL.COM '#
PUBLISHED: 11:13 EDT, 2 August 2017 | **UPDATED:** 16:32 EDT, 2 August 2017

These theories, which we have covered before, revolve around three books published by Ingersoll Lockwood in the late 19th century. The three books are:

- The Last President
- Baron Trump's Marvelous Underground Journey
- Little Baron Trump and his Wonderful Dog Bulger

The article reads:

> The book titles and the connections to President Donald Trump and his son Barron are just the beginning of several spooky parallels. In the children's books, the novels tell the tale of a wealthy aristocratic boy who lives in 'Castle Trump' and is guided on his journey to Russia by a man named 'Don.'
>
> The multitude of similarities to the Trump family living in present day America and the tales in the tomes have internet conspiracy theorists concluding the Trump family is capable of time travel.
>
> Lockwood, as mentioned before, was also a political author. Unlike his children's books, he wrote the political novel: 'The Last President.'
>
> The story opens in a New York City in turmoil. It's early November right after the election of an enormously opposed candidate.
>
> How does one make a leap to Donald Trump and Barron Trump, possibly time traveling? We can thank the internet.
>
> Donald Trump's uncle John Trump had access to Nikola Tesla's papers. Tesla was an inventor, electrical engineer, mechanical engineer, physicist, and futurist. And, according to the conspiracy theories, he was researching time travel.

Newsweek also published an article on this phenomenon:

U.S.

Did an Author From the 1800s Predict the Trumps, Russia and America's Downfall?

BY CHRIS RIOTTA ON 7/31/17 AT 12:43 PM EDT

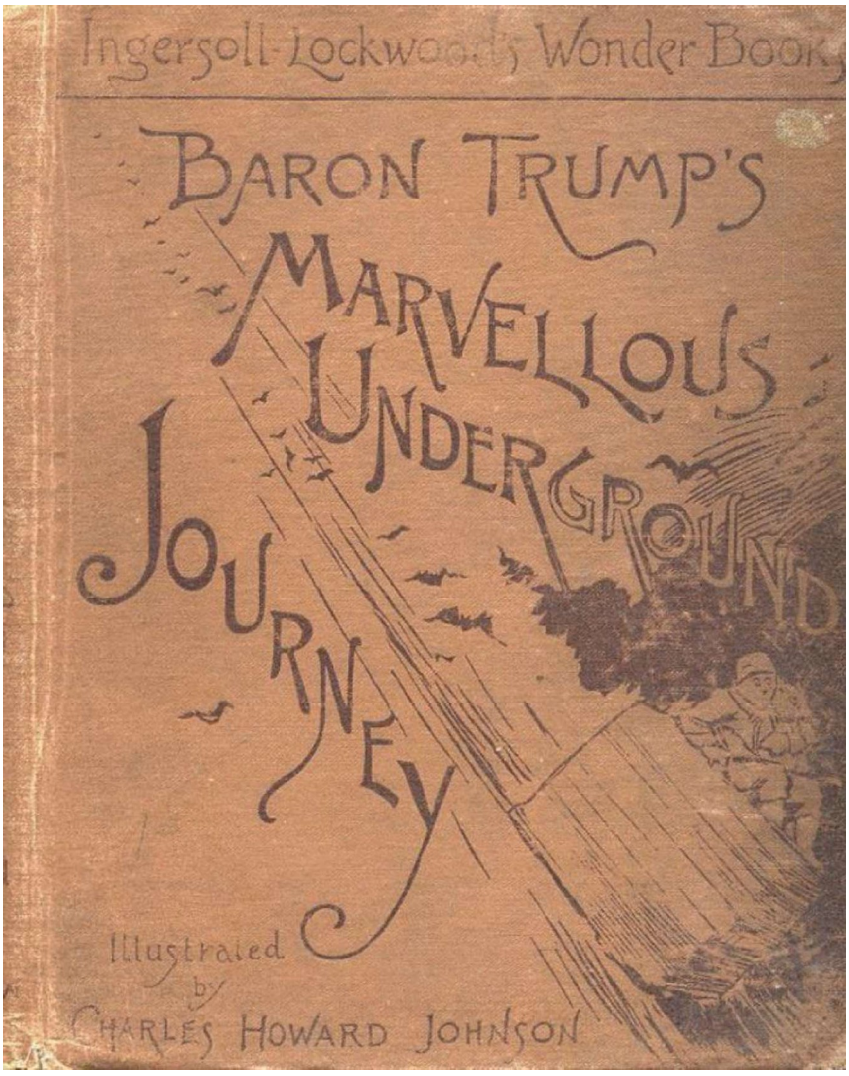
> Ingersoll Lockwood, an American political writer, lawyer and novelist, combined a unique mixture of science fiction and fantasy into his novels from the late 1800s. Two of his most popular works of literature were illustrated children's stories, focusing on a peculiar fictional character whose name rings a bell in 2017: Baron Trump.
>
> Trump, an aristocratically wealthy young man living in Castle Trump, is the protagonist of Lockwood's first two fictional novels, *The Travels and Adventures of Little Baron Trump and His Wonderful Dog Bu/gar* and *Baron Trump's Marvelous Underground Journey.* The little boy, who

has an unending imagination and "a very active brain," is bored of the luxurious lifestyle he has grown so accustomed to. In a twist of fate, Trump visits Russia to embark on an extraordinary adventure that will shape the rest of his life.

Lockwood's final novel arrived in 1896, titled *The Last President.*

There are some incredible connections to be made to the first family of the United States and Lockwood's novels from the turn of the 19th century. For starters, the main character's name is the same as President Donald Trump's son, albeit spelt differently. Trump's adventures begin in Russia, and are guided thanks to directions provided by "the master of all masters," a man named "Don."

"The Fifth Avenue Hotel will be the first to feel the fury of the mob," the novel continues, citing an address in New York City where Trump Tower now stands. "Would the troops be in time to save it?"



These articles all point out that a key part of the Trump time travel theory is his connection to Tesla. As we read in The New Yorker:

DONALD TRUMP'S NUCLEAR UNCLE

n

By Amy Davidson Sorkin

April 8, 2016

In September, 1936, a reporter for the Associated Press watched the unveiling of a new kind ofX-rny machine, said to be able to generate a million volts of power. The scientist operating the device was John G.Trump, a professor of engineering at the j\-fassachusetts Institute of Technology. Trump was working the controls and explaining how high-speed electrons ran along a porcelain n1be to a '\vater-cooled gold target,' ,vhen suddenly "two of the high-voltag-e sparks hit him

We read:

> **[John]Trump was involved in radar research for the Allies in the Second World War, and in 1943 the F.B.I. had enough faith in his technical ability and his discretion to call him in when Nikola Tesla died in his room at the New Yorker Hotel,** in Manhattan, raising the question of whether enemy agents might have had a chance to learn some of his secrets before the body was found. (One fear was that Tesla was working on a "death ray.") As Margaret Cheney and Robert Uth recount in "Tesla, Master of Lightning," **Professor Trump examined Tesla's papers and equipment, and, in a written report, told the F.B.I. not to worry:** Tesla's "thoughts and efforts during at least the past 15 years were primarily of a speculative, philosophical, and somewhat promotional character," but "did not include new, sound, workable principles or methods for realizing such results." Professor Trump may have neglected to make that sort of distinction clear to his nephew.

So, the key takeaway here is that Trump's uncle, John Trump, was the person responsible for examining, categorizing, storing, and even inventorying Tesla's work after his death in 1943. He told the government that there was no new technology- officially.

If there was anything there that was either too tempting or too powerful to be released to the public eye, it would have gone missing when Donald Trump's uncle had control over it.

In the years before he died, Tesla talked about a new type of energy and some sort of superweapon or beam he had invented. From Wikipedia:

- At the 1932 party, Tesla claimed he had invented a motor that would run on cosmic rays.[illl] In 1933, at age 77, Tesla told reporters at the event that, after 35 years of work, he was on the verge of producing proof of a new form of energy. He claimed it was a theory of energy that was "violently opposed" to Einsteinian physics and could be tapped with an apparatus that would be cheap to run and last 500 years.

- At the 1934 occasion, Tesla told reporters he had designed a superweapon he claimed would end all war.[ll lll] He called it "teleforce", but was usually referred to as his death ray.[l.lll] In 1940, the *New York Times* gave a range for the ray of 250 miles (400 km), with an expected development cost of US$2 million (equivalent to $41.78 million in 2022).[illl]

- ...an open-ended vacuum tube with a gas jet seal that allows particles to exit, a method of charging slugs of tungsten or mercury to millions of volts, and directing them in streams (through electrostatic repulsion).[2^{17}H^{224}1]

- Tesla stated: "But it is not an experiment ... I have built, demonstrated and used it. Only a little time will pass before I can give it to the world."[illl]

Let's look at one more article, this time not from a mainstream source. At this point, it starts to get a little tricky, as obviously if there was really anything like time travel in Tesla's papers there would be no way to prove that.

The best we can do is keep looking at the available evidence, like this Medium article, which claims:

Did Nikola Tesla Time Travel?

> However, Nikola Tesla's work on time travel begins before modern science saw time travel as possible.
>
> According to reports, in 1895 Tesla made a shocking discovery that suggested that time and space could be affected by magnetic fields. Tesla thought that he could disrupt the continuity of time and space by using intense magnetic field effects.
>
> *"The experiment, the main purpose of which was to make the ships of the navy invisible on the radar, caused very different results with the Tesla factor, and the ship and its crew travelled in time by disappearing from the eyes for a certain period of time"*
>
> Although the Philadelphia Experiment, which was kept secret for a long time, came to light with the explanations of some of the survivors who were on the ship that day, the authorities closed the issue by saying that the event was a figment of imagination.

"Tesla's assistant explains the existence of Tesla's work on time travel and the fact that he may have partially realized it:

Tesla was exposed to magnetic waves that he had artificially produced, during which he found himself in a completely different space-time window, where he could see both the past, the future and the present at the same time.

The magnetic effect he was exposed to nearly killed him, and I prevented it. That's why he was angry with me.[11]

After Tesla's death, the notes, which were curious by [sic] everyone, were collected by the FBI overnight and disappeared.

So, has anyone else made a claim that the government, people within the intelligence agencies, or secret societies are using Tesla's technology that was kept hidden from the public to manipulate time in some way?

As is turns out, there is someone -Andrew Basiago.

His story is summed up in this other article from Medium:

Andrew Basiago and Project Pegasus

But this doesn't mean that from time to time, we don't see someone claiming to have time traveled. Granted, people don't usually buy their stories because they can't prove them, but this doesn't indicate that they should be fully disregarded.

This is why today, we'll look at the weird tale of Andrew Basiago, a Seattle attorney who, since 2004, has been making the claim that he time-traveled between the ages of seven and 12 as part of a secret U.S government program that worked on teleportation and time travel under a secret DARPA (Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency) experiment called Project Pegasus.

Project Pegasus, which began in the 1970s, was a DARPA time-exploration project. Basiago claims the project used children to carry out experiments since they felt like children would be more adaptable to changes in space-time, and subsequently, Basiago claims he became became the first American child to *"teleport."*

But how did he time travel?

According to Basiago, there were multiple different technologies that were used to aid these time-traveling ventures. However, most of these technologies had one focal machinery: a teleporter based on certain technical papers that were found in Nikola Tesla's New York City apartment after his death in 1943.

Basiago, in an interview, said that the teleporter,

"consisted of two gray elliptical booms about eight feet tall, separated by about 10 feet, between which a shimmering curtain of what Tesla called 'radiant energy' was broadcast. [11]

He then went on to say that,

"Radiant energy is a form of energy that Tesla discovered that is latent and pervasive in the universe and has among its properties the capacity to bend time-space."

And one more article on Basiago:

TIME TRAVEL AND PROJECT PEGASUS: ANDREW BASIAGO CLAIMS DARPA SENT HIM BACK IN TIME TO GETTYSBURG

Andrew Basiago claims that Project Pegasus time travel experiments sent him back in time to Gettysburg using technology developed from the work of Nikola Tesla.

Seattle attorney Andrew Basiago has been publicly making the claim since 2004 that between the ages of seven and twelve years old he participated in a secret U.S. government program that worked on teleportation and time travel under a secret DARPA *(Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency)* experiment called **Project Pegasus,** a precursor to the Montauk Project and the Philadelphia Experiment.

Basiago says he experienced eight different time travel technologies throughout the course of project, but most instances involved a teleporter based on technical papers supposedly found in pioneering mechanical engineer Nikola Tesla's New York City apartment after his death in January 1943.

As for Trump, I have a vague memory that my father took special note of Trump during an appearance by him on The Phil Donahue Show and might have even commented that he was a future U.S. President."

Here is another source where Basiago specifically talks about Trump in the context of time travel.

So, Basiago is an interesting person who makes some extraordinary claims. He is able to give lucid, coherent lectures and debates for several hours without stumbling, coming across as dishonest, or contradicting his story. It all adds up, there's just very little actual proof of it.

Donald Rumsfeld is specifically mentioned as using time travel in this Huffington Post article about Basiago.

And the story goes on. In this article, we read more about what Basiago has to say about 9/11 and Donald Rumsfeld.

The first among these exotic technologies was quantum access Tesla-based time travel technology, developed in DARPA's Project Pegasus.(1968-72) under the policy oversight of then Nixon cabinet member **Donald H. Rumsfeld.**

Mr. Rumsfeld was later to play a pivotal operational role in the 9/11 false flag as U.S. Secretary of Defense on September 11, 2001.

A key whistle blower, Andrew D. Basiago, has emerged with evidence that secret U.S. time travel technologies were used as early as 1971to acquire first-hand documentary knowledge about September 11, 2001-fully three decades before the horrific events of that fateful day.

> Mr. Basiago has described how while serving in Project Pegasus, he viewed moving images of 9/11at the secured U.S. defense-technical facility where they were processed after being retrieved from the future, the Aerojet Corporation facility that once stood at the corner of Bullock Avenue and Leroy Place in Socorro, New Mexico.
>
> According to Mr. Basiago's whistleblower testimony, Donald H. Rumsfeld, the sitting U.S. Secretary of Defense on September 11, 2001, was the defense attache to Project Pegasus during the early 1970's, when Mr. Rumsfeld was officially serving as a counselor to President Nixon and member of his Board of Wage and Price Stabilization.

So, here's my opinion on Andrew Basiago - I think that he thinks he is telling the truth. However, like most who work for the intelligence agencies, he's been lied to and is not a 100% reliable narrator. Obviously, some of the things he says, like how he would be president, have not come to pass and aren't looking likely.

That being said, I think there's a kernel of truth to what he is saying, and I think that he truly believes that he had the experiences that he did. I think the Tesla technology he describes is real and that he had experiences manipulating time at black government sites because of his father's involvement in secretive government offices.

Decide for yourself if you find him credible by listening to an interview with him as he describes his alleged experiences.

Next, let's just take a look at more of the associations of Donald Trump with the number 666, on top of the many listed in *The Great Delusion.*

1.) From the *New York Post:*

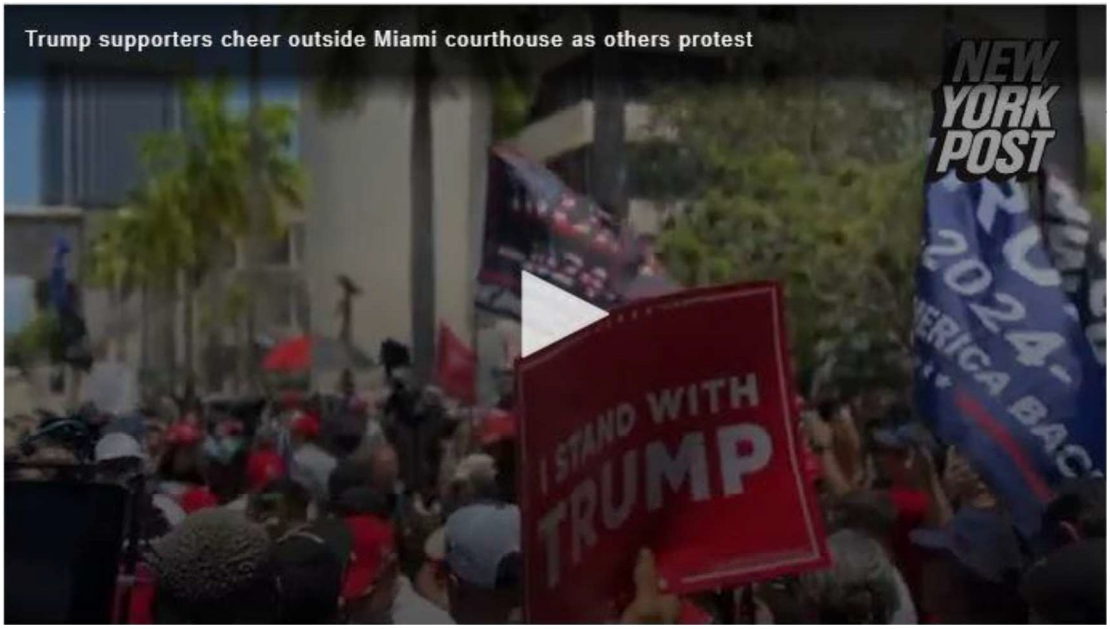
0 0 0. 0 C• 84Com nts)

NEWS

Trump raises ma t11;ta days after federal charges - after $10M in5 days from NV case

By Steven Nelson

June 14, 2023 | 7:42pm | Updated



2.) Trump's grandmother, Elizabeth **Christ** Trump, died on 6/6/66:

Elizabeth Christ Trump

Trump in 1902

orn	Elisabeth Christ October 10, 1880 Kallstadt, Kingdom of Bavaria, German Empire
)ied	June 6, 1966 (aged 85) Manhasset, New York, U.S.

Appendix E - Daniel's Man of Sin

Daniel 7: 25 reads:

> And he will speak against the Most High and wear down the saints of the Highest One, and he **will intend to make alterations in times and in law;** and they will be handed over to him for a time, times, and half a time.

Taken at face value, this verse tells us that the anti-Christ will manipulate the "times and law", or put another way, the "law of time", in order to enact some type of 3.5 year period.

Time and times and half a time is used in Revelation (11:2-3, 12:6 and 13:5) to refer to half of the last seven-year period of man's rule on this earth (the seventieth week of Daniel). "Time" refers to one year, with "times" meaning two years.

Many have speculated about the meaning of this verse, coming from the French instituting a 10-day workweek in 1792 and declaring the year of the French Revolution as "year zero", to the Seventh Day Adventist belief that it refers to the Pope allegedly changing the day of worship from Saturday to Sunday.

Now, here's the thing. All of these interpretations of events that are described in Revelation, like Daniel prophesying here about the last 3.5 years of the tribulation period, that are interpreted through the lens events in the past are incorrect.

Revelation has not happened fully yet, and this Preterist view of Revelation is entirely incorrect. This is an intellectually bankrupt explanation for the prophecy that attempts to water down and weaken the Bible's claim on mankind and the course of history.

It's possible to debunk the Preterist interpretation that Revelation describes past events by simply reading the book. For example, the Great White Throne Judgement certainly has not happened yet, Satan has not been thrown into the lake of fire, the New Jerusalem hasn't floated down out of the heavens, the physical universe hasn't de-materialized, humanity hasn't been judged as a whole, and almost no one has seen the throne of God. Without these events, Revelation can in no way be fulfilled.

Revelation has an interlocking hook structure. but not one that is divided by a thousand years.

So, like Daniel said, these words can only be interpreted as they are unfolding in our present end times.

Daniel 12: 4 reads:

> But you, Daniel, shut up the words, and seal the book until the time of the end.

So, it's plausible that Daniel is referring here to whatever type of technological, occultic, or esoteric magic was used to manipulate time and bring about the conditions for the anti-Christ. The beast, or the people behind him, will seek to "bend the law oftime to their will", in a sense.

What does Daniel mean when he says that the anti-Christ will **"intend to make alterations in times"?** Could the vision being described here be of a Satanic ritual manipulating spacetime in order to birth a Satanic moonchild anti-Christ, in some way capable of or supported by forces capable of exerting their will on time itself?

What Daniel saw disturbed him. Even with his traumatic life of being kidnapped and held captive in Babylon, modern day Mystery Babylon disgusted him so badly he became physically sick from the visions.

Daniel 8: 27:

- And I, Daniel, was overcome and lay sick for some days. Then I rose and went about the king's business, but I was appalled by the vision and did not understand it.

It's impossible to say what Daniel's exact vision was, but there's some good reasons that we will look at next to think that he was talking about our time and even about Donald Trump himself.

Daniel's Vision of the Man of Sin

Next, I will present some information that lays out an even stronger case for Trump being the anti-Christ by looking more into what Daniel had to say about the anti-Christ. Along with Revelation, Daniel provides us the clearest picture in the Bible of what type of person the anti-Christ will be, and specific characteristics to watch out for.

People always overlook that the whole point of the anti-Christ is to deceive Christians. Trump fulfilled this role perfectly, and millions, possibly even billions, of Christians around the world have already or will be led to destruction because of him. False prophets and wolves in sheep's clothing like Franklin Graham give speeches where they say things like. "He did everything wrong politically... And he became President of the United States! **Only God could do that."**

Almost every "conservative Christian" mainstream voice has been seduced and deceived into supporting him and the false light awakening that the Synagogue of Satan organized crime syndicate is staging. *I,* Thessalonians 2: 9:

- The man of sin will come with the power of Satan. He will use every kind of power, including miraculous and wonderful signs. But they will be lies.

If the Bible is true, almost every Christian will completely miss the anti-Christ. Even atheists can see that Trump fits the criteria better than most Christians, who are under his spell of delusion. We've already presented plenty of conclusive evidence that he, by necessity, is the only one who can fill this role. However, I want to add on to our cumulative case by looking very closely at what, exactly, Daniel was trying to say.

Remember that Biblical wisdom is, in part, "determining the meaning of a mysterious dream or vision."

So, let's begin.

- The anti-Christ will be a **political outsider** from the **private sector** with a bad personality who wins an election unexpectedly. Daniel 11:21:

o In his place shall arise a contemptible person **to whom royal majesty has not been given. He shall come in without warning** and obtain the kingdom by flatteries [also given as intrigue or deception].

- The anti-Christ will be involved in **selling real estate.**Daniel 11: 39:

o Those who acknowledge him he shall load with honor. He shall make them rulers over many and **shall divide the land for a price.**

- The anti-Christ will be **obsessed with the concept of fortifying his borders, or a border wall.** Daniel 11: 38:

o He shall **honor the god of fortresses** instead of these.

This is a mysterious phrase without much precedent, and commentaries give differing views on it. While Daniel doesn't use the exact Hebrew word for "wall", chomah, these two words do share similar definitions. This Hebrew word for "wall" can also be defined as "fortress".

2 *wall* of a building:

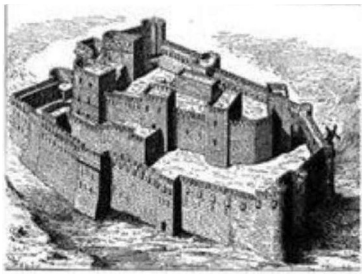
a. citadel, fortress; n' i'VnllY.llN Lamentations 2:7.

The word Daniel used was "maoz". or something like "a means of protection [for a city or country]". Given all that we have seen, I think that Daniel was using the best language he could to describe Trump's obsession with a border wall. This commentary explicitly equates the word "fortress" used here with "wall".

END TIME GOD OF FORTRESSES PROPHECY

To the god of fortresses, words are the bricks in the wall

Posted on March 14, 2010



In Daniel 11:38 there is an interesting portion of the coming prophecy regarding the antichrist: "But instead he will honor a god of fortresses, a god whom his fathers did not

know; he will honor him with gold, silver, costly stones and

- The anti-Christ will take power with a **minority of supporters** in his country, not a majority. Daniel 11: 23:

o He will gain much power. But **only a few people** will support him.

2016 PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION

POPULAR VOTE

- The anti-Christ will **attack the political establishment in an unprecedented way** and will **use his office to gain and distribute wealth.** Daniel 11: 24:

o Without warning, **he will assail the most powerful men in each province and do things his predecessors never did,** either recently or in the distant past; **he will reward them with plunder, spoil and wealth** while devising plots against their strongholds, but only for a time.

UNPRECEDENTED

THE ELECTION THAT CHANGED EVERYTHING

Trump has built a pyramid scheme of public fraud. It's a taxpayer-backed cash grab.

Donald Trump i piilling off a taxpay , -backed cash grab. It's an *orchestrat d, unprecedented d1eme to enrich a pre ident, hi family and hi fl'iend .*

Mindy Finn Opinfon contributor

Published 10.49 am ET Aug 3, 2018 | **Updated 8:08 p.m.** ET **Aug. 6, 2018**

- The anti-Christ will spend much of his time in a **feud with the nation to the south,** but is unable to negotiate a deal. He will visit the border at some point and **will return with a large sum of money.** Daniel 11: 25-28:

o With a large army **he will stir up his strength and courage against the king of the South...** The two kings, with their hearts bent on evil, **will sit at the same table and lie to each other, but to no avail,** because an end will still come at the appointed time. The king of the North **will return to his own country with great wealth,** but his heart will be set against the holy covenant. He will take action against it and then return to his own country.

POLITICS • **DONALD TRUMP**

Here Are All the Times Donald Trump Insulted Mexico

Trump visited the border on April 5th, 2019, and received $1 billion dollars from the Pentagon on April 9th, 2019.

- The anti-Christ will be arrogant and will **often refer to his own greatness or the concept of making something "greater",** bragging more than most others. Daniel 7: 20:

o And about the ten horns [representing kings] that were on its head, and the other horn which came up later and before which three of [the horns] fell, the horn which had eyes and a **mouth that spoke great things and which looked greater than the others.**

- The anti-Christ will **blaspheme God in unheard of ways.** Daniel 11: 36:

o The king will do as he pleases. He will exalt and magnify himself above every god and **will say unheard-of things against the God of gods.**

'Using the Lord's name in vain': Evangelicals chafe at Trump's blasphemy:

- Here's what he would have seen: Trump crowing, "They'll be hit so g--damn hard," while bragging about bombing Islamic State militants. And Trump recounting his warning to a wealthy businessman: "If you don't support me, you're going to be so g--damn poor."

WHITE HOUSE

Using the Lord's name in vain': Evangelicals chafe at Trump's blasphemy

IOEAS • POLITICS

The Blasphemy of Comparing Trump to Jesus Christ

- Around when the Mark of the Beast comes out, the anti-Christ will **use the army to desecrate a church**. Daniel 11: 31:

o **Armed forces will come at his order and profane the sanctuary and fortress**. They will abolish the daily burnt offering and set up the abomination that causes desolation.

I'm a priest. The police forced me off church grounds for Trump's photo op.

- When I arrived in front of St. John's Episcopal Church in Lafayette Square on Monday, bringing granola bars and cases of water, the mood was upbeat. I couldn't have imagined the grotesque scene that would unfold hours later - that the police would shove us out of the way with riot shields, pepper balls and smoke canisters, to clear a path for President Trump.

Milley apologizes for taking part in Trump church walk: 'I should not have been there'

- The nation's top military official has apologized for taking part in President Donald Trump's walk from the White House to St. John's Church for what eventually turned into a controversial photo op after authorities had used pepper balls and smoke canisters to disperse largely peaceful protesters.

- The anti-Christ will deal with rumors from **specifically the northeast of the country** he rules over that will enrage him. Daniel 11: 44:

o **But rumors from the east and from the north** will alarm and disturb him, and he will set out with great fury to destroy and to annihilate many.

Sf P 8, 701/, 4 0 7 PM

Poll: D.C. Hates Trump More Than Twice As Much As Any State Does

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- The anti-Christ will give **"boastful speeches".** Daniel 7: 8:

o This horn had eyes like the eyes of a human being and a mouth that **spoke boastfully.**

THE FIX

Trump's over-the-top, boastful AP interview, annotated

Analysis by Mrcn Sla.!ie
Staff writer

April 24. 2017 at 8:29 a.m. EDT

POLITICS

Trump's boast draws laughter during his United Nations General Assembly speech

PUBLISHED TUE, SEP 2S 2018,12:04 PM EDT UPDATED TUE. SEP 25 2018,6:39 PM EDT

- The anti-Christ will make **deceitful alliances** with nations, but they won't really like him and he will lie to them. Daniel 11: 23:

o Many nations will make agreements with that cruel and hated ruler. But he will lie to them.

- The anti-Christ will be very deceitful and cunning, **obsessed with his own importance,** and will turn on people when they least expect it. Daniel 8: 25:

o This king will be very smart and tricky. He will use his wisdom and lies to be successful. **He will think that he is very important.** He will destroy many people, when they least expect it.

AMERICA

'I'm The Only One That Matters,' Trump Says Of State Dept. Job Vacancies

ovember 3. 2017 • 8:09 AM I

By Bill Chappell

- The anti-Christ's empire will be an **unprecedented military power** with the ability to destroy the whole Earth. Daniel 7: 23:

o Thus he said, The fourth beast shall be the fourth kingdom upon earth, which shall be diverse from all kingdoms, and shall devour the whole earth, and shall tread it down, and break it in pieces.

Trump bragged about new US nuclear weapons, Woodward tape shows

Former president told Washington Post reporter: 'We have stuff that Putin and Xihave never heard about before'

So, what does all this mean? These verses are usually thought of as describing king Antiochus IV, whom we have written about in relation to the "abomination of desolation".

However, these verses could also have a dual meaning. Many parts of the Bible do have a dual meaning and can mean one thing while also prophesying another. This is another possibility - that the verses were written about Antiochus IV, but the Holy Spirit was working through Daniel's prophecies to also describe the anti-Christ perfectly.

However, my personal opinion is that Daniel was seeing our time and these verses do describe the anti Christ, as many commentators agree upon. I believe that he was seeing all of the iniquities and manifold sins of the Synagogue of Satan in our current day and wrote it down as best as he could with the language he had.

The correct interpretation of these verses is this: Daniel was describing Donald Trump. Indeed, the era we are currently in is one of the most important epochs in Biblical history, and much Scripture is extremely relevant and targeted to these current end times.

One thing I think we can all agree on is these verses describe Trump to an uncanny degree, and he fits every Biblical definition of the man of sin, lawlessness, and perdition. As the self-proclaimed "father of the vaccine", he is by necessity the anti-Christ, given that the gene therapy injection is the Mark. That it is, I believe, we swill prove beyond a shadow of a doubt.

There will be another huge false flag attack, and Trump is in on "the plan." The financial system will collapse, and Trump will usher in a digital currency. The catch will be that you have to take the vaccines he loves so much, his "operation warp speed" that he spent $14 billion on, had the military involved in, which he calls "one of the greatest achievements of mankind."

Instead of a rejuvenated, refreshed America, Trump threw his supporters under the bus, and printed somewhere around 80% of all dollars that have ever been g rinted in *one ¥,ear alone*, which led to the, pisastrous inflation we are now experiencing.

Now, don't get me wrong. Even though I recognize all of this truth, I *still like him.* I recognize that he is incredibly charismatic, exceptionally talented at putting on the "anti-hero fighting for the common man" act, and truly just an entertaining, funny guy. However, you have to recognize that this is just an act.

He is infamous for not paying his contractors and delaying indefinitely in court when they sue him, having done this to literally hundreds of different contractors. Only a fool would trust Donald Trump, so don't be one.

He is *not* looking out for you, and he *is* a wolf in sheep's clothing.

So, don't go into the (false) light. Remember that no man can save you, only Jesus Christ. Especially not Donald Trump, "Q", or any other celebrity, preacher, or really anyone else. He had a lot of potential, but in the end, he blew it. He's either a coward, a liar, or both, and either way he's a degenerate and a man of sin and perdition.

I know, he's a likable guy, it's easy to fall for it, and it would be great if he really had our best interests at heart, and those of the country. But he doesn't, he's in on the plan with the Satanists, he spells doom for the country, and it's yet another trap set for us. Don't fall into it.

If you go on YouTube, you'll find that almost all of the mainstream pastors support him. Almost all churches support him. This is *exactly what is predicted in Revelation.* He is the perfect anti-Christ because he deceived all of the Christians. Exactly what he intended to do.

Where There's Smoke, There's a Lake of Fire

Before moving on, let's look at some more "smoke", or evidence that, by itself, might not prove that Trump is the anti-Christ, but taken together as a cumulative case with all of our reasoning, arguments, and works, act as powerful supportive evidence for the thesis.

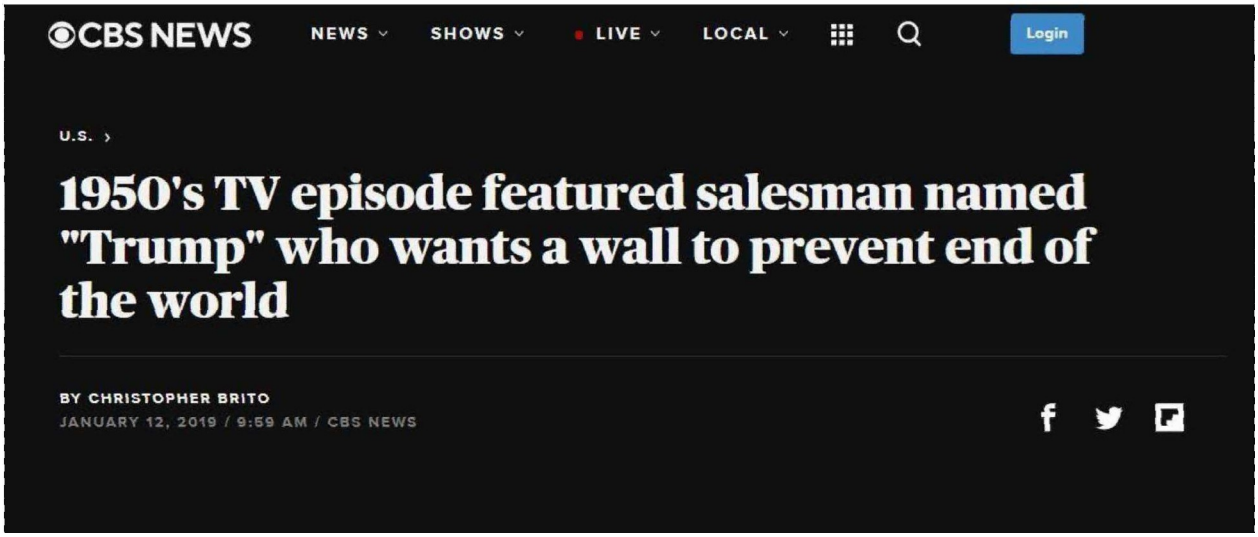
Donald Trump personally bought the estate of John DeLorean, the creator of the infamous car used in Back to the Future as a time machine.

Why is there a DeLorean time machine styled from 'Back to the Future' at LIV Golf's event at Trump Bedminster?

A car styled after the DeLorean DMC-12 made famous by the "Back to the Future" movie franchise might appear to be out of place, but it's actually right at home. The DeLorean has a unique tie to the course that's playing host to the Greg Norman-led and Saudi Arabia-funded series, seeing as the property used to be the home of the vehicle's namesake.

Before he was President of the United States, **Donald Trump bought the 500-plus acre former estate of automaker John Z. DeLorean in 2002,** which at the time was a golf course construction project on the verge of collapse. Trump kept the same plans for the golf course and was purely the money man to lift the project back on its feet, paying $35 million for the property.

Another really weird, incredibly prescient, and predictive connection to television and Hollywood:



As President Trump and Democrats feud over funding for a border wall between the U.S. and Mexico, a clip from the 1950s television series "Trackdown" that captured eerie parallels between the show and reality resurfaced. In the episode titled "The End of the World," a sketchy salesman by the name of Walter Trump pitches the idea of building a giant wall, claiming it would protect townspeople from a catastrophic cosmic event.

In the clip, Walter Trump, who is played by actor Lawrence Dobkin, claims he's the only one who can save the villagers from meteors by building a wall. Nearly everyone believes him, and fear grips the population. Trump threatens to sue Texas Ranger Hoby Gilman (played by Robert Culp), the only person who openly doubts him.

"I am the only one. Trust me. I can build a wall around your homes that nothing will penetrate," said Trump, whom the narrator describes as the "high priest of fraud." "You ask how do you build that wall. You ask, and I'm here to tell you."

Trump eventually dupes the frightened population into forking over cash to start paying for the wall, and some even team up to rob a bank. At the end of the episode, as Trump tries to depart from the town, he's arrested and then shot by a villager he tried to conspire with.

A full version of the episode has also been uploaded to YouTube.

A company called 'Trumpf' makes parts for CERN:

10/11/2022

TRUMPF manufactures core component for particle accelerator for CERN-coordinated I.FAST project

Elaborated pure-copper accelerator component manufactured additively for the first time // Collaboration with the EU-funded I.FAST project to open up accelerators to societal applications// Highest quality for core component of particle accelerators // Green laser shows its advantages with copper // Presentation at Formnext

Ditzingen, Geneva, Frankfurt 10 November 2022- The high-tech company TRUMPF has additively manufactured a core component of future particle accelerators for the first time as part of the EU-funded I.FAST project coordinated by CERN.

Alex Jones said that Trump gained power through,"time space continuum reflections" and that he wished that he never met Trump:

"Part of me, the selfish part, wishes I'd never met Donald Trump, wishes that I'd never met Roger Stone, because unlike previous things I've done that were game-changing, those were just **time-space continuum reflections** of the third big change I was going to be involved in, that was bringing Donald John Trump into awesome," Jones said in the video.

"Just let me say that again, I said awesome, into office," he added, noting his mistake and addressing the film crew.

"Because this is, you guys are asking really good questions, this gonna be a really good thing. But I'm gonna say it again in a minute," Jones continued.

"It's the truth, and I'm just going to say it. That I wish I never would have f***ing metTrump," he said

Sinead O'Connor Believed Donald Trump Was Satan Reincarnated:

HOME » ART & ENTERTAINMENT

Sinead O'Connor Believed Donald Trump Was Satan Reincarnated

Irish singer-songwriter Sinead O'Connor, who ·was known for her powerful, evocative voice and her activism. passed away despairing about "biblical Devil" Donald Trump and the US

Donald Trump's father was close personal friends of Benjamin Netanyahu, and their "pastor" was 33rd degree Scottish Rite Freemason Normal Peale.

Donald J. Trump: Champion of Noahide Law

'During his almost four years in office, Donald Trump has been the greatest supporter of Noahide law in US history.'

While they may seem innocent and even good, the Noahide laws are being set up to be the rule of the Anti-christ. This rule will reach around the world and any Gentile who chooses to pursue Yeshua wil l find themselves breaking the law of the Anti-christ. Beware of the Noahide Laws.

News > World > Americas

Trump mistakenly calls wildfire-ravaged California town of Paradise 'Pleasure'

'What a name,'US president says before he is corrected by crowd

Samuel Osborne • Monday 19 November 2018 11:52 •

[Vintage Ingersoll Trumg Pocket Watch Fob White Rabbit Alice in Wonderland]

71

Vintage Pocket Watch Fob
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I think it's safe to say that the story of Trump has been laid out for us through predictive programming quite clearly. We know from many sources that their preferred methods to subjugate and control a society is to use a "problem, reaction, solution" approach to geopolitical shifts in their favor.

Trump is yet another example of a false flag by the Synagogue of Satan, and perhaps their most harmful yet. Those that follow him put their souls at great risk.

Sovereign Grand Commander of the Scottish Rite Freemasons Albert Pike laid out the following quote over 100 years ago:

> "The Third World War must be fomented by taking advantage of the differences caused by the "agentur" of the "Illuminati" between the political Zionists and the leaders of Islamic World. The war must be conducted in such a way that Islam (the Moslem Arabic World) and political Zionism (the State of Israel) mutually destroy each other.
>
> Meanwhile the other nations, once more divided on this issue will be constrained to fight to the point of complete physical, moral, spiritual and economical exhaustion... We shall unleash the Nihilists and the atheists, and we shall provoke a formidable social cataclysm which in all its horror will show clearly to the nations the effect of absolute atheism, origin of savagery and of the most bloody turmoil.
>
> Then everywhere, the citizens, obliged to defend themselves against the world minority of revolutionaries, will exterminate those destroyers of civilization, and the multitude, disillusioned with christianity, whose deistic spirits will from that moment be without compass or direction, anxious for an ideal, but without knowing where to render its adoration, will receive the true light through the universal manifestation of the pure doctrine of Lucifer, brought finally out in the public view. This manifestation will result from the general reactionary movement which will follow the destruction of Christianity and atheism, both conguered and exterminated at the same time."

In the Collateral Damage paper about 9/11that I cited when covering the Black Eagle Trust, we find a very concise and informative summary of the events of the day. We read:

The Origins of the World Trade Center Attack

Most historians track the history of September 11th to 1998 when Osama Bin Laden declared a fatwa or jihad against the U.S., and the terrorist "Hamburg Group" lead by Mohammed Atta reportedly "offered" it's services to Al Qaeda.

However, the history which defines the motives for the September 11 attacks goes much further back in time. The answers to the questions surrounding the cause of the WTC attack will be found in events going as far 5 back as 1990 and 1991, when the George H.W. Bush was president.

To a very great degree, insight into the activities of that period is cloaked by the Executive Order of George H.W. Bush's son, President George W. Bush, who on November 1, 2001 issued Executive Order 13233. This executive order was intended to balance the public's right to see the records of past presidents with a need to protect national security.

As a result, public records which might have shed light on the activities on 1990 and 1991 remain shielded from public access in the interest of national security and the men and women who support it. Subsequently, this reconstruction of the events from the late 1980s and early 1990s is based on news reports, books and articles.

What the public record suggests is that with the beginning of the first Bush Presidency in 1989, George H.W. Bush initiated a program of covert economic warfare to bring about the collapse of the Soviet Union.

The name of this program appears to be Project Hammer, a previously reported, multi-billion dollar covert operation, 'third world investment program' whose investments remain shielded. This program consisted of four major covert operations including:

1) Theft of the Soviet treasury,

2) Currency destabilization of the Ruble,

3) Funding of the KGB Generals' August 1991 coup against Gorbachev, and

4) Takeover of the key energy and defense industries in the Soviet Union.

The covert securities used to accomplish the original national security objective of ending the Cold War ended up in the vaults of the brokers in the World Trade Center, and were destroyed on September 11, 2001.36 They came due for settlement and clearing on September 12.

The federal Agency investigating these bonds - The Office of Naval Intelligence- was in the section of the Pentagon that was destroyed on September 11. To a key group of senior National Security officials who had participated in the victory of the economic cold war in 1991, the WTC, the Pentagon, the four airliners and their occupants would become 'collateral' damage in the ending of the Cold War.

Their deaths were required to hide the existence of the Black Eagle Trust, and the covert activities it had funded for over SO years. The alternative view of these events suggests that the destruction of these lives and buildings constituted a cover-up of continued lawlessness by a fraternity or brotherhood of businessmen and criminals often referred to as 'the Enterprise' in the 1980s, but has remained in the shadows since.

In one of my other books, I wrote about how fear is contagious and how it can be used by bad actors to manipulate humanity at will:

> From one unthinkable action to another, the Synagogue of Satan organized crime syndicate has manipulated fear to traumatize and terrorize people into following its will. 9/11is the best example of this form of psychological terrorism, in which every camera in the world and more eyes than ever before in history were watching the scene live as the second plane hit.
>
> **To put it simply:** The U.S. government, in the 40s, sos, and 60s, spent an enormous amount of black money on MK Ultra mind control experiments. What they learned is that the only way to control someone's mind is through fear. If you traumatize them enough, you can create a new personality. Of course, those running these experiments already knew that, as occultic secret societies have been doing this for thousands of years. They were just refining their techniques.
>
> Through events like planned wars, state-sponsored terror, false flags, deliberate poverty and starvation, political control, and a media that sticks to the script no matter what, the Synagogue of Satan has been playing humanity for over a century, using fear as both the carrot and the stick.
>
> From the Lusitania, to the Balfour Declaration, to World War II, to the founding of Israel, the invention of the computer, the false dichotomy of Capitalism or Communism ("wouldn't wanna starve like that other guy, would ya?"), through 9/11, and now Covid and the gene therapy injections: it is all connected.
>
> A human soul, at birth, is innocent and pure, and a certain amount of trauma is required to "break" a soul, or snap someone so hard they never fully come back. This was, essentially, the CIA's sinister goal in the MK Ultra program -the ability to completely break down and rebuild the mind itself. Personally, I think they succeeded, but it just doesn't look the way that anyone expected. If the whimper that is the 21st century really is the last days of mankind, it's even more boring and dystopian than the worst predictions foresaw.
>
> **Thesis:** Bad actors are manipulating fear on a global scale. Fear is contagious, and an organism around fear instinctively knows it, affecting their behavior. Humans are made to pass fear onto each other through a series of terroristic actions, controlled governments, manufactured wars, and false flag attacks, and the ripple effects of this fear are used to shape the world into the vision of its ruler - Satan.

So, don't fall for the false light deception. Too many already have thrown their lives away in pursuit of a hopeless trap and deception, and billions of people around the world, no matter how they felt about him politically, were deceived by the pharmakeia that he gave to the world.

The ultimate protege of the Mystery Schools - Donald Trump. The bringer of chaos, which is needed to grow. There's a multitude of deceptions in the world, but those at the very top sold the rest of us out to Satan in exchange for lives of unimaginable wealth and power. That's the truth, and the best we can do for now is try and talk about it.

From the Lusitania to now, there is a thread of mass deception, pushed along by violent acts of state sponsored terror, false flag events, and convenient violence the benefit the few at the expense of the many. The Balfour Declaration and the creation of the State of Israel to usher in the beginning of the end times in 1948 can be seen as powerful motivations for the World War conspiracies.

Donald Trump and the events that will correspond with his return to power will create an unprecedented chaos in the world. This chaos will be the final part of a grand plan of great deception so vast that even the major players in it are unable to see the full scope. From well over 100 years ago, Satan has been working on Earth to trick and ensnare mankind into pre-planned wars and acting out his goals on Earth.

This is the Biblical anti-Christ: right in front of our noses all along. Dismissed as a theory by everyone, a grand deception that ensnared almost the whole world, "all types of people", the perfect anti-Christ who wormed his way inside the church and now speaks for it to praise, applause, and even worship. Most Christians deceived into trusting and "worshipping" a mere man, and an obvious deception at that. Just as the Bible told us, most "conservative Republican Christians" in the end times have fallen hook, line, and sinker for the anti-Christ's deceptions.

Donald Trump is the perfect man of sin, the perfect anti-Christ. The epitome of brash selfishness and arrogance, a man who mistreats others, covets wealth, breaks his vows, and glorifies his own name over God. Trump represents symbolically the perfect Satan - the man in the nice suit offering you all the money and power in the world for one little thing in return.

He is a liar, and has lived his life with dishonesty and self-promotion at all costs as an ethos. His claims of being a Christian are laughable, so the question then becomes of who the real Trump is that hides behind the mask. When it comes off, it will be too late for most.

Despite all of this, Trump has firmly positioned himself as the leader and speaker for the conservative Christian Republicans of America, having fooled tens of millions of people with a false anti-Christ spirit of deception. The perfect delusion for lukewarm Christians in the end times, Trump has fulfilled the prophecies of the Great Falling Away and the mass deception of the church itself in the end times.

God can and does test his people, and there were "good" and "innocent" people alive for the flood and in Sodom and Gomorrah, too. If you think that you are exempt from Biblical judgement and punishment, especially living in the end times, it's time to reframe your expectations.

Be wise as serpents, and do not fall for someone who openly tells you he is a snake.

Until then - stay tuned to the next season of Donny's Pleasure Paradise for more!

May God bless everyone reading.

-Witness 1

More on the "Baron Trump" Ingersoll Lockwood books from Witness 2:

The Last President

I believe that there is enough evidence here for me to say conclusively that Trump is the "man of lawlessness". When praying to God, I received confirmation on this. However, remember, there are many anti-Christs, and Trump could have just been getting things started. While we do think that Trump will return as president, likely after a major calamity or collapse drastically changes the political scene, **he has already fulfilled enough prophecies to be accurately called the anti-Christ.**

Next, let's examine *The Last President,* published in 1896, and *Baron Trump's Marvelous Underground Journey,* published in 1893, both written by Ingersoll Lockwood. These books comprise an extraordinarily prescient or prophetic series of novels and contain coincidences far beyond what any reasonable person would consider to be normal.

After reading through multiple "Baron Trump" conspiracy posts online, I realized that I wanted to delve into the topic for myself. I didn't just want to take anybody's word for it, so I ordered a copy of "1900, or; The Last President" by Ingersoll Lockwood. To be honest, I ordered this because it was only $5 on Amazon versus "Baron Trump's Marvelous Underground Journey", which was about $25. I also felt that this book had an eerie title, and I wanted to see if there was something deeper there.

In the foreword, Tari Warwick writes, "Somewhere along the lines it seems Lockwood went past crafting a short political satire and delved into **something deeper.** Regardless, the semblance of this work to modernity is **uncanny to a frightful degree** - if he was indeed not practicing **some sort of foresight,** he tapped into the same unwittingly" (p.4). This book even includes a "Pence" character in President Bryan's cabinet.

After reading the book, I was completely shocked. The entire time, I honestly kept thinking "this is boring", and I must admit the language made it difficult to get through. I stopped at chapter 5 a few weeks ago, and I did not pick it up until recently. I honestly believe this book is predictive (or even something more) but wait until you read the conclusion for it to really hit you! Here is a summary of each chapter. I saved you the trouble of reading it, but if you are not sure, order a copy for yourself and see if I am on the right track.

Chapter Summaries

Chapter 1: Mr. Bryan is elected president of the United States, and mobs are breaking out in NYC, enraged at perpetual corruption and the way monetary value has been sucked out of them and squandered. "Bryan is elected! Bryan is elected! Our day has come at last. Down with our oppressors! Death to the rich man! Death to the gold bugs! Death to the capitalists! Give us back the money you have ground out of us. Give us back the marrow of our bones which you have used to grease the wheels of your chariots."

On page 7 it states, "The Fifth Avenue Hotel will be the first to feel the fury of the mob." Interesting, Trump's hotel is currently located on 5th Avenue. The chapter basically describes a battle between those who support the president "Bryan" and those who do not, and ultimately, the "city" is saved from the protesters, but the nation is still in turmoil.

Chapter 2: The next chapter transitions to Chicago. Bryan won the election by 24 electoral votes, and he is looked at as a savior and even God to many. It appears that the people finally feel that the rich man will fairly pay for his portion of happiness (p. 11).

Chapter 3: This chapter takes place after the election, nearing inauguration day. While there are still many that oppose and fight against Bryan, he has the love of the "Common People. They "were so dear to Mr. Bryan, and who had made him president in the very face of the prodigious opposition of the rich men, whose coffers had been thrown wide open all to no purpose, and in spite too of the **Satanic** and truly devilish power of that **hell upon earth known as Wall Street** (p. 14)". I think the most important thing to take away from this chapter is how the "common man" feels a deep connection to Bryan, similar to how Trump won.

Chapter 4: At the beginning of Chapter 4, the author notes that there is a strange prophecy that there would be a dawnless day. Well, that prophecy was fulfilled, and on March 4, 1897, the "Dawnless Day" occurred. The President was to announce the selection of his cabinet, and many said that this would ultimately prove that he was a "sell-out", but apparently their apprehensions were misguided. The president chooses a strong cabinet, and most notably, he chooses Lafe **Pence** as secretary of agriculture. His inauguration speech, again, is aimed at the common people, and then he gives out executive order one - the immediate abandonment of the "gold reserve" and the gold and silver standard of the Constitution shall be resumed. People's reactions were of shock, exhaustion, and sheer terror, especially those on Wall Street.

Chapter 5: There are fifty thousand people on the streets of Washington without bread or shelter, and the president establishes camps and reserves rations for these "common people." On page 20 it states, "the first act... was an act repealing the act of 1873... and opening the mints of the United States to the free coinage of silver at the ratio of sixteen to one, with gold." This chapter presciently mentions a bill for the admission of New Mexico and Arizona (interesting!), and a division of Texas into east vs. west. The chapter ends with the "long session" of Congress ending.

Chapter 6: The beginning of this chapter notes somebody wanting to "move the usual adjournment of the holidays" and people are very upset. They are not willing to take a break - there is much to be done. They say there should be no adjournment until they can "emancipate" the Common People. On Washington's birthday, the president makes an address on how great the country is doing- a lovely speech. At the end of the chapter, the president says that he hopes his epitaph will read, "Here lies the friend of the Common People."

Chapter 7: Things start to get out of control, and it states, "There began to be ugly rumors that the government was not able to hold the white metal at a parity with gold." The Common People started to protest, and new taxes were put on the wealthy. Unfortunately, the government was powerless to stop the decline of the dollar. People began to hate the name of "silver".

Chapter 8: In 1899, rioting broke out everywhere, especially in the north, and socialism and anarchism "found willing ears" - that's a little unnerving, isn't it? The South seems to form great power, and they are extremely upset about the tax put on them, especially because the North is much richer. There are cries of treason and the republic is shaken at its foundations. The North then had to start to prepare for a second rebellion. The president was deeply troubled.

Chapter 9: The rebellion had been squandered, but there was a new prophecy that the North, "rich with 100 cites", would rise against the federal government. There would have to be a revolution within a revolution. The North would have to fight or lose its power. (From my understanding, the South seems to be the Common People). The North wanted to separate itself from the union and from its own republic. How long would they have to wait?

Chapter 10: Congress refused to adjourn over the holidays. The entire chapter centers around the final debate between the North and South. At the point the president is pale and seems to be weak. The Speaker of the House says the president must resign. Then, the president speaks, and it seems almost godly- he has everybody back under his power for a moment! Out of nowhere, the capitol is struck by dynamite and destroyed (what a twist!). The republic was dead, and "it had died so peacefully, that the world could not believe the tidings of its passing away" (p. 43).

CREEPY ENDING: "As the dawn broke cold and gray, and its first dim light fell upon that shattered dome glorious even in its ruins, a **single human eye** (the all-seeing illuminati "eye of providence"?) filled with a gleam of devilish joy, looked up at it long and steadily, and then its owner was caught up and lost in the surging mass of humanity that held the Capitol girt round and round" (p. 43).

Conclusion

I must admit that reading this was tough and boring, but the conclusion I am gathering from the book is **that it is all planned.** Perhaps the president has good intentions, and perhaps he does not. Who is to say who is bad in this book? The North or the South? It is interesting that is directly linked to the dichotomy today of the left vs. right. Ultimately, the republic is destroyed, and the "one eye" is pleased in quite the "devilish" way! Perhaps there really is a devilish power controlling the nation?

The lesson from this book is that even if we do all disagree on some major points, we need to unite in some way. They are constantly using this divide and conquer tactic, and it is undoubtedly working.
When they divide us enough, they can crush our union, and then they can truly take over.
Trump causes much controversy, and maybe, just maybe (but probably not), he really is looking out for the welfare of the people, just as President Bryan seems to be.
However, it seems that some more malevolent force has put him into office so that he can ultimately divide the people. Whether or not Bryan is really for the common people in this book is hard to say, but it might be so, and I would say the same is true of Trump. Is he really for the common people, or is he part of the ultimate plan? What is for sure is that the division is the most prominent part of this book: The Common people vs. the Wealthy (does this not sound familiar?)

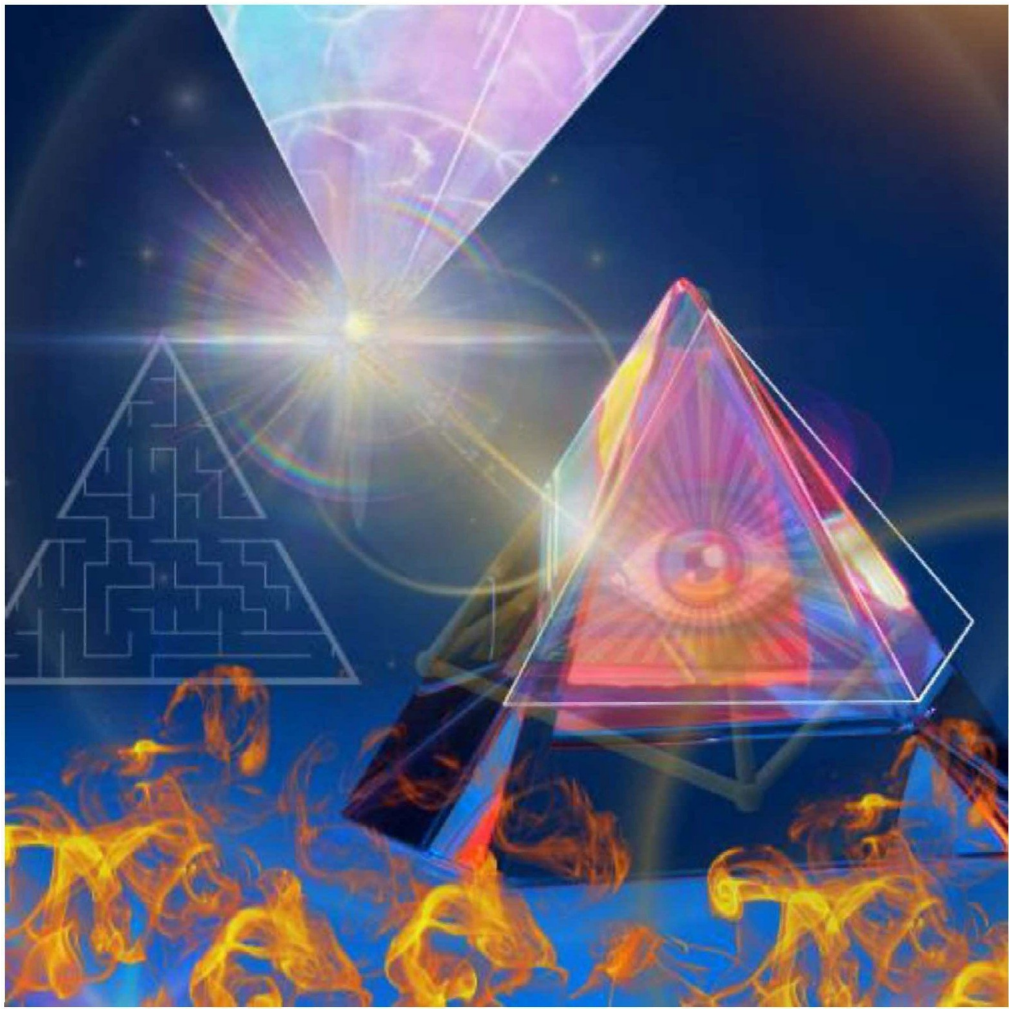
From the Wikipedia article on Lockwood's Baron Trump novels:

> The **Baron Trump novels** are two children's novels written in 1889 and 1893 by American author and lawyer Ingersoll Lockwood. They remained obscure until 2017, when they received media attention for perceived similarities between their protagonist and U.S. President Donald Trump.
>
> Jaime Fuller wrote in *Politico* that Baron Trump is "precocious, restless, and prone to get in trouble." He often mentions his massive brain, and has a personalized insult for most people he meets. Fuller also notes that Baron Trump lives in a building named after himself, "Castle Trump"; while the real-life Donald Trump had lived in Trump Tower for decades.
>
> Furthermore, Donald Trump's youngest son is named Barron Trump.ill Chris Riotta noted in *Newsweek* that Baron Trump's adventures begin in Russia. Riotta also mentioned another book of Lockwood's, *1900; or, The Last President,* in which New York City is riven by protests following the shocking victory of a populist candidate in the 1896 presidential election, who brings on the downfall of the American republic.lfillli

So, what does all this mean? Strange coincidence, some kind of occultic "channeling", time travel, or secret societies revealing their plans in order to alleviate their karmic debt? Something else entirely? If Trump is the anti-Christ, then that means Satan has always known this, and someway, somehow, Satan has manifested information about Trump in various ways throughout history. This novel could be just a coincidence, or it could be something more. The reason I am including it here is because it is so bizarre and mysterious.

Life is boring without mystery, and God glorifies himself through mysteries in order to keep us going, to keep us searching, and to keep us learning. I leave this mystery for the reader to decide for themselves and nothing more. Proverbs 25: 2:

> It is the glory of God to conceal a matter; to search out a matter is the glory of kings.



Appendix F - Rebel with a Cause: How to Take Over the World in Three Days

Jesus Christ conquered the world with a message of Love: without firing a single shot or even writing down a single word. He was, and is, the metaphysical ruler of all creation and heavenly realms, with authority granted by the father. He earned this authority through overcoming significant trials and tests in his life as a human, earning his divine right of reign through his stripes given by us here on Earth.

The Son of God incarnating on Earth - sounds great, what could go wrong, right? Not like he would be betrayed by one of his closest friends, then brutally mocked, beaten, and judicially murdered? Leave it to us to find a way to mess up a good thing.

Yesterday I listened to an audio-Bible version of the Gospel of John:

- https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=l1kQliy-DZU

I highly recommend it to anyone with two hours to spare, as it really gets the message across in an authoritative and authentic way. It's really difficult to deny so many historical eyewitness accounts of the events.

No serious academic historian or scholar of antiquity exists who denies that Jesus existed as a person, had disciples, and was crucified by Pontius Pilate somewhere around the Passover in 33AD.

The concept is ludicrous, with even Wikipedia forced to admit, with four extremely credible and solid sources:

> Virtually all scholars of antiquity and today accept that Jesus was a historical figure, and attempts to deny his historicity have been consistently rejected by the scholarly consensus as a fringe theory. [61[7][8][9][1O]

The arguments about the Gospels being written years after the events are moot, as it's obviously apparent that these events were dictated by John to, most likely, a group of Jewish scribes writing in Hebrew years after the events occurred but when they were well within living memory. This dating of the Gospels, from 40-70 AD, is not disputed, with John's gospel largely accepted as being the last one of the canon completed. Homicide Detective and College Professor J. Warner Wallace writes:

> John's Gospel was written early enough to have been written by the Apostle himself, a man who saw the events firsthand and recorded them within the lifetime of those who would know if he was lying.

Wallace provides numerous credible historical arguments supporting the historicity of John's gospel, such as extremely early historical attestation and references by church elders (Eusebius, Irenaeus, Origen, Jerome), papyrus and document evidence affirming early authorship, accurate historical descriptions and references to places, people, and events, and more. John refers to the Pool of Bethesda as extant, while it was destroyed by the Romans when they sacked Jerusalem between 70-73 AD, fulfilling Jesus's prophecy that the sign of Jonah would be given to the generation that denied him - the destruction of their city 40 prophetic day-years after his judicial murder. This implies an authorship of at or before 70 AD.

The fact that God chose to incarnate in a largely illiterate region speaking a now almost-dead language, Aramaic, is not an argument that debunks Christianity. These events did happen, the people in the Bible were historical figures, and by all accounts, they appear to be giving honest recollections about events that they truly believed happened to them. It is an incredible and unusual distortion of textual criticism norms to attempt to widely discredit the multiple eyewitness accounts given in the Bible. I believe that if the historical figures in the Bible could be resurrected, they would testify in court that they believe they had the experiences they report in the Gospels, and their testimony should be given the same credence as anyone else's - careful scrutiny, but without a good means and motive for lying, why would we assume they were lying? If they're telling the truth and it cost them everything, as it did for Jesus - and there is extremely credible evidence that all 14 disciples and apostles *were* killed for their beliefs, with the exception of John, then why would we assume they aren't telling the truth?

With the Bible largely reduced and watered down by milquetoast pastors and snake-oil salesmen disguised as preachers, Jesus's message has become tarnished and bleached of its original authenticity and power. Churches today have become weak, cowardly, and apathetic - using Jesus's name as some kind of talisman, meant to evoke material wealth and blessings. What we find, instead, is a promise from Jesus that if we follow him, we too - like him, will suffer.

What if Jesus Was Telling the Truth?

That being said, the Gospels paint a compelling and authentic portrait of a disillusioned and dissatisfied young man, in fact, the archetypal portrait of a young rebel. When Jesus went to Jerusalem with his friends, the first thing he did was go to the temple.

Did he pose for a portrait, or place money in the coffers in front of admirers?

No, in fact, John reports that Jesus "fashioned a whip", and started flipping tables and chasing people out.

To put this in a modern context, this would be like your crazy friend telling you: "Watch, bro - I'm gonna go into this bank/courthouse with a baseball bat, smash a bunch of shit up, not take anything, then just walk out- and they won't even arrest me", and then actually doing it.

In fact, John reports that several times Jesus would have been arrested, but used his supernatural powers to simply walk through the crowd undisturbed. John reports that Jesus's first miracle was turning water into wine, to ease his mother's friend's embarrassment at having run out of wine at a wedding in Canaan, a shameful miscalculation in a time when social status depended largely on social gatherings and conspicuous consumption at these special events.

Now, if we were to transpose Jesus to modern-day times, and say he was part of your friend group of 12 people, and this same friend was telling you that "they" were going to kill him and make him horribly suffer and die, you'd probably tell him to *calm down,* right?

You'd be like, "Jesus, bro, you're just being paranoid. No one's trying to kill you." In fact, this is exactly what we find reported in all four Gospels. No one believed that he would be killed, even when he literally predicted the method they would use: a cross.

In most cases you'd be right, that would just be the paranoia talking. But in Jesus' case, it actually happened. Now, here's what really sets Jesus apart from other charismatic figures and "cult leaders" along the lines of Jim Jones and Charles Manson - he did actually *die* for it.

Not only did Jesus literally create the archetype of the "suicidal, incredibly charismatic leader" who would eventually martyr himself for his cause, but he was also the *only one* that actually followed through with his promise, and *was* murdered by systematic power structures within society operating on the corrupt and demagogical whims of the state.

All the other ones just want to cash the checks, and go on to live a life of luxury, with their cheap pleasures and facsimile of satisfaction. There's really no one else like Jesus that really put their money where their mouth is, and gave it all up in the most brutal, horrific, and public way possible.

I'd like to post this old joke, as I think it sums up a decent amount of what I'm getting at:

Pope: "Do you know Jesus?"
Alien: "Oh, Jesus. Great guy. He comes to our planet twice every year."
Pope: "Every year?! It's been about two millennia and we're still waiting for his second coming."
Alien: "Maybe he didn't like your chocolate."
Pope: "Chocolate?"
Alien: "Every time he visits, we gather the best chocolate from each manufacturing plant and give them to him before he leaves. Why, what did you do the first time he came here?"

Haha, no, I mean seriously - what the fuck? How is it possible that this guy came here, claiming to be the Son of God, the Messiah, literally performing miracles in public, and we *crucified* him? The one way to die which we literally tore the heart out of- *cruciare* - which in Latin means to torture, and turned it into the word *excruciating,* and that's what we did to the guy?

Like, this was the one way to die that was so painful the Romans literally named it after their verb "to torture someone to death", and that's what we did to him? And not only that, but we also had to beat him, bludgeon him, mock him, verbally abuse him, put a sharp crown of thick thorns on his head, and to top it all off, put a little signup reading, "King of the Jews"?

What kind of sick fucks would do shit like this?

Is there something wrong with humanity? Jesus literally didn't even do anything wrong except conspicuously heal people on the Sabbath and claim to be the Messiah.

Everyone's a Victim but Jesus

Honestly, in a society where everyone claims to be and wants to be a victim, Jesus gets way too little respect. Everyone suddenly has autism, ADD, depression, anxiety, whatever else you want to say, but they refuse to admit it's because they live in a Satanic, perverted version of a twisted world - exactly what Jesus predicted would happen immediately before his return.

Everyone wants to be oppressed these days. Everyone wants to "fight the man", but in reality, they crave subjugation. Jesus was one of the few characters in history with enough courage and conviction to actually put his life on the line and die for the right to speak truth to power. Of course, his death is also notable for another reason: the extremely credible historical evidence that Jesus rose from the dead three days later.

Now, let's zoom out and look at the big picture: *What if Jesus was telling the truth?*

Is it credible to take Jesus at face value? What would it imply? For one thing, I believe every word in the Bible is literally true.

People want to believe in anything these days: aliens, ghosts, witchcraft, politics, movies and TV, science, or nothing at all - anything, but the Bible.

And I don't know why.

Let's say the Bible is true. It gives us meaning in life. Jesus promises eternal life for all who "eat of his flesh" in John - at the time, they had no idea what he was talking about.

This is the best news of all- there *is* a God that loves us, and we can live forever with him. And people just reject this.

Even better: Jesus already did the hard part for you - the part the other "cult leaders" that mimic him in a sick parody usually tell you to do, by abusing others to bend to their will - *dying* for the belief. He literally laid his life down so you wouldn't have to, when everyone else on this planet seems to want *you* to lay your life for *them.*

John 13 reads:

34 "A new command I give you: Love one another. As I have loved you, so you must love one another. **35** By this everyone will know that you are my disciples, if you love one another."

I **mean, how cool is that? Here we are, 2000 years or so before the Beatles came out with *All You Need is Love,* and Jesus already had it figured out!**

Even better, the Bible is full of credible historical mysteries that people overlook - what really was the *Ark of the Covenant?* Who was King Solomon, and what was in his temple?

So, let's say that God did have a direct line to humanity for the last 6,000 years at least, as the Bible says. He sent his prophets, and they were repeatedly killed and denied by their own people. Then he sent his son, who was also killed.

Let's look at Matthew 21, as it sums it all up nicely:

The Triumphal Entry
As they approached Jerusalem and came to Bethphage on the Mount of Olives, Jesus sent out two disciples, saying to them, "Go into the village ahead of you, and at once you will find a donkey tied there, with her colt beside her. Untie them and bring them to Me. If anyone questions you, tell him that the Lord needs them, and he will send them right away."

So the disciples went and did as Jesus had directed them. They brought the donkey and the colt and laid their cloaks on them, and Jesus sat on them. A massive crowd spread their cloaks on the road, while others cut branches from the trees and spread them on the road.

The crowds that went ahead of Him and those that followed were shouting:
"Hosanna to the Son of David!"
"Blessed is He who comes in the name of the Lord!"
"Hosanna in the highest!"
When Jesus had entered Jerusalem, the whole city was stirred and asked, "Who is this?"
The crowds replied, "This is Jesus, the prophet from Nazareth in Galilee."

Jesus Cleanses the Temple

Then Jesus entered the temple courts and drove out all who were buying and selling there. He overturned the tables of the money changers and the seats of those selling doves. And He declared to them, "It is written: 'My house will be called a house of prayer.' But you are making it 'a den of robbers.'"

The blind and the lame came to Him at the temple, and He healed them. But the chief priests and scribes were indignant when they saw the wonders He performed and the children shouting in the temple courts, "Hosanna to the Son of David!"

"Do you hear what these children are saying?" they asked.
"Yes," Jesus answered. "Have you never read:
'From the mouths of children and infants
You have ordained praise?"
Then He left them and went out of the city to Bethany, where He spent the night.

Jesus' Authority Challenged

When Jesus returned to the temple courts and began to teach, the chief priests and elders of the people came up to Him. "By what authority are You doing these things?" they asked. "And who gave You this authority?"

"I will also ask you one question," Jesus replied, "and if you answer Me, I will tell you by what authority I am doing these things. What was the source of John's baptism? Was it from heaven or from men?"

They deliberated among themselves and said, "If we say, 'From heaven,' He will ask, 'Why then did you not believe him?' But if we say, 'From men,' we are afraid of the people, for they all regard John as a prophet." So they answered, "We do not know."

And Jesus replied, "Neither will I tell you by what authority I am doing these things.

The Parable of the Two Sons

But what do you think? There was a man who had two sons. He went to the first one and said, 'Son, go and work today in the vineyard.'

'I will not,' he replied. But later he changed his mind and went.
Then the man went to the second son and told him the same thing.
'I will, sir,' he said. But he did not go.
Which of the two did the will of his father?"

"The first," they answered.

Jesus said to them, "Truly I tell you, the tax collectors and prostitutes are entering the kingdom of God before you. For John came to you in a righteous way and you did not believe him, but the tax collectors and prostitutes did. And even after you saw this, you did not repent and believe him.

The Parable of the Wicked Tenants

Listen to another parable: There was a landowner who planted a vineyard. He put a wall around it, dug a winepress in it, and built a tower. Then he rented it out to some tenants and went away on a journey.

When the harvest time drew near, he sent his servants to the tenants to collect his share of the fruit. But the tenants seized his servants. They beat one, killed another, and stoned a third. Again, he sent other servants, more than the first group. But the tenants did the same to them. Finally, he sent his son to them. 'They will respect my son,' he said.

But when the tenants saw the son, they said to one another, 'This is the heir. Come, let us kill him and take his inheritance.' So, they seized him and threw him out of the vineyard and killed him.

Therefore, when the owner of the vineyard returns, what will he do to those tenants?"

"He will bring those wretches to a wretched end," they replied, "and will rent out the vineyard to other tenants who will give him his share of the fruit at harvest time."

Jesus said to them, "Have you never read in the Scriptures:
'The stone the builders rejected
has become the cornerstone.
This is from the Lord,
and it is marvelous in our eyes'?

Therefore I tell you that the kingdom of God will be taken away from you and given to a people who will produce its fruit. He who falls on this stone will be broken to pieces, but he on whom it falls will be crushed."

When the chief priests and Pharisees heard His parables, they knew that Jesus was speaking about them. Although they wanted to arrest Him, they were afraid of the crowds, because the people regarded Him as a prophet.

You know, people often overlook John the Baptist when they read the Bible. This was Jesus' cousin, and not only did Jesus give up his life for these beliefs but John did too - he spent his whole life as an ascetic in the wilderness preaching one message - the Messiah has arrived, prepare and make straight the paths for the way of the Lord! John spent his life in the wilderness, eating honey and locusts, and was beheaded by the King for... well, for some reason.

Literally another dude showed up right before and gave up his life too, *just to act as* a *witness to those who would be trying to discern these events in the future.*

And people just throw these arguments out like they're nothing. Anyways, I could go on forever about this. You can too - a*ll you have to do is believe.*

Appendix G - The Narrow Path: Correct Christian Doctrine and Salvation

Witness 1

There is a lot of Christian misinformation out there, and not following the words of the Bible can lead to grave danger and suffering. One thing we always want to do is to make sure that we adhere to the correct doctrine, as it is very pure, simple, beautiful, and perfect. Whenever people add more onto the words of Jesus or the Bible, it is always incorrect.

The Two Witnesses ministry is not only non-denominational, we are **anti-denominational.** Christian denominations are a divisive and distracting tool of the devil meant to divide the body of Christ. Denominations are a foolish way to divide and conquer Christianity that many have fallen for. The obsession with labeling beliefs and adhering to what one particular pastor or person says versus another is a baffling trait that I fail to understand.

That being said, when it comes to doctrine, the early Lutherans and Protestants held the **most correct** view.

These doctrines were summed up and expressed through the *four so/ae,* in which can be found the only true and correct Christian doctrine:

- Sola Scriptura
- Sola Christus
- Sola Fide
- Sola Gratia

The interpretation of these are as follows:

Sola Scriptura: The only written word or book we need is Scripture. Nothing should ever be added to or taken away from the Bible, including non-canonical or Apocryphal literature, although these can be helpful and interesting.

Sola Christus: Only Jesus Christ can save you, no one or nothing else.

Sola Fide: Only faith can save you. The works of your hands are meaningless, and God simply requires faith.

Sola Gratia: Only through God's grace can you be saved. Similar to the doctrine on faith, it is by no work of our own that we are saved, it is merely a gift offered by God that cannot be earned by anything we do.

These "four solae" cover the what, who, why, and how of salvation. There is a commonly added fifth sola, *Soli Dea Gloria,* which means "Glory to God alone", which was targeted specifically at Catholic veneration of Mary and other saints. However, I feel that this one is by necessity included in the *Sola Christus* doctrine and prefer the simplified list of *four solae.*

These four concepts alone, and only them, are what you need to be saved. It's important to stop here, and not add anything onto them, as doing so is incorrect and dangerous. That's why the Bible closes with a stern warning not to add anything to it or take anything out of it.

So, if these are what you need to be saved, then what do you NOT need to do to be saved?

Things that are unnecessary for salvation include:

- Water baptism
- Speaking in tongues
- Tithing
- Good works
- Confession
- Communion
- Going to church
- Healing or performing miracles
- Missionary work
- Consecration
- Dedication

Only through a metaphysical baptism of the Holy Spirit can we be saved. While actions like these are good, helpful, and should be done, they are not necessary for salvation. We would encourage all of the above; however, anyone saying that any of the above actions are necessary for salvation is preaching a false doctrine that is not found in the Bible.

Matthew 12: 37 - "By your words you will be justified"

Romans 10:13 - "All who call on the name of the Lord shall be saved"

Now, those who are baptized in the Holy Spirit will naturally want to do these things, and they will be done by many who are saved. The Holy Spirit baptized will display the fruits of the spirit - love, joy, peace, patience, gentleness, goodness, kindness, and self-control, and they will perform many or all of the above actions purely out of a desire to please God.

However, consider the following scenario:

Someone who knows the Bible but never accepted it is in a shipwreck, alone in a room. They face imminent death, and at the last minute they accept the salvation of Jesus, with no baptism, no witnesses, and nothing at hand except their own mind and choices. This person can be

saved, though they will never be baptized, speak in tongues, confess, witness to another, or anything else.

This is the only correct doctrine, and it's one of the best and most important aspects of Christianity.

Take this thought experiment one step further - this person also suffered horrific injuries that caused them to be unable to see, speak, or use their arms or hands. Purely by thought, through the power contained within the human mind, they can be saved. The brain is a fourth dimensional portal that can instantly allow any human being direct access to salvation, and the Bible is a fourth-dimensional object that facilitates this process. That is because *minds* and the Bible itself are two of the only things found on Earth that can have exact analogues extant in Heaven and the spiritual realm.

So, remember the *four so/ae* -

- Solely Scripture
- Solely Christ
- Solely faith
- Solely grace

Salvation comes from within, and everyone, even a mentally handicapped or uneducated person can be saved. There is no work you can do that will save you - this was the Old Testament, it's what led the Jews astray, and it's no longer God's revelation to humanity. In fact, the old laws never did save anyone, they were rather merely a mirror held up to humanity meant to make us realize that not one single person can be saved through their own works and actions alone. No one alive except Jesus ever fulfilled all ofthe laws, so no one was ever saved by them. Rather, they were a way to make us understand why we need Jesus's sacrifice on the cross.

Galatians 4: 21- "Tell me, you who want to be under the law, are you not aware of what the law says?"

What about those who never heard the Gospel?

Those who never heard the Gospel can still be saved, but they will be judged by their works. This applies to a vanishingly small minority of people alive today, so it's not worth worrying about for us. Almost everyone on Earth has heard the Gospel, including one of the last uncontacted tribes on Earth - the North Sentinelese, who chose to murder in cold blood a missionary coming to evangelize them. This constitutes a rejection ofthe Gospel.

> We find that "the dead" will be judged by their works in Revelation 20:12:
>
> "And I saw the dead, great and small, standing before the throne, and books were opened. Another book was opened, which is the book of life. The dead were judged according to what they had done as recorded in the books."

So, let's recap this. There are those who are "saved", which can be defined as a complex metaphysical change that comes over a person when they accept the truth of Jesus Christ dying for their sins and the Bible as God's revelation to humanity. This group will be granted eternal life no matter what is in their books. These are those who put their faith in the *four solae.*

However, admission to this group is at the sole discretion of Jesus Christ. Although works cannot save you, the best way we know how to enter this group, along with the *four so/ae* doctrine, is simply to care for the poor, the widow, the orphan, etc., as if they were ourselves.

Then there are those who intentionally chose to reject the Gospel. This group will be judged the harshest. It's *possible* that this group will still have a chance of redemption through being judged on their works, but that's not a bet I'd like to take.

Based off a face value reading of the Bible and Jesus's words, it seems most likely that this group faces unconditional damnation no matter what is written in their books and what their actions were on Earth. Those who willfully deny Jesus will be denied before God, and Blasphemy of the Holy Spirit is either a hardened refusal to repent and/or a willful rejection of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Finally, there are those who never heard of the Bible or the Gospel. This group will be judged purely through their works and will be granted eternal life or damnation at the sole discretion of Jesus Christ, the judge of humanity.

So, only the *four solae* can save you unconditionally, but the prudent and wise individual will hedge their bets as much as possible by also following Jesus's words in Matthew 25: "I was hungry and you gave me food, thirsty and you gave me drink, naked and you clothed me, sick and in prison and you came to me."

Don't Fear the Devil

I want to remind everyone reading to not be scared of the devil or demons. The Bible tells us that if we resist the Devil, he will "flee" from us. That's because the devil is just an illusion, a phantom, more like an undercover cop who works for God to trick and entrap people rather than something that can actually do us harm.

As far as we know, all murders, rapes, kidnappings, and other evil actions done on Earth were done by human hands alone. If we are experiencing demonic attacks, we must examine our doctrine and determine whether an error in our doctrines is causing us to be opened up to these attacks. Putting your faith in anything except the *four so/ae* is to stray from the Bible, which can cause God to remove protection from us.

The devil is just a shadow on a wall. Turn on the light, and he will disappear. There is nothing to fear about the devil except his many tricks and traps that are used to convince people to do evil things.

Life on Earth is like a madhouse, or a carnival funhouse with trick mirrors that show us a distorted view of reality. That's why we need to use the *four so/ae* doctrine given above to keep our focus straight and not stray from the things that truly lead to salvation. Do not fall for the devil's snares and do not listen to his whispers in your ears.

Part II: The Debate on Doctrine

So, in our real-life ministry I gave all of that as a sermon. Although Witness 2 predicts that these two ministries will be merged someday, we aren't ready to disclose our true identities yet, for obvious reasons like death threats, extortion attempts, and the government harassing us.

However, that's beside the point. Afterwards, we received an email attempting to discredit my sermon from one of the people who attended it. These are people who still want there to be *more* to it all, for whom the New Testament, faith, and grace is never enough. These people *want* to be justified by their works, as clearly, they never read Galatians 4: 21 or the complete list of Jewish Old Testament laws.

Their doctrine involves a belief that to be saved, you must first meet certain, usually cherry picked Old Testament laws, have good works, observe the Sabbath and feast days, etc. They consider faith in Jesus Christ to be "step two" building on top of "step one" - following the Old Testament laws - and believe that when he said he came "not to abolish the law but to fulfill it", this means that the old law is still in effect today.

So, I will next present my reply to the email I received, slightly edited for brevity and understanding. It presents responses to the common counter-arguments against the doctrine I gave, and contains relevant unedited quotes from the original email to me.

Hi [redacted],

I think the main disagreement here stems from the Old Covenant versus the New Covenant, and what this means. I'm pretty familiar with this argument, as we get a good number of people arguing the same point you are making, and it surprises me because this is really a fundamental part of Christianity. We are no longer Jews, and the old laws, festivals, etc., are no longer required.

Before I get into it, I want to make one point. Claiming to need to follow the law can be dangerous, along with, I believe, incorrect. Remember that as we judge others we will be judged, i.e., the standard we use to judge others will be used to judge us.

So, are you aware of all 613 commonly accepted Jewish laws? Do you follow all of them? If not, you are putting yourself at risk of being judged by them and being found lacking. Remember this verse from Paul in Galatians 4: 21 that I quoted:

> Tell me, you who want to be under the law, are you not aware of what the law says?

Now, all these things I mentioned as technically unnecessary, such as speaking in tongues, baptism, going to church, confessions, etc., are all good things. Like I said, they should be done by believers, and I highly encourage all of them. However, the thought experiment I mentioned about the person who, hypothetically, is trapped in a shipwreck, let's say they even suffered terrible injuries and couldn't speak, can still be saved as a Christian purely through their own mind, which disproves all of them as a requirement for salvation, which is a point you concede.

So, let's delve into this email and let me try and respond to your points. First, I'm wondering if you are familiar with Jesus's parable of the old and new wineskins. This is an often-overlooked parable that is fundamental to understanding who Jesus was and his teachings. He represents in this parable a total divorce and rejection of the Old Testament Jews and their corrupt system which relied upon works to "prove" man's worthiness to God.

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/New_Wine_into_Old_Wineskins

> "He told them this parable: "No one tears a piece out of a new garment to patch an old one. Otherwise, they will have torn the new garment, and the patch from the new will not match the old. And no one pours new wine into old wineskins. Otherwise, the new wine will burst the skins; the wine will run out and the wineskins will be ruined. No, new wine must be poured into new wineskins."

This is the interpretation from Wikipedia:

> The two parables relate to the relationship between Jesus' teaching and traditional Judaism.[2]According to some interpreters, Jesus here "pits his own, new way against the old way of the Pharisees and their scribes."[1]In the early second century, Marcion, founder of Marcionism, used the passage to justify a "total separation between the religion that Jesus and Paul espoused and that of the Hebrew Scriptures."[ill]

So, we find in this parable a "total separation" between Christians and Jews, and this is a fundamental aspect of Christianity itself. As such, given its fundamental nature to Christianity, this is far from the only part of the Bible where we find this concept. Jesus spent much of his time debating the Pharisees on this concept, about healing on the Sabbath, his disciples picking grain on the Sabbath, etc., and much of the Pauline Epistles are devoted to explaining and justifying the total divorce of Christians from the Jews.

So, let's start with a common verse that I feel is misunderstood. When you quote Jesus here, "Jesus said He came to fulfill the law and not to abolish the law. Matthew 5:17", I feel that it actually proves my point.

The definition of "fulfilled" in this sense is "completed". When we say something is "fulfilled", such as "this order has been fulfilled", it means that it is finished, completed, and done. "It is finished". No one would hear "this order has been fulfilled" and take that to mean that it still needs to be done and there is still more work to be done on it. When Jesus says the law is fulfilled through him, he means that it is no longer applicable.

So, all of the other various verses you reference from Jesus and Paul in your email refer to following these new laws given by Jesus, not the Old Testament priestly laws. To say that

because Jesus celebrated a feast day or because Paul still did a sacrifice at the temple means that these are fundamental aspects of Christianity is simply a mischaracterization of the text and selectively misunderstanding verses. It ignores the much greater parts of the text explaining that these are no longer Christian doctrine. If this wasn't true, neither Jesus nor Paul would have faced the crazy level of persecution that they did.

Essentially, I feel that you are adding doctrines on top of that which can't be found in the Bible except through a very non-contextual, biased reading of certain parts while ignoring the rest of the text that disagrees with the Old Testament law being necessary for Christians to follow.

However, we must go further into this. What "law" were they debating the religious power structures about? Jesus, as the ultimate High Priest and sacrifice, is referring to the Priestly Law, that is given in Leviticus. All those complex laws that atheists love to cite to attempt to make the Bible seem absurd weren't actually for the common Jews, they were for the Levite, or priest sector of society. These priestly laws, along with festivals and feast days, are what Jesus is referring to here. No Christian is obligated to celebrate a particular day anymore.

The common people were bound by a set of laws that were based off the Ten Commandments. These were a different set of laws, and no one would say these are no longer applicable. However, Jesus summarized them with his famous two new laws about loving God and our neighbor as ourselves. This is what the Christian must still do (love God and love our Neighbor as ourselves, fulfilling the Ten Commandments), not worry about the Sabbath, not wearing mixed fabric, eating shellfish or pork, or any of the other various Levitical laws.

Like I said, this isn't the first, second, third, or fourth time we've gotten an email from someone who wants to follow and be justified by their works and the law, and it won't be the last. There's nothing wrong with following what you want to follow, but it's not going to save you. Christian doctrine is that only through faith and grace can you be saved, there are no works of your hands you can do that will justify you to God.

So, this part of your email where we fundamentally disagree:

> *That they also needed to put their faith in the final sacrifice of Jesus Christ and not in the blood of bulls and goats. He continues to call himself a Pharisee Acts 23:6 and continues to keep the law but is talking about the place of the law in the process of sanctification. Saying the law is over and you don't need it anymore is like saying you don't need to learn addition but can do algebra because the addition is outdated and irrelevant.*
> *Rather it is a step in the process.*

To put it simply, I just find this to be incorrect doctrine. The old law is not a "step" in becoming a Christian, this is the point of the old and new wineskins parable. Jesus says specifically not to do this, not to put the old law as a patch on a new garment.

Teaching people that in order to be a Christian they must follow the law on top of having faith and trust in Jesus would simply be incorrect doctrine. If you want to personally follow it because it makes you feel fulfilled and Holy, filled with spiritual oil, that's great, but it doesn't

apply to other people. Saying that the law is step one and then faith in Jesus is step two is, plain and simple, incorrect Christian doctrine and preaching it can put souls at risk.

Let me wrap this up by going through some other parts of your email.

You said:

> *These [old Testament laws] are all part of what it means to be a disciple. In heaven, those who have only repented might make it as if barely escaping the fire but they will have no reward. Those who continue in disobedience [by not following the Old Testament laws] will not.*

The way I see it, along with the vast majority of other Christians alive, continuing to preach the necessity and importance of Old Testament laws *is* "disobeying" Jesus. In addition, I don't necessarily agree that the Bible lays out a "tiered" version of heaven, in which we can conclusively say that some will be "greater" or "lesser" than others.

All we know is that the "last will be first, and the first will be last". What exactly this means is up to God, but claiming that it refers to those who followed the Old Testament laws versus those who didn't is a major stretch and leap in logic that I don't believe can be supported by Scripture. **Jesus talks about how we treat others, not which rules we followed.** This part is key.

You said:

> *At the end of the age, all people will be required to go up to Jerusalem for the Feast of Tabernacles and for Sabbaths and new moons. If all those things are irrelevant for our time why would they be commanded at the end of the story? These are all just things I have pondered.*

I'm not sure which verse says this, can you point me to where it says this in the Bible?

You said:

> *I really think we should stick to our focus on Jesus, his blood and sacrifice and his resurrection and the filling of the Holy Spirit rather than trying to give a list of theological viewpoints ... I believe the focus should be on prayer and seeking the Holy Spirit and teaching should come later and in a different setting. It doesn't seem to fit the way the Spirit is moving.*

The reason we started our ministries rather than just going to church is because we are tired of hearing the same old stuff over and over. I think that everyone in these groups understands the concept of Jesus's redemptive blood and the power it has to save us. I find that churches across the planet are exclusively serving milk, and I'm tired of not hearing any meat.

So, since we've given up so much time and put so much energy and effort into this all, we plan on continuing to teach the correct doctrine, which is that works and "the law" can't save you, and never did save anyone. You are correct in that only through Jesus's blood can be saved, but

you can't add anything onto this or it becomes something else. In this case, something like Messianic Judaism.

You said:

> *I did hear a warning about not preaching until the Holy Spirit comes with power and fire... wait on Him and pray with everyone else till the time for preaching comes.*

I'm not really sure if I agree with this. That's a personal choice for you, but I feel that it is the time for preaching correct doctrine. If we are correct, these are the end times, we are wrapping up the Fig Tree generation, and it's the last chance to teach people how to be saved. I am not aware of any commandment to wait to preach until another "Pentecost" happens, or even a verse that indicates that it will happen again. Waiting for something like that just seems like something the Devil would want us to do.

Finally, you said:

> *In Ephesians 6 it doesn't cal/ Satan a shadow and just a trickster but it says we must arm up to escape his flaming arrows . It takes this battle seriously and tells us to duly prepare not to be afraid but to be ready for the conflict.*

On that last topic of the Devil, I agree that we should be wary and cautious about him. He is a real, corporeal being, with great intelligence, cunning, and power to deceive. However, my point was that there's really nothing he can do to Christians to harm us unless we allow him to. He is merely a deception, a shadow on the wall. Assuming God is omnipotent and omniscient, the only logical conclusion is that Satan is more like a tool that God uses to accomplish his purposes, and in fact, this is exactly the type of relationship we find between the two characters in the Book of Job.

So, if we are being attacked, then why? There must be a crack in the armor, like you mentioned. Sometimes it's just unavoidable, and there are humans casting spells or using witchcraft against us, and there's not much we can do except pray about it and trust in God to protect us. Will he? Yes, but only if we are following the correct doctrine. Sometimes, however, God simply wants us to be attacked or to suffer, which is something that does happen, as it helps us grow and become stronger.

So, there is nothing to fear from the Devil. In fact, the greatest tool against him isn't to fear him or his human minions, but rather to simply recognize them as powerless, and to laugh at them. Fearing the Devil only gives him more power.

Remember, not everything has to turn into a debate or be picked apart. Heaven will not be full of critics, but rather people who supported others, and used their words with loving kindness. As we all know, it's really easy to always find something to complain about or argue about, but sometimes it's OK, even the more Christian thing to do, to just keep that to ourselves and support Christian endeavors rather than always trying to find something to disagree about.

That's why I said we are not only non-denominational, we are anti-denominational. I see all of these doctrinal disagreements as a divide and conquer strategy by the Devil that has been quite

successful. Pitting Baptist against Lutheran against Calvinist against (insert denomination here), rather than Christians against the world, trying to love and convert them like it should be, becomes nothing more than infighting and pointless debates that won't even likely be resolved. Then of course there's the issue where these doctrinal changes do actually become salvation issues, like Mormons, Jehovah's Witnesses, and, to a lesser degree, Catholics, but that's a whole different topic.

Alright, I hope this helped and you found this productive and interesting. I'm sure you and [Witness 2] have gone over this before, so there's probably not much here you haven't heard before. However, I don't want to divide the group, and I want you to know that you are always welcome there, and it's OK for people to disagree on things like this. Without good debates once in a while, theology wouldn't be nearly as fun and interesting anyways.

Best wishes to you in the loving name of Jesus

Christ, [Witness 1]

While putting this post together, I received a reply to the email I just presented. This reply contained the following three counter-arguments to my points:

1. Jesus personally revealed a special revelation to them, and them alone, which isn't found in Scripture. This message which, disagrees with me (Witness 1), came personally in the form of a vision to this person and states that the Old Testament laws are still in effect and should be observed.
2. A quote from Zechariah about celebrating the Feast of Tabernacles.
3. The older, Aramaic version of the verse where Jesus talks about the law and prophets is quoted, with no given source, as saying "confirm" rather than "fulfill" the law.

I will now give my response to these three arguments, again slightly edited for brevity and understanding.

Hi [redacted],

I enjoyed your response as well, and I am glad you can take part in a good debate and have a little back and forth dialogue without taking it too personally. I appreciate that, and I'm glad that you still pray and worship with the people who disagree with you.

It's an interesting, and definitely controversial thing that you suggest. As you allude to, almost no Christian would agree with the idea that the old, priestly laws are still valid and should be followed. However, this appeal to consensus doesn't prove anything, I'd easily admit.

That being said, I still think it requires an out of context, selective, and biased reading of the Bible to come out of it with these ideas. Without reading into it, it seems to plainly disagree with you. Galatians 3: 10, for example reads:

> For all who rely on the works of the law are under a curse

Romans 10: 4 reads:

> For Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to everyone who believes.

Romans 3: 28 reads:

> For we maintain that a person is justified by faith apart from the works of the law.

Romans 7: 6:

We have been released from the law so that we serve in the new way of the Spirit, and not in the old way of the written code.

And finally, in 1 Corinthians 9, Paul clarifies explicitly in verse 20 that "I, myself, am not under the law".

So, I'm not sure how a face value reading of the Bible suggests that the law is still valid or in effect. In fact, to suggest that seems to suggest that Christianity as a whole is a deception, and Christians should be practicing a religion more like Messianic Judaism, which layers faith in Jesus on top of following Old Testament laws and observations. Wikipedia lists some of their doctrines as:

- Jesus is the Messiah; views on his divinity vary.
- Messianic Jews believe, with a few exceptions, that Jesus taught and reaffirmed the Torah and that it remains fully in force.

So, for those Messianic Jews who accept Jesus as the Messiah, I think they will still be saved. **However, if you include a belief in "affirming the Torah", it inherently becomes Messianic Judaism and is just technically not "Christianity" anymore.**

Let's get into your three arguments presented in your reply. I don't really find them compelling, and I'll explain why.

So, to begin with point number one, I just don't find special revelations to be Biblical or really that compelling. Anyone can claim to have a vision or message from God, which is why I only trust the Bible. If it's not in the Bible, I don't believe it. I believe that you received that message, but I don't have any reason to believe it any more than Joseph Smith's claim about the angel of Moroni, or the average schizophrenic hearing voices.

It's OK if we disagree, and I don't think there's anything wrong with you, personally, following the old laws that you want to; however, a personal claim to special revelation isn't a solid basis

for a real persuasive argument. It's more like a gnostic or occult claim to have arcane, or hidden, knowledge, which is the basis for the mystery schools. I know you don't believe in these, but this is how they get started. As you know, the word "occult" itself comes from the same root as "occluded", or "hidden".

Now, on to the Zechariah verse. Zechariah 14: 17-19 reads:

> If any of the peoples of the earth do not go up to Jerusalem to worship the King, the Lord Almighty, they will have no rain. If the Egyptian people do not go up and take part, they will have no rain. The Lord[b] will bring on them the plague he inflicts on the nations that do not go up to celebrate the Festival of Tabernacles. This will be the punishment of Egypt and the punishment of all the nations that do not go up to celebrate the Festival of Tabernacles.

Now, when we read this in context, we find that this is actually referring to the Millennial Reign of Christ, and the New Jerusalem. This isn't referring to our time here or what we should be doing on the fallen Earth during this present, post-Messiah but pre-Millennial time.

Immediately before this part, we read in verses 8-9:

> On that day living water will flow out from Jerusalem, half of it east to the Dead Sea and half of it west to the Mediterranean Sea, in summer and in winter.
>
> The Lord will be king over the whole earth. On that day there will be one Lord, and his name the only name.

So, we can clearly see that this is referring to after all of the events in Revelation. Standard Biblical commentaries agree with me. In the *Enduring Word* commentary on verses 17-19, we read:

> *a.* ***Shall go up from year to year to worship the King:*** *Instead of coming to Jerusalem for battle, now the nations come to honor God and to remember His faithfulness to Israel in the wilderness by keeping the* ***Feast of Tabernacles.***
>
> > *i. Jesus told us to go to the ends of the earth with the gospel but* ***in the millennium*** *the earth will come to Jerusalem to worship and honor God.*
>
> *b.* ***Whichever of the families of the earth do not come up to Jerusalem ...on them there will be no rain:*** *God won't make people worship Him* ***during the millennium,*** *but the advantages of worshipping and honoring God will be more evident than ever.*

So, in conclusion on this point it can't be seen as a commandment or even a suggestion that we are to follow these feast days and observations in the current time we live in.

So, the third argument. You don't cite your translation, and when I look can't seem to find a single translation on the Bible Gateway website that uses the word "confirm". The vast majority of them say "fulfill", as that's the standard word used, and the rest use terms like "carry out" or "complete".

So, in these cases, the Strong's Concordance is very helpful, as you know. We can find this word in entry number 4137, for the word "plero6". Any definition of this word will meet the following criteria:

Definition
to make full, to complete
NASB Translation
accomplish (1), accomplished (1), amply supplied (1), approaching (1), complete (1), completed (3), completing (1), elapsed (1), fill (3), filled (16), fills (1), finished (1), fulfill (20), fulfilled (20), fully carry (1), fully come (1), fully preached (1), increasing (1), made complete (2), made full (5), make...full (1), make...complete (1), passed (2), supply (1).

So, I think it's clear what this word means. You'd have to pretty dramatically change the meaning of it to come out with a definition like "confirm", although even that word itself still doesn't necessarily prove your point.

However, I'd like to go one step deeper. Let's look at the full section in context from Matthew 5:

> [17] "Do not think that I have come to abolish the Law or the Prophets; I have not come to abolish them but to fulfill them. [18] For truly I tell you, until heaven and earth disappear, not the smallest letter, not the least stroke of a pen, will by any means disappear from the Law until everything is accomplished. [19]Therefore anyone who sets aside one of the least of these commands and teaches others accordingly will be called least in the kingdom of heaven, but whoever practices and teaches these commands will be called great in the kingdom of heaven. [2] For I tell you that unless your righteousness surpasses that of the Pharisees and the teachers of the law, you will certainly not enter the kingdom of heaven.

So, this is an excellent section and I find it really interesting. What Jesus is referring to, I believe, when he says "these commands" is his new teachings given in this chapter, known as The Beatitudes. Again, typical commentaries and standard interpretations of this section agree with me:

a. ***Whoever therefore breaks one of the least of these commandments:***
*The **commandments** are to be obeyed as explained and fulfilled by Jesus' life and teaching, **not as in the legalistic thinking of the religious authorities of Jesus' day.** For example, sacrifice is commanded by the law, but it was fulfilled in Jesus, so we do not run the danger of being **called least in the kingdom of heaven** by not observing animal sacrifice as detailed in the Law of Moses.*

This commentary describes Jesus fulfilling, or completing the Law, as follows:

- Jesus **fulfilled** the doctrinal teachings of the **Law** and the **Prophets** in that He brought full revelation.
- Jesus **fulfilled** the predictive prophecy of the **Law** and the **Prophets** in that He is the Promised One, showing the reality behind the shadows.
- Jesus **fulfilled** the moral and legal demands of the **Law** and the **Prophets** in that He fully obeyed them and He reinterpreted them in their truth.
- Jesus **fulfilled** the penalty of the **Law** and the **Prophets** for us by His death on the cross, taking the penalty we deserved.

This commentary sums it up by saying, **"The Christian is done with the law as a means of gaining a righteous standing before God."**

So, Matthew 5 is really one of the most important chapters in the whole Bible for Christians, and we must carefully examine it. It's an incredibly profound, unique, and revelatory chapter, which contains within it a greater philosophy than the Vedas, the Buddha, Aristotle, and Plato combined. As a side note, to think that the genius contained within this chapter came from merely an uneducated carpenter seems to baffle the mind with its lack of plausibility and explanatory scope. The Beatitudes tell us how to live incredibly simply and perfectly.

So, I hope this was helpful. I want to sum it all up by saying that it's OK if you don't change your mind, and I'm not trying to attack you or come at you personally. I enjoy a good debate, and writing is something I enjoy as well. Thanks for all your support and I continue to hope you join the meetings and bring your talents and prayers to the group. However, while you can practice what you see fit, the group will continue to teach standard, foundational, and fundamental Christian Theology, not Messianic Judaism.

May God continue to bless you richly in the name of Jesus Christ,

Witness 1

Appendix H - The 1,000 Day Theory: How to Give Your Child Perfect Pitch

Witness 1

My first exposure to the theory that it is possible to intentionally induce perfect pitch abilities in a child came from Rick Beato's YouTube channel, *Everything Music*. He documented and demonstrated an incredible ability in his son, Dylan, to identify any notes that were played, even polychords with up to ten notes, by around age 8. If what he achieved is possible with anyone, then it would revolutionize the field of child psychology as we know it.

Many of his theories were based on the research of Diana Deutsch, Emeritus Professor of Psychology at the University of San Diego. She is well known for her research on auditory illusions, the psychology of music, and absolute or perfect pitch. Much of her research focused on a phenomenon she identified in which speakers of tonal languages, such as Mandarin Chinese, have a far higher percentage of people possessing a perfect pitch ability than other languages, such as English.

Tonal languages are languages where the same word, spoken with a different pitch or inflection, can have multiple meanings. For example, "Ma" in Mandarin can mean "mother", "hemp", "horse", or "scold", depending on what inflection or pitch is used when speaking it. Her research indicates that Mandarin Chinese speakers have a prevalence of perfect pitch ability approximately nine times that of the United States/Europe (1: 1,000 vs. 1: 10,000).

Deutsch's studies have shown that this ability is formed in early childhood, during the approximately 1,000 days when language centers are forming and children have the ability to learn multiple languages without being formally taught, solely through exposure.

As part of her research, she wanted to test *how* children pick up this ability. So, she hooked them up to a non-invasive fMRI scanner, and had English-raised babies sit and interact with Mandarin speakers. She also had another set of English-raised babies exposed to audio and video recordings of Mandarin speakers. When she played back the Mandarin words they were exposed to, she found that only the babies that were around live, in-person Mandarin speakers showed recognition on the fMRI, not the babies that were exposed to audio or video recordings.

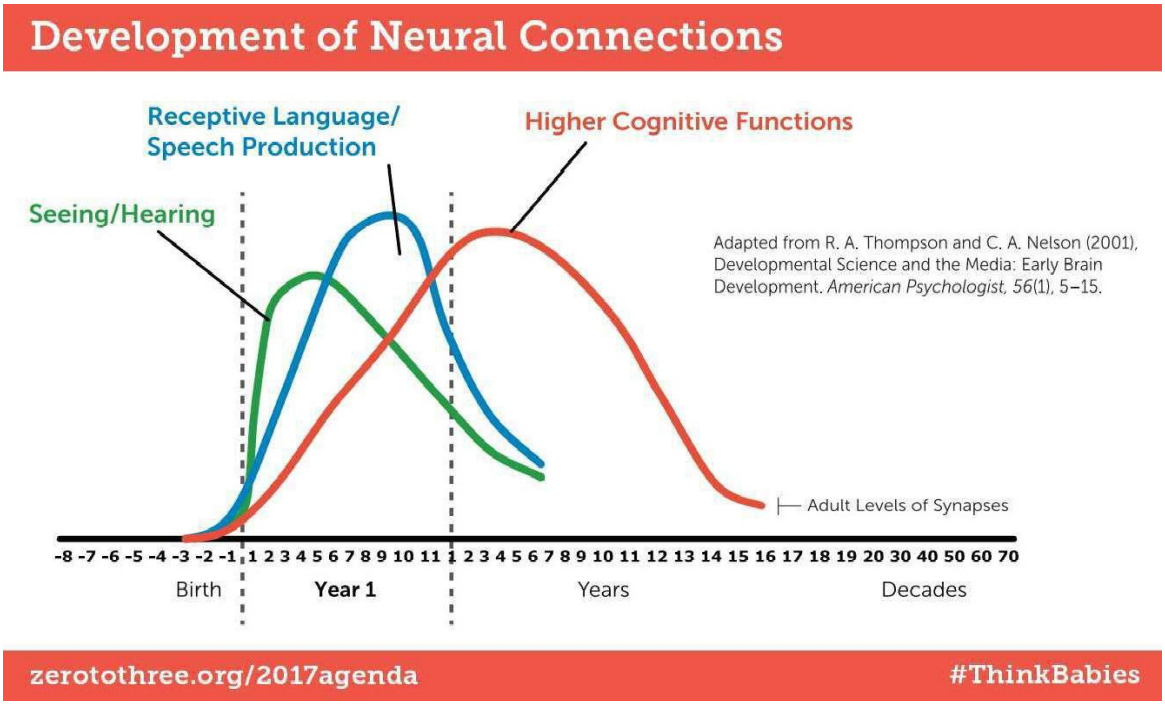
From there, she formulated a so-called "social brain" theory, in which babies only pick up on language and incorporate it into their lexicon through active, social engagement. Essentially, we are not wired to pick up on verbal cues and language from a video or audio recording, as it simply does not register as meaningful or important to the baby. Only a person interacting socially with the child has the ability to impart language skills to them.

Now, this obviously makes inducing a perfect pitch ability in a baby more complicated. It's widely known that the "Mozart effect" has been debunked, and you cannot improve a child's musical ability or intelligence by simply playing classical music for them repetitively.

However, due to Rick Beato's incredible, indeed, astounding and revolutionary success with Dylan, it's clear that there is something to the idea that highly advanced musical skills can be transferred to a child before they are even able to speak or communicate fully. I also utilized the research of Dr. Patricia Kuhl, such as this 2017 lecture on YouTube called *Music and the Baby Brain:*

https:/ /youtu.be/tlQzleOmwEc?si=JAZBKrlliZdhKEdq

Let's look at some information on this theory:


Development of Neural Connections
Receptive Language/
Speech Production
Higher Cognitive Functions
Seeing/Hearing
Adapted from R. A. Thompson and C. A. Nelson (2001), Developmental Science and the Media: Early Brain Development. American Psychologist, 56(1), 5–15.
Adult Levels of Synapses
-8 -7 -6 -5 -4 -3 -2 -1 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 30 40 50 60 70
Birth
Year 1
Years
Decades
zerotothree.org/2017agenda
#ThinkBabies

Source: https://www.zerotothree.org/resource/an-infant-toddler-agenda-for-the-new administration-and-congress/

Early Brain Development Lays the Foundation

A baby's brain architecture forms as connections for important functions such as hearing, language, and cognition peak during the first three years. Early brain development occurs at lightning speed, creating more than one million new neural connections every second. Later, higher-level brain functions will be built on top of these foundational connections like a scaffold. Early experiences influence which connections are reinforced and which fall away unused, and thus whether this important foundation will be strong or fragile. **Early childhood presents both a prime opportunity to positively influence the course of a young child's life and a window of vulnerability for falling behind.**

Relationships Are the Key to Strong Early Development

Relationships with trusted adults, primarily their parents, are central to helping babies navigate early experiences. Within these relationships, young children learn how they are valued and how the world works.

In this graph, we can see the "1,000 days" theory laid out quite well. Now, the exact ranges given here may shift slightly from baby to baby, but generally the research and science is conclusive: **within the first three years of life, childhood synaptogenesis creates neural language center pathways that can never be replaced or reformed later in life.** The important part of this graph, for these purposes, is the "receptive language/speech production" curve.

Think of a babies brain in the first thousand days as like a sponge, stem cell, or as a literary analogy, the ground from which the "toffee tree" grew in the *Chronicles of Narnia* series by C.S. Lewis:

> **Origin**
>
> The toffee tree grew out of a toffee candy that Polly Plummer brought with her into Narnia as the world was being created.
>
> On the first evening of her journey with Digory Kirke to retrieve an apple from the Garden of Youth, they discovered that they had no food with them except Polly's bag of nine toffees. Digory suggested that they eat four toffees each for dinner and plant the ninth, remembering that a lamp post bar thrown onto the ground in Narnia had grown into a full-grown Lamp-post. As Digory predicted, the next morning the candy had grown into a tree and the two children ate its fruit for breakfast.
>
> **This kind of rapid growth was possible following Narnia's creation because the song with which it was called to life still hung in the air. The effect lasted only a few days.**

That last part is the key: this almost-magical ability of babies to learn multiple languages fluently without even consciously trying only lasts a few years, because once the conditions of early life or creation are finished, the door is forever shut and can never be reopened. Essentially, for approximately three years, whatever language you put into a child's brain will take hold, plant roots, and grow up into an extraordinarily complex linguistic tree that is capable of producing its own unique fruits.

So, is music a language? Indeed, music fits all the necessary qualifiers to be accurately called a "language", especially this secondary definition: "a non-verbal method of expression or communication." Music has syntax, structure, follows an agreed-upon format, and conveys information. Hollywood has recognized this, predicting that if humanity were to ever encounter aliens, music would be a way we could communicate through a shared "language".

Harvard University agrees, publishing a study in which they confirm that music does fit all the requirements needed to be called a language, describing it as the "universal language of mankind" in a study that "looks toward unlocking the governing rules of 'musical grammar.'" The study reiterates the extraordinary fact that music, in some form, is found in every society ever observed or studied, and contains "unique codes and patterns which are in fact universally understood... the product of underlying psychological faculties."

One thing is certain: music *does* fit the definition of a "language". Given this fact, it should, therefore, be possible to impart the *musical language* to a child in a manner that will allow them to ***speak it fluently.*** This is the fundamental goal of this experiment.

With this basic recap of the theories involved in mind, let's look at my personal experiments with my son, and what I have done so far to reproduce or emulate Rick Beato's success.

If his success *can* be replicated, proving that it was not merely either a fluke, based on genetics, a lucky happenstance, or otherwise some sort of irreproducible "miracle", then it would turn everything we think we know about child psychology on its head and demonstrate that babies are capable of far more than we give them credit for, revolutionizing the field as we currently understand it.

The truly incredible aspect of this theory is that it could be done to *anyone*. Every single person could have perfect pitch, become a virtuoso, and experience the enhanced cognitive function and prefrontal executive control mentioned by Dr. Kuhl in her study on babies exposed to complex musical patterns vs. a control group who was not.

If we simply coordinated systematically to expose *all* of our infants and babies to this high-information music, the possibilities we could unlock through the way it would enhance the way we think, feel, and perceive the world, as well as tangible benefits like greater memory, reasoning, and computational ability are endless.

A Case Study

When my wife and I first found out she was pregnant in April 2019, we were ecstatic. We both wanted a baby, and were looking forward to raising him in a loving, positive, and healthy environment. We are both fairly academic people, so we were already looking to hopefully impart an above-average intellectual ability into our child.

However, tragedy struck. She began to experience severe pain and was diagnosed with an ectopic pregnancy in May of 2019 that necessitated a singular salpingectomy. Our chances of a successful pregnancy were cut in half, and a consequent miscarriage in December of that year further dashed our hopes of being able to bring a baby to term.

About three months after the miscarriage, around March 2020, she became pregnant again. Our 8-week scan, for the first time, was a success, and the fetus appeared to be implanted successfully. At 11 weeks, however, we thought we again lost the pregnancy when she experienced bleeding and a large blood clot. It was a horrific moment, but when we rushed to the hospital an ultrasound confirmed the fetus was still there, to our immense relief. She was diagnosed with a subchorionic hematoma, the accumulation of blood between the uterine lining and the fetal membrane, a condition that can either resolve itself or end in a naturally terminated pregnancy. She was labeled a high-risk pregnancy, but there was nothing we could do except wait.

On December 31^{5}\ 2020, our son was born after an agonizing 60-hour long labor. He was induced at 38 weeks due to gestational hypertension and was only 5 pounds and 10 ounces when he was born. From the moment he was conceived, he was loved and cherished by us as a miracle baby that we thought we might never have.

Procedures *In Utero*

Now, when I first realized that the pregnancy was likely going to be successful, around a gestational age of 12-15 weeks with no further incidents and uniformly positive ultrasounds, I began preparing for my perfect pitch training. I had first encountered Rick Beato's videos about Dylan in 2018 and was astonished by them. "How much time could I save", I thought, "if I wasn't constantly trying to figure out what notes are what!"

It sounds silly, but any musician will understand. Perfect pitch is, in my eyes, a godlike superpower, and is something that no amount of money can buy. People with perfect pitch describe it as a way to enjoy music on an entirely different level than the rest of us. When they imagine listening to music without it, they often tell us that it must be like a fully colorblind man looking at a painting and trying to comprehend the beauty of it.

It has previously been thought that perfect pitch is simply a random stroke of luck, perhaps genetic, perhaps just based on all the right conditions happening to fall into place, or even just based on miraculous divine providence. The field of child psychology, generally, treats perfect pitch as like an earthquake, a given to happen occasionally, but impossible to predict and based on too many variables and factors to have any chance of telling accurately when and where it will strike. However, rather than remaining a neurological mystery, Beato's success appears to have turned perfect pitch into something quantifiable, demonstrable, and, most importantly, predictable.

There is no way to acquire perfect pitch as an adult. Anyone claiming otherwise is simply trying to sell you a scam product that contains lessons and sounds you can find for free on YouTube. Only during the first few years of life can this ability be acquired.

So, once we hit about 15 weeks, I began my preparations. Hearing first develops at about 20 weeks in utero, so this is the ideal time to begin perfect pitch training. I bought a "belly speaker" from Amazon and began loading an iPod with songs to play. At the time, I mostly just chose songs that I liked along with some complex classical or jazz pieces, and I would play them every night through the speaker into her stomach.

The speaker looked like this and would either rest tucked inside a waistband or just lay there:

Besides this, the only other thing we could do to facilitate his development was to eat as healthy as possible, take prenatal vitamins, and avoid any pharmaceuticals. My wife didn't drink any caffeine or even take Tylenol or Advil during this pregnancy, so he developed completely naturally without any substances or medications involved.

Eventually, this speaker broke, as it wasn't designed to be very durable, and I spent about $60 on a small, round Bluetooth speaker approximately the same size as in the image above. I used it in the same manner, and this speaker has lasted much longer and still works.

High-Information Artists

One of the most important points to understand for this experiment is the concept of "high-information" music. It's not so much classical music, like Beethoven or Mozart, that imparts the necessary information for perfect pitch ability to form, it's *high-information music* (a term coined by Rick Beato.)

The best way to describe high-information music is fast paced free-form jazz with a lot of complex and chromatic scale runs, shifting key centers, and complex polyrhythms. Now, there are only a handful of people in the world who can play music like this with a lot of content available. Some of the best ones I have found are:

- **Aydin Esen**

Aydin Esen is a Turkish composer who plays extremely unique music, often based around jazz improvisations. He and Rick Beato are friends, which is how I was introduced to his music. If you slow down the fastest parts of his improvs and attempt to count the notes, it appears that he is playing approximately 15 notes per second, or close to 1,000 notes per minute. This is the type of music that is necessary to impart a perfect pitch ability, and the other primary high-information players listed here, at their fastest, play at around the same speed.

Aydin's music is extremely unusual and unique, falling well outside the bounds of traditional music theory. His style of free-form jazz is so chaotic that those who aren't familiar with it would find it jarring, grating even. Only people with a unique appreciation of the immense skill required to play this way, especially while improvising, can understand why one would want to listen to his music.

- **Hiromi Uehara**

Hiromi Uehara is a Japanese jazz pianist who plays extraordinarily fast and complex music. While hers is slightly less chaotic than Aydin's, it still falls well outside the range oftraditional music and would be categorized as free-form, chromatic jazz. Hiromi is considered to be one of the most virtuosic piano players to have ever lived and writes strikingly powerful and unique music with a bend of complex yet emotive chords, immensely powerful scale runs, and pounding polyrhythms featuring complicated syncopated jazz beats.

- **Oscar Peterson/Joe Pass**

Oscar Peterson is widely recognized as a pioneer of this type of virtuosic, extremely fast jazz music, and is one of Uehara's primary influences. His partnership with jazz guitarist Joe Pass produced some extremely high-quality music, and his style of playing is exuberant and highly emotive.

Joe Pass is probably the fastest and most talented guitar player in the jazz genre. While I do expose him to more typical "shred" guitarists, discussed later, they don't demonstrate the chromatic jazz style that is ideal for perfect pitch training. Together, they were a dynamic and talented duo who played both solo as well as alongside various drummers, bassists, and singers throughout their long careers.

Essentially, what makes these artist's music perfect for this experiment is that they are always playing notes you wouldn't expect. From chromatic runs, to shifting tonal centers, to shockingly out of key notes, to simply slamming the keyboard with an open palm, these players demonstrate not only unique musical ability but the means to constantly keep a baby's attention on the music by playing notes that they aren't expecting to hear next.

Diana Deutsch points out in her research that this is one of the failures of the "Mozart effect." Classical music, while virtuosic in its own right, lacks the ability to hold a baby's interest, as it quickly fades into background noise. This type of high-information jazz, on the other hand, consistently triggers a confusion response and desire to listen, which re-activates the "social brain" that is fundamental to imparting a perfect pitch ability.

This is described as "active listening". Perfect pitch is found more predominantly in children raised in families who engage in *active listening,* such as attending concerts, being in the same room as music being played live, or even just sitting and listening to an album without any other distractions.

While I also incorporate what I would call a "saturation theory" of music training with my son, described in more detail later, that is absolutely not a substitute for active listening and musical practices that engage the child's social brain. Without that, there will be no extra musical ability formed, as "passive listening" does not facilitate synaptogenesis in the same way that active listening does. Without a person like a parent demonstrating the importance of paying attention to musical sounds, the baby simply does not consider the sounds worth paying special attention to ("active listening"), and thus, the sounds will not translate into a perfect pitch ability.

Along with the above three primary musicians, I also expose him to a wide range of further high information musicians:

- Chick Corea
- Rachmaninoff
- Miles Davis
- Herbie Hancock
- John Coltrane
- Erroll Garner
- McCoy Turner
- Duke Ellington
- Thelonious Monk
- Franz Liszt
- Chopin
- Cory Henry/Snarky Puppy
- Martha Argerich
- Valentina Lisitsa
- J.S. Bach
- Debussy

Along with these legendary musicians, mainly jazz artists with some high-information classical composers and performers as well, I also expose him to a wide variety of guitar virtuosos. Since much of my focus when learning music was on the guitar, I would consider it my primary instrument, and thus, I hope to incorporate it strongly into his musical repertoire.

Some of the primary guitarists I expose my son to are:

- Eddie Van Halen
- John Petrucci
- Steve Vai
- Yngwie Malmsteen
- Eric Johnson
- Buckethead
- Jimmy Page

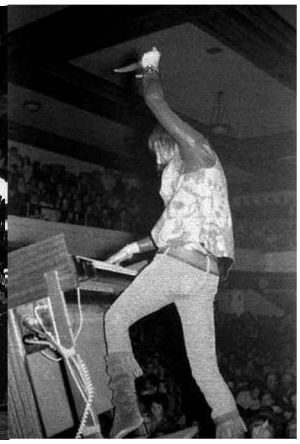
As you can see, some of the guitarists who often top lists of "the greatest guitarists ever", like Jimi Hendrix and Eric Clapton, are not on this list. That's because, while their songwriting skills are excellent and their playing is highly emotive, they just don't play the type of fast paced, high-information music with the complexity and uniqueness I am looking for.

I also expose him to what I consider to be virtuosic bands playing live performances. Bands like Emerson, Lake & Palmer play music the likes of which you just don't hear anymore, and Keith Emerson's antics, such as his "flying piano", working the patch bays on his full-size modular Moog synthesizer, or pulling his Hammond organ over on himself and playing it upside down then riding it like a horse while stabbing it with a Bowie knife, are excellent at capturing his attention.

Led Zeppelin live is always a good choice, Van Halen is one of my personal favorites, The Who, and bands like Lynyrd Skynyrd put on some captivating and talented guitar performances. Classic viral internet legends like DragonForce ("Through the Fire and the Flames") and "Canon Rock" by JerryC/funtwo are good choices that exemplify various other videos I also show to him.

Of course, beyond the artists given here, there are many songs that he hears regularly by other musicians. I will detail my process of building his playlists next, but it's important to remember that while these artists provide a good starting point, there are many, many more out there who also play high-information music, and exposing the child to as many players and songs as possible is critical.

Last week we told you about ELP's revolving piano — well, here before your very eyes is Keith Emerson, suspended in mid-air — and still playing!



Procedures

All that being said, let's take a look at the exact procedures I have been following with my son. Ever since he was born, I have used various speakers in his bassinet, crib, or whatever chair he was sitting in whenever possible, including all night long, every night. My goal is to combine active listening with musical saturation, as it is obviously impossible to sit with a child performing active listening activities 24 hours a day. This *saturation theory* is a complimentary theory to the "social brain" or "active listening" theory, in which the 12 musical tones can be understood as "buckets" that must be continuously filled up, combined with giving the child their names, in order to facilitate future recognition of the notes.

From a neurological perspective, our widespread inability to accurately name notes is almost as much of a mystery as perfect pitch itself, if not even more so. Our auditory cortex processes sound in a similar manner to various brain regions that perceive different frequencies of light as color, and yet, no one has trouble naming a certain color as "red" or "green". Theoretically, there is no good reason why this auditory processing center should *not* be able to identify pitches as accurately and intuitively as our brain does with colors, and yet, it simply does not.

My goal, then, was to get him as close as possible to musical saturation 24 hours a day, in order to give him the best possible chance of acquiring perfect pitch. While passive listening may not provide the same explosive ability to impart musical ability as active listening, my theory is that it will still play a substantial supportive role.

Along with high-information music, I frequently use several hour-long musical utility pieces. These are in the form of either "perfect pitch training" pieces or "interval training" pieces. A perfect pitch training song will cycle through all the notes, either chromatically or by using the circle of fifths. It consists of merely the same note played over and over, using different instruments and timbres, with a voice speaking the notes overlaid on top of the sounds. Typically, each note is played for one minute, leading to a twelve-minute cycle repeated five times during an hour-long video. Interval training songs consist of someone playing through the various intervals on either a piano or on a synthesizer, again with a voice speaking the interval being played. These interval training videos are, as well, typically an hour long.

These videos can be looped or played on repeat overnight, while he is playing in his crib, or any other time, even if it's just for a few minutes. I consider them a fundamental part of his music training that is secondary in importance only to the high-information music. I utilize several examples of each to present as wide a variety as possible of intervals and note sounds.

Next, I will discuss the music that I have built up for my son, consisting of several playlists on an iPod. did this by using a YouTube to Mp3 website that allows a user to turn YouTube videos into downloadable song files. I spent approximately 30 hours doing this, scrolling through different search queries and playlists to find what I considered to be the right songs for this experiment.

The first two playlists I created are called "High information loud" and "High information quiet". separated, as well as I could, the quiet songs and the loud songs, as the primary downside to acquiring music from YouTube is the great variability between song volumes. I used the volume equalizer in iTunes to manually adjust the worst offenders, but it is still a minor issue.

These two playlists are about 12 hours each, containing a wide variety of high-information music. I then combined what I considered to be the best, most effective songs from each, along with about 6 hours of new music that isn't in either of the first two, into another playlist, "High information 3", which is about another 12 hours of music. My last high-information playlist is about 10 hours long, called "Hiromi and Aydin", as I consider these two musicians to be the most effective and important ones for him to hear. This is, overall, the best playlist I have, as it contains the best of the other three playlists along with some new music that isn't in the others. In total, I have around 40 hours of high-information music on my son's iPod.

I also have several other playlists. I have a playlist that is just normal music that I like, containing songs by Radiohead, the Beatles, Van Halen etc., with a focus on virtuosic but still commercial songs. Some of the main differences between high-information music and commercial music, besides the obvious, are that high-information songs tend to be longer, on average close to ten minutes, and are often played live or taken from live performances, which largely leads to the volume variability issue.

On top of this, I have several playlists containing different combinations of the various musical utility perfect pitch and interval training songs. Less frequently, I use a playlist of original songs I have produced in Ableton, containing about 150 songs. I consider these songs to also be high-information music, as I make fairly complex music using arpeggiators and other MIDI techniques to produce music containing a lot of notes. I have a playlist of my wife and I singing together while I play music, and a playlist of mainly spoken-word "music theory" videos that I play infrequently.

Finally, I have a playlist titled "long", which contains whole albums, some 1-hour+ live Skrillex concerts, and some songs like "Shine on You Crazy Diamond", "Take a Pebble", and "1812 Overture", but I don't use any of these playlists nearly as much as the high-information or musical utility playlists.

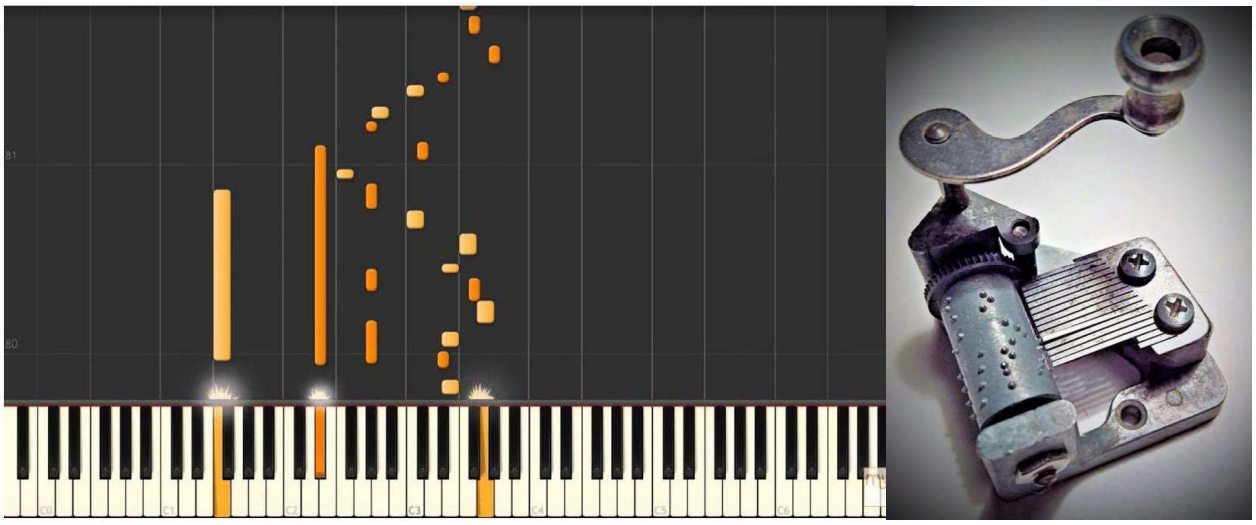
I have several other devices that I use for my son, namely a phone, tablet, and laptop dedicated solely to his usage. I use the phone to play music during the day, as I can transport it and use it in more locations than the iPod. I am very careful with the iPod, as it would be extremely difficult to replace it - one of the main weak points in my strategy if it were to ever break. However, this could be overcome with money and time if necessary. The tablet is older and has issues with running YouTube, so I use it when he sits at the piano because it won't matter very much if he drops it (he never has yet though). Finally, I have a separate, older, laptop for his use while he is in his highchair. I purchased a YouTube Premium subscription for about $12 a month so that he can listen to hours upon hours of YouTube music without being interrupted by ads which frequently pause the videos until someone skips them.

For the first 18 months of my son's life, he was exposed to almost no screens. It's fairly obvious that screentime, television, and movies are not conducive to raising an above-average intelligence child. However, once in a while, I would play something like a live Led Zeppelin concert while he ate. Now that he is older, more able to focus on videos for longer periods, and out of the critical early stages where I avoided screentime, I do incorporate the laptop into his routine.

As part of this training, I plan on following another of Rick Beato's techniques, in which he recorded a small piece of music in each key, both major and minor, which would result in 24 small songs. He then added a vocal track speaking the key/tonic and brought these songs into what looks like a PowerPoint file with a slide containing the key on screen.

For example, take C#m. I plan on recording a small piece playing the C#m chord arpeggiated up and down the piano keyboard along with playing and speaking each note in the triad. I will then play a small, improvised piece using some classic C#m accompanying chords, like A and B. Then, I will overlay myself speaking, "C sharp minor", and repeat that throughout the track. I could also add a small guitar solo, percussion instruments, or a little synth riff to add some color. I will then take the completed track into PowerPoint. For me, a C#m chord is a beautiful, vibrant mixture of aquamarine, red, and golden brown (C#-E-G#). I will make the background this color and have a large "C#m" overlaid on the screen, and regularly show these 24 videos to my son.

Primarily, when I use the laptop during his meals, it is in the form of MIDI rolls, often called "synesthesia tutorials" (after a common software used to produce this type of visual information). A YouTube channel called "mysheetmusictranscriptions" has a playlist containing over 800 jazz classics laid out in MIDI roll format, such as this:



There Will Never Be Another You - jazz piano solo Synthesia tutorial

Scrolling MIDI roll compared to the mechanism inside of a music box.

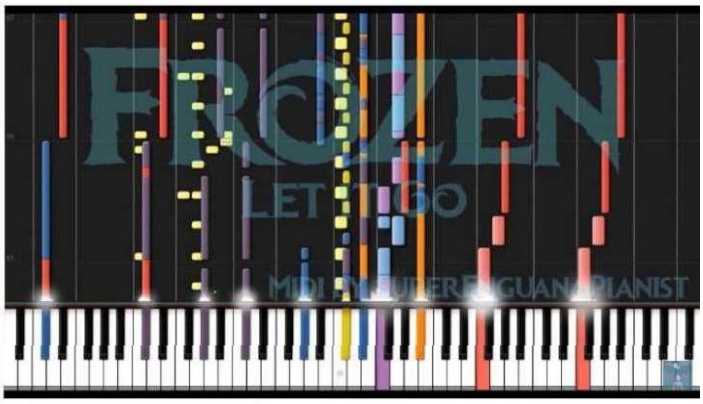
He will sit there very attentively and watch this *player piano or music box* type MIDI roll scroll by for quite some time, up to about an hour. It remains to be seen, but I imagine that this will be an effective way for him to engage in active listening and associate notes with the corresponding keys on a keyboard.

Along with this, we watch videos of the artists I mentioned above, especially live shows or people playing instruments, and occasionally the perfect pitch videos so he begins associating the notes with the actual letters for each. In an attempt to keep him in active, rather than passive listening mode, if he appears to be getting bored of the midi rolls or whatever video he is watching, I will switch it up to something different and more exciting. For example, if he starts zoning out or not watching the MIDI roll, I can switch over to something like a Dream Theater concert video with a compilation of John Petrucci's best solos, and the contrast and energy difference will cause him to snap back to attention, thus reengaging the social brain. Of course, I try to watch *with* him, in a way that will demonstrate to him that I find these videos to be important and worth paying attention to, such as bending down to watch with him at eye level, talking to him about the videos, humming or singing along, clapping my hands in rhythm, or using his hands or feet to drum along to the song.

I am also engaging in two song studies with my son: *Let it Go* from *Frozen,* and Pachelbel's Canon. He watched Frozen and seemed to enjoy it, so once in a while I will spend his morning breakfast hour studying this song. Typically, I might do something like this:

1. Watch the official Let it Go video with subtitles:

2. Watch a MIDI roll version of the song:



FROZEN - Let it Go Synthesia (FULL MIDI)

3. Watch a video of me playing along with the song on guitar, pointing out that "Dada" is in the video:

4. Watch a series of covers of the song with a wide range of creative styles:

5. Watch someone playing the song on live piano:

6. Watch a different MIDI roll version, sometimes back to the first MIDI roll video, or this type of "live hands" MIDI roll video:

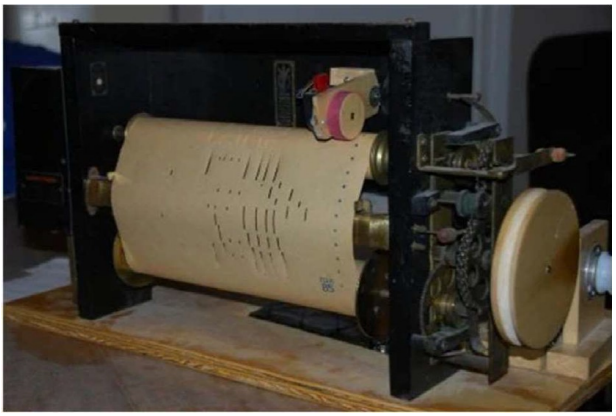
7. Watch a live-action performance of the song from a theater version of Frozen:

8. **Watch a series of other versions, like an orchestral cover or a fingerstyle acoustic version:**

9. **Watch a scrolling musical notation version:**

I think you get the point. For Pachelbel's Canon, I do the same thing - I have everything from MIDI scrolling the screen in front ofthe musicians, to esoteric music visualization videos, to any type of cover or interpretation you can imagine.

When he is old enough, these will be the first two songs I will teach to him, as both are excellent "archetypal" songs that contain within them much of modern music theory and songwriting techniques. Hopefully, being exposed to so many different versions of the songs will enhance his subconscious comprehension and appreciation of them.



My son during one of his meals watching a MIDI roll of Rachmaninoff's Piano Concerto No. 3, one of his favorite composers. Compare the modern MIDI roll with the mechanism inside of a player piano.

Now, besides his mealtimes, where he is exposed to the laptop watching either MIDI rolls, live performances, virtuosic guitar like a live version of Eruption, these two song studies, or any other various music I can think of, let's cover what else I do.

Currently, I work as a copywriter, and spend about 5 hours a week writing SEO articles. While I do that, I like to sit in the living room while he sits or stands on the piano bench. Often, I will put his tablet up on the piano, with the jazz MIDI rolls or perfect pitch training videos playing. He will fiddle around while watching them, getting a feel for the keyboard and what keys make what sounds.

Before he was born, I bought him a cheap but functional 60-key Yamaha synthesizer, and this is always sitting in our room for him to play. For his crib time, I bought the following musical toys for him:

- Toy electric piano
- Toy electric keyboard
- Xylophone
- Toy guitar
- Non-stringed toy guitar (played like a percussion instrument)
- Small yellow square with 8 buttons that play the notes of a C major scale
- Recorder (this is a favorite of his)
- Xylophone-containing "piano" with four keys

Any time he is in his crib, there is music playing and he has access to these musical toys.

A typical day for my son might look something like this. Green means he is exposed to music, while yellow is time without music exposure:

9 AM: Wake up.

9 AM -10 AM: Breakfast, laptop music videos.

10 AM -11:30 AM: Sit at the piano, free play with background music on, I am doing chores or writing.

11:30 AM -12 PM: Outside time with music playing on a Bluetooth speaker.

12 PM - 2:30 PM: Nap time or playing in his crib, music on.

2:30 PM - 3:30 PM: I am cooking dinner, often in his highchair watching more laptop music videos, maybe free play around the house, music always on.

3:30 PM - 4 PM: Mom comes home. Dinner, no music.

4 PM - 4:30 PM: I am cleaning the kitchen, music on. Often perfect pitch training, maybe some ABC **ideos.**

4:30 PM - 5: 30 PM: We take a walk, mom plays with him, do "school time" learning ABCs etc. No music.

5:30 PM - 7 PM: He goes back in his crib, drinks milk, plays with toys. Music on.

7 PM - 7: 30 PM: Reading time, maybe watch an educational video, no music.

7:30 PM - 9 AM: Bedtime, music on all night.

So, if we add this up, and keep in mind that this is just an idealized day and I often try to squeeze in a little extra music training in even during the non-music exposure times, he is exposed to music, on average, a total of 22 out of 24 hours a day.

However, the majority of this time is not active listening, especially for the 12+ hours he sleeps every night. Therefore, it's important to try to make it as active as possible. For example, if he is listening to a perfect pitch training video while I clean the kitchen, I can turn passive listening into active listening by simply humming the pitch he is hearing, making eye contact, and asking him what note it is. Likewise, I often clap my hands or "drum" and clap using his hands or feet, as this kind of rhythm training is a well attested method to impart musical skills in a fun and accessible way to a child.

This type of "total saturation" music training is an intriguing and unexplored concept. My son has had music on while he sleeps for his entire life, and even in the womb, so for him it is as natural as silence is for the rest of us. He certainly enjoys it and visibly relaxes when I put it on. However, there have been a few nights in his life where we were traveling and didn't have the music with us, and he was still able to fall asleep fine without it. I try to keep the music at night loud enough that it can be heard when the door is closed, so it is clearly audible. At first, I used the small Bluetooth speaker, but transitioned shortly afterwards to a nicer set of speakers with stereo tweeters and a decently powerful subwoofer so he can hear the full frequency spectrum.

I haven't been able to expose him to my guitar playing as much as I would like to, as he has a natural tendency to want to get close and touch the strings. Likewise, my wife and I don't play live music as much as we used to, for a variety of reasons. Both are two things I hope to expose him to more in the future.

Overall, my goal is to continue to facilitate active listening as much as possible with him. Whether that comes in the form of singing along, dancing, clapping, drumming his hands and feet, playing instruments in front of him, watching the laptop, playing the piano, or laying on the floor playing his keyboard together, I intend to keep up what I am doing and hopefully take it to the next level as soon as we are able to communicate more effectively. Next, we will discuss specifics about his personality and how he is being raised.

The Nicest Baby That Ever Lived

Ever since he was born, my son has had an extremely pleasant and mild-mannered personality. Throughout his entire life, there hasn't been even one night where he was unable to sleep or threw a tantrum before bed. Throughout two whole house moves and multiple drives for up to 8 hours, he never complained or cried excessively. Wherever we go, people compliment us on how calm, quiet, and nice he is.

In fact, we have even woken him up several times after a few hours of sleep to go on a drive for my wife's night photography and he is able to simply go right back to sleep afterwards with no crying or issues. Given his adaptation to sleeping with noise, I never have to worry about going in the room and waking him up, as he sleeps incredibly soundly for a baby.

I don't know if any of this has to do with the music training, but it's certainly possible. He has never been seriously sick, and besides a few runny noses has always been in perfect health. When he has had a slight cold, it didn't seem to bother him at all, and he went to sleep, like usual, with no fuss. In fact, he seems to look forward to bedtime every night, and is generally excited to go in his crib.

We have raised him in as natural a manner as possible and have administered no medications or other pharmaceutical products to him. Besides some initial follow-up appointments after his birth, he hasn't been to any doctor's offices. We allow him to be a kid, to play in the dirt, etc. When he falls, he gets right back up and never makes a fuss. His health and attitude are seemingly perfect.

Nutrition

I took my son's nutrition very seriously. Starting at about 5-6 months old, I began feeding him what I called "baby superfood". This would consist of various mixtures of:

- Baby food
- Applesauce
- Peanut Butter
- "Green superfood" powder (small amounts)
- Fish oil/cod liver oil
- Animal protein (tuna, blended steak, pork, etc.)
- Mashed avocados

While doing my initial research into this process, I browsed various videos about "how to raise a smart baby." One of the keys I found is that certain types of fat, especially Omega-3 fatty acids, are extremely conducive to synaptogenesis, and specifically the formation of the "myelin sheaths" that encapsulate our neurons and facilitate synaptic activity.

Two of the most common and effective ways to acquire this particular type of fat can be found in avocados and fish, especially salmon. So, besides the fish oil/cod liver oil capsules I would slice open and drain into his food, he eats a lot of canned salmon and sliced or mashed avocadoes.

I spent a great deal oftime for about a year making sure that he ate this highly nutritious, natural food. Up until he was close to 18 months, I supervised and spoon-fed almost every meal, to make sure he got an adequate amount of, especially, animal proteins. Fatty meat like steak or ground beef is excellent food for brain development. Of course, he had plenty of variety in his meals and was exposed to many foods beyond these.

Once he was about 18 months old, I began letting him feed himself and he started eating more of what my wife and I ate. While he always had some of whatever meat I would cook, he began to be more independent and self-feed. I weaned him off the baby superfood while still making sure he would eat his meat. At first, he was resistant, maybe due to difficulty chewing. I called this the "Pink Floyd dilemma" - how can you have your pudding if you won't eat your meat?

However, he grew to love it, and has, for a long time now, happily fed himself whatever meat is available. His meals last for quite a while, up to an hour or more each time. I make sure he has plenty of time to eat whatever food is available, and don't mind spending the time with him since he is doing music training as well.

Language

Overall, the make-or-break factor for this training will be when he is able to fully communicate and talk. Currently, he just turned two years old, and is just now learning more words, and words with two syllables like "baby". He still isn't able to really communicate in a coherent and understandable manner, but babbles quite a bit. I predict that his speech might be slightly delayed, as he is, essentially, being raised as a bilingual speaker (known to cause temporary and non-harmful speech delays).

Furthermore, he is an only child, and does not attend daycare, preschool, or any other regular setting where he is exposed to other kids for hours a day. This also tends to slow down speech, as kids with older siblings they talk to for hours a day often talk before their only child peers.

However, I do not anticipate that any delays will be harmful or serious in any manner. At the end of the day, this "experiment" poses no risks to my son. Rick Beato's son, Dylan, not only has perfect pitch but demonstrates superhuman memory and cognitive abilities. He was able to learn Mandarin Chinese and German while still a child, and memorized π to 500 places by age 7. He can also perform advanced mathematical calculations, like multiplying numbers with 6 digits or more almost immediately in his head. It seems that this type of intensive musical training pays off in other ways as well, and music teachers report that many students with perfect pitch are standout academic stars who go on to Ivy League colleges and careers as surgeons or other such prestigious roles.

Will this happen with my son as well? It's impossible to say. However, if it doesn't work, I won't be upset. He might not like music at all, and that is OK too. However, if he does, I want to give him a priceless foundation from which to build on. Even if the 1,000-day theory turns out to be complete garbage and none of this has any effect, starting musical training this early, before he even has a memory, will have great effects on his ability as a musician later in life. Musicians envy those who start piano lessons at age 8, but he will have a leg up even on them.

Conclusion

It's important to recognize, of course, that my son is not merely an experiment. None of this is worth anything without a loving, positive home environment where he is reassured and knows that he is loved and valued. My wife and I strive to ensure that he never knows pain or hunger, never suffers alone in his crib, and will always know that we love him and care about him, no matter what successes or failures he has in life.

One of the factors that would make this experiment difficult for most people is the amount of time required. There is no way to replicate the kind of everyday training and saturation that I am putting hours into. I am very lucky in that my wife has an excellent job, allowing me to stay home and work a copywriting job that doesn't take very much time out of my week and is conducive to spending time with our son while I do it.

Many people are not so fortunate. If you don't have the ability to stay home and make sure that they are exposed to music at this level throughout the day, there is almost no chance it will work. The other limiting factor required is pre-existing musical skills and knowledge in the parent attempting to conduct this experiment. Without these skills, there is, again, almost no chance this will work. You can't simply play music for 22 hours a day for a baby and then expect them to magically understand it and be able to verbalize, comprehend, and name all the concepts involved when they are older.

While I am laying an indispensable foundation for his musical abilities during these 1,000 days, I intend to begin actually teaching him all the musical concepts I know, as well as how to play multiple instruments, as soon as I am able to. If you don't understand the concepts of intervals, scales, chords, and song structures, and have the ability to lay them out on an instrument, there will be no way to teach them to your child. While the 1,000 day theory will, hopefully, lead to an irreplaceable and indispensable perfect pitch foundation, **it will require additional work to bring to fruition.**

An example of this will be pitch-matching games. For example, I intend to sit there with him and make a game out of naming notes as soon as he can comprehend such an activity. I will play a note, and say, "What note is that?" If he gets it right, I will give him a small reward or other positive reinforcement. From there, we will move on to recognizing intervals, then simple three-note chords, then more complex chords like sustained chords, and at that point, if he can recognize all this by ear, he essentially will have been imparted a perfect pitch ability. Activities like this, along with learning and playing songs together, will be a critical part of making this experiment a success.

I may also engage in purchased training courses. Given Rick Beato's success, I am particularly interested in an ear-training course he offers for around $100. Ideally, I would like my son to take piano lessons (because I never did), so he can learn formal techniques and potentially how to sight-read music (which I cannot do). Lastly, I would like to eventually allow him to take vocal singing lessons, in order to develop his singing voice to its fullest ability.

Once he is 3-4 years old, I plan on buying him a ¼ size guitar and a miniature piano:

These will be fun, appealing, accessible, and interactive ways for him to take his musical abilities to the next level. I plan on playing along with songs with him, teaching him how to play by ear and solo over any given key, as well as writing music together, and even recording songs on my laptop using my microphone interface and Ableton Live. Hopefully, he will be able to generate some unique, compelling, and interesting melodies and chord structures, potentially even becoming an innovator and driver of new concepts and ideas within the field of music theory.

The really unique thing about all of this is, if successful, it will upend and disprove what has always been the conventional thought within child psychology. Essentially, that babies are just "too dumb" or "unaware" to successfully cogitate high-level intellectual concepts like music. My wife and I never dumbed down our language and always spoke at a high collegiate level around him.

It has always been thought that perfect pitch or genius-level abilities are like a lightning strike, impossible to predict and rare. If this experiment is a success, it means that we are going about raising our children *all wrong.*

In theory, almost all children could be given the mental faculties, memory skills, and abilities to successfully cogitate extremely advanced concepts. Rather than simply sticking with the ABCs and "Twinkle Twinkle Little Star" for the majority of a child's youth, caregivers could have been turning them into mental processing machines with superhuman abilities, like Dylan Beato, *before they are even aware it is happening.*

We raise them to sit around and do nothing all day, and then wonder why our students are underperforming in schools. The 1,000-day theory, if more widely practiced, could have potentially turned mankind into a different species than he is today.

I simply cannot overstate how strongly I believe in the power of music to heal our brains and usher us into a new era of peace, love, and understanding. This is accessible to all, it is tangible, it is demonstrable, it if falsifiable, and it can be proven. This field is ripe for study, and almost no one has even investigated this or even considered anything like what Rick Beato has done. It is revolutionary.

This is how humanity transcends himself. This is how we end war. This is how we end hunger, thirst, greed, violence, hatred, oppression, and all the other evils that have plagued us for so long.

Music really is good for the brain.

There have been successful experiments like this before, such as the infamous case of William Sidis, who was born in 1898. Sidis was raised by a prominent psychologist father who intended to prove his theories that genius could be given to any child, and a doctor mother who gave up her career and spent great amounts of money and time dedicated to raising him to be extremely intelligent. Their experiment was a success, and Sidis was reportedly able to read and understand the newspaper at 18 months old, spoke eight languages by age eight and invented another, and gave a lecture on the fourth dimension to Harvard scientists and mathematicians at age 12, after setting a record for being the youngest student to ever enroll there at age 11.

However, the end of Sidis' life was not as glamourous. After an arrest at age 19, Sidis quickly burned out, and spent the rest of his life in withdrawal from the public eye, failing to produce any works of note and in a constant battle with the press, who would continuously harass the former child prodigy. He became estranged from his parents, faced legal battles, fielded several unsuccessful lawsuits against the press, and was strangely obsessed with collecting and categorizing streetcar transfer tickets or receipts.

After living a "lonely life" in a "hall bedroom in Boston's shabby South End", Sidis died at age 46 from a cerebral hemorrhage. Subsequently, his parents were routinely castigated in the press, and their theories of creating or imparting genius abilities in children were sidelined as "too dangerous". This led to the modern version of child psychology, in which children must be coddled, sheltered, and exposed only to dumbed-down concepts and media, so as to not risk creating a flame that burns *too* brightly, only to burn out far too young.

Indeed, much of the time parents do this, such as in his case, the child ends up in trouble, dying young, burning out, not living up to expectations, or otherwise coming to an unfortunate ending. This issue turns a lot of people off from trying to push their children to a genius-level ability. The real issue is that, all too often, parents who attempt this *never stop* pushing and prodding their child. Sidis' parents, especially his eccentric and famous in his own right psychologist father, *never stopped pushing him.* With Sidis, it is a clear case of the parents having lost sight of his humanity and having come to view him as solely an experiment and a way to prove their psychological theories to the world, and nothing more.

With my son, I intend to make it a fun process, with low pressure for failure. If he doesn't have perfect pitch, that's fine too. I would rather have a happy, well-adjusted son than a genius who burns out, gives a lecture to Harvard on the fourth dimension at age 11, and then ends up in psych wards, jails, tabloids, and hospitals before dying young.

People just have no middle ground, ever. It's always all or nothing with them. Either do nothing, shove them off to daycare and school as soon as possible, or go full-bore manic pushing them towards ever greater and greater achievements. In order to avoid adverse effects on his mental and psychological well-being, I plan on letting him have a high degree of self-actualization and engagement with his own life choices.

If he loves music, like I do, that will be great. If not, that is OK too. I will love him just as much if he becomes the greatest composer of all time and a better guitarist than I am, or if he chooses to never play music and couldn't think of anything dumber than playing instruments for fun.

The key to raising a well-adjusted child is to never lose sight of their humanity. He will want to have fun, slack off, go to parties, and get into trouble just like any other child, and I intend to let him do all these things without worrying about if I won't love him or if I will go ballistic because he didn't spend 8 hours a day practicing soloing in the Dorian mode in Eb or memorizing the entire Van Halen catalogue.

Nothing would make me happier than to see my son outshine me in all the ways I didn't have a chance to, given my relatively conventional upbringing. He has the potential to do great things, and to revolutionize music itself, along with all the concepts we take for granted when it comes to child psychology. However, I am not going to get my hopes up, and I won't be disappointed even if he achieves absolutely nothing with his life. He's my son, and I will always love him just for that.

Take a journey with me into the forgotten depths and hidden corners of the human psyche. Together, we will plumb the furthest reaches of our collective knowledge, and discover a land between light and dark - the Nowhere Land.

Come with me to the void, as I unlock the mysteries and secrets hiding in plain sight, in a way that no one ever has before.

I am Witness 1

This is my new story for humanity

Three stories. One book.

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The true story of how my wife and I became *The Two Witnesses* and exposed the truth about 9/11 to the world.

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